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July 31.

*Christian Messenger.*  
HALIFAX, N. S., JULY 31, 1872.

**THE TEACHER.**  
BIBLE LESSONS FOR 1872.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.  
SUNDAY, August 4th, 1872.  
Christian Living.—Rom. xii. 9-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.—All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you; do ye even so them: for this is the law and the prophets. Matt. vii. 12.

SCRIPTURE SELECTION.—Luke vi. 20-49; Titus ii.

SUMMARY.—The cheerful performance of personal and relative duties will eventually compel even enemies to recognize the power and value of religion.

ANALYSIS.—1. Love to others is to be the ruling principle dwelling in the heart. 9, 10. 2. This will be manifested in our positive acts, 11-14. And (3) in avoiding what would injure others, even our enemies. 15-21.

EXPOSITION.—Verse 9. The simulation of love soon becomes apparent. If love does not exist in the heart its appearance will be but short lived. See 2 Corinthians vi. 6; 1 Peter ii. 22; 1 John iii. 18. *Abhor, cleave.* These are the strongest expressions of hatred and love that can be used.

Verse 10.—*Kindly affectioned,* should rather be, seeking to out-do, or set the example to each other in acts of love.

Verse 11.—"Not slothful," is often misquoted, diligent. "Business" does not refer to our worldly calling so much as to zeal, or energy of action, in "serving the Lord."

Verse 12.—The order of the original would be more expressive than that of the common version: "In hope, rejoicing; in tribulation, enduring; in prayer, persevering."

Verse 13.—The injunctions of this verse would be more appropriate to the apostolic times, when persecution had driven "the saints" from their homes, and there were no houses of entertainment. In Eastern countries the duties and rights of hospitality are more clearly defined than at present in these western countries.

Verse 14.—Here is a quotation from our Saviour's sermon on the Mount, Matt. v. 44. It is probable that was then held as the code of morality for the churches.

Verse 15.—Christian sympathy is commonly expressed more in sorrow than in joy, yet it is no less grateful in the latter, and chastens and deepens the joy. This definition of sympathy with the sorrowing is but too little heeded. Words are often of no avail; tears have more power to assuage grief than direct attempts to remove the cause of sorrow, or draw off the mind from thinking of it.

Verse 16.—"Being" would perhaps be a better expression of the connexion between this and the previous verse, as this shows the true brotherhood existing between the members of a church. The gifts may differ, but all should be "of the same mind one towards another." "Condescend to men &c." See margin "be content with mean things." This is shown too in mental concerns as well as in physical. "An affec-

tation of wisdom is incompatible with christian humility.

Verse 17.—Retaliation of evil is in no case to be allowed. "Honest" may include more than the mere absence of fraud. It should rather be what would be regarded as honorable.

Verse 18.—It is suggested here that some cases would arise in which it would not be possible to live peaceably. In such cases it should not be the fault of the christian.

Verse 19-21.—"Give place unto wrath" allow it to expend itself. See 2 Chronicles xxiv. 18.

The similitude in these verses was probably taken from Prov. xxv. 21, 22. The heaping of coals of fire on one's head is a figurative expression of Divine vengeance. Psalm cxl. 10; xi. 6.

This would be the most complete vengeance—even to the destruction of him as an enemy by slaying his enemy and making him a friend, thus "overcoming evil with good."

Revenge is forbidden, but the principle here laid down and illustrated by food and drink, would lead to affording supplies of whatever kind would be acceptable at the time, and so consuming the wrath.

QUESTIONS.—What is the meaning of dissimulation?

What position should be maintained with regard to good and evil respectively? What encouragement is given in vs. 10 to ambition. How is vs. 11 often quoted? What is the meaning of "fervent"?

What is the order of the sentences in vs. 12? What is it to be instant in prayer? Trace the relation between these three exercises of mind.

Why was hospitality more needed in primitive times? What is the use here of the word "given"? How is "condescend to men &c.," commonly understood? Are all equally subject to the temptations referred to in vs. 16? What is the meaning of the injunction "Provide things honest in the sight of all men? Define "avenge." What is the meaning of "give place unto wrath"? Does the Lord require us to avenge an insult or offence? Why? How should we try to kill our enemies? What effect do these coals of fire have on the head of our enemy.

