NOTES ON EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

No. III.

Twenty-two miles from London is Windsor, on the winding shore of the Thames. Windsor is contracted from Winding-shore. The castle is one of the royal residences of the Queen. Some of the apartments are open to visitors at certain times. Since the days of William the Conqueror, in 1066, it has been a residence of the English sovereigns. The castle is on a hill about 100 feet above the river. It would be impossible to describe the scores of rooms, of which the furnishings alone are worth millions of dollars. The Queen's audience chamber contains many fine paintings, one of which is Britannia in a triumphal car drawn by swans attended by three goddesses. The walls are all hung with French tapestry in brilliant colors, giving the history of Esther and Mordecai. In the Vandyck room all the paintings are by Vandyck. In the Queen's state drawing-room are six large landscapes, several Old Testament scenes, and a large number of portraits of English kings for centuries back. The state ante-room has the ceiling entirely covered with a bouquet of the gods. The room known as the Grand Vestibule is a sort of museum, containing suits of armor of the time of Elizabeth and Charles I. The Waterloo Chamber contains portraits of men connected with the battle of Waterloo in 1815. The grand reception room is filled with articles of great value and beauty. Among them I noticed a Malachite vase presented by Emperor Nicholas of Russia. Upon the walls are hung French tapestries, in colors of rare beauty, picturing Jason and the Golden Fleece. The banqueting hall is 200 feet long. On one side, in the recesses, are full-sized portraits of eleven English sovereigns, from James I. to George III. The ceiling is covered with armorial bearings of all the Knights of the Garter, from the institution of the order, in 1350, to the present time. The guard chamber contains busts of England's greatest admirals and generals, such as Nelson, Wellington and Marlborough. I happened to be on the top of the tower when the four o'clock bell rang, at which time the royal stables were closed, and thus missed seeing the Queen's horses. In the Windsor stables, an English officer told me, Her Majesty has 100 horses; and in the stables connected with the Buckingham Palace, 120 horses. I went through the royal library, which contains 150,000 volumes, elegantly bound, and many of them very rare—as for example, a copy of the first edition of Shakespeare and a piece of music composed by Mozart when seven years old, and in his own handwriting. Connected with Windsor Castle are several fine chapels, but St. George's chapel and the Albert chapel are the best. The first is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture. Several of England's kings are buried within its walls; e.g., Henry VIII., Charles I., Edward IV., Henry VI. But the Albert chapel is one of the most elegant and costly in the world. The Queen filled it up in memory of her husband with great magnificence. The windows are of surpassing beauty, and represent life-size portraits of distinguished ancestors of the prince.

The Hampton Court Palace, covering eight acres, is small compared with the royal palace at Windsor, a few miles distant. It was built by Cardinal Wolsey and presented by him to Henry VIII. Cromwell, Charles II., George I., George II. and William III. resided here. A grape vine in one of the gardens, planted in 1769, is still thrifty. The day I saw it 1,200 large clusters were hanging from its branches, and the gardener told me that several hundred clusters had recently been picked and sent to Windsor.

Some reference should be made to London. In 1871 this commercial metropolis had a population of three and a quarter millions, but the city is not yet finished; for every year, it is said, 11,000 new houses are built and 45 miles of new streets are laid out and opened. However, this rapid growth does not surprise one when he notices the docks, the shipping, the business centres and the evidence of such enormous wealth. All over the city there are many beautiful parks, such as Green Park, containing 60 acres; Hyde Park—taken from the monks by Henry VIII.—containing 388 acres; St. James Park—laid out by Henry VIII.—containing 91 acres; Regent's Park, joining the Botanical and Zoological Gardens, covering 462 acres. While spending a half-day in these gardens I noticed that the thousands of animals and birds of every clime and country seemed to feel perfectly at home by means of their artificial surroundings. Whatever they had in the land of their nativity was here, as far as possible, supplied. It was quite amusing to see how much enjoyment the well-trained elephants gave the scores of children who were riding on the backs of these huge beasts.

