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THE TEACHER.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR 1873.

SUNDAY, Jan. 5th, 1873. The Creation.—Gen. i. 1, 26-31. SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.—John i. 1-5; Acts xvii. 24-28. SUMMARY.—We have here the simple statement of God being the great first Cause of all things.

ANALYSIS.—(1) The creation generally, v. i. (2) The formation of man, and (3) investing him with authority.

EXPOSITION.—Verse 2—"In the beginning." This is used to denote the ages before the existence of matter, or the eternal ages. See Proverbs viii. 24, 25. "God." The strong, the mighty, signifying the person possessed of supreme power. It being in the plural, in Hebrew, agrees with passages of Scripture teaching the doctrine of the Divine Trinity. See Prov. viii. 27; John i. 3, 10; Ephesians iii. 9; Hebrews i. 2; Job xxvi. 13. "Created." Not formed of materials formerly existing, but bringing into being the substances of which the heavens and earth were to be.

The verses intervening between the 1st and 26th give the process of creation, and all that are known of the several periods in which the various kingdoms of Nature, so-called, were brought into being, and how order was established in the arrangements for a continuation of each plant and animal on the earth; and the regular and orderly motions of the heavenly bodies. No real discrepancy can exist between this revelation and the discoveries of science. The more we know of God's works, the more we shall perceive the harmony that exists between them and God's word.

Verse 26.—The crowning act of the original creation was that of man; and the placing of him as God's agent to guide, protect, and control the inferior creatures. "In our image, after our likeness." In what sense could this be said of man? Not in his physical or mental powers, but in his moral qualities. See Ecclesiastes vii. 29. These are the more essential features of man's character, and are here placed as shewing him superior to any other. The loss of this original righteousness was equivalent to death, so that a new creation would become necessary when it should be lost, as it was eventually. An enquiry in the new creation may help in the determining the nature of man's original character. See Colossians iii. 10; Ephesians iv. 24.

Verse 27.—This is a general statement of what is given more in detail and particularly in Chapter ii. 18-25 and chapter v. 2. Verse 28.—Some have supposed it impossible that men of all nations, and of every variety and colour, should have descended from one pair, but this is the only authentic history of the beginning of our race. A proper comment on this history is given in Act xvii. 26. The investigations of scientific men and the conclusions to which they have arrived

shew that the facts as stated in this scripture are in perfect harmony with this record and any other theory is involved in far greater difficulties and contradictions. Verses 29, 30.—Abundant provision is made for man's wants. All the other creatures being given to him. An intimation is also given that the animals are also "for meat" although not so absolutely stated as it is respecting the vegetable kingdom. Verse 31.—The whole work of the six days is now surveyed and the complacent decision given "Behold it was very good." Thus creation was complete and this world was launched forth on its destined course, to continue as time rolls on through the ages to the end.

Scripture Catechism, 89, 90. SUNDAY, Jan. 12th.—In Eden.—Gen. ii. 15-25.

THE BEATITUDES.

A. S. S. CONCERT EXERCISE. Tracer. Since last, dear ones, we gathered here, What blessings have ye won? What wisdom have ye garnered? What work for Jesus done? First Scholar. When earthly honors tempted, I chose the better part, And sought, among the haughty, To walk with lowly heart. Class, (in concert.) "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven."

Second Scholar. With tears of truest sorrow My many sins I mourned, And trust my contrite pleading The Saviour hath not scorned. Class. "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." Third Scholar. When angry lips assailed me, In love, I tried each day, By answers meek and gentle, Their wrath to turn away. Class.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." Fourth Scholar. I sought by prayer and study, God's holy will to know, And daily have I tarried Where heavenly fountains flow. Class.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." Fifth Scholar. In homes where want and suffering, Their weary vigils kept, I carried aid and comfort, And with the sorrowing wept. Class.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy." Sixth Scholar. Amid the world's allurements I sought to walk aright, To prove my love for Jesus, And keep my heart-ropes white. Class.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." Seventh Scholar. Where brother strove with brother, And hearts with hate were rife, By words of sweet entreaty I stilled the angry strife. Class.

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." Eighth Scholar. Small is the grain I gathered; One golden sheaf alone,— A wanderer turned from error, A soul to Jesus won. Teacher.

Thrice blessed art thou, beloved, for "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins." —S. S. Teacher.

All Sing. Blessed are the pure in heart, Blessed evermore; They shall meet, and never part On the golden shore. Thorny paths their feet have trod, But their rest is sure with God. CHORUS.—Blessed are the pure in heart! Blessed evermore. Blessed are the pure in heart, Blessed evermore. Blessed are the pure in heart, Free from sin and stain; Satan with his fiery dart

Tempts their peace in vain: For they lean on Jesus' arm, He will keep them safe from harm. CHORUS. Blessed are the pure in heart! Oh! that we may stand, Choosing now the better part At the Lord's right hand. With us may His love abide, For the sake of Christ who died! CHORUS.

