

## THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN

### THE CHURCH'S NEED OF A PENTECOSTAL BLESSING.

By Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D.D.

One of the first essentials to a saving faith is a knowledge of what that faith rests upon. Foolish indeed would be the builder who would be concerned only about the building itself. It might be ever so convenient and practical and imposing, but unless it rests on a sure foundation, his work is all in vain. So a man's faith must rest on a sure foundation. This is why Moses, speaking to the chosen people of old, said to them, when referring to those who had fallen into idolatry, "Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being the judges." And today, did the enemies of the Church speak the truth, they must acknowledge the weakness of their own doctrine and the superiority of the Church of the living God.

Church life is essential for spiritual growth. God himself saw the need of the Church and therefore decreed that Moses build for the people the ancient tabernacle. Pharaoh's host did not have a tabernacle and did not need any after they found a watery grave in the Red Sea. The Hebrews felt the need of a place for the public worship of God and rejoiced when they could go to the tabernacle. The weakness of the Church today is the liberty which many of its professed followers assume for themselves. According to their own inclinations they attend public worship or neglect it, just as if it were wholly a matter of a man's own choice, forgetful of the fact that the neglect of it is a sin. What the Church is in want of is a pentecostal blessing, and that can be received only under conditions similar to those when the Holy Ghost came upon the assembled disciples at Jerusalem when "they were all together at one place with one accord." There can be no pentecostal blessing such as of old when half or more of the church people are absent at times of public worship, nor will there be any great outpouring of such gifts when even those who are at worship are there in a divided spirit.

Oh for a baptism of the Holy Ghost, that every member of the Church might not only be filled with the Spirit, but that in turn they might bear about with them the fruits of the Spirit. Profession is one thing, but possession is quite another. No matter what be the creed or theology, unless back of the same is a life hid in Christ, unless there are the evidences of the Spirit, then the confession will amount to nothing.

Unfortunately for many they are building their faith upon the sand instead of building upon the eternal Rock of Ages. Alas for many, they have quenched the Spirit, and no longer so much as know that there is a Spirit. We need all fall upon our knees in prayer before God, that tarrying before Him, we may be filled with power from on high.—Lutheran Observer.

What each new day may bring

We can not tell;  
Who lives for God in everything,  
He liveth well —Selected.

The secret prayer has ever a public blessing. He who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

The sooner one retraces his steps when he has gone wrong the fewer he will have to take before he gets right.

Companionship is the one thing in the world which is absolutely essential to happiness. The human heart needs fellowship more than anything else, fellowship which is elevated and enduring, stronger and purer than itself, and centered in that which death cannot change. All its springs are in God. Without him life is a failure, and all beyond is a blank.—Henry van Dyke.

### INFLUENCE FROM A BRIEF CAREER.\*

By W. Harvey Grant, B.A.

Thomas Craigie Hood was born in Essex county, Ontario, in 1884. Here in his youth he worshipped in the congregation at Harrow. He early heard the call to the Christian ministry, and with this end in view studied in Toronto University, from which he graduated in 1897. He then received his theological training in Knox College, graduating in 1899. Upon graduation he offered himself for work among the heathen, and was appointed to work in Honan, North China, which he reached in the beginning of November, 1899. He at once applied himself diligently to the study of the language, and through his exact and thorough methods of study made rapid progress.

Some eight months after his arrival, he was called upon, in company with the other missionaries, to pass through the dangers and hardships of the Boxer War. In the flight from Honan, 200 miles southward to Hupeh, he alone of all the male members of the party escaped unscathed by the weapons of the Chinese mob.

In the autumn of 1901 the way was open for returning to the interior, and Mr. Hood was one of the first party which returned to Honan, D. McClure and Messrs. Mitchell, Slimmon and Griffith being the other members. Upon reaching Honan the missionaries found the people still restless, and regular missionary work impracticable. Besides this, there were many other matters which demanded their immediate attention. Accordingly, while the older missionaries were occupied gathering the scattered and neglected church members together, reorganizing the work of the Mission, taking account of the loss of property sustained by the Mission and the Chinese Christians, Mr. Hood continued his study of the language. The duties of clerk of Honan Presbytery were also laid upon him, and he performed them with the utmost accuracy and despatch.

