

DR. BAXTER'S CHALYBEATE in general debility, loss of appetite; palpitation of the heart, and weakness from whatever cause. There is no symptom so common in disease as weakness. Disease is Weakness.

DR. BAXTER'S CHALYBEATE in the distress felt after meals. DR. BAXTER'S CHALYBEATE in Neuralgia, and Nervous head-ache.

DR. BAXTER'S CHALYBEATE is a blood food and element and pain is only Nature's excruciating language for more healthy blood.

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THE TEACHER. BIBLE LESSONS FOR 1872. STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

SUNDAY, September 15th, 1872. The Temple of God.—1 Cor. iii. 16 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"For ye are the temple of the living God, as God hath said: I will dwell in them and walk in them and I will be their God and they shall be my people."—2 Corinthians vi. 16.

SCRIPTURE SELECTION.—Zechariah viii.

ANALYSIS.—1. The effects of conversion are to make man's heart a dwelling place for the Most High. vs. 16. 2. The perfection of wisdom is humility. vs. 18. 3. Human wisdom does not appreciate true humility, but values the things that are seen above those that are unseen, and ability to secure honor or power, or to amass wealth as the greatest wisdom. vs. 19, 20. 4. Being so closely allied to God believers should guard against choosing any man in whom to repose confidence. Being in Christ they have all needed good. vs. 21-23.

EXPOSITION.—Verse 16.—The figure of "builders" in the last lesson is here further carried out. The material on which they were to operate were men and women. The result of their labor would be the erection of a temple—the church, or community of believers. The former temple had been destroyed, and now God chooses a dwelling place composed of holy persons. 1 Cor. vi. 19; 2 Cor. vi. 16; Eph. ii. 20-22. There could be no higher motive to the avoidance of the practices than the personal presence of the Most High. Sacrilege is one of the basest of crimes. God's presence is manifest in his church by his operation, changing what is injurious for what is desirable. Gal. v. 22, 23. Making men better and happier. This could not be effected except by a Divine power.

Verse 17.—"Defile," here should be destroy. Any course of conduct that would damage the church goes so far to effect the destruction of the person who does the injury. The teaching of any doctrines that would weaken the faith or love of the brethren would be as hurtful as improper conduct.

Verse 18.—"Seemeth to be wise," has the reputation of great sagacity and cunning. Unless he also has humility his wisdom is folly. A reputation for wisdom amongst men "in this world," or age, is of no value except based on genuine humility, such as will not care for the derision of worldly men. He must be willing that they should count him a fool, if obedience to Christ demands it, or he has no true wisdom.

Verse 19.—"The wisdom of this world" is not the knowledge man may obtain of God's works and ways. True science is not opposed to God's word and laws, but opinions drawn from a superficial knowledge of them are often very fallacious and therefore foolish, chap. 1. 20-24. "It is written," Job v. 13. "Take heed," as in the fast, and He upsets their plans often by their own cleverness or craftiness. Cunning is not required in the erection of God's temple. Human policy has often been tried in his ordinances and the control and support of the church, but it invariably fails in effecting the object for which it is established.

Verse 20.—Another quotation, from Psalm xciv. 11. "The thoughts of the

wise" if hostile to God, are of no avail, and will not produce the results expected. Verse 21.—There should be no reliance on the name of a leader as was customary among the Jews and the heathen philosophers. All christians have one common interest in the erection of this temple, and all are joint proprietors in the gifts and possessions of the church and all are beholden alike to Christ.

Verse 22.—These names are equally the property of all. "The world" is God's gift. Men may enjoy the common blessings, and feel that they come from their own Father, independently of all others. As much as is needful of "the world" is promised to the christian, and is often more enjoyed by the industrious poor than by the rich. Matt. vi. 33; Mark x. 29, 30; 1 Tim. iv. 8. Psalm xxxvii. 25.

"Life" to the christian has a high noble purpose, and is not an unmeaning condition, or enigma without any solution. "Death" ceases to be a curse and misfortune when one is in Christ. It then becomes but a passage to our heavenly home. Passing events and future prospects are all intended to promote the highest good of Christ's followers. Romans viii. 38.

Verse 23.—Christ has a real proprietorship in his people. It is not therefore seemly that they should be contending with each other concerning the factious leaders they should follow. "Christ is God's," Christ consented to take the office of Mediator that he might harmonize man with God. He was God's son, and came in the form of a servant to declare the glory of God.