Youths' Department.

THE BITTER AND THE SWEET.

Come, darling Effie, Come, take the cup: Effie must drink it all,— Drink it all up. Darling, I know it is Bitter and bad; But 'twill make Effie dear Rosy and glad. Mother would take it all For her wee ell; But who would suffer then? Effie herself. If Effie drinks it, Then, I can tell, She will go out to play Merry and well. Drink; and then, darling, You shall have this: Sweet after bitter, Now, first, a kiss. Ah, darling Effie! God also knows, When cups of bitterness His hand bestows. How his poor children need Urging to take Merciful draughts of pain Mixed for their sake. He, too, gives tenderly Joy after pain; Sweet after bitterness; After loss, gain. —The Churchman.

I FORGOT.

"James, have you seen the hatchet?" asked Mr. Carter, coming into the room where the children were studying their lessons. "O, father! I left it out on the bench yesterday. I forgot to bring it in!" "And it rained all night!" said his father. "Will you ever learn to remember, James?" "Jim would lose his head if it wasn't fast to his shoulders," said Tom, laughing. "Shall I get you my hatchet, father? I manage to keep it since I stopped lending it to James, the forgetful!" "James, did you post the letter I gave you this morning?" asked his mother, looking up from her sewing, at this moment. "O, mamma! I met George Hayes, and he took me to see his new squirrel, and—" "You forgot the letter. Well, my son, you will have to bear the penalty of your carelessness this time yourself. Your Uncle Will wrote to invite you to spend your birthday with him, and was to meet you at the station. The letter you forgot was an acceptance of the invitation, but it is too late now to send it." "O mamma! why did you not tell me?" "Because I wish, if possible, to have you remember such errands as a duty to me, not a pleasure to be gained for yourself." James looked very blue for a moment, then he looked up, bravely crushing back his tears. "I will try to remember, after this! I will scour up the hatchet, father, and I must try to have a good time at home on my birthday." But his voice quivered a little here, for a day at Uncle Will's was a pleasure not easily given up. Uncle Will lived in the city, and was very apt to find time to visit the Museum, or give some equally rare treat to his little country relatives when they came to visit him. For some weeks after this sharp lesson, James Carter tried so hard to overcome his great fault of forgetfulness that his parents began to hope he was learning to remember such directions as they gave him, and the little habits of carefulness that make up so much of the comfort of a family. His books were found in their proper place, his hat hung upon its own peg, and his share of choring was performed at the regular time. But, little by

little, the old habit returned, at first in trifling matters, but gradually extending, as before, to errands of importance, or neglect of imperative duties. "I forgot!" was heard again, as before, as the excuse for neglect and inattention, till it really seemed as if the bad habit had become second nature. But there came one day in the boy's life when "I forgot" brought him such terror and sorrow that it passed his lips then for the last time. Mr. and Mrs. Carter, the parents of the lad whose story I am writing, had several children, but the darling and pet of the nursery flock was little May, the three-year old baby, with golden curls and blue eyes, that her brothers thought must look just as those of the angels did. She was the baby, and the only girl in six children; so she was a perfect little queen amongst them. The beautiful autumn days had come, and one Saturday, when the children had a half holiday, a sharp frost gave promise of nutting in the woods, nearly a mile from home. Great preparations were made for a day of pleasure, and baby May seeing the excitement, put up a very pitiful face, and begged to go with the boys. "Oh! let her go, mamma! We will carry her if she is tired," said James. Mamma hesitated a little, but finally consented, saying: "Remember, James, you are the oldest, and I give her in your special care!" "I will be very careful," he promised, thinking he could never neglect his precious little sister. They were a merry party, and the afternoon passed quickly. James, who soon tired of actual nutting, took May by the hand, and wandered away from the others to see if a little water-wheel he had built in the summer on the brook was still in existence. Putting the child in a safe place upon a fallen log, he went down a narrow path to the water. As he left the woods, he met a party of his schoolmates, who were going to play football upon a field near by, and who called him to join them. For a moment he hesitated, then he thought May was safe, and one game, just one, would not take long, and yielded to the temptation. But one game was sufficient to drive the memory of the grave charge he held from the careless boy's mind, and it was nearly dusk when a sudden sharp recollection sent him flying across the field toward the woods. "I forgot May!" he shouted, in answer to the calls of his companions. Back with rapid steps he rushed to the place where he had left his little sister. She was not there! With loud, clear voice, James called again and again, searching eagerly in every direction. "Oh!" he cried, in an agony of fear; "O heavenly Father, let me find her!" As if in answer to his prayer, he heard a faint, sobbing moan, not far from him, and following the sound, found a sight he never forgot. Upon the ground, at the foot of a small but steep hill, lay his little sister, moaning and partly unconscious, having evidently fallen while running about, probably afraid of the loneliness. Her head had struck a piece of stone, and the long golden curls were stained with blood from a deep gash. Sick with misery and remorse, James lifted the child and carried her home, praying as he had never prayed in his life for the life he had perilled by his culpable neglect. There were long days when the little one lay moaning and tossing in delirious fever, when the doctor spoke but few words of encouragement, when father and mother scarcely left the side of the little crib—days that seemed years in length to James, who could neither study nor play, and whose prayers came from a heart full of sorrow and repentance. But God spared the boy the misery of causing the death of his little sister. Slowly the fever left the little wasted figure, and the blue eyes grew calm again, and one day the boy's heart filled with thankful joy when the baby voice called: "Dear Jimmy, come play with May!" Grateful tears filled Jimmy's eyes, as he kissed the pale little face, and noted the scar on the white forehead, that must ever remind him of the danger May had passed through. But never again did any one hear him say "I forgot." —Methodist.

