

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

The foundation of the work of missions is the command of Christ given to His disciples immediately before His ascension to heaven: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Tracing the apostles and early Christians in fulfilment of this command, we find at the close of the first century many large churches in Asia Minor, Macedonia, Italy, Greece and in the islands of the Mediterranean, and in northern Africa; and the most intense missionary spirit was manifested from the pentecostal baptism to the close of the century.

Pliny, in his official report to the Emperor Trajan says: "Many persons of every rank are accused of Christianity. Nor has the contagion of the superstition pervaded cities only, but villages and open country." Justin Martyr, A.D. 105, says: "There is not a nation, Greek or barbarian, among whom prayers and thanksgivings are not offered to the Father and Creator in the name of the crucified Jesus." Tertullian, about the middle of the second century, says: "We have filled every sphere of life—the exchange, the camp, the populace, the palace, the forum." Such an extension of Christianity, in the face of stripes, imprisonment and death, speaks strongly for the missionary zeal of those early times.

During the second and third centuries we find that missionaries have been successful in Gaul, southern Germany, Arabia and Ethiopia. Early in the fourth century Constantine, constrained by the prevalence of Christianity, among all classes of his people, immediately subsequent to the terrible persecution by Diocletian, published, A.D. 312, his edict of toleration throughout the Roman Empire.

The Nestorians began their missionary activity in the fourth century, and for a thousand years carried on missions in central and eastern Asia. But no missions were so successful in those early times as those from Ireland to continental Europe, in the fifth and sixth centuries.

In the fifth century the Gospel was preached in Ireland by Patrick, who, born in Scotland of Christian parents and instructed in the Gospel, having been twice taken captive by pirates and carried to Ireland as a slave, felt impelled after escaping the second time to return to the land of his bondage and make known the Gospel. He preached with such power that the island became nominally Christian before his death. Patrick, though ordained in France, seems to have had no close attachment to the Roman Church, and his successors long resisted the efforts of the Pope to bring them under control.

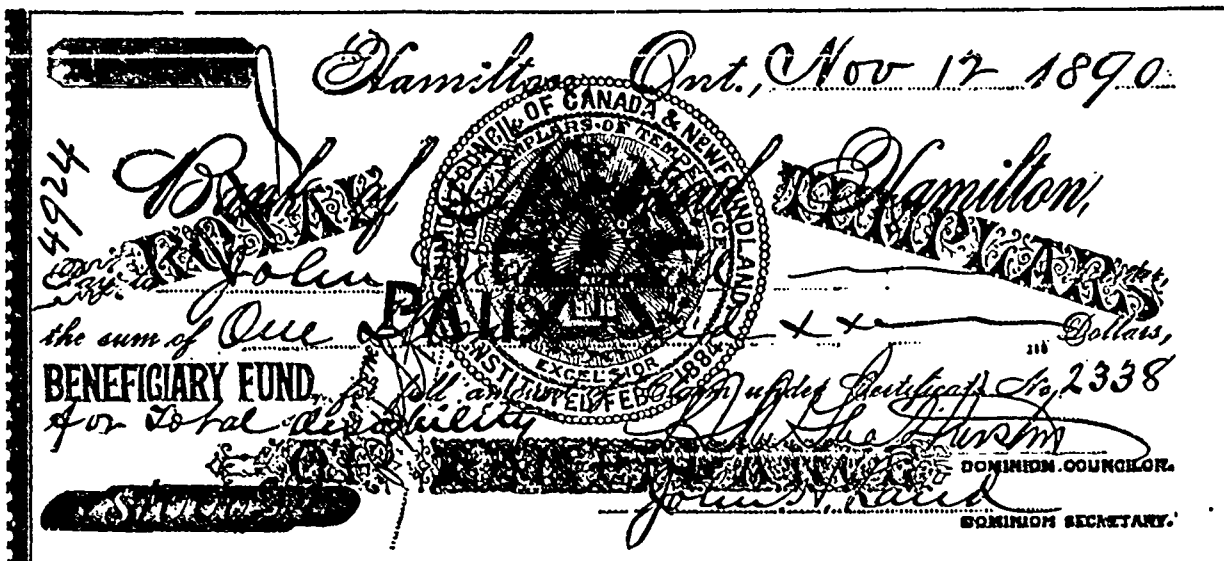
Columbanus took with him twelve young men and carried the Gospel to the Burgundians, Swiss, Franks and Italians, also to the Bavarians and other Germanic nations. His pupil Gallus, also an Irishman, was the apostle of Switzerland. Says Neander: "When Columbanus entered Germany it was wholly heathen, but before A.D. 720 the Gospel had been proclaimed by himself and his countrymen, and all the German tribes were obedient to the faith as taught by the Irish missionaries."