Scripture Catechism, 59, 60.

SUNDAY, Aug. 11th.—Love fulfilling the Law.—Rom. xiii. 8-14.

**NEVER ANSWERED BACK.**

The words might be sharp, harsh, censorious, or even bitter—it mattered not, she threw nothing back, but met them all with the same sweet spirit of calm endurance. She was often placed in very trying circumstances, but her self-control never left her; her patient kindness remained unchanged.

When a mere child her mother, gave as it were, the care of the entire family into her tender hands, and kissed her a last farewell. Tender, delicate child that she was, and yet so strong, so firm in goodness! Her father, hasty, irritable, at times unreasonable, was most exacting in his requirements; but she met his various moods with patient, forgiving love.

Her brothers and sisters were passionate, fitful, and trying, but their misdemeanors were never visited with sharp rebuke. She never answered back to the peevish and complaining words.

I have seen sadness come over her countenance like a heavy cloud, and large tears roll slowly down her fair cheeks, but no temper flashes ever disturbed the quiet beauty of her face, no violent emphasis or unlovely accents broke the melody of her sweet voice. I've seen her slowly leave the room to avoid a conflict, and once through some misunderstanding she received a painfully upbraiding letter; she stole away softly to her chamber, and afterward she told me that she hastened to God to get right feelings quickly.

One day she was telling me of a particular trial with one of the wayward children, and I asked: "Well what did you say?"

She answered: "Oh! nothing. I only kept still. You know it does not make things better to answer back."

"But what did you do?" I again asked.

"I just waited as patiently as I could, until she got over it."

"Keep still!" How wise, how heroic, how beautiful to keep still and bear in silence sharp, passionate words! "Just waited." How admirable to the grace of patience, to wait until the furious storm of anger is over, and never increase it by the utterance of a single word!

How sweet to see little children turn silently away from contentions; and how beautiful for young people to abstain from answering back!

It is better to be just than generous, better to be true than to seem what we are not.

**Youths' Department.**

**NANCY WHITE.**

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Nancy White was only a washer-woman, yet she sat near the splendid coffin where lay in sweet repose, together, young mother and new-born babe.

Most lovely was the face which death had altered so little. The stately parlors draped in black, the beautiful things she had so delighted in, gleams of marble, glimpses of rare color and exquisite drapery lent a strange and solemn brightness to the scene.

Long and earnestly Nancy White looked on the two pure faces. Her lips trembled; eyes glistened, but a smile fought with the tears.

"After all, God knew best; he hasn't parted them," she said softly.

Nancy White was known all over town for an honest, blunt, and kindly creature. She told homely truths over the wash-tub that many a lady would never have borne from an ordinary acquaintance.

She, too, stood at the grave in her scant brown gown and the sombre plaid ribbon over her bonnet. Her heart bled for the suffering husband, and when she saw him standing there, white and rigid as the marble shafts on either side, she whispered.

"Poor body! there's a cloud between him and the Master."

This thought haunted her, and the next day old Nancy toiled up the steep hill again, towards the rich man's house.

"Tell him a poor, mean body has come to give him comfort," she said; "tell him I have brought a message from the Lord of Glory."

Presently Nancy was ushered into a dark room where sat the mourner. Nancy had often comforted his pretty wife before her trial—he knew that; and so while all his intimate friends might have been refused audience, the poor, homely, blunt creature was admitted.

It was the room where the beautiful young wife had been wont to sit, and he had gathered a few precious mementoes of her busy, happy presence, and sat there with bowed head and sobbing breath. Nancy came quietly in and stood beside him, her faded locks combed back from her hollow cheeks, her seamed face lighted with unearthly radiance, as she exclaimed in a sweet, solemn voice,

"The Lord comfort ye!"

"Nancy, I am in utter despair," was the choked response.

