

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 fail 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. 16, 1872.

THE TEACHER.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR 1872.

DANIEL AND HIS TIMES.

SUNDAY, October 20th, 1872.

The Furious King.—Dan. ii. 10-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The king's wrath is as the roaring of a lion, but his favor is as dew upon the grass." Prov. xix. 12.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.—Gen. xli. 1-16; Psalm cxxiv.

SUMMARY.—"A very present help in trouble."

ANALYSIS.—I. The fury. II. The escape.

EXPOSITION.—The context.—The first nine verses tell how the events of the lesson were brought to pass. Nebuchadnezzar, like Pharaoh in Joseph's time, had a dream. This was in the second year of his reign, verse 1, but three years, at least, after Daniel's capture, which, though made by the king Nebuchadnezzar, was yet before he came to the throne, while his father Nabopolassar was living. "That the Babylonians attached great importance to dreams, and made the vain study of oneiromancy [dream-divination], a special study, is well known." Like Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar applied to his college of professional interpreters, and asked them to give him both his dream and its interpretation. He had already kindled into a passion, and uttered the dark threat, verses 5-9, because they insisted that he must tell them his dream, not they him, verse 7.

Dreams and visions.—But we pause a moment, to ask whether we can rationally believe that to be a revelation from God which comes as a dream? Note this: Scripture does not teach that all dreams and visions are spiritual communications, any more than that all waking thoughts are infallible inspirations; nor was any sanction given to superstition by such use of dreams. The Lord, in some way, indicated to the prophet the distinction between a prophetic dream and others, as he did between the inspired and uninspired in waking thoughts. There is not the least objection to any part of Scripture on the score that it was but a dream, or phantasy. Nor is there any occasion of stumbling, that to heathen and wicked persons he gave prophetic dream or vision. He gave to the wicked Balaam, again and again, the word of prophecy, while awake. God has control of all men alike, and that, too, no less when asleep than when awake; and it is fit that he be allowed by us to choose his own mediums and ways of speaking to the race.

Verse 10.—Chaldeans, not here, as sometimes, the inhabitants of Chaldea, but an order of men instructed, as were Daniel and his companions, in the "hieratic (sacred) writing, which was in a distinct dialect, if not in a distinct character also," and hence known only to those specially educated in it, and in its mysterious lore. This order doubtless included "priests, magicians, astrologers," and in general such as claimed supernatural wisdom and power. There is abundant evidence that their learning included, along with the chaff, much wheat, and was put often to good purposes, as well as to bad. This

order of men has a special interest to us, from its relation to the infant Jesus. Matt. 2: 1-18.

The answer begins with an admission of powerlessness, and yet is so framed as to be a plea in self-defense. You demand of us, O king, that which is in no man's power. "Therefore," so well known is this fact, so universally recognized, "no king, lord, or ruler," hitherto in this nation, or even in any other, has demanded this. You, therefore, herein do us wrong.

You ask what no other king ever asked. **Verse 11.**—The plea continues, bold, urgent, able, for it was a plea for life—and that by men of genius. "A rare thing," as just shown. So rare, that it is, in fact, the only thing of the kind. So hard do they press the king. And then the climax, "None, except the gods," and we are not gods; we cannot do the deeds of God, cannot be expected to. "Whose dwelling is not with flesh." "Flesh here designates human nature in its weakness and powerlessness. Is. 31: 3; Ps. 55: 5."—Keil. They are supernatural beings in supernatural abodes; and it is monstrous to expect weak men to do the work of a mighty god. An unintended confession is involved in the words, viz., that the gods had either not the power or the will to help in time of such extremity. There is betrayed a limitation of confidence in them, in striking contrast to Daniel's confidence in the ever-present, all-working, gracious Jehovah.

Verse 12.—Note the plea's effect—a very natural one—for the very boldness of the plea, in making him out to be unreasonable in his demand, could only inflame, if it did not quench the king's wrath. "Angry and very furious." See here the sort of temper naturally formed by unrestrained power. "All the wise men of Babylon," perhaps of the city only, more likely of the whole kingdom.

Verse 14.—They sought Daniel, who seems not to have been with those who had seen the king. Doubtless only the chiefs of the order, the old and eminent, were consulted. Daniel, as a mere youth, and just graduated at the completion of his three years' course, would not be summoned.

