

# EASTERN CANADIAN MESSENGER

OSHAWA, ONTARIO, JAN. 29, 1918

## Quebec Committee Meeting

The latter part of December the writer went to Montreal to meet with the executive and auditing committees of the Quebec Conference. It was a pleasure to meet with the good brethren composing these committees and to cooperate with them in auditing accounts and laying plans for the furtherance of the work in the conference.

Upon inquiry the auditing committee learned that because of the tremendous increase in the cost of living since the outbreak of the war the conference laborers had been unable, during the past year, to make ends meet on their salaries which had been increased but little if any since the war began. All the members of the committee felt that our faithful workers must be given a living wage if they are to stay in the field and do successful work. God declares, "the laborer is worthy of his hire." Therefore after a careful study both of the needs of the workers and the conference finances it was voted to give each laborer a fair bonus for the past year and a reasonable supplement to their regular wages while the present high war prices prevail. This plan is being followed now by the various conferences throughout the North American Division Conference and we feel confident that the action of the committee will meet with the approval of our people in Quebec.

While together the executive committee voted among other things to invite Brother Duclos of Ottawa to connect with the work in Quebec as Field and Home Missionary Secretary. This we believe was a move in the right direction, one that will mark the beginning of a new era for the literature work in old Quebec. Brother Duclos is a native of Quebec. He was educated in a Baptist College in that Province and speaks the French as fluently as the English. Since accepting the truth in Ottawa a few years ago he has devoted much of his time to the sale of our books and other literature and during the year 1917 the Lord greatly blessed his efforts while canvassing in Ontario. We feel that Quebec is fortunate in securing the services of such a devoted and successful worker. With the help of God and the cooperation of his brethren we confidently believe that he will succeed in the work to which he has been called.

On Sabbath morning and Sunday afternoon it was my privilege to fill again the same pulpit that I filled so many times during the years that we were stationed in Montréal. It was a real treat to be able to meet once more with the members of this church, a number of whom it was our happy lot to help bring into the truth. We also enjoyed meeting many of the people in their homes and we regretted that time did not permit of our accepting all the invitations extended to us. During our stay in the city we were entertained at the hospitable home of Professor and Mrs. Davies.

Sunday night Elder Young delivered an interesting address to a fair sized audience in the hall down in the center of the city where Elder Webster is giving a series of lectures this winter with good prospect of a harvest of souls. Elder Webster is assisted in the work by his father, who is also an ordained minister and Miss Anna Blythe. Different members of the church are also doing what they can to make these meetings a success.

We greatly enjoyed the time spent in Montreal. May the Lord richly bless the work in Quebec's metropolis, as well as throughout the entire conference.

A. V. OLSON.

## Halifax Disaster

[Several weeks ago we printed an article under this same heading which was written by Elder Olson who reached the scene the afternoon of the day the explosion occurred. This article, by Elder Chapman, gives a graphic description of an eye witness and also of one who was in the midst of the wreckage.—ED.]

Our brethren everywhere have heard more or less of the terrible disaster here at Halifax, and doubtless will rejoice that God miraculously spared us. No lives were lost of all our members except one little child. Sister Jennie Boutalier's little Helen, aged two years, was burned in the ruins of their house. While we feel very sad over the loss of this little one we can only praise God that no others were lost and that he so wonderfully preserved us during this terrible calamity.

Thursday, Dec. 6, 1917, is a date which will never be forgotten by those who survived this great catastrophe. The morning dawned bright and beautiful. Every one was busy with the usual activities of life. Little did any one think that death and destruction were so near.

It came to us, as a family, like a bolt from the blue sky just as we were about to bow in morning worship together. There was a slight rumble and then the terrible shock, so sudden we had no time to think of danger until it was over. The whole thing could have been no more than five seconds. Our windows were gone, curtains, glass and everything scattered about and broken. Our front door lay a mass of kindling wood with the whole frame and glass panels of the inner door in a heap of debris on the hall floor. When we began to look about every one's house was the same.