Nancy looked at him pitifully, her heavy hands working one over the other, and at last she said, as if soliloquizing:

"My man was drowned in the river. He was a good husband to me, and he went out full of health and strength, and was brought home to me, that loved him him so, dead. Within the month my two children died, and I was left alone with a blind mother to support. I have seen affliction in every shape. I have seen poverty and sickness, but found God's word true through it all. I hugged it to my heart, and it grew dearer than husband and bairns even, and so it will to you, poor man, if you will look to the Master."

"It's dark, Nancy, all dark; I have buried my happiness."

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," said Nancy softly.

He looked up at her. There she stood, rugged, homely and humble, and it seemed to strike him all at once that her visit was entirely unselfish, so that his heart warmed toward her.

"That's a promise, sir," she added.

"Yes, Nancy—that's a promise," he quietly responded.

"From One who never broke his word, sir. He has taken the two sweet angels to himself, to save your soul, sir. You were rich and easy, and prosperous, and, maybe, forgetting Him."

"Nancy, I would give all the world if I could feel a Christian's comfort," he said sadly.

"And that's a brave speech, sir, to give what isn't your own—a pretty gift I'm thinking the Lord would think it. Would I thank you if you said, 'Nancy, I'll give you the house over yonder'—when I know it belongs to Captain Nash? No, no; give God what belongs to you, your own poor, broken, sinful heart, and he'll make it clean, see if he don't. He'll comfort you so that you'll say in all her dear life you never had such comfort. Oh, my dear man, mourn before God with this sorrow, and you'll bless the day my Master ever sent his poor old servant to say a word to you of Him."

The truth struck home. Then was his mourning mingled with contrition. The sweet promise was verified—at the grave of his wife, or surrounded by remembrances of her, in the room where she died:

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

As for Nancy, she watched him on Sundays from her seat in the corner, or sometimes she met him in the church-door, and it was all the reward she needed to hear him say:

"God bless you, Nancy, I am trying to get on."

**THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.**

In a village near Warsaw, there lived a pious peasant, by name of Dobry. Without any fault of his own, he had fallen into arrear with his rent, and the landlord determined to turn him out. It was winter, and evening, and the next day he was to be turned out, with all his family. As they sat in their sorrow, Dobry knelt down in their midst, and they sang,

"Commit thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands."

Just as they came to the last verse—

"When Thou wouldst all our need supply,  
Who then shall stay Thy hand?"

there was a knock at the window. It was an old friend, a raven, that Dobry's grandfather had taken out of the nest and tamed and then set at liberty. Dobry opened the window; the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring, set with precious stones. Dobry thought he would sell the ring; but he thought again that he would take and show it to his minister; and he, who saw at once, by the crest, that it belonged to King Stanislaus, took it to him, and related the story. The king sent for Dobry, and rewarded him so that he was no more in need; and the next year built him a new house, and gave him cattle from his own herd; and over the house door there is an iron tablet, whereon is carved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath the verse—

"Thou everywhere hast sway,  
And all things serve thy might;  
Thy every act pure blessing is,  
Thy path unsullied light!"

**THE DEVIL'S HARVEST.**

Sixty thousand lives are annually destroyed by intemperance in the United States.

One hundred thousand men and women are yearly sent to prison in consequence of strong drink.

Twenty thousand children are yearly sent to the poor-house for the same reason.

Three hundred murders are another of the yearly fruits of intemperance.

Four hundred suicides follow in this fearful catalogue of miseries.

Two hundred thousand orphans are bequeathed each year to public and private charity.

Two millions of dollars are yearly expended to produce this shocking amount of crime and misery, and as much more is lost in time wasted from the same cause.

Is it not time to drive that which produces such results from our country? Can we be human if we hesitate to lend our aid to such a cause? Let him who reads this lay it to heart.

**THE BACK SEAT.**

The exigencies of spring millinery obliged our friend Polly to take a trip to Springfield the other day. Somewhere up north a freight-train had run off the track, or a hand-car been inopportunistly encountered, or some of the usual things had happened, so that when the train appeared, behind time, it offered only one car to the crowd impatiently awaiting its arrival.

