

## Sunday Reading.

The Philippine Religious Revolt.

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By the latest mail from Manila, letters have been received giving important details of the great Filipino secession from Romanism to Evangelical Christianity. It is estimated that not less than 5,000 natives in Manila and the surrounding towns and villages have voluntarily abandoned the Roman Church and come over to Protestantism. They are heartily sick of the long period of oppression under the rule of the friars, and are eager for the education and liberty that were denied them under Spanish rule. The religious secession from Rome and the thrilling incident of Aguinaldo's capture by General Funston have been two of the greatest events since the war began. In the letters published below, some exceedingly interesting details are furnished, which throw light on the situation and show that America's mission in the Archipelago is far from concluded, although there are abundant indications that the long war, which seems to have been largely fomented by the friars, is fortunately nearing an end.

The writer of the first letter is Dr. Alice B. Condit, an American medical missionary now in Manila. She says:

MANILA, P. I., Feb. 8, 1901.

We are having stirring times in Manila now. Before this letter can reach you, I am sure you will have read news by telegram of the formation of a political party by the Filipinos themselves, called the 'Federal Party,' whose sole aim is to circulate among their countrymen reasons for giving up the rebellion, and coming at once to an amicable agreement with the U. S. Government, laying down arms, and accepting the terms our Government shall give.

Last week the Federals had meetings in Manila, made speeches, and discussed matters relating to the present insurrection. Full reports were printed of these meetings in Spanish and Tagalog papers, which go broadcast all over these islands, and no doubt will reach insurgent camps and have a cooling effect on their Order when they find the most intelligent and best of their own countrymen are urging measures for peace.

On Sunday last a mass meeting was held in a Filipino theatre. There was a goodly number present, about 700 I judge. The much talked of 'Revolt from Romanism' took definite shape. The audience awoke to loud enthusiasm when a very enthusiastic citizen asked if they intended longer to submit to the Pope, Mgr. Capel and the friars. Each question was answered by thunders of 'No! no!' The leaders went on to speak of the horrors of the Spanish Revolution of 1868, in which thousands of their countrymen lost their lives fighting for their rights. 'That government,' he said, was entirely ruled by priests. Altar and throne were combined. The King and priests formed a brotherhood. The will of the people was not consulted. The Senor argued for the substitution of Filipino clericals for the friars. When he asked if he was not right, the audience arose and shouts of approval went up. 'What is wanted,' said he, 'is not separation, but reform within the church.' As in the days of Luther, these people are loath to leave the church of their fathers; but, like Luther, they are bound to discover, later on, that no reform is possible if they still remain Romanists.

Following this amiable Senor, an American Presbyterian missionary, Rev. James B. Rogers, arose to speak. He read a passage from La Santa Biblia (the Spanish Bible), then offered a short prayer for Divine guidance in the meeting. He then gave this text: 'Give me, my son, thine heart.' 'What need has God of us that he begs of us our hearts! If you do not want the Pope and the friars, you still want God. You want evangelical religion, and that is a personal religion. It is entirely individual. It is not a question of families nor of a nation. It is each person, each individual being directly responsible to God. The mediation of saints separates one from God, and that is the greatest possible wrong to us. Evangelical christianity requires no change in your politics or theology. It is a movement for a knowledge of Christ. This is a positive movement of people who are tired of human mediation, and seek a personal knowledge of God. This is essentially christian, not intellectual, but spiritual, and a movement for true liberty. Religious liberty is the most precious liberty we can have.' The attention of the entire mass meeting was intense and rapt throughout the whole address.

I must tell you that in their warm-heart-

ed enthusiasm they felt bound to entertain these American leaders on the stage, and ordered to have brought into the theatre by a side door a 'keg of ice cold beer,' just such as they see advertised on every side, and that the mass of Americans seem to be always imbibing. Before Mr. Rogers and the other missionaries were aware of what was going on 'the ice cold beer' was passed. The Filipinos thought it was correct, and took their share. Of course our missionaries were too astonished to keep back a broad smile, while they refused the well-intentioned glass. No doubt in the past these same Filipino gentlemen had drunk with the priests and friars, and why not now!