QUESTIONS.—What are the purposes of a temple? How did God dwell in the temple at Jerusalem? What promise did Christ give to his disciples when they should meet his name? What effect should the consciousness of God's presence have upon us? What is the first requisite in those with whom God dwells? Is it possible for one to deceive himself? When does a man deceive himself? By whom is a profession of faith regarded as foolishness? Should a christian mind such a charge from the world? What is true wisdom? What effect does this have upon its possessor, does it produce pride or humility? How is the folly of professedly wise men often exposed? Job 5. 13. From whom does all true wisdom come? Do leaders of human opinion possess any wisdom independently of God? What is the exhortation given in view of this fact? In what respect is life and death the property of the believer? In what respect is Christ God's? What has he effected for believers? Scripture Catechism, 69, 70.

SUNDAY, Sept. 22nd.—Charity the Greatest.—1 Cor. xiii. 1-15.

Youths' Department.

THAT CITY.

I know her walls are jasper, Her palaces are fair, And to the strings of harpings The saints are singing there; I know that living waters Flow under fruitful trees— But ah! to make my heaven, It needeth more than these.

Read on the sacred story; What more doth it unfold, Beside the pearly gateways, And streets of shining gold? No temple hath that city, And none is needed there; No sun nor moon enlighteneth— Can darkness then be fair?

Ah! now the glad revealing, The crowning joy of all: What need of other sunlight Where God is all in all? He fills the wide ethereal With glory of his own— He whom my soul adoreth, The Lamb amidst the throne!

O! heaven without my Saviour Would be no heaven to me! Dark were the walls of jasper, Rayless the crystal sea; He gilds earth's darkest valley With light, and joy, and peace; What, then, must be the radiance When night and death shall cease?

Speed on, O! lagging moments, Come, birthday of the soul! How long the night appeareth! The hours, how slow they roll! How sweet the welcome summons That greets the willing bride; And when mine eyes behold Him, I shall be satisfied!

THE BROTHERS.

"Bless me! it's a very cold day for bread and cheese, and nothing to wash it down with," said Chassagne, the young water-carrier, as he went to give some water to the portress of the house in an attic of which he had his lodging. "Very dry fare: 'I'll bet that young gentleman who lives under me has something to make his more palatable!"

"Oh! are you going up stairs, Chassagne?" said the portress; "for if you are, please to hand in this letter at No. 8; the postman has just left it."

"Why can't he fetch it himself?" said the water-carrier.

"Why? poor fellow, he hasn't left his room these three days; and more than that, I'm sure he has not had a mouthful to eat since yesterday morning. If I had not been afraid he'd snap me up, as he did once before, I should have taken him some warm milk and a bit of bread to-day."

"Really now, do you think he is so clemmed? It almost makes me think of taking up to him mine. Ah! you should have tried him with the bread and milk, misus."

The Auvergnat carries up the letter, and finds the young student very pale and thin, writing on the bed, amid a heap of books. The letter is from a rich cousin and guardian, enclosing an order for a louis-d'or, and volunteering abundant advices and reflections on the youth's indiscretion in going up to Paris, and making himself a burden to his relations. The student is young Dupuytren, reduced for the time being to great want, owing to the break-up, in 1794, of all the public educational establishments. He had held a bursary at the College de la Marche in Paris. At such a time his cousin's treatment is heart-rending: he tells it all to the sympathizing Auvergnat.

"Well, if I were you, young gentleman, I should just pack up the money again, and send it back, and say that I neither wanted his money nor his advice."

"Thank you, my lad; you've almost made me feel myself again. But, dear, dear! what shall I do? I'm starving."

Before he could look round, the Auvergnat had disappeared. He soon returned, however, with his bread and cheese, which he placed on the table. He cut off some slices, and began to eat quite cheerfully. Poor Dupuytren's heart was too full; he seemed more likely to faint than to eat.

"There, now! I warrant you won't eat with me, because you're a gentleman, and I'm only a poor water-carrier."

At last Chassagne's kindly tact succeeded: he makes Dupuytren share his breakfast, and promise to accept further help.

"You see, it's my turn to help a body now. The parson, who brought me up when I was left an orphan, said to me when he sent me off to make my way in Paris: 'Now be sure you do to others as you've been done by; if you ever find any one you can do a good turn to, mind you do it!'"

The student, who feels that he has something in him, says:—

"I'll pay you a hundred fold when I'm head surgeon at the hospital."

"Ah! come now, that is too good. Why that's like my wishing, as I do, when I put my wishing cap on, to have, instead of that pair of buckets, a barrel all to myself,—a fine new barrel, painted red, with the hoops picked out with blue. What a proud day it'll be when first I put myself between the shafts and wheel of my own barrel."