Of course there was a grand American rush for the seats.

Polly, who disdain to push and scramble, who thinks there are few things in this world worth so debasing one's self for, found herself obliged to take the back seat, that uncomfortable little back seat by the door, usually occupied by the bewildered foreigner unused to travel. However, she had her own self-respect at least.

And presently she discovered that the universal law of compensation holds good even in respect to back seats. Through the back window of the car she obtained such a wide, new outlook in the world.

Away behind her sped her native mountains, shifting into new beauty of shape as the track twisted this way and that, until they grew blue in the distance, and finally vanished behind new ranges that gradually appeared in the picture. Broad and green the meadow spread out each side

in the sunlight. She saw all the willows "pusy-ing" out by the brook-sides, the elms hazy with their tender mist of tiny new leaves, the back pond in the woods.

There was a certain fascination, too, in watching the track unroll itself from beneath the cars and speed away into the distance, now plunging into deep gorges, then out over high embankments, through the arches of bridges, over brooks and rivers, now in the depth of solemn woods, now just skimming the corner of an old farm house built years before railroads were ever thought of.

Then Polly caught all the after glimpses of people—little bits of human nature entirely lost by the occupants of front seats. She saw the young man who kissed his hand from the back platform, and the "girl he left behind him" waving her handkerchief across the increasing space between them; the old man getting slowly into his empty wagon, gazing wistfully after the train that was whirling his boy off to the greedy West; the depot loungers lazily picking up their feet and sauntering off; the men plowing in the fields; the women out hanging clothes; the Irishmen at work on the track, going on again with the work interrupted by the passing train; the runaway horses sobbing down; the truant boys who "hurrahed" the train, climbing down from the fences and scrambling off towards school.

"It is like life," thought Polly, who felt in a particularly moral vein this morning.

"So we come and go. There is a little stir, a little brief importance, then we are gone, and lo, the world goes on just the same."

It was curious to notice how everything seemed to catch the infection of hurry from the train. The dead leaves whirled and leaped in the air; the very sand "of the earth" flew on the breeze "as if it had wings" the sober old trees in the wood waved and tossed their branches, and seemed to stretch their arms out imploringly, saying, "Take us with you, out from this silence and solitude, into the world of hurry and bustle and life to which you go."

And the picture was always changing. Polly never knew what might come next. She decided that it was altogether the best panorama she ever attended. She felt positively sorry for the young man with the slightly bloated red face, in one of the best seats on the shady side in front, who looked so intently out of the window whenever a woman entered the car until some gentleman had given her a seat; and for his neighbour, the fat old gentleman, who secured the same end by burying his face in a newspaper.

They were losing so much, that they never knew it. All this charming scene of life and beauty and human nature, going on around them, and they never wiser or better for it; entirely shut up in their own selfish, disagreeable selves.

And being in a moral vein Polly wondered if the people who take the back seats in life don't have always the best of it; the people who are not in a fret and hurry, and ready to push down and trample on their fellow travellers to secure the best place, the highest positions, the first notice, the front seats generally; who don't expect much, are not eager to thrust themselves forward don't think much about themselves any way. Whether there was not a certain peace and serenity always attendant on the back seat, a leisure from one's self that gives room for a deal of outside living.

And after all, the journey is so short and so swift, that really the seat one occupies is of very little consequence. The people in the back seat reach the journey's end just as soon, and once there, no one asks how they came. "There is a day after to-day." That all should be good-natured and unselfish and helpful to their fellow-passengers, and possess their own souls in peace are the important things. At least, so seemed to Polly this bright spring morning.—P. Thorne, in *Christian Register*.

**OF ALL LOVE AFFAIRS IN THE WORLD, NONE**

can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is a love pure and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her.

Next to the love of her husband nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of the son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" bad who began by falling in love with his mother.

The poorest man in Christendom may say every morning:—"There are five hundred millions of immortal souls worse off than I am. Who am I, that I should differ? Bless the Lord O my soul."—Ryle.