If you could see our newspapers, you would read that Judge Taft, President of the American Commission, entertained the leaders of the Federal Party at his lovely residence in the suburbs of Manila, on that same Sunday eve. It was a lawn party. In the full moon, by the sea, lanned by the softest of ocean breezes, lit by a flood of nature's softest light, which cast dense shadows under the palms and other trees, these shades again lit by the ornate Japanese lanterns, where refreshments were served and soft Filipino music completed the charming scene. Here, too, our free American ways were not altogether what our Sabbath observers and good citizens would have chosen.

The American Army and Commission are not altogether the most ideal spiritual influences we would crave for the Filipinos who want a Christianity that is consistent and that leads Godward. Christians in the home land need to pray much for us here.

Today's papers announce that 'the end has come in Marinduque. Five thousand accept the Federal platform. Three thousand Bolo men surrender.' So events move on rapidly. Senor Juan Niens, sent by this same Federal party to the island of Marinduque, has returned flushed by success. His twenty days' visit to the beautiful island has resulted in the termination of all insurrection there, and the enrollment of five thousand men in the Federal party.

But the latest and best news of all I have to give you, is that the Filipino women have formed a Peace League. I have an invitation to its first meeting, to be held on Saturday next. The translation of this Spanish invitation card is as follows:

The Woman's Peace League—Honored Lady—A sad war is clouding our beloved country and causing sorrow and desolating anxiety to hearts in these islands and in your own loved land. Soon will be completed the two years during which many of our loved ones have forever been lost to their earthly homes. Others have seen their homes destroyed and their fortunes lost. We deplore the continuation of this war. We believe that the hour for ending these sorrows has come. In this belief we appeal to your interest, your feelings of sympathy and help, your compassion for your fellow men. We crave, with our hearts stirred with love for our country, your presence and help at this league will be held with the object of electing directors, composed of Americans and Filipinos. With assured hope we look forward to a great and lasting liberty beneath the protection of the American flag. Believe me faithfully yours.

CONSTANCIA POBLATE ARRIETA.

One of His Angels.

Four years ago the doctor spent a fortnight with his old college friend, Judge Rush.

The visit was a painful one. The old Rush mansion was stately as ever; the white-haired judge as warm-hearted and chivalric as when he was a schoolboy. But his only son, Harry, had married a village girl whom the judge regarded as his inferior. She was fond of dress, pert and a little vulgar. Harry was tiring of her already, and had begun to drink and to gamble. They were all wretched, and although scrupulously polite, at odds with each other.

The doctor cut short his visit. The beautiful old home, he felt, was full of hidden jealousy and hate. Not even one of God's angels,—not death itself,—he thought, could ever set it right.

It was three years before he went to the house again. Harry wrote, begging him to comfort his father by a visit of his old friend. The letter was cordial and affectionate, 'not like Harry,' he thought. The young man met him at the station with an eager welcome. He had changed in some strange way, was graver, simpler; he was an earnest man, no longer a vain boy.

The doctor found the judge in his chamber at luncheon. It was served daintily on a little table, and Mary, Harry's wife, was peering out the tea and carrying the chicken. The doctor had a warm welcome.

'Set down, sit down and take a bite with me,' cried the judge. 'I can't leave my

room, and I can't lose sight of you. Mary will bring another plate. She is very good to me,' looking affectionately at her as she nodded and hurried away. 'That's the best nurse in the world!' he said. 'Harry was a lucky fellow. She's the truest, most genuine little woman!'

The doctor was puzzled. As he talked with the judge he found he had lost his old cynical bitter humor, as if, in making ready to leave the world, he desired to be just and kind to the people in it.

But in the woman the change was startling. The vanity, the self assertion, were gone. She was gentle, earnest, tender in her manner, but in her face there was a look which the old doctor could not interpret. He spoke of it to the judge when they were alone.

'It is as if she were here and yet far away—looking at something which we do not see,' he said.

