

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXV., No. 23.

MONTREAL, JUNE 1, 1900.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

Pompeii and Vesuvius.

A journey from Pittsburg to Pompeii takes one from the new world into the old, and from one of the busiest hives of modern industry to the tomb of one of the pleasure resorts of antiquity. A wider contrast than is presented by these two cities could hardly be found, and the old buried city cannot fail to be interesting to dwellers in one of the liveliest cities in America.

After securing our carriage we started for a three hours' ride to Pompeii, reaching

surface over which it flows. At the village of San Sebastino, which it crushed in 1872, the lava is said to be sixty feet thick and firm enough to bear workmen and tourists on the surface, while still red hot underneath. One views with awe the cabin kept by a guide whose name is Palmeri, and which, in 1872, was completely surrounded with molten streams of lava. It was impossible to hear each other speak as we looked down in Vesuvius's open mouth and saw its roaring, boiling lava and sniffed its

istering to the bleeding men, and he beckoned to her and asked her to tell him about his wound. She brought his pocket Testament, which he had carried in his jacket, and showed him a hole through it, made by a deadly lead, and told him how narrow his escape had been. Piercing the book in an oblique direction, the missile had found exactly resistance enough to stop it at the danger line.

For the first time the reckless soldier took an interest in the gift he had accepted with a jest. He remembered with a strange throb the flippant remark he had made in the train. He kept the Testament near him, and in the tedious hours of his convalescence he often turned the leaves and noted the texts which had been crossed by the bullet.

There was one verse that he could not get beyond. The shot had cut through the middle of it, and left its scar there like an index.

'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

Many times a day he read the verse over, and thought about it. His life must have been worth saving, he said to himself, else he would have been underground with his buried comrades. But everlasting life! Something beyond and above fatal wounds! That meant more than the 'accident' that saved one man—God had declared everlasting life to men by Jesus Christ, his Son.

The soldier became the pupil of his book. To believe is to accept. To accept is to be obedient. To obey is to make Christ the example, and his teachings the rule of life. It was no delusion when his heart told him that he was willing to accept this formula and to live by it.

The man who went to the war a scoffer came back changed in moral purpose. He had become a Christian, because he had become a follower of Christ.—'Sunday Companion.'

Bob's Victory.

(By Kate S. Gates, in 'American Messenger.')

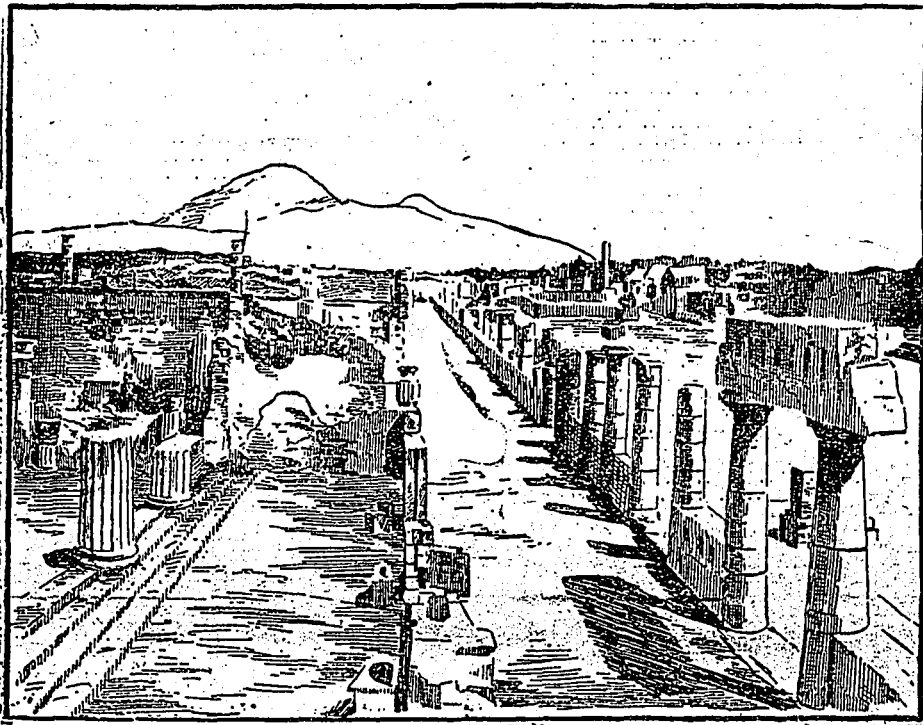
Rob Hunter was upstairs in his own room by the window, looking out into the street, but not really seeing what was passing before his eyes.

He seemed to himself to be back in the little farmhouse up among the hills where he was born. He had come to Aunt Helen's in the city only a few weeks before, to work in Uncle Albert's store. It was a fine opening for him, everybody said, but it was all so unfamiliar here that he still felt bewildered at times.

Only a few weeks before he left home he had publicly confessed his faith in Christ. He had hoped to find in the city much that would help him in his Christian life. He had meant to be very true and faithful, but he had not dreamed how hard it would be.

'Be ready to endure hardness like a good soldier,' his mother had said in their last talk the night before he left home. 'And, Rob, don't let anybody tempt you in any way to be unfaithful to your Saviour.'

Over on the table lay an invitation to a



RUINS OF POMPEII.

there at noon. Dinner being served, we secured the services of a guide and proceeded through the ruins of Pompeii. Here the work of clearing still continues, as shown in our illustration. The work is done entirely by Italians, and is very laborious, as the lava is hard and tough, very much resembling the slag from one of Pittsburg's furnaces. The state of preservation in which we found the beautiful mosaic and oil-painted walls and interiors of the buildings was a great surprise to us. Our stop in Pompeii was short, as we were anxious to reach Vesuvius. The journey up the mountain was begun by carriage, then by horseback, and lastly by each person being carried in a chair supported by four men. This journey, with its narrow paths and anxious moments, can never be forgotten, but the real anxiety came after nightfall, while being conveyed on the backs of these horrible-looking men. With large staffs in their hands we ascended slowly to the summit. Vesuvius is always interesting whether in repose or action. For about three hundred years it has been the only active volcano in its group. Preceded by earthquakes the notable eruptions began in the year 79. In this ebullition Pompeii was destroyed. The ascent to the mountain top is extremely difficult. The lava is cooled as soon as it reaches the atmosphere, and the sulphur fumes from the steam is very unpleasant. The stream of lava is over a mile in width and follows accurately the depression of the

sulphur fumes. The view from the top of Mount Vesuvius is indescribable, with the Mediterranean reaching out before us and Naples and the Isle of Capri in the distance.

A Marvellous Escape.

Stories of pocket Bibles that have saved life in battle are no novelty; but their commonness does not cheapen them if they are true, and if their moral is not overdone.

In a recent religious meeting in London, a former military chaplain related the experiences of a soldier engaged in the last war with the Transvaal.

His pocket Testament was handed to him on the train while on his way to South Africa with his regiment. He had taken a 'treat' at the station, and, to use his own expression, was 'feeling gay.'

'All right,' he said laughingly to the donor of the book, 'I'll carry it. It'll be good to stop a bullet.'

Some weeks afterwards came the fighting at Majuba Hill, when the young soldier was hit and left lying among the wounded. He regained consciousness while under the surgeon's hands, and heard him say, 'That was a close shave!' A Mauser bullet in his breast had been extracted. It had barely reached his heart, and stopped.

'What is it, doctor?' he whispered, but the busy surgeon had hurried on to his next patient. A Red Cross nurse was there, min-