

B. Y. P. U.

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All Young People's Societies of whatever name in Baptist churches, and Baptist churches having no organizations are invited to representation. We depend for our unity not upon any young people's name or method. Our unity is in the fullness of the Testaments, in the full affirmation of whose teachings we are one people with our mission.

Correspondents to this department should address their communications to J. H. MacDONALD, Ambassador, N. S.

Jesus a Model for Me. (Philippians: 5.) PRAYER MEETING TOPIC FOR FRIDAY, APRIL 21.

The great thought around this fifth verse is described by the apostle in two forms. The first form is self-renunciation; the second is self-sacrifice. These twin virtues conjointly possessed the mind of Christ; and the apostle pointing to them says to the Philippian believers, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

SELF-RENUNCIATION. At the outset of His ministry, Jesus divested Himself of all self-importance. His truly beautiful spirit, His Divinely glorious nature could not be other than itself, yet it is very clear that self-burial was His constant duty. He set His heart on renouncing even His rights, that others might be blessed. He thought for others; planned their comfort; healed the sick; fed the hungry; but His own needs He left for other loving hands to supply. Young Christians! all true greatness begins with self-burial. To be an M. A. of the college of Grace, to be master of the art of self-renunciation. Disciple means a learner, and no one can be a full, complete disciple of Jesus until he has learned to lose himself. I have seen Charles H. Spurgeon, George Muller, Hudson Taylor, Dwight L. Moody, full graduates from the college of Jesus, and testify that they were like their great Teacher in this divine art of self-abnegation. And with what a "beauty of holiness" were these clothed. They lifted up the cross, hiding behind it, but that very cross became the means of their own exaltation. "He that humbly himself shall be exalted."

SELF-SACRIFICE. All Christ's love, all His labors, all His love, even down to the last moment, were subordinated to the one sublime principle of living and dying for the sake of others. This great thought twinkled star-like in the carpenter's son; then it radiated with gentle out-increasingly beautiful shining in the mountain preacher; then it glowed with strength as well as its bearer made the sick well, touched death into life; and finally it shone forth in all its meridian glory when the God-man hung on the cross for sin. The cross was the focal point of the many converging rays of that unique vicarious sacrifice. There the flame consumed the Lamb that was to take away the sin of the world. Young Christians! you cannot be like Jesus, nor have you chosen Him as your model, if you are selfish. Selfishness and self-sacrifice cannot abide in the same heart. Do not suppose that this greatness of being, even in miniature, that Jesus was in magnificence, is attainable in a day. Self-sacrifice is the fruit of which self-renunciation is the flower, at the root of all which there must be love. It was so in Christ's mind, it must be in yours. You must love Christ to be like Him. It was love that led Him to be and do what He did for us. There is no other method whereby we can reproduce His superbly lovely spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of others. You must look long and often at the cross, and measure your service by that sacrifice. You can only work out what Christ works in. Therefore be much in His company, and by a law that operates as surely in the realm of the spirit as in the realm of the physical, you will find that "we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." H. F. ADAMS.

They were living to themselves. Self, with its hopes and promises and dreams, still had hold of them; but the Lord began to fulfill their prayers. They had asked for contrition, and He sent them sorrow; they had asked for purity, and He sent them thrilling and gush; they had asked to be meek, and He had broken their hearts; they had asked to be dead to the world, and He slew all their living hopes; they had asked to be like Him, and He placed them in the furnace, smiting by "a refiner of silver," till they should reflect His image; they had asked to lay hold of His cross, and when He had reached it to them, it incensed their hands. They had asked to know what, now, how, but He had taken them at their word, and granted them all their petitions. They were hardly willing to follow on so far, or to draw so nigh to Him. They had upon them an awe and fear, as Jacob at Bethel, or Elizabeth in the night visions, or as the Apostles when they thought they had seen a spirit, and knew not that it was Jesus. They could almost pray Him to depart from them or to hide His awfulness. They found it easier to obey than to suffer, to do than to give up, to bear the cross than to hang upon it; but they cannot go back, for they have come too near the unseen cross, and its virtues have pleased too deeply within them. He is fulfilling to them His promise: "And if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."—John Henry Newman.

Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SECOND QUARTER.

From Dr. Mendenhall's notes in the Treasury.

Lesson V. April 30. Prov. 1: 20-33.

WISDOM'S WARNING.

GOLDEN TEXT: "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh." For if they escaped not, who refused to speak on earth, much more shall not we escape if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven" (Heb. 12: 25).

II. WISDOM'S WARNING.

(1) Wisdom's voice is the voice of God. It is to us the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. (2) Wisdom is here spoken of (in vs. 20, 21) as speaking publicly, not secretly, but "without," "in the streets," "in the chief places of concourse," "in the opening of the gates," "in the city."

The gospel is for open proclamation for all to hear, for warning in the most public way. It is to be preached, to be sounded out as by a trumpet. (3) It is for the simple and ignorant. The word of God seeks to instruct and arouse the ignorant and shallow-minded and to bring them to true knowledge of things. It appeals likewise to scorners who are fools, having true knowledge (v. 22). (4) It is for the peace-loving and the peaceful. (5) THE CONSEQUENCES OF REJECTING WISDOM, OR THE EARLIEST INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST. V. 24. (1) In v. 23 we see the blessedness of our giving ourselves to the love and service of God. In the remaining verses of this lesson we see what takes place when God is rejected, when the gospel is listened to with listless ears, and when the salvation of Jesus is treated as a small thing. "I also will laugh in the days of your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh," etc. (v. 26-32). "But whose hearkeneth unto me shall be quiet from fear of evil." Here is the blessedness of a God-fearing life.

The Giggling Habit.

A serious aspect of the giggling habit is that it is so nearly incorrigible. Mannerisms of all kinds strike their roots deeply, but "he" is "he" and "ing" become part and parcel of the offenders against reason and taste. That which makes the listener nervous to irritability, fretting the amiable into a desire to smother the meaningless carols in the throat that gives it birth if he escape beyond hearing of it, is practised involuntarily by the habitual laugher. Like the famous button on the learned advocate's coat, with which he fumbled incessantly while pleading, the giggles would, if suddenly taken away, deprive its slave of the power of speech. To command gravely temperate articulation would be to strike dumb.

The origin of the obnoxious trick is, of course, in youth and inexperience, and almost always in native diffidence or temporary embarrassment. When the girl has no fitting words to call, she giggles. When the lad is oppressed by the weight of his studies, he giggles. He swaggers it off, he guffaws. In the thro's opinion a laugh outdoes charity as a cloak for every defect, and extricates him from the most trying position. Affectation is an active ally in the evil work, and the ambition to be agreeable brings up the rear-guard.

The interjectional damsel is usually a giggler as well. Surprise that both faults are not cured by educators before they are confirmed passes, but the recollection of the fact that education nowadays is accomplished by means of text-books. And text-books do not teach the noble art of conversation. Forgetful of the educator which is the genuine of their mind, the more of manuals, and those who apply them to growing minds, drill and cram and "tamp," as if blasting, and not permeation and growth, were the business in hand. Our girls and boys come out from the schools with vocabularies as raw rather than enlarged by the curriculum. The girl who took the Latin prize last year at Wellesley giggles and makes giggles with the first-honor man from Yale as effusively as Robin Hood with Jenny guffaw and titter over the music books at the village choir meeting. Sedately cheerful or animated consecutive discussion of any topic appears alike impracticable to each and all. The "aha" and "ah" that roundly mock the separated by hyphens of giggles, and fractured sentences are bracketed by little shrieks, oftener sharp than soft.—Marion Harland, in Harper's Bazar.

Men Used as Kindling.

The other evening a man lit the gas in his study in this way. He first, by going around the room a few times, shoving his feet along the carpet without lifting them from it gathered into himself a supply of electricity. Then, as his wife turned on the gas, he touched one of his fingers to the top of the gas-burner. A little snapping spark passed from his finger and set the gas to burning. He was not hurt in the least so far as he could discover.