'Yes, yes, poor Mary!' The old man adjusted the cups hurriedly, his voice choking. When he could control it, he continued:

'It's the baby, you see. Our little boy. She's never lost him out of her mind for a minute, poor girl!'

'I—did not know,' stammered the doctor.

'Yes. We lost him last March. Two years old.' The old man was silent a while.

'A most remarkable boy, doctor. I thought I was going to live over my life in him. I've his picture here, but it does not hint what he has. He brought us all together. I never knew Mary until I saw her wisdom and devotion with him. Well, well, God knows best!'

That evening, when the doctor came in to bid his old friend good night, he found the Bible open before him. The old man smiled and touched it. 'Yes, I neglected that sort of thing all my life; but now I've a long journey before me, and I must find out how to make it.' He bade the doctor good night, but held his hand a minute.

'Who knows,' he said, with a sad smile flickering over his face, 'but that I may find the boy out there again?'

'He sends His angels where He will,' the doctor muttered, as he walked away, 'but they come oftener, like their Master, as a little child.'

### Children's Concepts of God.

The boy was eight years old. His mother was foreign born and spoke little English. His father was of French extraction, and though he spoke English by preference, it was not the king's English. As far as the memories of their neighborhood ran they were excellent people.

The boy went to school in a state that is at great pains to teach its children the questionable performances of the pagan gods of antiquity, and at equal pains to exclude any mention of the God in whose name their commonwealth is founded. Moreover, he grew up in a corner of it where church going and Sunday school are in scant favor. His own people, and most of his neighbors, were good Catholics when they remembered to be anything, which was about once in two years.

He had been to school about two years when he fell into the hands of the teacher who makes this record.

It was the hour for original composition. 'You may take your slates,' said the teacher, 'and write all you know about God. When she had looked at some slates the teacher asked: 'Is God good?'

There was no doubt on some faces, a few tentative 'Yes, ma'am's,' then a general rush of affirmation as the opinion gained ground that this was the required answer.

But the boy said 'no.' 'No, ma'am, no; He ain't good'; said it with conviction and some anxiety, lest she should be missed on this important point by the ignorance of the majority. The teacher walked down the aisle and turned up the boy's slate. In the middle of it he had written in a cramped, scrawling hand: 'God is a swar.' And his teacher had told him it is bad to swear, so had his mother—of course God is bad.

The teacher looked down into a face already beginning to be troubled about the discrepancies between his personal convictions and the popular opinion, and explained that it is because God is so good that it is wrong to use his name in a bad way. She also added the information, evidently new that God made everything, and that he sees and loves the children.

But if the boy knew nothing of the attributes of Deity, he was well acquainted with the ways of angels, as a chance reference in the reading lesson revealed. He said they were ladies that lived in the sky, and had wings with feathers on them. They could fly and play the fiddle. He said he knew all these things from a picture his mother had, which picture, when the teacher found opportunity to see it, proved to be a Madonna surrounded by any number of able bodied 'ladies' playing stringed instruments.

## WHEN DISCOURAGED TURN TO DR. CHASE.

He Cures Every Form of Piles Thoroughly and Well Without the Danger, Expense and Pain of an Operation.

It is surprising what a large number of men and women suffer from the wretched uneasiness and torturing itching of piles. You may be among those who, through modesty or fear of the surgeon's knife, have been prevented from appealing to your physician for a cure. You have tried the hundred and one things that friends have recommended and have become discouraged. You say, as many have said before you, there is no cure for piles.

Now is the time for you to turn to Dr. Chase, whose famous ointment is recognized the world over as the only actual cure for every form of piles. The real substantial value of Dr. Chase's Ointment has given it a unique position among medicines. It is used in nearly every neighborhood on this continent and has become known by word of mouth from friend to friend and neighbor to neighbor. Ask your friends about it, ask your druggist, ask your doctor. Others have been discouraged, and after years of misery have been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. Here is one, Mrs. James Brown, Hintonburg, near Ottawa, writes:—'I have been

a constant sufferer from nearly every form of piles for the last twenty years, and during that time both here and in the old country have tried most every remedy.