This noble band, in entering Germany, felt that the missionary enterprise in which they were engaged was not only bound to win, but that the all-conquering Gospel in their hand and in the hand of the Spirit, in its aggressive and progressive character, had accomplished the work, for Neander says: "All the German tribes were obedient to the faith as taught by the Irish missionaries."

Christ's presently existing Church or kingdom has within itself the whole resources by which it is destined to crush the anti-Christianism that obstructs its universal triumph and to win its way to the throne of the world. The great English historian, Sharon Turner, not a Gergyman, but an attorney, gives an encouraging statement of the triumph of Christianity in the different centuries: "In the first century, 50,000 Christians; in the second, 2,000,000; in the third, 5,000,000; in the fourth, 10,000,000; in the fifth, 15,000,000; in the sixth, 20,000,000; in the seventh, 24,000,000; in the eighth, 30,000,000; in the ninth, 40,000,000; in the tenth, 50,000,000; in the eleventh, 70,000,000; in the twelfth, 80,000,000; in the thirteenth, 75,000,000; in the fourteenth, 90,000,000; in the fifteenth, 100,000,000; in the sixteenth, 125,000,000; in the seventeenth, 150,000,000; in the eighteenth, 200,000,000 Christians."

Is there in this estimate any lack of vitality in the mustard seed's growth, any traces whatever that the world is becoming worse and worse? There seems to be a decadence in the thirteenth century of 5,000,000, but it is more than made up in the centuries following.

Says Dr. McNeil: "The common opinion is that this is the final dispensation, and that by a more copious outpouring of the Holy Spirit it will magnify itself and swell into the universal blessedness predicted by the prophets, uniting with it both Jews and Gentiles, to the whole world." It is the usual climax of missionary exhortation, and is reiterated from pulpit, press and platform.—Rev. J. Enright.



THE HAMILTON MIRACLE

The Case Investigated by a Globe Reporter

THE FACTS FULLY VERIFIED

One of the Most Remarkable Cases on Record

A MAN PROSTRATED BY EMINENT PHYSICIANS PERMANENTLY DISABLED FULLY RECOVERED—PAID \$1,000 CHECK FOR TOTAL DISABILITY—BY ROYAL TEMPLARS OF TEMPERANCE FOR TOTAL DISABILITY—HUNDREDS OF VISITORS

TORONTO DAILY GLOBE, July 25.—This is an age of doubt; especially in regard to cures by patent medicines, and not without reason, for too often have the sick and their near and dear loved ones been deceived by highly recommended nostrums that were avowed to be of less avail than as much water. The old, old fable of the boy and the wolf applies also too frequently to many of the specific concoctions for curing the ill that flesh is heir to; and when a real cure is effected by a genuine remedy those who might be benefited fight shy of it, saying "It was 'cure,' cure" so often before "that I won't try it." When such a state of affairs exists it is advisable that assurance should be made doubly sure.

A few weeks ago a marvellous and almost miraculous cure was made known to Canadians through the medium of the Hamilton newspapers. It was stated that Mr. John Marshall, a well-known resident of Hamilton, by the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, had been snatched from the very jaws of death, placed upon his feet and enabled to mingle with his fellow citizens with more than renewed health and strength, and even brighter spirits than he had experienced for years before. This remarkable statement naturally excited the wonder of almost a continent. Some believed, most people doubted, although the facts were placed so clearly as to ward off the slightest suspicion of fraud. To investigate the very extraordinary cure and place before the people of Canada and the United States verification or otherwise of it was the special mission of a Globe reporter a few days ago.

A close inquiry into the circumstances first showed that Mr. John Marshall, whose residence is 23 Little William St., off Barton St., in the northeast portion of the city, while employed as foreman for the Canadian Oil Company five years ago, fell upon the edge of an oil vat and hurt his back. Thinking little of the affair, Mr. Marshall continued to work on, but after a few months he became ill, gradually got worse, and in August, four years ago, became stricken with that dread disease, locomotor ataxia—a disease attacking the nerves and rendering that portion of the system attacked perfectly helpless, proclaimed by the physicians to be incurable—which left him from the waist downwards without feeling and utterly unable to move his lower limbs. All he was able to do was to raise himself by the aid of sticks and crutches and drag himself around the house and occasionally to the corner of the street on fine days. His legs were without feeling, pins and even knives were stuck into them without the sick man experiencing any inconvenience. He could take a walking stick and beat his legs until the blows resounded through the house, and yet he felt nothing. During all these years of torture Mr. Marshall consulted every doctor of ability in the city; tried every form of treatment and took almost every kind of patent medicine, but without receiving one tittle of relief. The agony was frequently so intense that he was obliged to take morphia pills in order to receive a reasonable amount of sleep.