In some parts children had already assembled at school and others were on their way so that families were separated and none knew what had become of the others. In one school of 525 children only 7 are alive. In some instances whole families were killed. It made us think of the great day of God for it surely came as a snare so sudden there was no way of escape. The terrible havoc wrought in those few seconds is beyond the power of tongue or pen to describe. With two thousand killed, three thousand seriously injured, and six thousand rendered homeless, beside hundreds made totally or partially blind, one forms a little idea of its vastness.

We were warned to leave our houses and flee to open fields as there was danger of another explosion. Many went without proper wraps and footwear and as there was snow and ice on the ground much suffering was caused from exposure. Many died from fright and nervous shock.

Our little boy was sick with pneumonia, we had been up several nights treating him. We wrapped him well and carried his cot out to an open space a few blocks distant where we remained until after one o'clock in the afternoon when we were told that all danger was over. How glad we were! We then learned the cause of the disaster—that the steamer, Mont Blanc loaded with about three thousand tons of high explosives had caught fire in a collision with a Belgian relief boat and caused the explosion.

Every building in the city was shattered more or less and windows were broken in houses more than twenty miles distant.

We immediately began to think of different ones of our brethren who were nearer the scene than we were, wondering how they fared. We greatly rejoiced upon learning of them one by one, to find them alive and we praised God more and more each time we heard of another. Surely he did encamp around us. Although three of our sisters had had wounds none of them were serious. Our little church which we had so recently painted and at which we had a goodly attendance of outside listeners on Sunday evenings, was shattered beyond repair, being moved from the foundation. We were unable to get together for a meeting during the week of prayer until

Thursday evening and on Sabbath we had a wonderful experience meeting which was indeed interesting. Sister Jennie Boutilier being in the hospital wrote her experience and sent it in.

"Dear Brothers and Sisters: So very sorry I cannot be with you to give my personal testimony in your praise service today. As the Lord has kept my right arm unhurt I shall take advantage of the opportunity to send a written testimony. We can surely all join in saying 'Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised.' That was one of the Morning Watch texts we had not long ago. How thankful we should be for the Morning Watch. Some of the verses, especially those on God's protection, were brought to my mind. The Lord fulfilled his promise in bringing to my remembrance the things I had learned. But remember it is what we have learned, so I trust not one of our members will fail to observe the Morning Watch this coming year. Our Bibles may be burned but if we have it in our minds the precious promises that are contained therein will surely be brought to our remembrance when we need them.

Of course as you all realize, it was a miracle any of us were saved, but in my case a special miracle was performed. I was driven from my room through the next one and thence to the cellar. The reason I know this is because when I crawled out I was on the front sidewalk and I live in the back of the house. Our house and the one next to it came down on me. This I know by viewing the ruins after I got out. I saw from the small place where I got out, how much had been on top of me. There were three or four high boards around me like a stall. There I was down in the dark. To human reasoning it would seem very absurd to think of getting out alive. But I thought with God nothing is impossible so I spoke to my dear Friend who always helps me and looking up by faith expecting to see an opening saw it and at once started to climb up the side of a straight board and got out on the sidewalk. I was assisted by an angel because I could not have climbed out alone. I felt the presence of Jesus with me. In one way I was glad no human being helped me because I can give all praise to whom it is due—that is my dear Jesus. After I escaped I looked about the ruins in search of my darling baby I called her and she started to cry. Mrs. Pennie in the same house was yelling for me to save her. I did my best. I could not move that big door that was pinned hard against the ruins. I crawled out again. Running across the street and up and down I pleaded with men to come to the rescue. But they had their own to look after. At last a Naval officer promised to get her and I went with him but he forbade me to go near the ruins. He did not know I had been there three times already trying to pull boards away. A man caught me on the street and tied my face up and

ordered me to go at once to the auto. But I could not. I had to go back and try to get dear little Helen. After doing my best I was obliged to leave as my hand was badly burned and cut and my chin was terribly cut, though I did not know it, besides several cuts about the head. My face was getting stiff so I could hardly talk so I ran to the Wellington Barracks nearby and they brought me here [Camp Hill Hospital].