Verse 14.—The title "captain of the king's guards," is in the original rather more graphic and significant. The word for "guards" has as its first meaning "butchers," executioners; then guards, because as here, they guarded the despot by butchering his condemned victims. "Daniel answered with counsel and wisdom," which, as our last lesson showed, (verse 17), God had given him.

Verse 19.—He courteously inquires into the cause of the decree. Very likely he had had no full, authentic account, or it he had, this question would pave the way to his proposal. The word translated "hasty" means severe. It refers not to the quickness of issue but the severity of demand. Doubtless to the manifest candor, intelligence and judgment of Daniel, and perhaps some previous knowledge of his attainments and character, is due in part to the chief marshal's favorable reception of his request; but to this must be added, the presence and control of God.

Verse 16.—Went in, perhaps in person, on Arioch's introduction, as in v. 15. He asked for time—the very thing refused "point-blank" to the others—v. 8. It was given him. Why? Because while God invariably moved the king's heart, Daniel's promise to show the whole thing was the outward motive. He does not evade, decline, parley. He says, "O king, what you want I will give; only grant a little time." How did the youth know he could grant it? Here, as so often; as perhaps always, the prophetic inspiration went before the performance of miracle.

Verses 17, 18.—These show why he wanted the time. He had not the secret, only the assurance that he should have it. It was to come in God's way, in answer to fervent, believing, united prayer.

Verse 19.—"Then," after the prayer. "In a night vision," as at first to the king, not however to be forgotten. Well might he bless the God of heaven. He was not glad only, but grateful also.—From the Baptist Teacher.

QUESTIONS.—Who was the furious king? vs. 1. What troubled him? Why should the king care for a dream? Name some men to whom God revealed his will through dreams. Gen. xxxi. 11, 24; xxxvii. 5; xl. 5; xli. 1; Matt. i. 20. What did the king demand of the magicians, etc.? vs. 2. What threat did he make? vs. 5. What charge did he make? vs. 9. Why did they not do as he bade them? vs. 10. Whom did they declare to be

alone able? vs. 11. What effect had this on the king? vs. 12. Why does great power tend to make men passionate? What did the king do?

Who were sought? vs. 13. Why? What did Daniel do first? vs. 14. What question did he ask? vs. 15. What result? The next move? vs. 16. Who brought Daniel to the king after this? vs. 15. What did he ask of the king? vs. 16. What did he promise? How could he know that it would be fulfilled? Did the king grant it? Had he refused the same favor to the other? vs. 8. Why the change?

What did Daniel do next? vs. 17, 18. What lesson is this for us? What answers to their prayers? vs. 19. What effect on Daniel? Are we always grateful when we are glad? Should we be?

Scripture Catechism, 73, 74.

SUNDAY, Oct. 27th.—The Interpreter.—Dan. ii. 27-35.

Youths' Department.

BENNIE'S LESSON.

Bennie sat upon the fence, while the baby toddled about the garden at her own sweet will. He had a book in his pocket, a very interesting book, but he couldn't read it because he was "taking care of Jennie." His mother had gone to Boston. It seemed to Bennie that she was always going to Boston, and upon this Wednesday afternoon, when the boys were having their game of ball, it was particularly trying. "He might be with them having such a good time if it wasn't for the baby."

Well, there could be no harm in just looking at the pictures, at any rate. So he took the book from his pocket, and very soon had entirely forgotten his small charge. She was a happy little lady, and enjoyed herself in her own baby way, pulling the flowers, choice and common toddling upon her two wee feet or creeping upon all fours, just as suited her fancy. Once she found herself at the gate, which was wide open. Should she go out into the great world and get lost? No, Jennie thought she wouldn't, though she received numerous invitations from the passers-by.

At last the bright eyes spied a hole in the hedge separating her garden from the next door neighbor's, and she crept through very carefully, losing her white sun-bonnet, however, by the way, and found herself on the edge of a large strawberry-bed. Ah! here was something for her small fingers and sharp little teeth to do. Jennie knew very well what strawberries were, so she crawled into the middle of the patch and sat down there very busy and very happy for half an hour. At the end of that time she came forth from her hiding place looking almost like a mammoth strawberry herself.