The Parliament Houses, with courts, cover eight acres. The first buildings were burned in 1299. Rebuilt, and after being used about 200 years, were burned in 1512. Built again and used about 300 years, and then burned in 1834. The present structure, begun in 1840, cost 15 millions of dollars. One of the towers is 300 feet high another 320 and another 340. The bell, called "Big Ben," weighs 13 tons. The Norman porch, the royal robing room, the royal gallery, the princes' chamber, and scores of other rooms contain pictures and statues which display the history of the empire since the time of Alfred the Great. The brush and the chisel have made the canvas and the marble tell much that has happened down through the reigns of the Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor and Stuart sovereigns. Many of the frescoes are exquisite. Westminster Hall is 200 feet long, 68 feet wide and 92 feet high. As I walked across the marble floor of this hall my eye caught the metal plate marking the spot where Charles I. was condemned to death. In this room also, Guy Fawkes, Strafford, William Wallace, Sir Thomas More, Somerset and three others had the same sentence passed upon them. Here Cromwell was inaugurated Lord Protector. Here Warren Hastings and Lord Melville and the seven bishops were tried. As I wandered about many of these rooms (there are about 500 in all) I thought of the noted men whose voices have been heard on this spot since the days of Edward the Confessor.

Space forbids minute reference to St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, which contain so many tombs and statues of England's illustrious dead. The crypt of St. Paul's contains the sarcophagi of Nelson and Wellington. Wellington's hearse was made of brass cannon captured in his battles. It occupies a place near his tomb. Near the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren I noticed, upon a marble slab, this inscription: *Si monumentum requiris circumspice.* "If you wish to see his monument, look around you." The great cathedral itself is his monument, erected 1675–1710. Its nave is 500 feet long, and its tower 404 feet high. I should like to speak of the South Kensington Museum, that has received many generous bequests and five million dollars from the government; of the National Gallery, containing over 1,000 choice paintings, by Turner, and Reynolds, and Landseer, and Raphael and many more; of the Smithfield Market-place—three and a half acres under roof—where Rogers, and Bradford and many others suffered martyrdom; of Guild Hall with its treasures—the lower floor filled with Roman and Mediæval antiquities; of the London docks, covering 120 acres, costing twenty millions of dollars; of the Tower—more correctly many towers—for example, the White Tower, built by William the Conqueror, one hundred and sixteen feet long, walls twelve feet thick; the Bloody Tower, where the sons of Edward IV. were murdered; the Bell Tower, the Brick Tower, the Constable Tower and the Wakefield Tower. All of these towers—known as "The Tower of London"—are noted as places where eminent persons have either been put to death or imprisoned. Sir Walter Raleigh was here confined twelve years. I saw the axe and the beheading block used at the execution of Lady Jane Grey and two wives of Henry VIII. In the Jewel House—an apartment within the tower—are the crown jewels, valued at 15 million dollars. I noticed the crowns of several of England's kings. Queen Victoria's crown contains 2,783 diamonds, and is said to be worth $560,000. The Koh-i-Noor diamond is displayed among the crown jewels. When in Amsterdam, I visited the diamond factory—the largest in the world—and witnessed the interesting process of cutting these precious stones. I saw how "diamond cut diamond." The Koh-i-Noor was cut here, and the price paid for the work was $40,000. A friend said: "What must have been the workman's feelings and anxiety when cutting a stone so precious, since a slight mistake might spoil it." Another person replied: "The workman probably received $1,000 for his work, and $39,000 for his feelings."

