NOTES ON EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

NO. VIII.

Naples, with its far-famed bay and surroundings, are of great interest to a tourist. The city, now having a population of half a million, is referred to in history as early as 1000 years B. C. From the time it became a part of the Roman territories, 328 B. C., till Napoleon I. placed his brother Joseph upon the throne, it has been ruled by a dozen nations and tyrants. It became a part of United Italy in 1860. It has 300 churches. In the cathedral is the tomb of Charles Martel. In classic days it was the favorite residence of Virgil.

On leaving the city I went by rail along the shore of the beautiful bay nearly five miles to Resina, a pretty town of about 15,000 inhabitants, built upon the top of old Herculaneum, which lies buried in places 40 feet, and in places 100 feet, below. It was here that Pliny the elder lay down upon the sand by the shore, August 25, 79, to avoid the sulphurous flashes, and when his slaves raised him up he fell dead from suffocation: Mt. Vesuvius is about two miles back from the coast. From Resina I went eleven miles further by rail along the shore to Pompeii, with Vesuvius from two to four miles distant on my left. Modern Pompeii, having a population of 12,000, is nearer the bay than the old city was, which lies to the north of the present town, and nearer the base of the volcano. Old Pompeii covered an area within the walls of 200 acres, and had a population of about 30,000. It was a city of great wealth. The buildings were mostly of brick, a few of stone. The streets were narrow and paved with blocks of stone very unequal in size. During the afternoon of August 24, in the year 79, darkness came over the city and showers of ashes began to fall. Very early the next morning Vesuvius began to pour forth cinders, mud and boiling water, and the inhabitants fled for their lives. The younger Pliny describes the catastrophe in these words:

"It was already seven o'clock in the morning, and yet there was to be seen only a faint light, like twilight. The buildings were shaken by such heavy shocks that there was safety nowhere. We resolved to abandon the city. Arriving outside we paused. The sea seemed to turn back upon itself and retreat. Over against us a black and awful cloud, crinkled with darting, wavy fires, opened and showed us great flames like thunderbolts. Almost in an instant the cloud fell to the earth, covering the sea. The ashes began to fall upon us. Turning my head, I perceived behind, towards Vesuvius, a dense smoke, which was following us and spreading like a torrent. While we could still see, I advised mother to leave the principal road lest the crowd which was following upon our steps should crush us in the darkness. Hardly had we left it when the darkness so increased that we seemed to be, not as involved in a black, moonless night, but as shut in a chamber where every light had been extinguished. There was nothing to be heard but the lamenting of women, the wails of children and the shouts of men. One was calling a father, another a son, another a wife; and people could recognize each other only by the voice. Many besought the aid of the gods; others fancied they no longer lived, and believed this to be the last eternal night when the world was to disappear into its grave."

About 2,000 persons lost their lives, and about 28,000 escaped. Seventy acres have thus far been excavated. A crew of 60 men are at work now removing the lava and dried mud and bringing the long-buried treasures to view.

As I walked through the silent streets of old Pompeii, I was surprised to see the lower stories of the buildings in such perfect preservation. The upper stories had been melted down, while the lower rooms, containing such rich treasures, are preserved. This preservation is due to the fact that dust and ashes and water and mud fell to the depth of five to twelve feet, which formed a mould encasing the objects, and preserving them from decay. After the mud, there fell ten or twenty feet of white, hot lava, that melted and destroyed everything. When the crust is removed to-day, the streets and the lower parts of the buildings with their contents are seen as they were when Vesuvius sealed them up over eighteen centuries ago. The part that has been excavated is a new Pompeii. The part yet to be disentombed, mostly covered with small trees and gardens and vineyards—about 140 acres—is farther from the bay, and nearer the base of the mountain which rises like a majestic cone above the plain.