But Bennie was far off in fairy-land, and had almost forgotten that he ever had a sister. He hardly took his eyes from the book until the story was finished, then he closed it sorrowfully and put it in his pocket.

"I wish there were fairies now," he said to himself. "How pretty they would look popping up from these lilies! Little bits of things, not half as big as—Why, where is Jennie?"

He came off the fence with a jump. He searched in every part of the garden without success. At last he spied the little bonnet lying just where the baby had dropped it.

"Aha, Miss Jennie!" cried he. "You've been visiting, have you?" but there was no reply.

Just at that moment he heard a fearful barking; it was Ponto, the neighbor's savage watch-dog, and his poor little heart almost stopped beating as he thought that his baby sister might be at the mercy of the fierce animal.

"What if Ponto should get loose?" he said to himself.

His face was very white as he crept through the hedge just as the baby had done. He looked at the place where the dog usually stood, chaffing and fretting at his cruel chain, but he was not there.

"I'm not afraid of him," thought brave little Bennie. "He knows me, but Mr. Jackson says he shakes cats all to pieces. He don't know Jennie. She creeps sometimes. She's so little p'raps he might think she was a cat, and—"

He couldn't think it out—it was too dreadful; but he glanced furtively about, almost expecting to see the ground strewn with bits of the little cambric dress or apron.

Suddenly the dog, spying his small friend, came joyfully toward him rejoicing in his stolen freedom. Bennie tried to speak, but he couldn't; he could only

look, his eyes large with terror as he saw that Ponto had something white in his mouth which he was shaking gleefully. He came nearer and nearer, and at length he dropped it at his feet. He stooped and picked it up. It was the baby's apron.

Poor little fellow! There was a moment of dizziness, of horrible, deathly sickness, then he forgot everything for a time.

When he awoke, he found himself upon his own little bed at home, and his mother was bathing his aching head with camphor. Gradually everything came back to him, and he tried to whisper an inquiry about the baby, longing for and yet dreading the answer.

"Yes, I know," replied mamma. "I wouldn't try to talk now."

She looked very sober and anxious, and Bennie felt the terrible numbness creeping over him again. He looked at her appealingly, and at last found strength to gasp,

"Is—she—killed?"

"Killed! Oh baby?" exclaimed his mother in astonishment. "No, indeed; she's sound asleep in her crib, covered with strawberry stains from her head to her feet."

Bennie shut his eyes, but the tears came softly through the closed lids.

"I thought Ponto had shaken her," said he after a moment. "He had her apron in his mouth, and—"

He shuddered.

"Ah!" thought the mother, much relieved, "so that was the cause of my boy's sudden illness, was it? Poor little fellow!" and she kissed him tenderly.

"He did have her apron, mother," repeated Bennie anxiously.

"So he did, and shook it all to pieces, but Jennie wasn't in it. Little witch! she must have taken it off herself, though how she did it I can't imagine. At any rate, she walked into Mrs. Jackson's kitchen without it, and finding herself in a strange place, cried at the top of her little voice. Bridget went for her and put her to sleep just as she was. As for poor old Ponto, I am afraid his chain will be stronger than ever after this."

Bennie shut his eyes again.

"Mother," said he, after a pause.

"Well, Bennie."

"I didn't take good care of Jennie this morning. I read my book. I almost wished she'd never come."

"Why, Bennie?"

"I don't wish so now, mother. I hope she'll stay always."

"God was very good to give her to us, Bennie," said his mother, earnestly. "We should miss her sorely, if He took her away."

Bennie looked distressed, but didn't speak.

"Though it would still be all right," she continued. "He would take good care of her, and she would be such a happy little angel."

"But, mother," exclaimed Bennie, "we want her."

"And we've got her," replied the mother, joyfully, as they heard a faint rustling from the crib.

And she went for her darling, whose fair little arms were extended confidently as "mamma" approached.

"Put her in here, please," cried Bennie. And dear little Jennie, in the excess of her sympathy, put her arms lovingly about her brother's neck and pressed her sweet lips, strawberry stains and all, to his pale cheek.

Bennie didn't speak for a moment, he was so busy thinking. At last came a remark, short and to the point, and doubtless satisfactory to the young lady addressed:

"I'd rather have you than a hundred fairies."—Christian Register.