'I am only doing justice to Dr. Chase's Ointment when I say that I believe it to be the best remedy obtainable for bleeding and protruding piles. I strongly recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to mothers, or indeed to any person suffering from that dread torment—piles.'

Mr. George Thompson, a leading merchant of Blenheim, Ont., states:—'I was troubled with itching piles for fifteen years, and at times they were so bad I could scarcely walk. I tried a great many remedies, but never found anything like Dr. Chase's Ointment. After the third application I obtained relief, and was completely cured by using one box.' Ask your neighbors about Dr. Chase's Ointment, the only absolute cure for piles.

You can obtain Dr. Chase's Ointment for 60 cents a box from any dealer. If you prefer, enclose this amount to these offices and the remedy will be sent post-paid to your address. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

It was the day the teacher took the third-year class out to the irrigating ditch to study the behavior of tadpoles that the boy evolved his theory of the order of creation.

'Did God make the tadpoles?' he questioned.

'Yes.'

'And did he make the toads?'

'Yes, those too.'

'Then why didn't he make 'em all toads, and not let them be tadpoles?'

'I do not know; what do you think about it?'

The boy was quite used to such answers from his teacher.

'I guess,' he said, 'it was too hard to make 'em all toads at first. It ain't so much trouble to make 'em tadpoles, and let 'em get to be toads themselves.'

The teacher talked sometimes, in words of one syllable, of God's knowledge of their misdeeds, and their accountability to him, but was careful never to ascribe to him any semblance nor habitation. Yet from some source the boy learned to locate (God's) home in the vast unshadowed blue, and to look to him as the author of all natural phenomena. When he did not know the answer to any question in the nature lesson, such as: What makes the wind? What makes the rainbow? he answered 'God,' with an air of finality that made it a little difficulty to explain the difference between primal cause and physical agency.

It was a gusty country where these things happened, and the wind was often the subject of the morning talk. In the early spring the children brought to school whistles and slips of young willow bark. There was a blowing contest one day under the window where the teacher stood to overlook the playground. The boy came off second best, but though acknowledging defeat was unwilling to admit the superiority of the victor.

'Uh! you think you can blow, don't you?'

'Well, I know somebody that can blow a lot harder than you can.'

'Who then?' demanded the other.

'Well, God can; he can blow forty miles an hour!'

During the morning recess in the beginning of the marble season the unexpected happened. The boy and one other had a fight. The teacher instituted enquiries that elicited the following explanation:

'We were playing marbles and the bell rang, so we picked up the marbles and came quick 'cause you don't like us to be late. And I picked up Eddie's taw and didn't know I had it, and I gave it back to him. And he said I stole it, and he would tell God on me. And I hit him, and,' indignation breaking out in fresh tears, 'he hit me, 'cause he was going to tell God on me. And I didn't want him to do that, 'cause I didn't steal it neither.'

The boy listened respectfully enough to the teacher's explanation of this vexatious point, but the trouble did not go out of his face for some moments.

He had a robust faith in God's prowess that would have accepted the sun standing still upon Gibeon as a matter of course. Such orthodox traditions as the teacher found opportunity to tell him out of hours met with the readiest belief. In one of their walks for nature study, the children discussed the height and difficulty of ascent of the mountain about whose foot they strayed. Almost impassable they judged it, but the boy would not have it so.

'I'll bet,' he said, 'that God could go over it in one jump, and never know it.'

At the end of the term the teacher had the children write on their slates all they had learned about God. Such instruction as she had given them had necessarily been of the simplest, to the effect that the Creator of all things, loved those creations, knew all things, even to the innermost thoughts of their hearts, and wished them all to do right. Nothing more. And the boy wrote: 'God is a great big man that lives in the sky. He is good. God made the grass. God made the wind blow. God made the toads. God made everything. God can see right through a house or anything. When you die God gets you. He is stronger than anybody.'