In old Pompeii the eye can be feasted for hours upon those beautiful fresco paintings on the walls—the colors as bright as if painted but yesterday. As I walked over the marble floors of those old palaces, inlaid in the most artistic designs, and looked at the marbles of rarest hue sculptured into every conceivable form of grace and beauty; as I walked through those paved streets trodden by the feet of the distinguished Pliny, and through the amphitheatre, with 35 rows of seats—through the Forum, the temples of Venus and Mercury and Jupiter and Neptune, and the barracks where the soldiers were quartered; as I looked upon those beautiful tables and vases and lamps, and scores of other household treasures and ornaments; as I saw fourteen petrified human bodies, with forms so perfect—the fingers of one lady adorned with rings of gold and silver and iron, her teeth like ivory; as I read the Latin inscriptions over the doors telling the names of the owners, I could hardly realize that Vesuvius, now throwing out her huge column of smoke, could have caused such destruction in August, 79, and by means of that destruction have preserved these treasures till August, 1892. Many of the shops have marble counters, and signs over the doors. Over the door of one apothecary shop an inscription reads: Otiosis non est locus; discede, morator. "This is not a place for idlers; loafer, depart." There is one stone building—the doors of which are kept locked, and men only are ever admitted by the guides—which shows the low morals of the ancient and wicked city.

From Pompeii we went by carriage about a dozen miles to Sorrento, passing on the road Castellamare, a quaint old city of 33,000 inhabitants, at the head of the bay. The buildings are of stone and very high; the streets narrow, and the people, to all appearance, would not be noted for cleanliness. The road winds circuitously along the shore, making zigzags in all directions. At the left are lofty spurs of the Apennines, and at the right is the shore of the charming bay whose surface is from 50 to 100 feet in a perpendicular line from the carriage road. We crossed deep ravines where vast cliffs had been torn asunder by earthquakes, and passed under immense rocks and crags.

Sorrento is noted as the birthplace of Tasso, in 1544. The substantial stone house in which the poet was born is now used as an inn. The city is situated in the midst of the most exquisite scenery on this far-famed bay. The ancient looking villas and convents; the precipitous rocky headlands; the terraced vineyards at the base of the mountains; the elegant and magnificent hotels amid the orange and lemon trees; the charming view of Vesuvius and the city of Naples, nineteen miles distant on the other side of the bay, are beautiful beyond description. A few miles down the bay (by steamer) is the nearly circular island of Capri, about three miles in diameter, having a population of 4,500. Here Augustus and Tiberius Cæsar had palaces. And I thought, where on this earth could they have selected a more charming site? On the east end of the island are the ruins of the villa of Tiberius, where he spent the last ten years of his life. After his death, A. D. 37, the structure was demolished by order of the Senate. The precipitous cliff where it stood is 700 feet high, and from this point the cruel Emperor compelled his victims to leap into the sea. The Hotel Bristol, where I took a midday lunch, stands near the spot and the ruins. The island is of volcanic formation. The rocks are of tufa, and so soft in places that the waves have hollowed out many caverns or grottos, whose mouths are open when the sea is not high and the water is smooth. The Blue Grotto is the principal one on the island. It is 106 feet long, 80 feet wide, and the dome-shaped roof is 40 feet high. We entered it by a small aperture in the cliff just large enough to allow a boat to pass through. The passengers have to lie prostrate in the bottom of the boats while entering. Our steamer halted some 50 rods from the cliff, and nearly a score of boats swarmed around us and took 40 or 50 passengers—usually three to each boat—into the grotto, and returned with us in less than an hour. The dim light of the cavern—about equal to moonlight—is so reflected through the opening that the clear water, which is some 50 feet deep, is of a most beautiful azure color, and resembles a sheet of lambent blue flame. One almost thinks the water is on fire.

From Capri, the steamer took us across the bay to Naples, 19 miles. This was a charming sail. With the lofty-looking island of Ischia on our left—down the bay; with a score of the Apennine peaks on our right—at the head of the bay; with Naples, Resina, Pompeii, and the smoking furnace of Vesuvius in front; my eyes never before met with anything that surpassed, in beauty, these historic waters, whitened with sails and darkened with black iron steamers. The wind was west, and the sky was clear; yet owing to the streams of smoke issuing from the destructive volcano, the eastern range of the Apennines were only partly visible.