Dupuytren could not help smiling at the extent of his friend's ambition.

"How much does a barrel cost then?"

"Why 200 francs, at least; but I'll tell you a secret, I've got 200 towards it safely stowed away in a stocking."

While the student is gone to post his answer to his cousin, the owner of the house comes to gather his rent. He turns the Auvergnat out, locks the door, and is walking away, when Chassagne says:—

"Where will he go, poor fellow?"

"That's his business, not mine; he owes me for five months, that's enough for me."

"But his books and papers? You'll kill him, I tell you; he's not well."

The end is that the Auvergnat takes the landlord up stairs, opens the stocking, and pays the rent.

But Dupuytren knows nothing of this till long after. He posts his letter, and before finally accepting the water-carrier's help determines to put his pride in his pocket, and call on a young fellow-student, Count Leon de —, son of the Duke of —.

The count is going to have a party, for it is his birthday.

"Come, stay, old fellow, and dine with us. What! you won't? Ah! it's those old college clothes that you've got on. Stop a bit: you and I are pretty much of a size; my man will put you into one of my suits in a few minutes."

"No, I can't stay; I wanted a word with you."

"What? business, is it? Oh! do put it off till you call again. I can't and won't hear it to-day. But tell me, what have you been doing since all the collegers were scattered? By the way, Dupuytren, do you know I'm worried every day by class-fellows, who come to me for help, because I'm a duke's son. They'd keep my purse empty enough if I listened to them all."

Despite this discouraging prelude, the poor lad unfolds his sorrows to the count, and begs the loan of ten pounds.

"You see, Leon, I only want it till the schools reopen, and that must be very soon. They cannot do without doctors and surgeons any more than bakers; and when once they open I can get a scholarship, immediately, you know. So all I want is to be kept going till then. Now I know you can lend it to me, if you will."

Leon burst into a loud laugh.

"Ten pounds? why that's a whole month's pocket-money. You're coming it rather strong, my friend."

A cold sweat came out on Dupuytren's forehead; but still he forced himself to try once more.

"Well, then, do without pocket-money for one month, and you'll give me the means of living and studying for the whole quarter."

"You are surely not serious, Dupuytren,—but there's the bell; that's some of my friends. Good-bye, if you won't stay."

So Dupuytren goes back hopeless to his room. There he finds Chassagne rubbing his hands before a tureen of smoking soup.

"Come, make haste, it's getting cold."

"Why, you good creature, you'll be making a hole in the stocking."

"Well" you see," said the Auvergnat, who could scarcely restrain a sigh when he thought of what a big hole the landlord had made in it a short time ago, "we must dine; and besides, you'll make it all up to me, you know, when you are head man at the hospital."

"Ah, yes! you shall be sure to have your barrel then, and a pony into the bargain to draw it."

"Oh! a pony!—that's more than I ever dreamt of. No; I'll stick to the barrel, please, and draw it myself."

From that day forward Chassagne installed himself as purveyor and factotum to the young student. The other would protest from time to time, and say,— "Dear me, this won't do, you know, we're living on your barrel all this long while."—"Never mind," he would say, "I'd give a barrel, horse, and all, this very minute, if I had them, for the pleasure of knowing you. Talk of obligation! I should like to know who's the obliged party. Why, look at me, now; till I knew you, I had not had a soul to speak a kind word to me since our old parson died. I used to come in at night tired and cold, and there was no one to take me by the hand, as you do, and say, 'How are you getting on, Chassagne?' To hear you speak is as good as a warm at the fire any day, Master William. Besides," he added, "I pray for you night and morning, do you know? So something's sure to come of that."

Early in 1795, the School of Medicine was established. Dupuytren was admitted as *prosecuteur*; and his talent speedily brought him into notice. The house-surgeon, who knew his straightened means, was soon able to put something in his way, which brought him five-and-twenty pounds. No sooner was the money in his pocket, than off he goes to buy a barrel and harness. This done he puts himself into the shafts, and wheels it away to show it to Chassagne.

"Come, take me out, old fellow; I shall never get this harness off," he cries to the astonished water-carrier.

"What! you don't mean to say you're head surgeon yet, do you?"

"Not exactly; but I've earned a little, and so your barrel was the first thing. Come, put it under shelter, and let's have some supper."

By-and-by Dupuytren goes to his old lodging to pay his rent, and discovers the rest of Chassagne's kindness.

"What, you impudent rogue! you actually venture to thank me for the barrel, when, but for me, you'd have had it more than six months ago."