Before leaving London I must speak of the British Museum. The library contains one million books. The Egin room contains the celebrated Egin marbles, chiefly from the Parthenon at Athens, erected 440 B.C. Many of these marbles were injured when the temple was bombarded by the Venetians in 1687. Scores of them are of immense size; e.g., a colossal lion from Knidos, of the date of 394 B.C. The marbles from the Erectheum—another Athenian temple—have a date of 500 B.C. They were all purchased by Lord Elgin in 1801 at a cost of £70,000, or $350,000. In other rooms are hundreds of Greek and Roman sculptures and statuary. The Assyrian galleries contain monuments of great value, dating from 700 to 600 B.C. Many slabs from the palace of Sennacherib describe his wars, such as his siege of Jerusalem (702–694 B.C.) and his defeat of Hezekiah (705–681 B.C.). A black marble obelisk records the annals of Shalmaneser for a period of 31 years, commencing 860 B.C. There are many colossal human-headed lions and bulls. I noticed a boundary stone from Babylon, recording the sale of a field 1400 B.C. Six rooms are filled with Egyptian antiquities dating from 2000 B.C. to 640 A.D. There are many immense wooden coffins, containing bodies of kings and nobles. These coffins were made of wide plank about three inches thick. One bears date of 650 B.C.: others 1100 B.C., and one has a date of 2500 B.C. The wood is perfectly sound. Many sun-dried bricks have a date of 1600 to 1320 B.C. In one room there are twenty-three cases filled with Egyptian gods. I counted 128 gods in one case—about an average; thus making 2,944 in all. These gods were all taken from the temples and tombs of Egypt. Two slabs describe the conquests of Ethiopia and Libya by Rameses II. The Manuscript room is of great interest. The twenty-fifth chapter of Macaulay's History of England affords encouragement to young painstaking writers, for his corrections and erasures between the lines are so numerous that I hardly see how the compositor could have deciphered the pages. I read portions of the manuscripts of Byron, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Burns, Pope, Locke, Defoe, Samuel Johnson, Milton, Bacon, Mary Queen of Scots, Cardinal Wolsey, Edward VI., Charles I., Lord Cecil (1591), Oliver Goldsmith, George Fox, Jeremy Taylor, etc.

The rural districts of England are very beautiful; and the soil, naturally fertile, yields abundant crops. I did not see a square acre that was not under the highest state of cultivation. The farmers were cutting the first crop of hay the second week in July, and on my return from Italy the last of August, the second crop was being gathered. I was surprised to see such large crops—very much larger than I had ever seen in America. The hay, after it is "made," is put into huge stacks, nicely thatched, near the farm buildings. The cultivation of the soil is considered a very honorable employment in England; and farmers stand high—higher than dry goods merchants—in the social scale. About one-half of the land is "entailed," and can neither be bought nor sold; and farmers hold their property by long lease, usually 99 years, paying a yearly rental. But hundreds of farms, large and small, can be bought in England at any time; and men there, as here, can own all the land they have money enough to pay for. Again, some people on this side of the Atlantic, ignorant of the facts, suppose that young men in England have no opportunity to rise to high position, either in church or state. But the road is clear for any young politician to become Prime Minister; for any young lawyer to become Lord Chief Justice; for any theological student to become Archbishop of Canterbury; for any clerk behind the counter to become a princely merchant or a bank president. But every young man cannot be a Gladstone, or a Chief Justice Cockburn, or an Archbishop Tait, or a Farrar, or a Liddon, or a Tennyson, or a Spurgeon, yet the road is open to any position, whether it be that of Poet Laureate or president of a leading university, or Prime Minister, or Chief Justice.

I saw something of the people in eight different countries in Europe, but nowhere did I see such attention paid to church going and to Sabbath observance as in England. One of my esteemed traveling companions, Mr. James R. Elmunds, cashier of the National Bank of Commerce, in Baltimore, in a letter from London to a Baptist paper of his own city, said: "Of all the cities we have seen, we were most interested by Rome, Paris and London. Rome is intensely interesting, with its ancient history and monuments of the past; Paris is beautiful and gay, but London pleased us most, with its splendid buildings, its substantial institutions, and with the solid character of its people. We were delighted with London, and proud that we belonged to the English-speaking race. And what a contrast between London and Paris, religiously speaking! On Sunday in Paris the shops and stores were open, a fete was in progress in the Tuileries Gardens, a balloon ascension and a bull fight took place in the afternoon, and practically there was little or no Sabbath observance by the masses. In London how different! Places of business were closed; the churches were thronged with people, and the streets were quiet."

G. E. T.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys,—You could not reach up to the lowest leaf on any of these trees with a long trouting pole. This is a grove of palms a mile from home. On the tufted tops of half a dozen trees is a flock of crows. But we are so used to their rude racket that we scarcely hear them, and feel a sacred silence, as in a church with lofty pillars, lovely roof and glimpses of the sky.