The walls of the houses in Southern Italy are very thick, 18 inches or two feet. The thick wall is a shelter from the excessive heat. The houses of old Pompeii, built two thousand years ago, have also most massive walls. In all the best buildings the floors are of marble. In cheaper buildings, stone. Wood is rarely seen. I noticed that the bricks in the buildings and in the city walls having a date prior to the days of the Cæsars, are very thin, like tiles, and the cement or mortar is of the same thickness as the bricks. I broke off a few pieces from the ruins of ancient temples in Rome, 2,000 years old, to bring home as souvenirs. I also secured a few marble mosaics from the floor of an old palace in Pompeii.

For some miles in the vicinity of Naples, irrigation is carried on to a large extent. Along the head of the bay water is led into the ditches—running through the fertile fields—from the river Castellamare; but on the road towards Rome I noticed that water was pumped by hand from wells, and then poured into the little ditches which run among the vegetable gardens. As labor is cheap, machinery is not needed. There are many trees—many of them fruit producing—in the fields to protect the crops from the scorching summer sun. Grapes grow at the trunki, and the vines are led from tree to tree by ropes or withs. Thus three crops are gathered from the soil at about the same time. I was informed that in the vicinity of Naples, the winter—if such it can be called—is very mild; and the climate is warmer, and the seasons longer than 50 miles farther south. Tropical fruits are thus produced. This is supposed to be owing to the thinness of the earth's crust, and the internal heat, in this volcanic district.

Except in the region of the Apennines, Italy is a level country, and very fertile. The farmers, I observed, were plowing very deep, with a four, and sometimes with a six-ox team, as soon as the crop was removed. I had no idea of the productiveness of the Italian soil, till I saw the farmers gathering their crops. Those finished poems of Virgil, the Georgics, in which he treats of the cultivation of the soil, the management of fruit trees and of horses and cattle, had so interested me in my early school-days that I was led thereby to take more interest in the Italian farmers two thousand years later.

Naples, with a population of half a million, with a harbor full of ships, a place of commercial importance for 2,500 years, has no wharves. Boats meet the vessels and steamers 20 or 30 rods from the shore and take off passengers and merchandise. I asked a man why they had no wharves. He looked at me in surprise, and then added: "What would the boatmen do?"

The distance from Naples up to Rome is 162 miles, and many historic spots were passed. Among them is Capua, having a population of 12,000, but it once had 800,000. Here Hannibal wintered his army, 216 B. C. The place was destroyed by the Vandals, A. D. 456. Another interesting place is Aquino. It is the birthplace of Thomas Aquinas, 1224—a name famous in church history; and is also the birthplace of Juvenal, who disputes with Horace the honor of being the greatest Roman satirist.

Naples is not far from Puteoli of Paul's day; and as we went toward Rome we passed, at no great distance, the site of Appii Forum and the Three Taverns.

G. E. T.

Love's Labor Light—For Christ.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

There is a beautiful picture presented in the following passage: "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the *love he had to her*." To woo the fair daughter of Laban, as well as to escape a resentful brother, he had left his father's home beyond the old Euphrates. He has made a bargain to watch Laban's flocks for seven long years, and his wages are to be—a wife. So while he tends his fleecy charge beneath the palm trees, his thoughts are of her who comes occasionally to the well's mouth and rewards him with a glimpse of her sweet countenance. At eventide, as the maidens grind the grain, it is her voice singing at the barley mill which heals the hardships of the sultry day, and sends him happy to his slumbers. Time flies on golden wings, and seven years seem to him but a few days, for love makes the labor light.

Is there not here a principle worth every Christian's study? The service of Jesus Christ is only pleasant, only thorough, and only effective, when it is a *love labor*. Our heart must be in our religion as well as our religion in the heart, or else the service we undertake will be a formal drudgery. Here lies the reason why the duties of Christianity become so irksome to many a church member. He has no heart in them. He toils at them as the bondman used to toil in the cotton fields. His Bible it read out of form, when read at all; there is no hunger for the bread of life. If his closet is not entirely deserted, he goes to it as an anchorite goes to his cell. The church bell rings him to the Sabbath service or to the prayer meeting, but no answering bell in his own grateful soul responds, "Oh, come and let us worship!" Money giving for the cause of Christ is regarded as a pious taxation, and he tosses his unwilling dollars at the Lord's treasury, as if he would say, "There it is, since you must have it, but when will these everlasting calls of charity be done with?" The whole routine of his external performances in the church is gone through in a perfunctory and slavish style to satisfy conscience and to keep up appearances. An hundred such formal professors would only swell the roll and diminish the strength of any church to which they were lashed.