"Nobody knows what agony of mind I went through that day and night thinking and praying about Helen. I never experienced the like before and trust I never shall again. But I suppose it was wrong for me to worry as she may be all right somewhere. Although Mrs. Pennie's bones were found I cannot bear the thoughts of Helen being burned alive. I can hardly believe that Jesus would permit it. But please have special prayer for me that I may have strength to bear whatever comes knowing that Jesus doeth all things well. When I have read about Jesus performing miracles and delivering his followers, I often wished that I could have a miracle performed. I had no idea that such an unworthy being as I would experience so soon such a miraculous deliverance. It would have been no harder for God to bring me out without a scratch than the way he did, but had he done so I would not have appreciated his power so much for I may have soon forgotten about it. The way I am I have a chance to meditate and look back upon my experience and all the way I can see it was the Lord's doing. I could write a whole book about this for I cannot praise God enough for his goodness. How I would enjoy hearing your testimonies for I know there will not be a silent person in your meeting for I am sure every heart is filled to overflowing with praise to our Creator. No one knows what I have to hear in this place. The sufferings of the people are terrible. While the doctor was attending one poor woman who had both eyes out she was crying, 'Doctor, don't kill me, I am not prepared to die; I wish some one would pray for me.' Poor soul! I offered a silent prayer for her that dear Jesus would help her.

"Please note what I am about to say. Hear the words of this poor woman 'not ready to die.' Wanted someone to pray for her! What does this mean to us? We are alive, for what purpose do you suppose? I do not need to say for we all know it is to continue in soul saving work so that people will not be afraid to meet dear Jesus. I feel so unworthy, so unfaithful. I surrender myself fully to Jesus and his service and I want to live every minute of my life for him. Pray that my wounds may be healed if it is God's will. I did not mean to write so much but if you haven't time to read it all just read a portion of it. I feel so grateful to Elder Chapman for coming and washing my face and eyes so I could see, and for dressing my hand. I also wish to thank Sister Chapman for her

great kindness to me. I would not forget to thank the other members that have been kind to me. I am in Brother Herod's ward now. He has been very kind to me. I certainly appreciated the visits from our members I was glad to see them and wish they could come oftener. Sister Hayward, I am glad you are improving. I am praying for you. [Sister Hayward and her husband had a very miraculous escape also, their house was demolished and they were badly cut]. Of course I am praying for all our members but especially for those who are sick or wounded. This is the week of prayer. O, how we should pray and offer praise unto dear Jesus. May God bless you all. Pray for me.

*Jennie Boutilier, Camp Hill Hospital.*"

This is surely a most wonderful experience. It is but one of the many that could be related. God not only saved our church members but the husbands of our sisters were also saved from death.

E. M. CHAPMAN.

## QUEBEC

### Earnestness and Prayer—And a Paper

A brother in—put in a few minutes each week with a few copies of the *Signs of the Times*. Among others he visited was a talented and influential lady. When the first copy was delivered he received the assurance that it would be read. When he called with the second number and inquired if the first had been read, the lady replied that she had not read it. The brother remarked, "But you must please read it. I am bringing them to be read, and I am praying for you." She promised to read them, and when he called again, in answer to his inquiry, she said that she had read a couple of articles and liked them. He said further, "But you must read all of them. If you do you will see that you are keeping the wrong day for the Sabbath."

His method was hardly the one we would employ at first but it was the very thing that sent conviction to the heart of the lady. She read all the papers that came for several months. She commenced to keep the Sabbath. Her husband, the leading physician of the town, united with her, and her sister, a Catholic, joined her also. The papers were mailed to her mother in Canada and she accepted the truth. Then a minister was sent to the town and within a few weeks a church of sixteen was organized. Yes the *Signs* does bring people into the truth.