There are things that need to be ignited by means of such influences as go forth from worthy human lives. There are exponents of the Bible who are so rich in Christian experience and who are so filled with the Holy Spirit that they can handle the Word of God in a way electrifying to us. They can make some old and familiar passage of Scripture blaze with fresh and precious meaning. There are representatives of Christ so overflowing with holy zeal as to kindle in others zeal for what is holy. Many a youth in some sleepy neighborhood has fine native ability which has not been discovered to him, and of which he is not definitely aware. It needs waking up, "touching off," by close contact with persons who are all aglow with electrifying enthusiasm.

It is said that La Fontaine heard an officer of the garrison at Chateau-Thierry declaim with kindling emphasis on the words of Malherbe, and that ode thus declaimed was the spark which set fire to La Fontaine's remarkable genius and started him in the direction in which he achieved fame.—Standard.

Hacknomore cures colds and coughs.

Hang Foo.

The "Foam of the Sea" was in harbor one day, waiting for a great race that would come off the next day. Other crafts were in harbor for the same purpose, resting as lightly and gracefully on the water as a flock of wild ducks about a flying pond. Captain Davis had and try the water awhile. An old friend, Captain Davis, of the "Merman," came over to the "Foam of the Sea" to call on Captain Solway.

"Cap'n Joe, you've got a trim sort of a boy aboard," said Captain Davis.

"Ha, ha! I tell ye. Whom do you suppose I've got there? It is one of the pig tails."

"Chinese? You don't say!"

"No, I do say, I say. You see, my last boy disgusted me. He was some sort of a Sunday-school chap, and he was all the time singing—let's see—oh! It was 'Pull for the Shore,' and something about the 'Light that must be a-burnin' and I don't know what else, things right enough in their place, though I don't believe in 'em, eh?—but entirely out of place on a yacht. I said to myself: 'I'll get ahead of the boat'—and I did."

"Why, 'Cap'n Joe,' he's my minister! I've got the Sunday-school and the church on top of it, and I like to have him there in the Merman."

"A small craft, that's for 'Cap'n Joe," and frowned as if that is for you to say. I don't want 'em round. Next thing you will have to give a lot of money for a chapel they want to build."

"If you have the money, that's a splendid idea," said Hang Foo.

"Superstition and nonsense!" growled again this "Cap'n Joe."

The conversation here turned a corner. The two men talked about the boat, about the Merman, and about this subject thoroughly, they separated.

The race came off, according to the programme, the next day. It was a grand affair. "The Foam of the Sea" lifted mizzen, foresail, forestay sail, jib, and mainmast, and set the sails, and I don't know what else, and sped through the water at a furious rate.

All in vain!

A small craft, that all the famous yachtsmen despised, carried off the prize.

"Disgraceful!" said "Cap'n Joe."

I dare say that his disappointment made him careless in his treatment of a rival, and he despised the other boat, and in the end he was defeated.

The cold grew worse, and it became a fever. The Foam of the Sea, painted a stainless white, lay at anchor, and it rested on the glassy stream like a snowflake.

"Must read," said Hang Foo. "Said me read every day. He wantee what he callee report when he gettee back. Must read!"

As he perused his book, he noticed with satisfaction that the captain continued to sleep. It was only a semblance of slumber. He had shut two doors—the eyes—leading into the outer world, but behind them he was doing some profitable thinking. He had done it before, but he had never done it so long. His life had been very poor and empty; God had not been in it. What a miserable sinner he had been! How God must regard him and all other miserable sinners! In the midst of all this he heeded a voice.

"The 'heathen' boy he had hired was reading aloud, still supposing the captain was asleep: "For God—so loved—the world—"

"The captain started and opened eyes, but did not speak a word. "That—He—gave—His—only—"

Hang Foo could not master the next word, "begotten," but the captain remembered it as a part of his mother's favorite verse, and supplied it.

"Hang Foo come, the book was over."

"Son, that—wherever—believeth—in—Him—should—not—perish—but—have—everlasting—life."

Then Hang Foo looked up, and said, softly: "Captee asleep!"

No, he was thinking still. Was it his mother's favorite verse? It seemed to him as if his mother came to him in the stillness of that impressive moment. He could almost see her, almost hear her gentle voice.

"Hang Foo!" called the captain.

"The boy started. It was the captain's first summons since returning from his weakening sickness."

