B. Y. P. U.

OUR OBJECT.

The unification of Baptist young people; their increased spirituality; their stimulation in Christian service; their edification in scriptural knowledge; their instruction in Baptist history and doctrine, through existing denominational institutions.

OUR FELLOWSHIP.

All Young People's Societies of whatsoever name in Baptist churches, and Baptist churches having no organizations are entitled to representation. We depend for our unity not upon any young people's name or method. Our common bond is in the New Testament, in the full affirmation of whose teachings

WE ARE ONE PEOPLE WITH ONE MISSION.

[Correspondents to this department should address their communications to J. H. MacDonald, Amherst, N. S.]

Unions are preparing to report to headquarters on the observance of conquest meetings, on Bible readers' circle work, and on the number of applicants for examination on Life of Christ.

Rev. G. R. White is prepared to supply all our unions with dollar cards for the Founding Fund. Has your union ordered yet?

The B. Y. P. U. Convention of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec was a grand success. The plant is growing. It is rooting itself in the Word.

The social committee of our St. Martins Y. P. S. C. E. is very energetic and efficient. It scored a signal success on Friday evening, March 24th, the occasion being a social of which all will have most pleasing recollections for some time to come. There was a musical and literary programme by friends from the seminary, and also ice-cream and other light refreshments, to say nothing of the prettily made "butterflies" that disappeared so rapidly from the table where they were for sale, and reappeared as the glittering badges of the evening. Every one was happy, and a neat sum was realized for pastoral assistance in the outlying sections of our field. C. W. W.

The Peril of Strong Drink.

PRAYER MEETING TOPIC FOR THE WEEK BEGINNING APRIL 9.

1. Wine mocks. The word mock from the German *mucken*, means "To make mouths at." To make contemptuous sport of. Does wine do this to him that drinks it? Belshazzar's fate answers this question. See Dan. 5: 1 and 30. "Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand." "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain." The steps down were wine, weakness, wickedness, woe. The wine weakened his will-power, thus prepared the way for an invasion of the wicked one to lead him to the wickedness of desecrating the vessels of God's temple, which great sin sealed his fate. The wine promised him some fun, but it did so only to make sport of its victim. He chose to drink the wine, therefore, he was a suicide; but at the same time the wine was his murderer. This siren entices ashore those who are sailing by, only to slay them when they heed her bewitching voice.

2. "Strong drink is raging." What a misnomer to call alcoholic liquors strong drink. Lions, horses, elephants, whales, and eagles drink water, and what stronger than they? The word "raging," I suppose, is from the Latin word "rabo," I rave. That is, liquor makes men rave. Dr. Cox says, "The best brands of brandy, on chemical test, show a basis of whiskey and fusel oil, mixed up with sulphur, nitric, ether, prussic acid, copper, chloroform, guinea pepper and tannin, sometimes a little brandy, but often not a drop." When such drugs are poured into a man, what else can he do but rave? "Delirium tremens" means "a shaking madness," that is to say that "strong drink" raves through the man. The word "rabies" also comes from rabo. A bite from a rabid dog imparts venom to the human blood. When strong drink bites a man, it also imparts a venom to his blood. Oh, the peril of a bite from this raving thing. Miss Willard says that "90 out of every 100 reformed drunkards go back to their old ways, whereas 90 out of every 100 children who sign the pledge, keep it." Even Dr. Keeley cannot always counteract the raving venom.

3. Those deceived are not wise. The avowed object of liquor is to make wise, but the real purpose is to make men fools. The essential character of liquor is to deceive its victims. No man ever intended to become a drunkard when he took his first glass. But he was ignorant of the deceptive nature of liquor. I do not think that even those who sell it thought that the nefarious business would result in such degradation as it imposes on them. But they, too, are deceived. Statesmen are even deceived by the bewitching thing. They say they cannot carry on the government of the country without the revenue from the liquor traffic. The fact is it would cost that much less to govern the country if the accursed traffic were banished. Doctors are deceived in that they intend to tone up the system by prescribing spirits, but the fact is that they have started thousands on the road to a drunkard's grave.

How shall young people escape the mocking, raving, deceitful thing? Jesus prescribes the true remedy. "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed," and "watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation."

Truro. H. F. Adams.

The Spring,

of all seasons in the year, is the one for making radical changes in regard to health. During the winter, the system becomes to a certain extent clogged with waste, and the blood loaded with impurities, owing to lack of exercise, close confinement in poorly ventilated shops and homes, and other causes. This is the cause of the dull, sluggish, tired feeling so general at this season, and which must be overcome, or the health may be entirely broken down. Hood's Sarsaparilla has attained the greatest popularity all over the country as the favorite spring medicine. It expels the accumulation of impurities through the bowels, kidneys, liver, lungs and skin, gives to the blood the purity and quality necessary to good health and overcomes that tired feeling.

— Mr. W. Pemberton, editor of Delhi *Reporter*, says "he considers B. B. B. the best medicine out."

Hacknomore cures colds and coughs.

ANOTHER LONDON MIRACLE.

AN ODDFELLOWS LODGE PASSES A RESOLUTION OF THANKS.

The Extraordinary Case of Mr. E. F. Carrothers — Utterly Helpless for Three Years—Pronounced Permanently Disabled by His Lodge Doctor —Restored to Health and Strength and Again Working at His Trade— A Story Fraught With Hope for Others.

(London Advertiser.)

Canadian Order of Oddfellows,
Manchester Unity.
Loyal Perseverance Lodge, No. 118.
London, Nov. 22, 1892.

