

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., NOVEMBER 6, 1872. THE TEACHER. BIBLE LESSONS FOR 1872. DANIEL AND HIS TIMES.

SUNDAY, Nov. 10th, 1872. The Young Men in the Fire.—Dan. iii 19-30. GOLDEN TEXT.—If the Son therefore make you free ye shall be free indeed. John viii. 36.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.—Psalm cxxxviii. xliii. SUMMARY.—The wrath of man is made to praise the God of Heaven, God permits his people to endure trial that his glory may be made manifest.

ANALYSIS.—The young men in the furnace 19-25. The effect of their deliverance on the mind of Nebuchadnezzar. EXPOSITION.—The narrative of the last lesson is here continued. The decision of the three young men calls forth the anger of the king. His desire to save them is gone, and he resolves to wreak his vengeance upon them to the full.

Verse 19.—Visage, countenance. He could not restrain his feelings but shewed them by the change in his countenance. He was determined to bring down the spirit of the young, and as he could not make them worship the image he had set up, he would shew to the nation the consequences of disobeying his commands. Seven, was held as the perfect number, and therefore saying "seven times more than it was wont—or accustomed—to be heated" was like saying it should be made as hot as it was possible to make it.

Verse 20, 21.—To give greater weight to the execution, and to exhibit the king's power he got men of the first rank to be the executioners. Probably they were the very men who had offered the complaint. They were the king's most faithful officials. Coats—short cloaks, hosen—stockings, and hats or turbans. Having these there would be greater probability of their being burned. No time was allowed them to be prepared for their sad end.

The punishment of death by burning was a favorite mode of treating rebels. Psalm vii. 11-16. "It was wont" shewed that it was not an unusual thing for it to be heated. It was not a furnace but the furnace.

Verse 22.—The heat of the furnace rendered the mighty men powerless, and they were burned to death in the attempt to destroy the "young men." The margin reads "spark." It is probable that their clothes therefore took fire and so they were burned.

Verse 23.—The flames took hold of the executioners, and they could no longer hold the young men, but let them "fall" into the furnace.

The Apocryphal book of "The Song of the Three Holy Children" was written as it sung by these young men whilst in the fire, and it appears to have been used by christian assemblies in early times.

Verse 24.—Nebuchadnezzar was "astonied" a word formerly used to express dismay and terror; vs. 25 shows the cause of his trouble. He seeks his counsellors in this matter and now says "we," whereas he had before spoken of doing the thing himself, vs. 15. They acknowledged their participation in the work.

Verse 25.—They walked about in the midst of the fire waiting God's time for delivering them. Acts ii. 26, 27; 2 Cor. xii. 8, 9; Genesis viii. 12-18; John xii. 49-52. "Son of God" From verse 28 it appears he believed the person he saw to be an angel from heaven, Psalm xxxiv. 7, 8; John xxvii. 54. This is one of the manifestations of Christ intimating his incarnation.

Verse 26.—"The most high God" was not a renunciation by the king of his own gods—Bel and his associates—but an admission that Jehovah had overcome them. See Ch. ii. 47.

Verse 27.—"The fire had no power" See Isaiah xliii. 2; Hebrews xi. 34. Not the smell of fire. 1 Thessalonians v. 22.

Verse 28.—Jeremiah had a somewhat favorable opinion of Nebuchadnezzar. Jer. xxxix. 11; xlii. 12. "Changed the king's word." It was a great crime to change or alter the king's word. Ezra vi. 11. He now admits that God's commands should be observed rather than his. His own attempt to coerce into religious worship had proved futile. Firm adherence to truth and principle was now rewarded and respect paid by even its enemies. Proverbs xvi. 7.

Verse 29, 30.—Still persisting in his coercion the king gives commands now to all his subjects to fear God at the peril of their lives, and exalted the men he would have destroyed. He placed them in offices of trust in his central government. Scripture Catechism, 79, 80.

SUNDAY, Nov. 17th.—The Outcast King.—Dan. iv. 26-33.

Youths' Department.

HOW BESS MANAGED TOM.

Tom's sister Nell was pretty, and being a year older than Tom, wanted to show her authority over him. Tom was rough and awkward, and just at the age when a boy resents all meddling with his "rights." He would put his hands in his pockets, his chair on Nell's dress, and his feet on the window-sill. Of course they often quarreled.

"For pity's sake, Tom, do take your hands out of your pockets!" Nell would say, in her most vexing manner.

"What are pockets for, I'd like to know, if not to put one's hands in?" and Tom would whistle, and march off.

"Tom, I don't believe you've combed your hair for a week!"

"Well, what's the use? It would be all roughed up again in less than an hour."

"I do wish, Tom, you would take your great boots off the window-sill!"

"O, don't bother me, I'm reading."

Tom would say, and the boots refused to stir an inch, which, of course, was very naughty. And so it would go from morning till night.