As the months and years passed by, although the doctors continued to treat him in various ways, they plainly told the suffering man that he could not get better, the disease was set down in the works of specialists as incurable. The doomed man was member of the United Empire Council No. 190, Royal Templars of Temperance, and under the discouraging circumstances he thought it advisable to apply for the payment of the total disability claim of \$1,000, allowed by the Order on its insurance policy. Application was accordingly made, but before the claim was granted the patient had to offer conclusive proof of his total disability to the chief examiner, and Mr. Marshall was sent to Toronto for a special electrical treatment. It proved no more successful than the others that had preceded it, and a number of city doctors and the chief medical examiner of the Order signed the medical certificate of total disability, and Mr. Marshall received from the Dominion Councillor of the Royal Templars a cheque for \$1,000 last November. One day last February came Mr. Marshall's salva-

tion, although he did not accept it at first. A small pamphlet telling of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the diseases they cured was thrown into the house, but it was placed aside and no notice was taken of it for weeks. One day the sick man re-read the circular and concluded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, although Mrs. Marshall tried hard to dissuade him, saying they would be as ineffectual as all the others; but, on April 14th—memorable day to him—Mr. Marshall began to take the pills, one after each meal for a start. In a few days a change was noticed, and as he continued to take the pills he gradually improved, and in a little over a month he was able to take the train for Toronto and visit an astonished brother-in-law. Now he can walk four or five miles with any of his friends.

The Globe representative paid a visit to the house of the man thus rescued from a living death. Mr. Marshall's home, cosy, comfortable, with climbing flowers covering its front, was reached only to find him out taking a few miles' constitutional up town. Mrs. Marshall, with smile-wreathed face, and looking as happy and light-hearted as upon her wedding day, welcomed her visitor, and appeared delighted to have the opportunity of telling frankly and fully while awaiting Mr. Marshall's return—what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for her husband.

"It was a happy day for me," she said, "when Mr. Marshall tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Many the weary day I had before that. Look at all these things we bought, hoping they would cure him," and the good lady turned with an armful of straps and tacklings of all kinds. There was a combination of harness and attachments of leather used for the "suspensory treatment," by which the crippled man was hung in the barn by his body with his feet but a few inches from the floor. There were enough belts, bandages, supporters and soles to set up a good-sized store. Then Mrs. Marshall showed a collection of crutches and sticks which her husband had used. The whole collection was a large and remarkable one.

Mrs. Marshall showed a letter received that day from New York State, in which was a query similar to many that had previously been received by Mr. Marshall, "Write me if it is a fact or only an advertisement."

"Here's a bundle of letters," said Mrs. Marshall, showing about a hundred letters tied together, "that my husband has received during the past two weeks, and I can tell you he is only too glad to answer all the letters cheerfully and readily, for he is anxious to give all the information he can to others suffering as he did." A firm step here was heard at the gate, and in a moment a sturdy, healthy-looking man of middle age, with glowing black side whiskers and ruddy, pleasant features stepped into the room. It was Mr. Marshall, who gave no indication of ever having been a sick man suffering from ataxia. When the reporter's mission was explained, Mr. Marshall's face lighted up with a smile, which caused a responsive one to rise upon the features of his wife, and he expressed his perfect willingness to tell all that was asked of him.

"Why, I feel a better man now than I did ten years ago," said he, cheerfully. "It's four years next August since I did a day's work but I guess I can soon make a start again. About my illness? It was all caused through falling and hurting my back. I kept getting worse until I couldn't get off a chair without a stick or crutches. The lower part of my body and legs were useless. I tried every doctor and every patent medicine, spending hundreds of dollars. Everything that was likely to help me I got, but I might as well have thrown it in the bay. I suppose my wife has shown you the apparatus I used at one time or another. A dozen city doctors gave me up. I got enough electric shocks for half a dozen men, but they did me no good. I lost control of my bowels and water and couldn't sleep without morphia. During the day my legs were cold and I had to sit by the stove wrapped in a blanket, suffering intense agony from nervous pains in the legs, neck and head. Yes, I received from the Royal Templars a \$1,000 cheque, being declared totally unable to follow my employment. One day in April I took a notion to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, carefully following the directions accompanying each box. Why, in three days I got relief and kept on mending. I threw away the morphia pills and the crutches. I recovered my appetite and regained control of my bowels and water and I went on getting better and stronger, and now you see me stronger and more healthy than I was for years before I was taken ill. I tell you I am feeling first-class," and Mr. Marshall slapped his legs vigorously and gave the lower part of his back a good thumping, afterwards going up and down the room at a lively gait.