On the soft carpet tread three pairs of brown bare feet and one pair of canvas shoes. Two pairs of these feet are small, and when you look up you see they are the feet of two ten-year-old boys, one a little darker than the other. Each foot has five toes, just as white bare feet that go to school in the summer at home. When you scan the owners you see that each hand has four fingers and a thumb, and each head has two bright black eyes, two ears, one nose and one mouth, which can open as wide and shout as loud as any boy's in Canada. The darker boy is David; the other is Timothy. The big bare feet belong to Timothy's father. His name is Chittiah. Each boy has in his fist a book neatly covered with a piece of a newspaper, and a little larger than Kirkland & Scott's arithmetic. Timothy's father has under his arm one of these books and another book about the size of a Sixth Royal Reader.

We glide along through the grove and come out suddenly upon a public road as red as the roads in Prince Edward Island. But there are no houses in sight, save an old ruin. Down the street is coming a woman with a basket on her head, and behind her is an ox cart. Up the street, just turning a bend in the road, is a low carriage with a span of ponies and a bare-legged horse-boy running behind.

We turn neither to the right nor the left, but hurry across into a field on the other side. There is no fence to climb. We pass between the trunks of two of the trees that line the public way. We tramp along in Indian file down a path that has been worn by heathen feet. Close to our right hand runs a hedge of cactuses and young palmyra palms. On our left is a broad field, from which the grain has recently been reaped. Soon we turn to the right and march through a field with young grain on either hand. Ahead of us is a field of Indian corn! But now, as we draw nearer, the leaves look too broad, and the branches too spreading for corn. It is a grove of banana trees. Here they are called plantains. Just beyond this plantain orchard is a pretty circular hedge of closely packed palms, as well arranged as a circle of boys and girls who have a hold of one another's hands, "dancing in a merry ring." Inside of this hedge appear the smoke and leaf-roofs of a village.

Here we turn again to the left, skirting the garden of bananas. There by the side of a tree is an old well; balanced in the fork of the tree is a heavy pole, such as are often seen pointing at the moon over old wells at home. Side of the well is a boy with a kind of large chisel digging up the short grass by the roots, shaking off the earth and stowing it into a basket. "What is that grass for," we ask. "For our cow," he replies. When we talk to him about Jesus, he declares in a voice forlorn, that he prays to his god every day, but he does not give him enough to eat. Close on our right, almost hidden among the trees, is a little village. Beyond this village, through the leaves of yonder hedge, appear the forms of men and women working in the fields.

Now we are about two miles from home. Wheeling to the right, through a kind of gateway in an encircling grove, we usher one another into the midst of a group of mud huts on the outskirts of a large village. Sleeping close to our feet as we push along, between him and the red walls of a hut, is a lean, speckled white and red dog. Startled by our intrusive footsteps he springs up barking. The boys are frightened, but they need not be, for she is more scared than they are. (Few natives of India that I have seen seem to have much courage. Even the dogs are cowards. Half-starved men are timid as rabbits. And many that have well-fed bodies have been feeding their souls on a religion of fear, praying to serpents, worshipping demons and cringing ever under the black claws of fate. There is nothing in all this religion to make or foster a spirit of courage. Wherever you go you find a lack of manliness and self-reliance that makes your heart ache. Nothing but the Gospel of Jesus can ever change this nation of babies into a nation of men.) The dog skulks to a safe distance and raises a cry of alarm. In a jiffy all the village is agog. More dogs of every shape and complexion spring up on every hand and waken the glen. Small children drop their playthings, scud across the yard and dodge into the door, like frightened mice into their holes. The older children back away behind a tree or the corner of the house and stare. Men and women stop their work a moment to look and then go on again.

Hear that spinning wheel! No! It is too slow and heavy. It sounds more like someone grinding coffee. Let us look under that low veranda and see! Two women are sitting on the ground turning something. It looks like a grindstone lying flat on the mud floor. A white powder, like flour, is oozing out from beneath it. Ah! Now I see! Under that stone is another stone and they are grinding grain between the two stones. It is a grist mill. The two women both have a hold of one handle. What did Jesus say about two women grinding at the mill? What did He mean?

