

**Religious Work in the Philippines.**

There is a paper of the Methodist Episcopal Church published in Manila, P. I., called the *Philippine Christian Advocate*. Rev. J. L. McLaughlin is the editor. Writing in *Zion's Herald* of mission work there, he tells something of the difficulties encountered. He says that no page of history records more bitter persecutions than those met there at the present time. And the most barbarous massacres have, he says, been instigated by the priests, who tell their ignorant followers that all Americans are unbelievers (a story too easily credited according to the lives of the average Americans here), and that it is their religious duty to exterminate them at whatever cost or strategy. One such priest was convicted of open complicity in these crimes. The evidence was sufficient to have sent any other man to the gallows, but out of consideration to the "cloth" he was sentenced to twenty years of hard labor in the State prison, where he is now serving his time.

Our followers well know that to accept Protestantism means ostracism, hardships and persecutions. Some of the stories retailed to the simple-minded natives and credulously accepted by them, are too ridiculous for even a moment's consideration by one unaccustomed to the Oriental mind. Some time ago our ordained pastor, Rev. Nicholas Zamora, was holding a street meeting in a neighboring town. It was the first Gospel meeting he ever held in that place. During the service a poor woman was noticed circling around the crowd. One of the workers approached her and asked what she wanted. She replied that only the Sunday previous the parish priest in his sermon had told them that all Protestants possessed tails like monkeys, and that all who so much as listened to a Protestant sermon would develop a like appendage. Her woman's curiosity got the better of her fears, and she wanted to see for herself if that really were true.

For fifteen years past a certain man has been an attendant in one of the monasteries here in the city. As a result of his attendance on the games and orgies of the cowed occupants, he became such a devotee of the gambling places as to draw upon himself even the admonitions of his instructors. A short time since he was soundly converted in one of our Methodist services. The gambling was given up, and his life renewed in Christ. Immediately he was dismissed from his employment, and his fellow employees were admonished that he is an outcast such as to even notice on the street would be a mortal sin.

For nine years a poor blind man has spent all his time in one of the principal churches of the city as a professional pray-er, receiving a few pence each day for mumbling the prayers which others cared not to repeat. In a humble Methodist street meeting this man was soundly converted. His testimony is one of the clearest, and his life is a constant expression of joy.

Nevertheless his action was of sufficient importance to call for a public denunciation on the part of the priest in his Sunday morning sermon, in which he denounced the poor blind brother as lost, and warned all his parishioners to shun him as they would a leper.

In one large section of the city there had never been any chapel or church building, though there was a flourishing cock-pit here that drew its thousands daily. Many of the inhabitants were employed in a tile factory owned by a wealthy Roman Catholic lady. About a year ago, the Methodist itinerants began their services there and many conversions followed. A chapel was built, the cock-pit closed up, and the immoral life of the place renovated. Immediately formal notice was served on the people that all who became Protestants would be dropped from the pay-roll of the factory, and persecution has in one of two instances developed into open violence.

During the military days a little three-weeks-old babe died and was carried by a Protestant uncle to the parish cemetery for burial. The father was dead, the mother was a Romanist, but no priest had ever come to the house to administer the rite of baptism. The only blame that could possibly attach to the little one was that of being related to a Protestant uncle. Interment was refused, but a kindly intentioned American soldier compelled the service to be carried out at the point of the bayonet. The little grave was properly filled up, and the simple burial rites completed. But scarcely had the friends left the cemetery when the priest ordered the body disinterred and ruthlessly thrown in to the street, a busy thoroughfare, where it lay for twenty-four hours before the board of health rescued it and gave it decent burial. But in this case the priest effected more than he planned, for on account of this outrage an investigation was started and that cemetery was closed by order of the government.

All Protestant marriages are denounced as concubinage only, and the priests do not in the least hesitate to treat them as such. This likewise is working itself out, and we hope soon to have suitable marriage laws enacted by the civil commission, which will regulate the matter throughout the entire archipelago. The boys in the friar schools are taught to look lightly upon everything American as flavoring of infidelity. This has caused several clashes between them and the soldiers.

Thus the list might be indefinitely continued. Our people know that the Christian life here must be one of persecution. Romanism knows no such word as tolerance. Religious liberty enters not into her regimen. The bitterness of her opposition can be appreciated only by those who have been on the spot and seen for themselves. To her the end justifies the means. We hope that this darkness of the mediæval ages may be slowly dispersed, but it will be only as the pure light of the Son of God is shed abroad in the land.

**HAD TO LEAVE SCHOOL.**

**THE PITIABLE STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL.**

Every Mother of a Growing Girl will be Interested in the Story Told by the Young Lady.

Miss Laura Dumontier is the daughter of a well-to-do-farmer in St. Cuthbert, Quebec. The circumstances under which she was forced to discontinue her studies and leave school will be of interest to all mothers of growing girls, and Miss Dumontier consents to make them public for the benefit her experience may be to others. She says: "At the age of twelve I was sent to a convent school in this parish. At that time I was as healthy as any girl of my age. At the end of a couple of years, however, I felt my strength leaving me. My appetite grew poor, and I suffered from severe headaches. I nevertheless continued my studies until October, 1901, when I became very ill and was forced to leave school. The headaches that had bothered me became almost constant. I suffered from pains in the back and stomach, and the least exertion would leave me almost breathless. A doctor was called in and he said I was suffering from anæmia, and was in a very dangerous condition. He treated me until February without the least beneficial result. Then another doctor was called in, but no better results followed his treatment. My parents were now thoroughly alarmed and two other doctors from St. Barthelemi were called in, and after consultation their verdict was that my trouble had reached an incurable stage. I was greatly disheartened and did not expect to live long, when one day one of my friends asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had lost confidence in all medicines, but was willing to try anything that might help me, and my father got me a supply of the pills. When I had used a couple of boxes it was very plain that the pills were doing me good, and after I had taken them a couple of months I was once more enjoying the blessing of good health. I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved my life and I gladly give my experience in the hope that it may be of benefit to some other young girls."

No discovery of modern times has proved such a blessing to young girls and women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They act directly on the blood and nerves, invigorate the body, regulate the functions and restore health and strength to the exhausted patient when every effort of the physician proves unavailing. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or may be had by mail post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Remember that no other medicine can take the place of these pills, and see that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is on the wrapper around every box.

—The Hungarian Government has published statistics showing that, during the last six years, 2,158 persons (1,097 men and 1,061 women) have separated themselves from the Jewish communities in Hungary. Of these 1,430 joined the Roman Catholic church, 77 the Greek Catholic, 35 the Greek Orthodox, 188 the Evangelical Lutheran, 417 the Evangelical Reformed, and 11 the Unitarian. On the other hand, the fact is recorded that 363 Roman Catholics became Jews. Whether the last mentioned were in part such as had left the Jews and were drawn back again does not appear.

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