Chiquita did not come of a religious family, and being reared in the comfortable isolation of a California ranch, had not, up to her fourth year, received any account of things. The well meaning person who gave her the first report of Deity was not particularly happy in the attempt. Shortly afterward Chiquita was heard to ask a member of the family if he knew 'anything about that good old man that lives up in sky.' Being laughed at, she would not for a long time refer to Him in any way.

When the teacher gave her an account of the creation she received it sceptically, and seemed inclined to regard it as a sort of a fairy tale. However, since she has not troubled with nice distinctions or moral attributes, she came to accept him finally as the creator, and in the wide open days of midsummer grew into a kind of reverential awe of him, not often found in church bred children. She wished very much to open communication with him, but it was always as the God of outdoors. Often she said of a fruit or a flower, 'Let us not pick that, let us leave it for God.'

Once, while walking along the hills, she strayed away from the others and was gone so long that someone asked her what she had been doing. 'Oh, just talking with God,' was all the information she vouchsafed.

As Chiquita began to go about more, and to read, she gradually acquired a less pagan conception of Deity. She heard the Old Testament myths, and rated them less than 'Red Ridinghood,' and 'Jack the Giant Killer.' That her elders treated these tales seriously afforded her a grave amusement.

With this new knowledge came the inevitable materialistic imagery of the half-taught. About this time she was heard to reprove her dolls for not 'going to church every Sunday the way God does.'

She was also detected in certain mysterious rites connected with offerings of bits of food and treasured tinsel scraps, which she bestowed on favorite trees, or in clefts in the rocks. These she was very unwilling to be questioned about, and it was never ascertained if they were in any way connected with her ideas of the superhuman, or were simple imitative plays.

The God of outdoors was gradually dropped from her common thought, and the new God had no place in her cosmogony. 'God is very religious, is He not?' she said in her seventh year, which the teacher thought was rather a falling off.—Mary Austin in 'Kindergarten.'

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'he added, a moment later, sigh.

were. I can fancy how you Honour returned, in tones of

thinking of myself then, but I were different he should be does. I could earn money ar and the children, and then free. You do not understand

, because you do not know us—only that we are what come down in the world.' I tell you what I mean if it is you, then you would know of goodness Clive has been

ured her that she would like it was out of no mere politeness so.

wished to know more about y, who was already beginning or as no man had ever done

it mamma were his own were his full brother and girl began warmly. 'Then, of might be said to have some im; but as it is, most men, was, would have let us to do could for ourselves. When had lost all his money, you ll we had to depend on was ghly pounds a year. How ople to live on that?

rried herself almost to death he could see no way to had never been extravagant yed according to his position in the Guards has lots of ex- know—and he had never saving anything; there had any need, as he naturally ex- ve his share of papa's pro-

everything was gone, and all he pay and the income derived arm—that had been settled his uncle when he was quite insisted on our taking the and declared he could man- ull on his pay. Of course, it martyrdom for him to live like what could we do—a delicate helpless cripple, and two young

ad gone on for nearly a year ven the farm became vacant, lve determined to sell out of d work it himself. He did not ing about farming, but he got ward to come to him for a noe then he has managed fair- t I know he hates the work, ll he says to the contrary. and—'he is a hero!' exclaimed h flushing cheeks and kindling

CHAPTER IV.

ks later the two girls, who had e almost like sisters, were ether at the Hall, or rather ill sitting at the table.

itself had long been finished; d begun to talk about Clive, d forgotten all else.

the butler came in with the ntaining the mid day letters, y opening it, took out three. ly she guessed at the contents e laid them aside with in- unopened.

face flushed with pleasure as she e third.

on Roy,' she cried. 'You will e reading it, will you, dear?'

ard girl to ask such a question! ha. 'Read it, of course. If I Clive for some time, I should en polite enough, I fear, to permission to read his letter.'

lanced rapidly over the missive ot a long one.

I be home at the end of the e that good news!' she exclaim- rking eyes, as she finished it. like him very much, Githa, e shall be fearfully disappoint-

my best; but you know I do e got on with strangers,' res- ha gravely.

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.

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