My brother, there is but one way to be a happy, thorough and fruitful Christian. Whether you are a pastor—on large salary or small—or a missionary, or a Sunday-school teacher, or a parent training the home flock, or a philanthropist laboring to abate poverty, drunkenness, or vice, you must work *heartily* if your work is to come to anything. The man or woman who sincerely loves Jesus Christ, will love to labor for Him. He or she will relish even the severities of duty. Such leal-hearted servants of Jesus rejoice to bear burthens, and even to take up crosses for Him; they can call themselves "bond-slaves" of Christ, as Paul did, and yet, like him, are the Lord's "freedmen." Liberty to them is deliverance from Satan's slavery, and it is the possibility of duty to a beloved Master.

Would you be a happy Christian? Keep your affections set on Jesus. Would you be a thorough, soul-winning Christian? Keep your heart aglow with Jesus. Would you be an active worker even in seasons of dullness and declension and general backsliding? Then, instead of quenching Christ's Spirit, feed the flame! Put your love of the Saviour so deep down that it shall underlie all selfish temptations; so deep that the devil cannot reach it or the frictions of daily life wear upon it; so deep that even when the powers or the passions of our nature are dried up by old age, this "artesian" fountain shall give out its fresh and unceasing streams.

Let me impress upon you the great secret of spiritual joy and power. If the love of Jesus lives and reigns in the core of our heart, you will never know a spiritual winter; it will be a perpetual summer, and the "new song" will never wear out. Do you love Christ but a little? Then despise not the day of small things. You have made a good beginning. There may have been but a slight heart-beat in Jacob's breast when he first met Rachel at the well's mouth in Haran. But that young affection grew into a love that made the happy hours to tread on roses. And it was with a breaking heart that he bent over his dying wife as she lay moaning in woman's sorest sorrows, on the roadside to Bethlehem. So may your love for Jesus grow until it becomes the master passion to your soul, until it conquers sinful lusts and subdues the accursed spirit of selfishness, until you so *enjoy* the blessed service of your Master that you can exclaim with the victorious apostle: "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor principalities nor powers, nor things present or things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!"—*Evangelist.*

— It would be worth while for the ladies to bear in mind that if they take a gentle course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the spring, they will have no trouble with "prickly heat," "hives," "ties," "boils," or black heads," when summer comes. Prevention is better than cure.

— Dr. J. Wier, Dorchester, says: "Have prescribed Puttner's Emulsion with good results in pulmonary, scrofulous and wasting diseases. Especially applicable to children, being so easily taken."

— O. S. Merserean said he never received as much benefit from all the other medicine he ever took as he did from Hawker's Tonic.

Hacknomore cures colds and coughs.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys,—Twelve miles farther away from Bimli and twelve miles nearer to Cuicacole (than when I last wrote), on the right hand side of the road to Chicacole, we are in our tent in another mango orchard.

That hill yonder with the rocks on its head does not seem to be more than a mile away; but it is two miles. At home a mountain stretches its big feet away out into the valley, so that for miles you have to climb up-grade before you come to the breast of the mountain itself; but around this hill the ground is nearly level until you run against its rocky side. It is as if it were a big turnip which a giant had been carrying home for dinner, and which he had set down in a broad field to rest himself. Almost every hill which I have seen is like this. Here is one with sheep and goats clambering over its shingly sides, nibbling the scanty pasturage. There is another with a cow on its very peak grazing among the sparse blades of grass that shoot up between the rocks.

On the other side is a village. As soon as we wind far enough around the hill and the roofs heave in sight across the field, we kneel down in a secluded spot and ask Him who has sent us to help us deliver His message to these people and to help them hear it. We enter the village, sit on the stone steps of a heathen temple and preach to the gathering crowd. There seems to be only one man in the whole hamlet who can read. We give him a copy of the gospel of Luke and ask him to read it to all the villagers.

