

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., SEPT. 25, 1872.

THE TEACHER.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR 1872.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

SUNDAY, September 20th, 1872.

REVIEW of the Lessons of the past two Months.

SUNDAY, August 4th, 1872.—Christian Living.—Rom. xii. 9-21.

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.

QUESTIONS.—What are the leading features in Christian Living? Does the opposition of the enemies of Christ offer any reason for omitting Christian duties? What feelings should Christians have instead of revenge?

SUNDAY, August 11th, 1872.—Love fulfilling the Law.—Rom. xiii. 8-14.

SUMMARY.—The unbeliever can never fulfil God's law. He who has become a new creature and loves God and his neighbour, is alone able to render such obedience as is acceptable to God.

ANALYSIS.—The commands referring to the outward conduct, vs. 9. A comment on the law of love, vs. 10. An argument to compel attention to this law, vs. 11. An exhortation to act in accordance with the facts stated, vs. 12-14.

QUESTIONS.—How can love be the fulfilling of the Law? What is the proper expression of love to God? What is the measure of our love to others? What is putting on the Lord Jesus Christ?

SUNDAY, August 18th, 1872.—Accountability to God.—Rom. xiv. 7-13.

SUMMARY.—Having been purchased by the death of Christ, believers are his property and are under obligation to serve Him. The judgment will be at every individual.

QUESTIONS.—What is the extent of our accountability to God? For what purposes are Christians allowed to live? What is the foundation of Christ's right to rule over every believer? In what respects does Christ rule over life and death? Of whom must every man give account to God?

SUNDAY, August 25th, 1872.—Help One Another.—Rom. xv. 1-7.

SUMMARY.—God in Christ helps us that we may help others.

ANALYSIS.—I. The law of mutual aid. 1. Its statement, vs. 1, 2. 2. Its exemplification, vs. 3, 4.

II. The duty of the discordant factions. 1. Prayer for their unity, vs. 5, 6. 2. Exhortation to harmony, vs. 7.

QUESTIONS.—Is any one free from the obligation to help others? Who should the weak help? In what respects may we please ourselves? In what way does Christ help us all? In what ways should Christians "receive" their fellow-believers?

SUNDAY, September 1st, 1872.—The Cross.—1 Cor. i. 18-25.

ANALYSIS.—I. Contrast between the wisdom of man and the wisdom of God, 18-21. II. The highest efforts of both Jews and Greeks not equal to the most simple of God's plans, 22, 23. II. Christ and His Cross the highest exhibition of power and wisdom.

QUESTIONS.—What is signified by the Cross? Why did the Jews stumble over the Cross? How was it that the Greeks regarded the Cross as foolish? What was the exhibition of "the weakness of God"?

SUNDAY, September 8th, 1872.—Husbandmen and Builders.—1 Cor. iii. 6-15.

ANALYSIS.—1. It is man's work to labor for his fellow-men, but it is not his prerogative to command success, 1-7. 2. Reward is to be according to labor, not success, 8. 3. Jesus Christ is the basis of all true religious teaching. Other doctrines are valuable only as they harmonize with this, 12-15.

QUESTIONS.—What mistakes were made by the Corinthians respecting the positions of the several Apostles? What is man's work in the conversion of other men? From whence comes the efficiency? Will the rewards of all be alike?

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

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.

QUESTIONS.—In the erection of what edifice are Christ's ministers engaged. In what way does God dwell in this temple? What are the effects of God's presence in the believer. How do the worldly wise appreciate the wisdom of God? What are Christ's claims on christians?

SUNDAY, September 22nd, 1872.—Charity the Greatest.—1 Cor. xiii. 1-15.

ANALYSIS.—A comparison of all other gifts with that of charity, 1-3. The characteristics of genuine charity or love, 4-7. The true character of christian love shown by its permanence, 8-13.

QUESTIONS.—What is the meaning of charity as here used? What things commonly so highly valued are here said to be of no value without charity? What are the principal features of true charity? In what respects is charity or love the greatest. Scripture Catechism, 59-70.