WINGS.

"If I only had wings like you!" said Addie Lewis, speaking to her pet bird as she opened the cage door. "Chirp, chirp!" answered the bird, flying out and resting on Addie's finger.

"Sweet, sweet!" said Addie. "Chirp, chirp!" answered birdie, fluttering his wing. "Ah, birdie, if I only had your wings!" "Wings!" spoke out Addie's mother. "What do you want with wings?" "To fly with." "Fly where?" "O, anywhere and everywhere." Mrs. Lewis did not reply for several minutes, during which time Addie was playing with and talking to her bird. "You have wings," she said at length in a quiet way. "I, mamma?" There was a tone of surprise in Addie's voice. "We all have wings." Addie looked at her shoulders and then at her mother's. "I don't see them," she said, with a little amused laugh. "No, you can't see them; but we have them for all that." "If we can't see them or use them, I don't see what good they are." "We are using them all the while," said Mrs. Lewis. "Did you never hear of the wings of thought?" "O, that's what you mean!" "Yes, dear. Now don't you remember what I said to you yesterday, when we talked about birds and beasts and all things that God has made?" "You said they were all created for man." "Yes; and I said that there was a likeness in man to all visible things in nature. He is bold and fearless like the lion, cunning as a fox, innocent as a lamb, cruel as the tiger or vulture, timid as the hare; his thought is winged as the eagle, and can fly swiftly here and there, now resting in a pleasant valley, and now sweeping over seas and mountains." "Our thoughts are our wings?" "Yes; and our minds can fly with these wings higher and farther than any other bird can go. If I read to you about a volcano in Italy, or you go on the wings of thought and look down into the fiery crater. If I tell you of the frozen North, you are there in an instant, gazing upon icy seas and the wonders of a desolate region. The wings of an eagle are not half so swift and strong as the wings of your thought. The very king of birds would perish in regions where they can take you in safety." Make circumstances your servants instead of your masters. They are sure to be one or the other, according to your own strength of purpose. If they do not serve you in the way you want them to, it will do no good to grumble at them, but set yourself in readiness to accept their service in another way.—Phrenological Journal. A patriotic citizen boasts that "no people on earth can excel the Americans in the manly art of sitting on a bench and watching eighteen men play base-ball." A Virginia exchange says, at a concert recently at the conclusion of the song, "There's a Good Time coming," a country farmer got up and exclaimed: "Mister, you couldn't fix the date, could you?" Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated. A REMARKABLE CASE.—Under this head the Hartford Post of Wednesday evening gives the following story: "One of the most remarkable illustrations of the power which a telegraphic operator acquires to distinguish individuals by their touch upon the instrument has just been afforded by Mr. Hempstead, one of the operators in the Western Union Telegraph Company's office in Hartford. About a fortnight ago Mike W. Sherman, formerly an expert and well-known telegraphic operator here, escaped from the Middletown Insane Asylum, where he had been confined, and though search was made for him he successfully eluded the people who were on his track until Monday night. While Mr. Hempstead was at work in the office here that night he suddenly recognised, among the clatter of a score of messages passing over the wire, a sound which he at once declared was the touch of the missing Mike. It proved to be a message from Wallingford, and an investigation showed that Mr. Hempstead was quite right in ascribing it to the insane man, who was found there yesterday, he having dropped into the office in the former place on Monday night, and taken a hand at his old business."