We come out and go across to where the men are working in the fields. Appalasamy sits down and talks to several young men who are hoeing plants. Three men are cutting limbs from a tree that looks like a beech. Thummiah preaches to them, while I talk to a man who is drawing water from a well. About half a rod from the well, and about as high as a boy standing on a man's head, is a tall post. On the top of this post, perched up like a squirrel, is a man listening to what the man at the well and I are talking about. But why is he up there? See! Running across the top of the post, on a hinge like a see-saw, is a long heavy pole. One end reaches out and hangs over the well. To this end the well pole is tied, and to the other end of the well-pole is fastened a capacious bucket. When the man at the well wants to put the bucket down into the well for water, the man on the post holds on to a rope to keep from falling and walks out on the pole toward the well, so as to make that end tip down and let the bucket down into the well. Then he walks along toward the other end of the pole (holding on to the rope) so as to make that end go down and the end that is over the well come up bringing up the water. Then he is the boy on one end of the see-saw, and the boy on the other end is the bulky bucket of water. Of course the man at the well helps by pulling up and pulling down. When the water comes up he pours it into a wooden trough, and it runs out upon the ground. Where does it go? It rushes along a small, hard furrow, spreads out into smaller furrows, and runs in little brooks amongst the grain. They keep this old well-sweep going from morning to night—tip, dip—squeak, creak—see-saw, see-saw—and purl, purl, go the little brooks to bless the thirsty field beneath the torrid sky. Look! You can stand here and count twelve wells, going ceaselessly, with the man on the post climbing back and forth and the man at the well guiding the pole and pouring out the water. When travelling beneath the burning sun, it is refreshing to draw near to one of these wells and breathe the breath from its mouth. And the wind which blows over the waving grain where the well's sweet streams have run, is like a breeze from the blue sea.

Standing in the tall grain is a boy watching us. We approach him and he is not afraid. We tell him that God has sent word to him by us, that He loves him, and we tell him something about Jesus. He listens with shining face. This is Sunday, but the farmers do not know it from any other day.

See, in the distance, that field of fine turnips! The leaves are broad, and so row has a plant left out. It would be a beautiful sight to behold if you did not know that it was a tobacco field.

We are drawing near to some straw stacks. Near them are a herd of oxen packed together, tramping round and round like children who are trying to get dizzy. Three boys, with sticks in their fists, are driving them. One, two, six, ten,—there are just thirteen oxen. Four have their heads tied together with a rope. They are driven by one boy and one stick. Four others have their heads tied together and they are driven by a boy and a stick. Five others are tied together and behind them is their boy and stick. Beneath their feet is a pile of straw, which they are tramping like boys tramping hay, crushing it beneath their half a hundred hoofs, threshing out the grain. They are the threshing machine. Once in a while an ox puts down his nose and helps himself to a good mouthful of straw, making very real to you an old clause in the law of Moses: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox, when he treadeth out the corn." Deut. 25: 4. (Of course, the word "corn" in the Bible does not mean our Indian corn. They had no such thing in Palestine. But the word "corn" in the Bible means *grain*, such as wheat or barley. That is what the word means in England to-day. When we read that Jacob and his sons heard that there was "corn" in Egypt, it means that they heard that there was wheat or barley in Egypt.) I saw a man one day who was not doing according to the law of Moses, for he had his oxen muzzled so that could not eat a mouthful of the grain which they were so faithfully threshing out for him.

This is another day—Monday. We are under a tree in another village, near a river. People have come, boys and girls playing, women on their way to the well with water-pots on their heads, and men on their way to their work.

On this broad flat rock a small boy is making mud pies. He has picked a handful of leaves that have fallen from the tree over head. He puts two half-handfuls of the mud on one of the leaves, then two on another, and two on another until he has put some on all the leaves. Then he lets his head fall to one side and looks at them to see if he has put an equal amount of mud on each leaf. He concludes that this one needs a little more and puts some on it; then some on this and a little more on that until after looking at them with his head first on this side and then on that side, he decides that they will do. Thereupon he arranges them in a row, and —— *dinner is ready.* Come! "Oh! He has forgotten the chairs!" No! He has no chairs to forget. That flat stone is the floor. The leaves are the plates and the plates are on the floor. If you sat up in a chair, how could you reach down and eat off the floor? You must not be so particular. Come and sit down on the floor, just as you sit on the grass at a picnic, and help yourself. The boy has got the dinner ready just as he sees his mother. She puts the food on leaves for plates and puts the plates on the floor. Then the family come and sit on the floor, just as a tailor sits cross-legged on his bench. It makes us very tired to sit that way; but they have been used to it ever since their great-grandfather was a boy, and it is much more comfortable to them than a strange chair.

