

Dr. Pierson.

There are "ructions" at the great Metropolitan Tabernacle. A mysterious Providence has permitted disturbance to reign ever since C. H. Spurgeon was called to his rest. That great preacher was the Napoleon of Nonconformity in London. Such a man can not, in a sense, ever have a successor. Dr. Pierson, whose preaching made such a sensation amongst Spurgeon's old hearers, has just imparted a new galvanic shock to the religious public in this country generally, by his baptism. Dr. James Spurgeon, brother of the late C. H. Spurgeon, and uncle of Thomas Spurgeon, now pastor at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, has baptized Dr. Pierson in his own Baptist church at Croydon. The incident is giving rise to acrimonious controversies. I regret to say that I do not meet with any friends amongst the English Baptists who sympathize with Dr. Pierson in respect to his conduct as a candidate for baptism, although surely it might have been expected that those who call themselves Baptists would with one heart and soul rejoice at such an event. It is certainly invidiously ungracious for Baptists virtually to censure Dr. Pierson bitterly for being baptized at his own time and of his own free will, and also to pour vials of harsh criticism on the devoted head of Dr. James Spurgeon for officiating. But the English Baptists have been for some time rather difficult to please. They seem to fall more and more into pitiable confusion. Their churches are all labelled "Baptist" and yet in a great number of cases their largest and most influential churches in a social sense neglect Baptism to an incredible degree. I am acquainted with churches whose big roll of membership includes a considerable majority of unbaptized members with a number of unbaptized officers, only the minister being baptized. And yet, such is the incomprehensible inconsistency of human nature, that we poor Disciples of Christ in England are unmercifully criticized and icily boycotted by these same good brethren because we do not paste the Baptist label on all our institutions, but prefer the name Christian instead of calling our baptized believers Baptists. The Baptist denomination in this country is a colossal jelly-fish that has floundered out of deep water into puddles on the shore. Poor Dr. Pierson was harshly blamed for not being baptized long ago, even though he explained that he was sorely muddled about infant baptism, while he candidly acknowledged that immersion was valid. Now he is cavilled at be-

cause at last he has seen his way to obeying the Saviour's command. It is alleged that he ought to have been baptized by Dr. Gordon of Boston. Surely, all this is the good Doctor's own business. He certainly had a right to be baptized when, where and how it pleased him. He and Dr. James Spurgeon are very dear and very faithful friends, and it does seem to be the most natural and gracious thing in the world that he should elect to ask for immersion at the hands of one with whom he has stood in such tender relations of brotherly love. Dr. Pierson has a great career before him. He has acted, so far as I see, and as some others agree, altogether apart from considerations of selfish interest. He made it impossible for himself to be elected pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, because at a promising juncture for himself, he held back from baptism. His mind, warped by Presbyterian prepossessions, was not then clear. Next he made it impossible for himself to be regarded as the possible pastor of that magnificent sanctuary called Westminster Chapel, a place close to Westminster Abbey and fragrant with the memories of the sainted Samuel Martin, simply because now that he has been freely talked of in that connection he has been immersed. These are great sacrifices. You are next likely to hear of Dr. Pierson as being engaged in giving evangelistic addresses to crowds of young men at our different universities.—W. DURBAN, London, Eng., in *Christian Evangelist*.

A Woman's Message.

CONVEYING WORDS OF HOPE TO THE AFFLICTED.

Had Suffered From Heart Trouble and Liver Complaint, Which Wrecked Her Nervous System—Is Now as Well as Ever.

From the Carleton Place Herald.

Truth, it is said, is sometimes stranger than fiction, and in no way has this phrase been better exemplified than in the plain unvarnished statement of Mrs. W. H. Edwards, of Carleton Place, to a reporter of the Herald a few weeks ago. Mrs. Edwards is well known in this town, having lived here for nearly twenty-five years. The story she related we will give in her own words. She said: "In July of 1894 I was taken ill with fever, caused by blood poisoning, and laid hovering between life and death for eight weeks. After the doctor succeeded in breaking up the fever, my heart began to trouble me, jaundice and liver complaint also set in. I could not sleep and my nerves were terribly unstrung. During

my illness, after the fever left me, I was attended by no less than three doctors, but their medicine seemed of no avail, as I lay for months in a terribly emaciated condition and never expected to be around again. This state of affairs lasted until about Christmas, when a friend suggested to me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My husband procured a few boxes and I then began their use, although with but little confidence in them. But by the time I had used three boxes I began to feel a little better and began to get an appetite. This encouraged me to persevere in the use of the pills, and I still continued to improve. I began to sleep well, my heart ceased to bother me and my nervous system which had received such a fierce shock was again fully restored. My liver trouble also disappeared, in fact I became almost a new creature. I now feel as well as I ever did in my life. I have used in all eight boxes and still continue to take an occasional pill if I feel any way depressed. Yes," she said, "I am thankful to think that I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because I believe no other medicine could have effected such a cure in me and have so effectually built me up. I am perfectly willing that this simple statement of mine should be published, and hope some poor suffering creature may see it and be restored to health as I was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make pure rich blood, thus reaching the root of disease and driving it out of the system, curing when other medicines fail. Most of the ills afflicting mankind are due to an impoverished condition of the blood, or weak or shattered nerves and for all these Pink Pills are a specific, which speedily restore the sufferer to health. These pills are never sold in any form except in the company's boxes, the wrapper round which bears the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." All others are counterfeits and should always be refused. Get the genuine and be made well.

Australasian Statistics.

According to the last conference returns there are 5,150 Disciples in Victoria; 1,286 in New South Wales; 843 in Queensland and 2,621 in South Australia. The figures from the other colonies are not hand, but we are probably well within the mark in the following estimate: New Zealand, 2,300; Tasmania, 350; West Australia, 150, making a total of 12,700 for Australasia.—*Pioneer*.

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