Somebody is threshing buckwheat! Thump, thump! Tnump, thump! Thump, thump! as steadily as if beating time for music. Let us hurry around the corner and see. It is two women working away with the biggest mortar and pestles that we ever saw. The mortar is a round block, somewhat like a huge reel after the thread is gone. The top of it is as big around as the bottom of a chair, and it stands about high enough to make a comfortable seat. In the top there is a hole, like the hole in a reel, only it does not go a quarter of the way through, and is large enough to swallow a turnip. The pestle which each woman has is as tall as her head and larger around than her arm. In the hole in the mortar is enough rice for supper. The women do not stop to look long at us, for if supper be not ready for the hungry husband when he comes home, the wife may get a beating. So they pound away. Only one pestle can go into the mortar at once; but they keep both pestles going. First one lets her pestle come down; then the other: thump, thump—thump, thump. They say it is very hard work—too hard for men to do. Only the women do such hard work. (The other day, a man and two women brought some burnt shells for whitewash. The man began measuring it out in a measure that held about four quarts, called a *kunsam*. After he had counted out ten kunsams, the dust began to choke him, and he got tired. So he called one of the women and made her measure it. The woman was his wife. He sat down on a heap of stones, rested his elbows on his knees, and watched his wife while she choked in the dust and measured out forty-six more kunsams. I felt like taking him by his braid of hair on the back of the head, and making him get down in the dust and do the work himself. But on consideration, I concluded that, according to the directions of Jesus, that was not the way to evangelize the heathen.)

But come back to the village where the women are pounding rice. We come up to a group of boys, and begin to talk with them. There David and Timothy open their books, and Chittiah opens his little book, and a gospel song is afloat on the village breeze. Children come chasing one another from all directions. Here comes a boy carrying a baby astride of his hip. He has his arm under the infant's shoulders, and the little fellow sits on his brother's hip like a knight in his saddle. Here are another boy, a girl and a woman, each with a baby mounted in this style. Behind us are two ugly pigs rooting for a living, and a clucking hen with her flock of chicks. Here comes a boy with a red stripe down the middle of his forehead and another boy with merely a red spot. The most religious people always have a stripe or a spot on their foreheads. Some have three great streaks as if Beelzebub had drawn three of his muddy fingers down the forehead, leaving hideous tracks. Here is a cunning youngster about three years of age, shaking both his hands at us, as if we were hens in the garden, which he must shoo away. Now a young man comes home, with his ox team and drives right through the congregation. Then from the other direction a boy comes home with the cows, navigates them between us and the people, disturbing the meeting. One boy, about five years old, has found a long stick and is trying to pound the others with it. But they catch it in their hands and do not let it hurt. He runs off and commences to poke the heels of a yoke of oxen feeding near. One ox kicks and nearly hits the boy, and the other children laugh. Pretty soon he is so busy playing tricks that he catches his toe on a stone, stumbles down, bumps his nose and begins to bawl. His mother comes, snatches him up impatiently by the arms and drags him home.

There are fourteen villages within two miles of Bimli, and this is one of them. Since the cool weather opened I have spent the afternoons in visiting these villages by turns. After the preaching is over we sing a hymn and come home. It is a happy and sad part of the day. It is very sad to find people who need Christ so much, that they do not want Him.

Santa Claus has come. We have no chimneys for him to come from, so he had to come from home across the sea. He did not come tarnished with soot, but laden with love. He came a messenger from old friends, new friends, and young friends; from Sunday-school classes and Mission Bands. But we must write particularly to those who sent him. Yet some fine things came without any name, as if somebody were trying to make us think that old Nicholas brought them himself. But we wish we knew the names. Everything was useful and beautiful. And far above all was the love which they brought, and with which they filled our hearts. All day long an old stanza kept singing in my ears:

> "'Tis sweet to be remembered
> In the turmoil of this life,
> While struggling up its pathway,
> Or sinking in its strife.—
> While wandering o'er earth's borders,
> Or gazing o'er its sea,
> 'Tis sweet to be remembered,
> Wherever we may be."

Yours gratefully,

L. D. Morse.

Bimlipatam, India, Dec. 24, 1892.

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Is Organic Union Possible?

At an unusually interesting meeting of the Toronto Ministerial Association on Monday evening last, this question was the theme of discussion.

In accordance with a previous arrangement, a large number of the Anglican clergy were present, to present their views upon the question of Church Unity. Rev. Septimus Jones, who introduced the deputation, explained that they were in no sense representative of the church to which they belonged, and could not claim to speak for it. They came in response to the brotherly and cordial invitation extended to them, and with a paper which has been prepared by one of their number, Rev. Provost Body, setting forth their views.