In the spring of 1902 the country had become more quiet, and the missionaries began to spread afield. Mr. Hood was appointed to work at Hwaikingfu station, where Mr. Slimmon, by appointment of Presbytery, had been laboring since 1898. As Mr. Slimmon was returning to Scotland on furlough in the spring of 1902, the whole burden of the work was laid upon Mr. Hood and his Chinese assistants. He entered upon this work with great enthusiasm and gladness, taking up his solitary abode in the northern suburb of Hwaiking, ninety miles away from his nearest fellow missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell at Weihsifu, and 150 miles from Changtsefu, where the rest of his fellow missionaries lived. But here he enjoyed the inestimable privilege of telling many thousands of Chinese about Jesus Christ for the first time.

He spent part of the hot summer months in the company of the other missionaries at Changtse. But the call of the work at Hwaiking sounded so loudly to him, that he resolved to return to his lonely post before the hot season was quite ended, though in doing so he was running considerable risk, cholera being especially prevalent at that season. On his way back from Changtse to Hwaiking he spent a few days with Mr. Mitchell, assisting in the examination of candidates for baptism. When this was completed, he proceeded on his way. The roads were in frightful condition, having become a veritable morass owing to excessively heavy rains, and travel was laborious and slow. During a night spent in a miserable hovel three miles from Hwaiking, Mr. Hood was seized with violent sickness; it was Asiatic cholera. The next

day he was carried by his faithful Chinese attendants into the lonely quarters at Hwaiking, and there on September 19, before night came, he passed away.

When he realized that he was in the deadly grip of cholera, without any human help at hand, he faced the danger bravely and calmly, and in those last hours of his earthly life penned words which should burn themselves into the hearts of the young men and women of our church; and no words can so fittingly close this paper as those which were found afterwards in his diary written by him a few hours before he passed away.

"It is God's will that I should give over life in this little hovel, then His will be done. I should like to live longer for the work's sake. May some young man better fitted physically for the work than I have been, take up the work! May our church never give up till all the heathen about me here have heard the glad sound!"

"Farewell to the Foreign Mission Committee; farewell to the dear home church; farewell to all friends; farewell to dear father and dear sisters and brothers, each one farewell. We will meet again, and with us thousands who now sit in darkness. God grant it."

It is not surprising that these words, coming under the eye of Rev. George Murray Ross, a young minister in Nova Scotia, touched his heart and led him to Honan to take up Mr. Hood's work, and he is now in Hwaiking, supported by the congregation of St. John's Presbyterian church, Toronto, whose missionary Mr. Hood had been, and preaching the gospel to the same people for whom Mr. Hood laid down his life. Others also heard the call of the dying young hero for volunteers to save China, and Revs. H. M. Clark, A. W. Lockheed, J. A. Mowatt, G. Eadie, A. Thomson, and Doctors W. J. Scott and S. O. McMurtry have given themselves to the work in Honan; and this call should echo and re-echo among the youth of our church, until many more are led to this noble work.

### THE WORLD'S HOPE.

The church which succeeds—which wins men and holds them and builds them up in faith and life—must have a reason for its existence. It must offer a positive relief from the misery which sin has brought into the world; it must hold up a Saviour crucified, dead, buried and risen again, and able to save. What the world needs is positive truth. Sin is a reality, and punishment a reality. Man wants a real Saviour, such as Christ declares himself to be. The church must preach a Saviour, and it must preach the truth that there is no other Saviour. "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth"; "I, even I, am the Lord, and beside me there is no Saviour"; "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Sermons for Silent Sabbaths.

### THE MODEL.

A beautiful statue once stood in the market place of an Italian city. It was the statue of a Greek slave girl. It represented the slave as tidy and well dressed. A ragged, uncombed, forlorn street child coming across the statue in her play, stopped and gazed at it in admiration. She was captivated by it. She gazed long and lovingly. Moved by a sudden impulse she went home and washed her face and combed her hair. Another day she stopped again before the statue and admired it, and she got a new idea. Next day her tattered clothes were washed and mended. Each time she looked at the statue she found something in its beauties until she was a transformed child. You remember that text. "Looking unto Jesus."

\*Y.P.S. Monthly Topic, 27th Sept.; Influence from a Brief Career; Rev. T. C. Hood, B.A. Luke 24:23-32.