But little sister Bess had a different way with somewhat stubborn Tom. Bess seemed to understand that coaxing was better than driving; and sometimes when he sat with both hands plunged in his pockets, Bess, with a book or a picture, would nestle down beside him, and almost before he knew it one hand would be patting her curls, while the other turned the leaves or held the pictures. If she chanced to see his feet on the window-sill she would say,

"Just try my ottoman, Tom dear, and see how comfortable it is to the feet;" and though Tom occasionally growled in a good-natured way about its being too low, the boots always came down to its level. Whenever his hair looked very rough, she would steal behind him and smooth it out in a way Tom liked so well, that it was a temptation to let it go rough just for the pleasure of having her comb it. Yet, for the next three days at least, he would take special pains to keep every hair in its place, simply to please little Bess.

As they grew older Bess, in the same quiet, loving way, helped him to grow wise and manly. If she had an interesting book, she always wanted Tom to enjoy it with her; if she were going to call on any of her young friends, Tom was always invited to go with her.

"I can't understand," said Lady Nell, "why you should want that boy forever at your elbow! He's rough and awkward as a bear."

"Some bears are as gentle as kittens," said Bess, slipping her arm through his with a loving hug, while "the bear" felt a great warm glow at his heart as he walked away with Bess, and determined to try harder to be "gentle as a kitten" for her sake.

GO BECAUSE IT RAINS.

"I suppose that you won't go to Sunday-school to-day, Lucy," said a mother, on a stormy Sunday, settling herself to some reading after breakfast.

"Please let me go to-day, mamma; I want to go because it rains."

"Why, Lucy, that is my excuse for staying at home! How can you make it a reason for going?"

"Our teacher always goes, mamma, in all weathers, although she lives so far away. She is often obliged to hire a carriage to bring her, and she told the class that one Sabbath when she went through the storm and did not find even one scholar she was so discouraged that she couldn't help crying. She asked us, too, if we did not go to our day-schools when it rained harder; and she said, while we must always do as our parents thought best, perhaps if we asked them pleasantly to let us go, and were willing to wear out thick boots and water-proofs, they would be willing, if we were well. Please let me go to-day, mamma; you know if it rains ever so much worse to-morrow, I shall go to school, to keep my place in my class."

"Well, I am willing, my dear, if you wear your school suit; go and get ready." But when the mother heard Lucy singing softly in the nursery as she dressed herself to go out,

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free?"

She could no longer take interest in her book, and when her husband, who was a lawyer, came in soon after from his library, she said smiling: "Our Lucy is going to Sunday-school especially because it rains, that her teacher may be encouraged by the presence of at least one pupil. What say you to going to chapel ourselves for the same reason, if we do not for a better?" "I'm agreed, my love; I was just thinking I never could plead a cause to an empty court-room, and that our minister must find it hard work to preach to empty pews."—S. S. Visitor.

WANTED--A PASTOR.

He must be young in years, in wisdom old; His heart transmuted into purest gold; Fervent in prayer, calm, earnest, modest, meek, Yet ever bold the gospel truth to speak.

Solemn, yet social; thoughtful, yet urbane, His dignity most careful to maintain; To suit the elders he must be "true blue," To please the young folks must be "jolly" too.

His preaching must be brilliant, yet profound; Theology, the soundest of the sound; Must prove his doctrine back from Paul to Moses Then down to Calvin, ere his sermon closes.

He must be trained in speaking extempore, Yet ne'er repeat his phrases o'er and o'er; And when we want a written sermon—then Must wield a graceful and a practised pen.

While hurling forth the thunders of the law With honeyed sweetness must be skilled to "draw;" Must be a patent instrument to use In filling up a score of empty pews.

Must preach two rousing sermons every Sunday, And feel the fresher each succeeding Monday Must bring to every Wednesday evening meeting A burdened heart, yet cheerful Christian greeting

Prompt ever to oppose unchristian schisms, Quick always to detect unlicensed "isms, He must reserve the hardest of his knoeks To hurl against the rank "unorthodox."

His heart replete with every saintly grace, A holy calm must rest upon his face; With soul exalted to the sacred skies He must be planning to "economise."

And e'er he break to us the bread of life He must be furnished with a comely wife. For children he should thank the gracious Giver, Yet not be burdened with too full a quiver.

If, Rev'rend Sir, this scrap should meet your eye While looking for a pulpit, please apply: For, sotto voce, we'll confess to you We're sore perplexed and know not what to do.

An excellent lady of St. John retired last week, on account of age, from her work as a Sabbath school teacher. She has been constantly engaged in it for fifty years; has had five hundred children under her instruction.

ATTENTION, STUDENTS.

President Porter, of Yale college, gives the following advice to the students of that institution at the close of his recent baccalaureate discourse. It is equally applicable at a good many other points. He said:

Young men you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance. Subscribe on your banner, "Luck is a fool, Pluck is a hero." Don't take too much advice—keep at your helm and steer your own ship and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Think well of yourself. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in a cart, over a rough road and the small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't get married until you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money and do good with it. Love your God and fellow-men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey its laws.

A NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENT.

Some years ago, a Quaker Knight of the shears and thimble, who exercised his avocation in Canterbury, was imposed upon by an adroit scoundrel who contrived to get a suit of clothes on credit and afterwards decamped without paying for them. The Quaker was too poor to lose the debt; but like many others of his cloth, he saw apparently no other alternative. The amount was placed upon his books, and then forgotten. About five years afterwards he was examining his old records of debt and credit, profit and loss, when his attention was attracted to this account, and all the circumstances attending it came fresh to mind. Suddenly an odd thought suggested itself.