THE BLIND EYE OPENED.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

I HAVE recently read of a young lady, twenty-five years of age, who had been blind from birth. For twenty-five years she had lived in midnight darkness, groping through the glooms of an unbroken night. She could not form the faintest conception of the features of those she loved, of rainbow hues, of the bloom of a summer's morning, of the sublime loveliness of the expanded ocean, earth, and sky. As her friends endeavored to picture to her these scenes, exhausting the powers of language and illustration in the attempt, her soul struggled in sad and unavailing efforts to form some conception of the wonders which light could reveal.

A successful operation was performed and sight was restored. For several days

she was kept in a partially darkened chamber, until the visual organs gained strength and she had become a little accustomed to their use. Then on a lovely, pure morning the window blinds were thrown open, and she was allowed to look out for the first time in her life upon the wondrous workmanship of God's hand. There was unfolded to her enraptured gaze the verdure of the carpeted earth, the luxuriance of its vegetation, the flowers, the towering trees waving their leaves in the gentle air, the widespread landscape extending apparently into infinity, and the grandeur of the over-arching skies, with their gorgeous drapery of clouds.

She nearly fainted from excess of rapture. Tears of more than earthly delight gushed from those eyeballs which had so long been sightless. "Oh wonderful, wonderful!" she exclaimed; "heaven surely cannot surpass this. I never dreamed of aught so lovely. Upon such a scene I could gaze for ever, for ever, unwearied. No language can describe such grandeur and loveliness. O God! this must be thy dwelling-place, thine effulgent throne."

Thus in an ecstasy of bliss she gazed and gazed, exhausting the language of admiration, till her physician, fearing the effect of excitement so intense, closed the blinds.

And thus shall it be with you, O happy, happy disciple of Jesus, when the film which earth and sin have intrusted shall be removed from your eyes, and entering in at the golden gates the splendors of the celestial paradise shall be opened to your view. Your eyes are now blinded. No description can give you any adequate idea of the glory and splendor of heaven. Christ will then open these splendors to your sight. And oh, what an entrancing view will then astonish and enrapture your soul. The celestial Eden, paradise of God, the metropolis of the empire of the Almighty, around which the majestic orbs of a limitless universe revolve in adoration of the monarch there enthroned. Who can imagine the magnificence of such a scene? It will be as far superior to all your conceptions as were the splendors of one of earth's most brilliant mornings to one whose sightless eyeballs had never witnessed anything but blackness and darkness and gloom.

Then you shall see the Almighty Father as he is, hear his voice, and be entranced by his smile. Myriads of angel forms in all the varied ranks of heaven's peerage, archangels, cherubim, seraphim, shall wing their flight before you, sweeping immensity with pinions which never tire, and flashing in heaven's brilliance plumage whose beauty never fades. The green pastures, the still waters, the towering hills of God, where myriads of celestials take glorious pasture, the golden city, the mansions upon whose architectural beauty infinite wisdom and almighty power have lavished their resources—these are visions, now utterly inconceivable, which shall then burst upon your view, and where you shall spend your immortality, loving and beloved.

Child of sin and sorrow, uncheered by Christian hopes, can you reject that loving Saviour who offers you all this without money and without price—all this if you will only return with a penitent heart to God, abandon sin accept Jesus as your atoning Saviour, seek the influences of the Spirit to enable you to live a holy life, and thus allow our kind Heavenly Father to adopt you as his child and heir?

"There'll be no sorrow there; there'll be no sorrow there. In heaven above where all is love."

When you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within.—Spurgeon.

One reason why the world is not reformed is because every body would have others make the beginning, and thinks not of himself.

AMONG the Presbyterian missions in Syria the singers of Psalms refuse to commune with the singers of hymns. We Baptists are not "sinners" above all the denominations.

Just so.—The Irishman had a correct appreciation of the business who being asked by the judge if he was of a good moral character when he applied for a license to sell whiskey, replied: "Faith, yer honor, I don't see the necessity of a good moral character to sell whiskey."

OBSERVING THE SABBATH.—The canals on the St. Lawrence river are not opened this season for traffic on the Sabbath day.

The modest man will not parade his own excellence lest he should offend.