DANIEL AND HIS TIMES.

SUNDAY, Oct. 6th.—The Captives in Babylon.—Psa. cxxxvii. 1-9.

Youths' Department.

THE HUNTER'S STORY.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

My guide was an old trapper who had spent years in the forests, sometimes six months at a time, without seeing a human face. I was sitting down, leaning against a tree, just at sunset, and the old hunter came and sat down near me.

"In the course of your being in the woods so long," said I, "you must have met with some strange things. What one do you now think of, as among the strangest?"

"Why, I hardly know. I have had many narrow escapes, and have, as you say, seen some strange things. I can now recall one. It took place many years ago, when I was younger than I am now: I had been out all winter alone, trapping for furs. It was in March, when I was hunting beaver, just as the ice began to break up, and on one of the furthest, wildest lakes I ever visited. I calculated there could be no human being nearer than one hundred miles. I was pushing my canoe along through the loose ice, one cold day, when just round a point that projected into the lake, I heard something walking through the ice. It made so much noise, and stepped so regularly, that I felt sure it must be a moose. I got my rifle ready, and held it cocked in one hand, while I pushed the canoe with the other. Slowly and carefully I rounded the point, when, what was my astonishment to see, not a moose, but a man, wading in the water—the ice water! He had nothing on his head or feet, and his clothes were torn almost off from his limbs. He was walking, gesticulating with his hands, and talking to himself. He seemed to be wasted to a skeleton. With great difficulty I got him into my canoe, when I landed and made up a fire, and got him some hot tea and food. He had a bone of some animal in his bosom, which he had gnawed almost to nothing. He was nearly frozen, and quieted down and soon fell asleep. I nursed him like an infant. With great difficulty and in a round-about way, I found out the name of the town from which he came. Slowly and carefully I got him along, around falls and over portages, keeping a resolute watch on him, lest he should escape from me into the forest. At length, after nearly a week's travel, I reached the village where I supposed he lived. I found the whole community under deep excitement, and more than a

hundred men were scattered in the woods and on the mountains, seeking for my crazy companion; for they had learned that he had wandered into the woods. It had been agreed upon that if he was found, the bells should be immediately rung and guns fired. And as soon as I landed, a shout was raised, his friends rushed to him, the bells broke out in loud notes, and guns were fired, and their report echoed again and again in forest and on mountain, till every seeker knew that the lost was found.

"How many times I had to tell the story over! I never saw people so crazy with joy, for the man was of one of the first and best families, and they hoped his insanity would be but temporary, as I afterwards learned it was. How they feasted me, and when I came away, loaded my canoe with provisions and clothing, and everything for my comfort! It was a time and place of wonderful joy. They seemed to forget everybody else, and think only of the poor man whom I had brought back."

The old hunter ceased, and I said, "Don't this make you think of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, where the man who lost one sheep, left all the rest and went and sought it, and brought it home rejoicing, and of the teaching of our Saviour, that there is joy in heaven over one repenting, returning sinner?"

"Oh yes! I have often compared the two, and though I don't suppose they ring bells and fire guns in that world, yet I have no doubt they have some way of making their joy known."—Sunday School Times.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS; OR, THE OLD WOMAN'S RAILWAY SIGNAL.

BY ELIUB BURRITT.