The Baptist side of the case was first presented in an able paper by Rev. James Grant, of Parliament St. church, on "Organic Union of Baptists and Pedobaptists." After noting some pleasing indications that the Christian churches are of late years drawing more closely together, and expressing his hearty sympathy with the spirit of this movement, Mr. Grant went on to give frankly his reasons for believing that organic union betwen Baptists and Pedobaptists is not near at hand, and is in the present state of things not possible. "To us, of the Baptist communion, there is," he said, "something of far more importance than union with any other Christian body, however much our hearts may go out in that direction, and that something is what we believe to be the truth of God, and consequently the loyalty we owe to that truth, as given to us in the teaching of Jesus Christ and his apostles." He proceeded to show that, as Baptists, we cannot organically unite with other bodies of Christians without utterly abandoning (1) our testimony with regard to the absolute authority of the Word of God in matters of faith and practice; (2) our testimony in regard to the use and meaning of the ordinances; (3) our testimony as it relates to the subjects of baptism; (4) our testimony in regard to the mode of baptism; and (5) our testimony in regard to the spirituality of the church. Each of these points was clearly and forcibly presented.

Following Mr. Grant's address was one by Rev. Provost Body, who presented the Anglican view of the question. Provost Body endorsed heartily the words of Principal Caven, who had maintained on another occasion that the ideal of the unity of believers, set forth in the Scriptures, especially in our Lord's intercessory prayer, while chiefly spiritual in its nature, can be fully represented only in an individual state of the visible church, in which perfect fellowship shall be maintained throughout the entire body of Christ, and that it is the duty of the church and all of its members continually to aspire towards and labor for the realisation of this manifested union in the Lord. He proceeded to treat the subject historically, maintaining that of "two great separations which have broken the visible unity by which for one thousand years the Christian world was knit together," the first was in the main the protest of the eastern church against the papal attempt to substitute for the federal government of the church in its several patriarchs the sole and despotic rule of the Pope of Rome. With regard to the second he said: "When, in the sixteenth century, the papal tyranny had born its fruits in a flood of semi-heathen ungodliness and arrogant scepticism, the various separations in western Christendom, itself in revolt against the attempt of the papacy to crush out the reformation by force, were led, for the most part, to break with the episcopate, and so another principle, that of delegation, was cast aside. The principle, I mean, by which no one can perform any strictly ministerial act for which he had not been previously empowered by those who had lawfully, and under the terms of their own commission, called him to the ministerial office."

These two breaches, first of the principle of federation in the direct government of the church, secondly of the principle of delegation, have, he argued, as a matter of fact, landed us in our present position. Provost Body's positions were stated with studied moderation, and discussed in the same excellent spirit which marked all the utterances at this somewhat memorable meeting. Nevertheless, the whole tendency of his argument was to re-affirm the views of the Anglican bishops at the famous Lambeth conference, and to make the acceptance of the historic episcopate—in other words, of the apostolical succession—a first condition of any possible union.

The discussion was continued by Revs. Messrs. John Burton, Dr. Johnston, Principal Caven, Dr. Langtry, Mr. Milligan and Dr. Sheraton. For want of space we are unable to give even *a resume* of their addresses. All deplored the evils of sectarianism with its great waste of means and loss of power. Several deprecated the Baptist "no surrender" position, though when Principal Caven, in his admirable speech, pointed out that the outer and visible union should be the outgrowth and manifestation of the inward and spiritual unity, and that the basis for union must be found in the New Testament, he really took his stand on the same foundation principle as Mr. Grant. Dr. Langtry was, of course, strong on the indispensability of the historic episcopate.

While the prolonged and vigorous discussion was carried on in a friendly and brotherly spirit throughout, we cannot find in a comparison of the various utterances any indication of progress towards the desired goal. For instance, the Anglican conception of the church as a great, visible, organized body, is really so far removed from that of Dr. Johnston and others who regard the "church" as no particular visible body, but "rather the spiritual body in which all those who followed Christ are already united," that that difference of view alone seems to present an almost insuperable barrier to organic union.—*Canadian Baptist.*

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B. Y. P. U.

OUR CHURCH.

The unification of Baptist young p... creased spirituality; their stimulati... service; their edification in scripto... their instruction in Baptist histo... through existing denominational ins...

OUR FELLOWSHIP.