"I weigh 160 pounds to-day," he continued, "and I've gained 30 pounds since I first took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I haven't such a thing as a pain or ache about me, and another thing, I can walk as easily in the dark as in the light."

Mr. Marshall offered to make an affidavit to the truth of the above story, but the reporter considered that wholly unnecessary. He carried conviction to the enquirer's mind by every word and action, and there was no gainsaying the fact that the cure was one of the most marvellous in the nineteenth century. All the neighbours bore testimony to the genuineness of the cure. None of them ever expected

to see Mr. Marshall on his feet again and regarded his restoration to health as nothing short of marvellous.

The headquarters of the Royal Templars of Temperance for Canada are in Hamilton. At the publishing house of the order, Mr. W. W. Buchanan, general manager and one of the most prominent temperance advocates of the Dominion, was found. In response to the reporter's question he said: "Oh yes, I am well acquainted with Mr. John Marshall. He has been a member of one of the councils of this city for about seven years. He is a well known citizen and a reliable temperance man. About four years ago he was first taken seriously ill and his case was brought before the order. The provisions under which the total disability claim is paid in our organization are very strict. The weekly sick benefit is payable to any person under the doctor's care who is unable to follow their usual avocation, but the total disability is a comparatively large sum, only paid a member who is disabled for life, and declared by medical men to be entirely past all hope of recovery. In Mr. Marshall's case there was some difficulty, it is true. He was examined upon a number of occasions, covering a period of upwards of two years. The medical men who examined him all agreed that there was little hope of recovery, but they would not give the definite declaration that our law demands that the claimant was permanently and totally disabled until last November. When this declaration by two regular physicians was made and our Dominion Medical Referee, we paid Mr. Marshall the total disability benefit of one thousand dollars. He was paid by a cheque on the Bank of Montreal. There is no doubt whatever about the remarkable character of Mr. Marshall's cure. A large number of our members in this city were intimately acquainted with Mr. Marshall and called upon him frequently. All were unanimous in the belief that he was past all hope of recovery. His cure is looked upon as next to a miracle. I have conversed with him a number of times about it, and he gives the whole credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the application of cold water which is recommended as a subsidiary treatment by the proprietors of the medicine. He drops into my office every day or two and is apparently enjoying good health now."

The general offices of the order are in the old Bank of Upper Canada building just opposite the publishing house. Mr. J. H. Land, the Dominion secretary, was easily found, and in response to the questions asked simply corroborated all that the general manager had said. Mr. Land is a neighbour of Mr. Marshall, living within a block of him in the north eastern part of the city. He was well acquainted with him for years before he was taken sick, and pronounced his recovery as one of the most remarkable things in all his experience.

"I have not much faith in patent nostrums," said Mr. Land, "but Mr. Marshall's case proves beyond a doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful medicine. He seems to have exhausted all other means and methods of treatment during his long illness and all without any benefit, but his recovery was rapid and wonderful immediately after he commenced using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Inquiries among the city druggists disclosed the fact that an extraordinary demand had arisen for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that the claims made for them by the proprietors are borne out by numerous cures. It may here be remarked that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered by the proprietors as a certain blood tonic and nerve builder for all diseases arising from an over-taxed or weakened condition of the nervous system, or from an impoverished or vitiated condition of the blood—such as the complaints peculiar to female weakness, loss of appetite, inability to sleep, dizziness, pale and sallow complexion, loss of memory, that tired feeling which affects so many, and disease resulting from over work, mental worry, abuse or loss of vital forces, etc.

John A. Barr, a well-known and popular dispenser of drugs here, told the reporter that he knew of no patent medicine that had such a demand upon it, or one that had done all that was promised for it. On that day he had sold no less than forty boxes of the pills, and since he received the first instalment he had sold nearly three hundred boxes. He told of several cases of great relief and cure that had come under his notice. Mr. Wm. Webster, 154-155, Nab St., after suffering from ataxia for years, from the first had found certain relief from taking the pills, and he is now a new man. Mr. George Lees, corner of Park and Main Sts., after years of illness of a similar nature, has taken three boxes of the pills, and was able to walk out greatly improved in health. Another case Mr. Barr vouched for was a city patient, who had been cured by the pills of the effects of la grippe, after having been given up by the doctors. Many others had spoken highly of the Pink Pills as a fine remedy for nervous and blood disorders. Other druggists told the same story.

One thing worthy of note in connection with the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the light expense attending the treatment. These pills are sold in 1-100 (never in bulk or by the 100) at fifty cents a box, and may be had of all dealers or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N.Y.