The most effective working force in the world in which we live is the law of kindness. For it is the only moral force that operates with the same effect upon mankind, beastkind, and birdkind. From time immemorial, music has wonderfully affected all beings, reasoning or unreasoning, that have ears to hear. The prettiest idea and simile of ancient literature relate to Orpheus playing his lyre to animals listening in intoxicated silence to its strains. Well, kindness is the spontaneous music of good-will to men and beasts. And both listen to it with their hearts instead of their ears; and the hearts of both are affected by it in the same way, if not to the same degree. Volumes might be written filled with beautiful illustrations of its effects upon both. The music of kindness, not only the power to charm, but to transform both the savage heart of man and beast; and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Some time ago we read of an incident that will serve as an illustration of this beautiful law. It was substantially to this effect: A poor, coarse-featured old woman lived on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, where it passes through a wild, unpeopled district of West Virginia. She was a widow, with only one daughter, living with her in a log hut, near a deep, precipitous gorge, crossed by the railway bridge. Here she contrived to support themselves by raising and selling poultry and eggs, adding berries in their season, and other little articles for the market. She had to make a long, weary walk of many miles to a town where she could sell her basket of produce. The railway passed by her cabin to this town; but the ride would cost too much of the profits of her small sales, so she trudged on generally to the market on foot. The conductor came finally to notice her walking by the side of the line or between the rails; and, being a good-natured, benevolent man, he would often give her a ride to and fro without charge. The engineers and brakemen were also good to the old woman, and felt they were not wronging the interests of the railway company by giving her these free rides. And soon an accident occurred that proved they were quite right in this view of the matter.

In the wild month of March, the rain descended and the mountains sent down their rolling roaring torrents of melted snow and ice into this gorge near the woman's hut. The flood arose with the darkness of the night, until she heard the crash of the railway bridge, as it was swept from its abutments, and dashed its broken timbers against the craggy sides of the precipice on either side. It was nearly midnight. The rain fell in a flood, and the darkness was deep and howling with the storm. In another half-hour the express

train would be due. What could she do to warn it against the awful destruction it was approaching? She had hardly a whole tallow candle in her house; and no light she could make of tallow or oil, if she had it, would live a moment in that tempest of wind and rain. Not a moment was to be lost; and her thought was equal to the moment. She cut the cord of her only bedstead, and shouldered the dry posts, side-pieces, and head-piece. Her daughter followed her with their two wooden chairs. Up the steep embankment they climbed, and piled all their household furniture upon the line a few rods before the black, awful chasm, gurgling with the roaring flood. The distant rumbling of the train came upon them just as they had fired the well-dried combustibles. The pile blazed up into the night, throwing its red, swaling, booming light a long way up the track. In fifteen minutes it would begin to wane, and she could not revive it with green, wet wood. The thunder of the train grew louder. It was within five miles of the fire. Would they see it in time! They might not put on the brake soon enough. Awful thought! She tore her red flannel gown from her in a moment, and, tying it to the end of a stick, ran up the track, waving it in both hands, while her daughter swung round her head a blazing chair-post a little before. The lives of a hundred unconscious passengers hung on the issue of the next minute. The ground trembled at the old woman's feet. The great, red eye of the engine burst upon her as it came round a curve. Like a huge, sharp-sighted lion coming suddenly upon a fire, it sent forth a thrilling roar, that filled all the wild heights and ravines around. The train was at full speed; but the brakemen wrestled at their leverage with all the strength of desperation. The wheels ground along on the heated rails slower and slower, until the engine stopped at the decaying fire. It still blazed enough to show them the beetling edge of the black abyss into which the train and all its passengers would have plunged, and into a death destruction too horrible to think of, had it not been for the old woman's signal. They did not stop to thank her first for the deliverance. The conductor knelt down by the side of the engine; the engine-driver and the brakemen came and knelt down by him; all the passengers came and knelt down by them; and there, in the expiring light of the burnt-out pile, in the rain and the wind, they thanked God for the salvation of their lives. All in a line the kneelers and prayers went up into the dark heavens such a midnight voice of thanksgiving as seldom, if ever ascended from the earth to Him who seeth in darkness as well as in secret.

Kindness is the music of good-will to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

WHAT SCIENCE OWES TO MISSIONARIES.