All Young People's Societies of w... in Baptist churches, and Baptist ... no organizations are entitled to rep... depend for our unity not upon any... name or method. Our common bon... Testament, in the full affirmation of ...

WE ARE ONE PEOPLE WITH ON...

[Correspondents to this department ... their communications to J. H. M... horst, N. S.]

Prayer Meeting Topic for ...

OUR BAPTISMAL BURIAL AND R...

"Know ye not, that so many of ... tized into Jesus Christ were baptized ... Therefore we are buried with Him ... death: that like as Christ was raise... by the glory of the Fa her, even so ... in newness of life."—Rom. 6: 3-4.

In these passages we have ... facts which the apostle ... Christians should clearly ... Their relation to *Christ*—"... Christ"; their oneness of ... the future; their relation t... dead and buried to the ... their relation to the *futur... we should walk in newness o...*

I. In this section of Scrip... the *lexicon* of which the ... is the author. He anti... discussions of future years ... of baptism; so by this ill... "likeness" put the definitio... for ever beyond reasonable ... pute. "Buried with Him ... into death"—"planted tog... ness of His death," &c. W... sume new meaning or beco... but the act of baptism, by t... is divinely stereotyped. "B... ing—nothing but immersi... quately express this idea.

II. We have also in this ... *Christian creed* as formul... Holy Spirit. What difficu... men of this world have to ... creed that will be at once s... factory, that will neither re... rees of Christian though... heresy to enter into the chu... In the ordinance of baptism ... administered in its prop... order, we have such a creed ... the members are "baptized ... of Christ," "into the name ... and of the Son, and of the ... the doctrine of the *Trinity*, ... bed of our Christian life, is ... is secure. No fellowship w... Unitarianism or disbelief in ... ity of the Holy Ghost; ... of baptism holds and bars ... the Christian churches ... heretical doctrines. "Let ... the form of sound words," ... said, "It is only a form." ... but if that form is remove... nothing is left.

III. We have also in o... intimation of the *life* and o... the Holy Spirit enjoins u... We are reminded that we ... profess to be dead and b... sinful past; that we have ... death into life"; that ... *newness* of life. Let us ... grace in order that our ... shal, before God and ma... profession we have made... of the Lord are upon us; ... our baptism taken the o... ance to Jesus our Savio... We are also pointed to ... *example*; that like as Chr... from the dead by the ... Father, even so we also s... newness of life. Study ... The necessity of *activity* ... forth—"walk." The Chr... bicycle or a top, can onl... moves. The Christian ... *toil*. It is a life of ... that *worketh* by love. Th... press trains from the cross ... While this ordinance is ... its proper *form*, the facts ... which is the power of Go... tion, will be kept promi... the world. See what the ... Cor. 15: 1-4. Death, buri... rection. In the *act* of b... facts are divinely photogr... fading "likeness." As lon... is administered only to ... subjects, viz., believers, th... be kept free from an unreg... bership. The baptism th... generation, by filling the ... the unconverted, makes ... kingdom of Jesus Christ o... possibility. These things ... can see the point of ... "Endeavoring to keep th... Spirit in the bond of pe... one body, and one Spirit, ... called in one hope of you... Lord, one faith, one baptism ... Father of all, who is a... through all and in you... baptism we solemnly con... ceptance of and faith ... Ancient Israel was pro... place that the *sole* of your ... *upon*; that have I given u... 1: 3). As pilgrims we ... the way, but not alone ... Let us in humble, believi... for His Spirit and grace, th... forfeit our right to that bl... "Lo, I am with you alw... the end of the world." J...

In Doing Personal Work

Be gentle, yet direct ... 17–19).

Always have your Bibl... use it.

Keep *Christ* constantly ... ner.

Do not seek to remo... Let God do this.

Find out what obstac... way of spiritual light.

Do not *argue* at all. ... facts. Man is lost; Jesus ...

Apply Scripture in the ... stacles. Light dispels da...

Be able not only to po... ture, but to explain and ...

—C. O. Foss, C. E., sup... Railway, N. S., writes: ... constantly on hand. I al... how to get on without it... suffered with indigestion ... the stomach. I tried ... remedies but found no ... till I tried K. D. C. ... mended it to many other... case with beneficial re... also found it an excellen... cases of summer comple...