But there are no spoons! no knives nor forks! Do not laugh at the boy for forgetting them, because he is so small. Moreover he has no spoons like ours, nor knives nor forks. His little muddy right hand is his spoon, his knife, his fork. You must not blame him for serving your dinner with his hand, for he is copying after his mother just as you would do if you were in his place. His mother puts the food on the plates with her right hand; then the people sit down and eat with their fingers. They do not eat with the left hand. It is not fit to eat with. To offer a person anything with your left hand, or to make a salaam to anybody with your left hand is an insult. The left hand is not fit to associate with the right hand. Probably Jesus was quoting a common proverb when He said, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

You may often see a picture of "The Last Supper," where our Lord and His disciples are sitting around a table in chairs just as we do. Yet our Saviour and His disciples had no chairs. They reclined on couches and ate with their fingers.

Yours truly,

L. D. MORSE.

Raiga, Feb. 24th, 1893.

The Pastor's Platform.

In an editorial article last week the MESSENGER AND VISITOR made allusion to the dedication of the new house of worship of the Second Baptist church of Rochester, N. Y. Under the heading, "The Pastor's Platform," Rev. F. L. Anderson, the pastor of the church, addresses his congregation as follows:

1. The pastor has given his life unreservedly to the good of the people. He lives for no other end. If there is any good he can do, let him know it now, for he will not pass this way again.

2. The pastor looks upon his church as a force to use, not as a field to work; as an army to fight the devil with, and not as a hospital to be tended; as a body of brethren whom he has been asked to lead, and not a corps of critics whom he has been asked to please. Unless you are sick, in distress, or sorrow, do not expect a call from him except in the course of his regular and impartial visitations. If you do not see him, do not think he is offended; if he were, he would come to see you right away. No, he is off somewhere at his business of comforting the sorrowing, strengthening the tempted, or praying with the dying, and he expects you are doing the same.

3. The pastor of this church is never too busy or too tired to visit the sick or dying, or to bury the dead. He is, however, not omniscient, and if you wish him to know you are sick, you must inform him as you do your physician. He will always respond immediately to a postal card. The pastor is too busy, however, to call on people who have only a cold or headache. He cannot spare the time from really sick people to make such visits.

4. The pastor is always too busy or too tired to talk with people about the religion of Jesus Christ. He delights in trying to help inquirers. He has especial sympathy with the morbid, the doubter, the backslider and the unbeliever, and earnestly requests their confidence.

5. The pastor is always too busy and too tired to talk with idle gossips, or to read anonymous letters.

6. The pastor is always glad to meet all strangers, and all who wish to speak with him at the close of any meeting at which he may be present. He and his time are at the disposal of his people and the community. Do not be discouraged because of the crowd surrounding him; wait your turn, and you will see him.

7. The pastor has deepest sympathy with the poor. He has moved among them so much that his heart goes out to them in their severe and often unavailing struggles against adverse conditions, and an unchristian business system. He cannot often give money, but he loves to give courage, cheer, and faith in God, and to help in every way he can.

— If you are getting lazy, watch James. If your faith is below par, read Paul. If you are impatient, sit down quietly and have a talk with Job. If you are just a little strong-headed, go and see Moses. If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah. If there is no song in your heart, listen to David. If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah. If you are getting chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arms around you. If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation and get a glimpse of the promised land.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

— A well known Berlin physician states: "A healthy stomach is cholera-proof." K. D. C. will restore your stomach to healthy action and fortify you against cholera.

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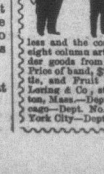

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B. Y. P. U.

OUR OBJECT.

The unification of Baptist young people; the increased spirituality; their stimulation in Christian service; their edification in scriptural knowledge; their instruction in Baptist history and doctrine through existing denominational institutions.

OUR FELLOWSHIP.