"Do you think any barrel I could have bought would have been half as much to me as that one?" says the other.

"Well, Chassagne, shake hands; if you talk like that, there's nothing else for it."

"We must be sworn brothers, you and I from henceforth."

"What! you, sir, a gentleman born, and I a water-carrier?"

"Yes, I know I'm a gentleman born, and I'm sure I shall be somebody, too, one

of these days, and you're a water-carrier, as you say; but still we'll be brothers all the same. I mean it, you know."

"Well, then, if you do mean it, come and let's have some supper," says the Auvergnat. "I can't tell how it is that I always get so hungry when I feel uncommon happy."

They were like brothers from that time. Chassagne never sought to rise above his position of water-carrier. Unlike most of his countrymen, he did not care to return to the Auvergne, for he had no relations there, and here was his "brother" in Paris.

Dupuytren was made Professor at the School of Medicine in 1811; in 1831 he was appointed second surgeon at the Hotel Dieu; in 1815 he became head surgeon there, and up to his death in 1835 he continued to maintain and increase his European reputation. But he never forgot old times. The rich paid him large fees, and the poor he prescribed for gratuitously; all came to him, and every one was taken in his turn, whatever his rank or other claims. —Good Words.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Universalism has declined about one-third in the number of its ministers in the United States during the last ten years; and in Massachusetts and New-England they have fewer ministers than they had in 1840 or 1850; they have advanced a little from 1840 to 1850, but have since fallen below they were in 1840.

Of 30,000 Jews living in London, 2,000 are members of Christian churches. Of 18,000 in Berlin, 2,000 are said to be converted; in the University three years ago, twenty-eight were Christian Jews. The total number of Jews in Europe is reckoned at 3,431,700, and of these 20,000 are reckoned as Christian converts. In the Episcopal Church in England one hundred ministers are said to be of Jewish birth.

The Rev. Mr. Laurie, of Erie, exchanged with Dr. Chapin one Sunday, and soon after he appeared in the desk, people began to go away. He watched the exodus a few minutes, and then rising, said in a deep voice, clearly heard throughout the church, and with just sufficient Scotch brogue in his voice, to give raciness to his words; "All those who came here to worship Almighty God will please join in singing a hymn, and while they are doing so, those who came here to worship E. H. Chapin will have an opportunity to leave the church." His audience did not diminish after that.

An English magistrate terminated a suit at the Clonmel assizes recently, where a young man and a young woman claimed the same landed estate, by suggesting that if they would only marry they could both live on the farm and leave a clear title to the next generation. To this the couple agreed, much to the disgust of the legal fraternity.

King Victor Emmanuel is said to be the most generous of European sovereigns though he is by no means the wealthiest. In addition to the immense sums he has distributed to the sufferers by the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, he has just given no less than 20,000 francs to the *daneggiati* by the floods in the north, when the Po overflowed its banks, destroying the crops and laying a large tract of country under water.

Dr. Lowell Mason, Sr., well known to the American musical public as a composer, died at his residence in Orange, New-Jersey, on Sunday 11th ult., at the age of eighty one year. Dr. Mason was the author and compiler of a greater number of musical works than any other American author, and some of the most popular of our modern hymns are from his pen. He devoted especial attention of late years to the subject of congregational singing in churches.

Italy is, in fact, governed by about a hundred individuals. The whole country counts about 500,000 electors out of 25,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these, mostly shopkeepers and professional men, only the fifth part, about 100,000, really take part in the election. Again, of the 315 deputies elected, there are generally not more than 200 present, and only on great occasions do their numbers reach 350.

It is not often that men are so practical and sensible as Keswath. He has dyspepsia, and refuses to be a representative of the Hungarian Diet because he has the disease. He knows a dyspeptic magnifies troubles and is blind to blessings, and hence he inflicts his infirmities on no one but himself.

AUDUBON'S PET.—It is said when Audubon, the distinguished naturalist, was a resident of Henderson, Ky., his inseparable companion was a petted wild turkey, that would follow him in all his walks, and remain in his study as would a dog.

The Marquis de Lorne has never been ordained, but he is preaching to the masses in Lexington, and crowds listen to his practical sermons. Other noblemen divide his labors with him, and the good they achieve is said to be considerable.

The Pope is trying to win over the Italian soldiers by kindness, and the priests are constantly extending them every civility and facility to induce them to attend mass and the confessional. The object is plain, but the plan don't work.

George Macdonald will arrive in America this month, and will have more engagements to start out with than any lecturer who has ever come to this country.