"I'll try an experiment," said he to himself; "perhaps I may succeed in catching the rogue and getting my pay."

He immediately prepared an advertisement in substance as follows, which he inserted in the Kent Herald.

"If Henry Webber, who was in Canterbury, about the month of August in the year 1853, will send his address to the editor of this paper, he will hear of something to advantage.

Having instructed the editor not to disclose his name to the rogue, if he should call, but to request the latter to leave his address, the Quaker patiently awaited the result of his experiment. In a short time he was informed by a note from the editor that the individual alluded to in the advertisement, having arrived from London, might be found at the "Rose Hotel."

The tailor lost no time in preparing a transcript of his account, not forgetting to charge interest from the time the debt was incurred.—Taking the bailiff with him, who bore a legal process suited to the occasion, he soon arrived at the lodgings of the swindler. The bailiff was instructed to stand off at a little distance till a signal should indicate the time for him to approach.

The Quaker now entered the coffee-room and rang the bell; and when the servant appeared, requested him to inform the gentlemen of whom he was in search, that a friend wished to see him. The waiter obeyed the summons, and soon both debtor and creditor were looking each other in the face.

"How dost thou do?" kindly inquired the Quaker, in a bland tone. "Perhaps thou dost not know me?"

"I believe I have not had the pleasure of your acquaintance," politely answered our hero with a forced smile.

"Dost thou remember purchasing a suit of clothes several years ago of a poor tailor in this city, and forgetting to pay for them?" asked the Quaker.

must acknowledge it was good stuff and well made, or it could not have lasted three so long".

"Oh, yes," said the gentleman, appearing suddenly to recollect himself; "I do remember now the circumstance to which you allude.—Yes, yes—I had intended to call and settle that little bill before leaving Canterbury, and you may depend upon my doing so. I have come here to take possession of a large amount of property which has fallen to me by my will. See! here is the advertisement which apprizes me of my good fortune."

Here he handed to the Quaker a copy of the paper containing the advertisement whose history we have given above. The Quaker looked at it with imperturbable gravity, and continued "Yes, I see thou art in luck; but as my demand is a very small one, I think I must insist on payment before thou comest in possession of thy large estates."

A tap at the window here brought the county court bailiff into the presence of the parties.—The swindler was perfectly astonished at this functionary, who immediately began to execute his part of the drama.

"What!" exclaimed the rogue in an angry tone, "you surely haven't sued me!"

"Yes, I have," replied the Quaker; "and thou shouldst be thankful that nothing worse has happened to thee."

"Come in then," said the debtor, finding himself fairly caught; come in and I will pay you if I must."

The three went into the house together and the slippery gentleman having ascertained the amount of the bill, paid it in full.

The tailor having signed the receipt placed it in the hands of his late creditor, with feelings such as may be readily imagined. The swindler took it, and for the first time glanced at the various items of which it was composed. He said nothing till he came to the last charge, which was for advertising; when he broke forth "Hallo! what's this? For advertising?"

"That's an odd charge, in a tailor's bill. You're cheating me!"

"Oh, no," coolly replied the Quaker; "that is all right. I have charged thee the cost of publishing the advertisement which thou just showed me."

Here the swindler savagely demanded "Do you mean to say that you caused the publication of that advertisement?"

"Truly I did," replied the Quaker with much provoking coolness.

"You told a great falsehood in it!" quickly retorted the rogue.

"Convince me of that," said the imperturbable Quaker, "and thou wilt find me ready to confess the fault."

"You said in your advertisement that I should hear of something to my advantage, if I would come here."

"Thou art mistaken," immediately responded the Quaker; "I only promised that thou shouldst bear something to advantage; and is it not to the advantage of a poor tailor to collect an old debt?"

"If I can catch you in the street," said the swindler, in the deepest rage, "I'll give you such a thrashing as will not leave the breath in your body!"

"Nonsense, now!" said the Quaker; "if thou really intendest to do anything of that sort, we had better step out into the back yard, and finish the business at once."

The rogue was completely abashed by the coolness of the Quaker, and stood speechless, and almost petrified.

"Now," said the tailor, good naturedly, "let me give thee a piece of advice. When next thou has occasion to get a suit of clothes, thou hadst better not attempt to cheat the poor tailor, but pay him honestly; for then will thy conscience not disturb thee and thy sleep will be sweet and refreshing. Farewell!"

There is no doubt of the literal truth of this story, as the writer received it some time since from since from the lips of the Quaker himself.—Christian Era.

The beggars in Japan are very honest. Dr. Prime, in his "Travels" says: Passing through a street and seeing some forty or fifty coppers on as many nails at the front of a shop (the copper coin has a hole in the center) I inquired what they were for, and was told they were placed there by the shop-keeper to save time and trouble in answering the call of the mediceants. When one came along he simply took a copper and passed on, never abusing the charity of the shop-keeper by taking two.