All Young People's Societies of whatsoever name in Baptist churches, and Baptist churches having no organizations are entitled to representation, depend for our unity not upon any young people's name or method. Our common bond is in the New Testament, in the full affirmation of whose teachings

WE ARE ONE PEOPLE WITH ONE MISSION.

[Correspondents to this department should address their communications to J. H. MACDONALD, Berwick, N. S.]

Jesus a Model for Me. (Philippians 2: 5-11.)

PRAYER MEETING TOPIC FOR FRIDAY, APRIL 21.

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

I. 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 otherwise than itself, yet very clear that self-burial was His constantstudy. He set His heart on relieving even His rights, that others might be blessed. He thought for others; tended their comfort; healed the sick; fed the hungry; but His own needs He left for other loving hands to supply. With Christians! all true greatness begins with self-burial. To be an M. A. of the college of Grace, one must master the lesson of self-renunciation. Disciple must be learner, and no one can be a full-complete disciple of Jesus until he has learned to lose himself. I have heard Charles H. Spurgeon, George Müller, Hudson Taylor, Dwight L. Moody, graduates from the college of Jesus. I testify that they were like their Teacher in this divine art of self-negation. And with what a "beauty of holiness" were these clothed. How lifted up the cross, hiding behind it, so that very cross became the means of their own exaltation. "He that humbles himself shall be exalted."

II. SELF-SACRIFICE. All Christ's life, all His labors, all His life, even down to the last moment, were subordinate to the one sublime principle of living and dying for the sake of others. This thought twinkled star-like in the carpenter's son; then it radiated with more but increasingly beautiful shining on the mountain preacher; then it glowed with strength as well as beauty as it made the sick well, touched dead life; and finally it shone forth in meridian glory when the God-man died on the cross for sin. The cross is the focal point of the many converging lines of that unique vicarious sacrifice. As the flame consumed the Lamb that had to take away the sin of the world, Young Christian, you cannot follow Jesus, nor have you chosen Him as your model, if you are selfish. Self-denial and self-sacrifice cannot abide in the same heart. Do not suppose the greatness of being, even in miniature, what 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 must be love. It was so in Jesus' mind, it must be so in your case. You must love Christ to be like Him. It was love that led Him to be what He did for us. There is no other method whereby we can reproduce the superbly lovely spirit of self-sacrifice, the good of others. You must love and often at the cross, and meanwhile service by that sacrifice. You can work out what Christ works in you. fore be much in His company, under law that operates as surely in the of the spiritual as it does in the cal, you will find that "we all, with face beholding as in a glass the glory the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. H. F. A.

Truro.

— They were living to themselves, Self, with its hopes and promises, dreams, still had hold of them. The Lord began to fulfill their hopes. They had asked for contrition, He sent them sorrow; they had asked for purity, and He sent them the anguish; they had asked to be like Him. He had broken their hearts; they asked to be dead to the world, He slew all their living hopes; they asked to be made like unto Him. He placed them in the furnace, and by "as a refiner of silver," they should reflect His image; they asked to lay hold of His cross, and He had reached it to them, it was in their hands. They had asked for not what, nor how; but He had given them at their word, and granted them all their petitions. They were willing to follow on so far, or to come nigh to Him. They had upon them awe and fear, as Jacob at Bethel, as Peter in the night visions, or the Apostles when they thought they had seen a spirit, and knew not that it was Jesus. They could almost pray to depart from them or to hide Himself. They found it easier to do than to suffer, to do than to give up. To the cross than to hang upon it. They cannot go back, for they have come near the unseen cross, and it seems to have pierced too deeply within them. He is fulfilling to them His word, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."—*John Henry.*

— Miss Gordon Cumming says: "Two Happy Years in Ceylon" is a sore subject that whereas Hindoos, Mohammedan and Buddhist children have ever abstained from drinking, revenue from the intoxicating drink which are forbidden by each of these religions, a Christian government should so ruthlessly place temptation at every corner both in Ceylon and everywhere, as has been publicly stated by the archdeacon of Bombay, that the Government has created a horde of drunkards for each convert to Christian missionaries."

— Cholera threatens dysentery. D. C. cures dysepticies and makes cholera-proof. Try it when cholera threatens.