### On the Train

As I was travelling on the train recently, I entered into conversation with a priest who sat by my side. In the course of our conversation, I asked him

# Eastern Canadian Messenger

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE  
EASTERN CANADIAN UNION CONFERENCE OF SEVENTH-DAY  
ADVENTISTS

Office Address - - - - - Oshawa, Ont.  
F. A. Spangler - - - - - Editor

Entered as second-class matter. Price, 50 cents a year  
in advance.

if he had seen the book entitled "L' Europe Le Monde et La Paix."

"O yes," he said, "That is a fine book, interesting and well written."

"Are you acquainted with the author?" I asked.

"No," was the answer, "I do not know him: never read anything from his pen before. However, he is evidently a learned man and a good student of history."

"Then you consider the book a safe and good book to read?" was my next query.

"Oh yes!" he said. Then, after a pause, "Not for every one, however. It is too deep and should not be read by the common people. It has not been approved, and, in the hands of the common people it becomes dangerous and is liable to lead people astray."

I told him I could not understand how a good book could be dangerous for the people to read.

"But why do you ask?" he said. "Have you read the book?"

"Oh, yes," I said "and the author is a friend of mine."

"Oh, is that so? Are you not a Catholic?"

"No."

"A Protestant then?"

"Yes, a Seventh-day Adventist."

"A what?"

"A Seventh-day Adventist."

He had never heard of them and so I took the opportunity to present before him the faith of the Seventh-day Adventists.

He wanted to know if the author of the book was also a Seventh-day Adventist, and said that it was no doubt a very good book for us, but would be dangerous to place in the hands of the Catholics.

When I told him that I had visited a number of parishes with the books and sold hundreds of copies, he wanted me to promise not to go to his people, to which I replied that he could forbid his people buying the book, but could not forbid our offering it for sale.

When he said that we Protestants were left free to worship as we liked, and were not molested by priests coming to our home and by having literature distributed to our houses to convert us to Catholicism, I told him I begged to differ with him; that

since I came to Quebec City, I have had many calls from priests, nuns and others in behalf of the Catholic Church.

I asked him what would be his objection to our visiting the people after he had warned them against the book, would they not simply refuse it?

He said they would not all refuse them. Some would buy them because they are forbidden.

I told him I did not wish to grieve him, but we had been given a message, Rev. 14, and that, with the help of God, it would be sounded with power to every nation, kindred, tongue and people. As the train pulled into the station where he had to get off, he said:

"Well when you come in my parish, come to see me."

The last part of our conversation seemed to especially interest him, and who knows what the result may be?

We have since sent him several books and tracts. May God water and bless the seed sown.

In Lyster we found a lady who had bought a copy of "World's Crisis" and when she saw that we were the same people, publishing the literature for the French, she gave us five dollars for the Harvest Ingathering and said, "Do not mind the insults of the French, it is their ignorance, and they are not so much to blame as our leaders." She is a French Catholic herself.

L. F. PASSEBOTS.

## Seminary M. V. Society

As the MESSENGER family has not heard from the E. C. M. Seminary M. V. Society for some time, we thought it might be of interest to all, and especially so to the young people, to know that we are improving our time profitably and launching out into greater activity than ever before. On a recent Tuesday evening we met together in the chapel at a quarter to seven. Our last meeting was well represented by the young people of the Oshawa church, as well as all the members of the school family. After an interesting program on the signs of the times and the nearness of Christ's coming, a call was made for half yearly subscriptions of the *Signs* weekly to be used in the correspondence bands. These six bands meet once a week to write letters and send out missionary papers. So much good was done in this way last year, that a lively response was given and thirty subscriptions were taken for this paper. This is double the number we had last year. In addition to this an expense collection was taken amounting to \$2.32, also our birthday box jingled a little too with the extra sixty-five cents, which was added that night. Although we do not count our value as a society in dollars and cents, yet a full treasury means immediate work done.

MINNIE ABRAY, Secy.