"Go to the yacht Merman, please, and get a man with a hand round his hat," said the captain.

"Bring Captain Davis. Hang Foo went, and brought Captain Davis."

"Davis, I am delighted to see you, but I want that other man, say 'Cap'n Joe,' explaining his meaning."

"Oh—ah! God bless you! I'll send that other man," said Captain Davis.

The "other man" came. Hang Foo was absent when he entered the cabin, but, returning, Hang met this other man "with a hand round his hat."

"Hang gave a sudden and single bow; it was not only Captain Davis's minister, but the beloved pastor of the Chinese Sunday-school that Hang Foo attended."

"Me—give—report now," he cried to read—my Bible, sir. Me promise to read—"

"Ah! Hang Foo!" said the minister. "I have heard about your reading already. I asked you all to look into your Bibles faithfully every day; but I have your report."

"He who could that be? Hang Foo looked astonished; but the minister made no explanation.

"And what do you think?" he went on to say.

"Captain Solway says, when he gets well, he will build our Chinese school a chapel!"

"What, fine chapel?" exclaimed Hang Foo.

"All because 'Cap'n Joe' took a 'heather' to sea in his yacht, and that supposed 'heathen' daily did his duty."—Sunday-school Times.

Two Doll Houses.

A wealthy citizen of the United States, we are informed from England, has built for his little girl a doll house large enough for a ten-year-old child to go in and out of. It is of brick, lighted by electricity, and provided with all the modern improvements, such as water, bath, the kitchen range, hardwood finish, mirrors, white and gold drawing room, and the rest of it, with a retinue of servant dolls, to wait on the lady dolls of the house. The cost of this expensive toy was \$3,000, a trifle, presumably, to the wealthy citizen of the United States who has committed this indulgence, and whose name considerably is not given.

Happy little Lena, she has no father who is a wealthy citizen of the United States, but could happiness be changed into the coin of the Republic, where would be the riches of our greatest young heiresses compared with the wealth of Lena's doll house!

It had already had honorable though humble service as a soap box. Otherwise an obliging young brother was the architect, putting in an upper floor, subdividing it into four rooms, and letting in two windows, which are neatly filled with glass. The rest of the work is Lena's. Lena built the stairs, which are of cardboard. The balustrade is made of matches glued to a gold cord, which makes a handsome railing. The stairs and balustrade are painted and carpeted as handsomely as ever were stairs. The rooms are furnished completely by Lena's hand. In the spare bedroom is a real bed, and the room is equipped, even to the hair brushes that Lena has made by sawing in two an old tooth brush, cutting down the bristles to an appropriate size, and carving out the handles. A little set of dolls' furniture, including a cupboard, stands in the dining room, and the shabby chairs Lena has recently upholstered until they are as good as new. The rest of the furniture she has made herself. The drawing room table is a big spool with a top covered with paper. The windows are of tinsel paper, as are the picture frames, which Lena makes herself, and has a permanent contract for the foil from several men who are lovers of tobacco and Frankfurter sausages.

But the charm of Lena's house is its liveliness. Her dolls are not idle, case-loving ladies, but live up to the requirements of their position. They are readers; books and papers lie on the table. Here is a small brown volume from the Dolls' Seaside Library. "Wife Only in Name," by Charlotte M. Braeme, is printed in neat letters on the back, with a top cover of paper. The walls are covered with pictures, the house is strung with electric wires, and tiny globes are fitted to the branching light. Nobody has ever seen these things, and nobody would presume to intimate that they would not light by pressing the button. There is a telephone, too, in which to make engagements with the neighbors and communicate with the grocer. It was originally built for the hair brushes that Lena has made by sawing in two an old tooth brush, cutting down the bristles to an appropriate size, and carving out the handles. A little set of dolls' furniture, including a cupboard, stands in the dining room, and the shabby chairs Lena has recently upholstered until they are as good as new. The rest of the furniture she has made herself. The drawing room table is a big spool with a top covered with paper. The windows are of tinsel paper, as are the picture frames, which Lena makes herself, and has a permanent contract for the foil from several men who are lovers of tobacco and Frankfurter sausages.

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2nd Quarter, 1893.

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