Far away upon the extreme verge of civilization, or isolated from it entirely, are a corps of humble workers. Bearing the tidings of mercy to the lands that sit in darkness, they gather up scattered pearls of knowledge, and send them back to enrich the stores of those who, laboring in another field, are co-workers with them in the elevation of the race. Scarcely any of the sciences can claim that they have not been indebted to missionaries for valuable facts. The sciences of philology, ethnology, geography, and zoology have, however, received more aid from them than any others. An exchange makes the following remarks in reference to this subject: "To Dr. Livingstone, the distinguished missionary explorer, is the world indebted for most of its knowledge of the interior of Africa; and it now appears that the first discoveries of the sources of the Nile were made by missionaries. Some Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, in East Africa, in order to sequant themselves with the native tribes, made exploring tours into the interior, in one of which they discovered a snow mountain, and after a time another. The statements which they sent to England were at first received with incredulity and ridicule. After some time, they reported that the natives declared that there was a great inland sea; when the Royal Geographical Society sent out an expedition, which resulted in famous discoveries by Captains Speke and Grant, and Sir Samuel Baker, of the great lakes, called by them the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza, the sources of the great river of Egypt."

Dr. Kane received valuable aid and council from the Moravian missionaries on the coast of Greenland, in his celebrated Arctic explorations. The Catholic priests who penetrated the wilds of America, intent upon the conversion of the savages, contributed largely to the early knowledge of the geography of the American continent, and the information given by missionaries in China and Japan has been the origin of negotiations which have resulted in the opening of the ports of those countries to commerce and civilization.—Scientific American.

A PRESENT FAITH.

On a certain Saturday morning in November, 1865, while engaged in secret prayer, a deep impression was made on my mind; it seemed almost like a voice speaking to me, "You are not doing your duty by R," my third child, a little girl twelve years old; my oldest two having made a profession of faith in Christ. There and then, in that lonesome hollow, I set that child apart as a special subject of prayer. That day and the following Sabbath were our regular meeting days. On Monday night, an opportunity offering, I spoke to her about her soul, and found her deeply anxious, but she could fix upon nothing definite in the preaching or the Sabbath-school lesson as the means, but had been especially aroused within the last two days. I could not feel that almost before I had asked, God had answered. In less than a month she was rejoicing in hope, and when buried with Christ in baptism, was the least and the youngest candidate that had ever been baptized in the vicinity. Afterwards others much younger, perhaps as young as ten years, were baptized.

In the fall of 1870 I became very much distressed about my two little children,—C—, a boy ten years old, and H—, a girl, seven. I carried them both to a throne of grace every day, and often could not sleep till midnight, wrestling and praying for my children, but thinking more about C—, as he was the oldest, and thinking that it was "time enough yet" for H—.

During a season of revival, or rather at its beginning, on Tuesday morning, while engaged in secret devotion, when I came to pray for my children, then came the same feeling over me as I had experienced in the case of my other little girl in 1865, "You are not doing your duty by H—; she is accountable, though not eight years old." And in my petition, and in my faith, I put her up on a line with C—. The next morning I talked with her, and found her anxiously seeking the Saviour. That night she was converted.

Pastors, parents, and Sunday-school workers, let us exercise a present faith that God will hear and answer now.

METHODIST ANECDOTE.

In the south of New Jersey, some years ago, there travelled over some of the hardest counties a good faithful hard-working brother named James Moore, or Jimmy Moore, as he was familiarly called. He was devoted to the itinerancy. A true loyal Methodist, plain pointed and sharp in all his preaching and exhortations. He had been labouring a year on one of his circuits, and before leaving for his new field, he gave his people, who dearly loved him, his farewell sermon. At the close he said "Dear brethren, this is my last address to you. I am going from you, you may and never heard the voice of James Moore again."

"Amen!" came loudly from the seat before him. He looked at the man with a little surprise, but thinking it was a mistake, went on "My days of earth will soon be numbered. I am an old man, and you may not only never hear the voice of James Moore, but never see his face again."

"Amen" was shouted from the same seat, more vigorously than before. There was no mistaking the design now. The preacher looked at the man—he knew him to be a hard grinding man, stingy and merciless to the poor. He continued his address—"May the Lord bless all those of you who have you done your duty, who have honored in him with your substance, who have been kind to the poor, and"—pausing, and looking in the intruder straight in the eye and pointing to him with his finger—"May his curse rest on those who have cheated the Lord and ground the poor under their heels. Say Amen to that, brother!" The shot told. He was not interrupted again.