

Notes on the S. S. Lessons.

The Fiery Furnace.

Daniel 3: 16-28

THERE was a king in Babylon, and this king had a great image made. The king desired all the lords, and judges, and captains in his kingdom to come to the plain.

Then a man cried out with a loud voice, "As soon as the music begins to be played, then everybody is to bow down to the golden image that the king has set up; and if any one does not bow down, he shall be thrown immediately into a burning fiery furnace."

So all the people fell down and worshiped the golden image. Did I say that *all* the people bowed down? *Almost* all—all but three, and these were Jews.

When the king was told this, he was in a great passion, and said, "When you hear the music again, will you bow down and worship the image? for if you will not, you shall be cast into a burning, fiery furnace, and your God cannot deliver you out of it." But they said, "We will not worship the image, and our God is able to take care of us."

Then the king was in a greater passion than before, and told strong soldiers to cast the Jews into the flames. The strong soldiers took hold of them and cast them into the fire, but the flames were so fierce that they caught hold of the soldiers and burnt them up.

What became of the poor Jews? The king was much surprised to see them walking about in the fire, not only alive but *loose!* But there was one thing which surprised the king still more. There were *four* men walking in the fire. And he said, "I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and one of them is like the Son of God." Was He the Son of God? Oh, yes; for the Son of God loves us. God the father had sent down His Son to save the three young Jews. How happy they were in the midst of the fire! They felt no pain. Now, the king saw that the God of the Jews could save them, and he called the three Jews by their names: "Ye servants of the Most High God, come out, and come here." And they came out—yes they walked out. Then the king began to praise their God, and said, "There is no God who can deliver people like the God of the Jews."

Remember dear children we have still the same God. He is able to deliver you and take care of you.

The Handwriting on the Wall.

Daniel 5: 1-12 and 25-28.

BELSHAZZAR, the king of the Chaldeans, was a very wicked man. One night he gave a great feast. He invited a thousand lords to the feast, and a great many ladies also. Suddenly a wicked thought came into Belshazzar's mind. He remembered the gold and silver cups that his grandfather had brought from Jerusalem. He thought he should like to drink wine out of them. They were in the idol's temple adorning that horrible place. Belshazzar knew that he was doing wickedly. In the midst of his merry-making the king was dreadfully frightened, for suddenly a man's hand came into sight above the candlestick and began to write upon the plaster of the wall

of the king's palace. The king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then he was much troubled. He sent for his wise men, but they could not read what the hand had written. But nobody could be found to read the writing. At last the Queen said, "There is a good man in the city who is very clever, and who loves and serves God. His name is Daniel. He will be able to read the writing." So Daniel was sent for, and the king asked Daniel to make known the writing on

the wall, and promised him a robe of scarlet and a chain of gold if he could tell him. Daniel, full of truth, and faithful to his God, told Belshazzar that he had not humbled himself before God. Still, he would tell him what the words meant.

What were the awful words on the wall? Daniel read them: "MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN." And this is what they meant—"MENE: God hath numbered thy Kingdom and finished it. TEKEL: Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. UPHARSIN, or PERES: Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians." That very night Belshazzar's city was taken by the Medes, and he himself slain.

Dear children, Pride is sin, and God will punish it, but He promises a blessing to the humble.



THE FIERY FURNACE.

'OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.'

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