

Sunday Reading.

The Filipino Religious Revolt.

Copyright, 1901, The Christian Herald, New York. By the latest mail from Manila, letters have been received giving important details of the great Filipino secession from Romanism to Evangelical Christianity.

The writer of the first letter is Dr. Alice B. Condict, 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.'

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.

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.

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.'

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.

If you could see our newspapers, you would read that Judge Tatf, 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.

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.

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 Niema, 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.

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.

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 sight 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 pouring out the tea and carrying the chicken. The doctor had a warm welcome.

'Sit 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.

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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 difficult 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 jaw and didn't know I had it, and I gave it back to him at recess. 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

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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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