To the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.:

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in forwarding you a vote of thanks passed by a resolution of the above lodge, thanking you for the good your valuable medicine, Pink Pills, has done for our brother, E. F. Carrothers, who for three years and a half was almost helpless from locomotor ataxia and given up by our doctor as incurable, and who is now, we are happy to say, by the use of your Pink Pills, able to follow his employment.

Trusting that your valuable medicine may be the means of curing many sufferers and be a blessing to them as it was to our brother, I am yours truly, on behalf of the lodge,

Ed. Gillett, Secretary.

521 Phillip street, London, Ont.

This is to certify that the above facts are a true statement.

E. F. Carrothers.

The above is self-explanatory, but in order to lay the facts of this extraordinary case more fully before the public, an *Advertiser* reporter proceeded to investigate it. It was his pleasure and duty some time since to record the remarkable cure of Mr. E. J. Powell, of South London, wrought by the medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It was a striking story of release from life-long affliction, but it was even surpassed by the miraculous experience of Mr. E. F. Carrothers, of 103 William street. Mr. Carrothers is an uncle of Alderman R. A. Carrothers, and by virtue of long residence and personal qualities is well and favorably known throughout the city. He is a carpenter and joiner by trade, and a good workman. His friends and acquaintances are aware that a healthier and more robust man never walked the streets of London until a few years ago when he was suddenly stricken with what is generally supposed to be paralysis. They heard with regret that he had been pronounced incurable, and as he was unable to leave the house, only occasional callers saw him again during his long spell of total disability. Within the last six months they have been agreeably surprised to see him around again plying his vocation, and apparently as vigorous as of yore. Inquiry and explanation naturally followed, and it is now widely known in the city to what agency Mr. Carrothers owes his magical restoration to health and strength.

A TALK WITH MR. CARROTHERS.

The other evening the reporter called upon Mr. Carrothers and found him seated by the fireside in the bosom of his family, looking hale, hearty and happy. Upon learning his visitor's errand he said he was only too happy out of the depths of his gratitude, to relate the circumstances of his affliction and his wonderful cure.

"I had always been a strong, healthy man," he said, "until this stroke laid me low. I hardly knew what sickness meant. It was three years ago last April when the attack came. I went to bed apparently in my usual health one night and awoke about five o'clock in the morning, as my watch at the head of the bed told me. I dozed off again, and on waking the second time attempted to rise. I could not move. Every nerve and muscle of my body seemed to me paralyzed. I lay like a log. At first I was speechless, but managed after a time to articulate feebly, and not very audibly, my wish that a physician be sent for. Dr. Moorehouse came and placed a mustard plaster across my bowels, telling me to lie quiet for a few days. I did so because I could not do anything else.

"As I was entitled to the services of the lodge physician, Dr. Pingel, I sent for him. He gave me some medicine that relieved the excruciating pain in my head. He brought another doctor with him (I don't know his name), and they subjected me to a regular course of treatment, by which I was suspended from a support around my neck. I asked the doctor what the matter was, but as he evidently wished to spare my feelings he did not tell me directly, nor did Mr. Gillett, the secretary of the lodge, whom I also asked. I inferred that there was something they did not wish me to know.

"I had now been about a year in the same condition. Sometimes I was able to get out of bed, but never out of doors. At other times I was unable to feed myself. I had absolutely no control over my muscles. If I attempted to touch or pick up anything, my arm would usually stray, apparently of its own volition, in an entirely different direction. I was more helpless than an infant, and I suffered a great deal. The doctor commenced the injection of some compound into my arm and leg, but a kind of abscess gathered in each and it had to be lanced. This was very painful. A quart of matter of a greenish color came out. I seemed to get stronger in general health, but my paralysis remained the same. In December, 1891, after two years and eight months of this helplessness, I was given up by the doctors as hopeless. The grand master of the order, who had come to London to look into my case, and the secretary of Perseverance Lodge, called to see me and informed me of this. I had given up all hope myself, so the blow fell lighter The lodge had all this time been paying my weekly sick dues, and I understood that after the doctor's certificate of my hopelessness had been handed in they made arrangements to continue giving me permanent aid.

"And now as to the remedy which proved my earthly salvation: A next door neighbor one day sent me in a label off a Dr. Williams' Pink Pills box. I read it, and acting on a whim, and not with any real expectation of benefit, gave my little girl 50 cents to buy a box. The very first box made me more cheerful; it seemed to brace me up and I began to feel a glimmer of hope. With the second and third box the improvement continued, and I felt more than delighted to find that I was commencing to recover the use of my limbs. Through a friend I got a dozen boxes and the lodge added half a dozen more. I kept on taking the Pink Pills, and I gained steadily; so that I am now what you see me to-day. Yes, I am capable of earning my living as before. I am working at my trade in London West at present and walk over there (a distance of nearly two miles from the house) and return every day."

"You are naturally thankful for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills then?" interpolated the reporter.

"Thankful!" echoed Mr. Carrothers. "I can't find words to express my gratitude. You can imagine a man in my position, always strong and healthy before stricken down that way, with a family dependent upon him; and after giving up all hope of being anything but a useless burden, to be restored this way to strength and happiness—haven't I reason to be thankful, and my family too?" And there was no mistaking the sincerity of the utterance. "I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure anything that any medicine on earth can," he continued. "I know of other cases in this city where they have succeeded when doctors have failed. Well, good night." And the reporter left to call on Mr. Ed. Gillett, the secretary of Perseverance Lodge, who lives a couple of blocks further south, at 521 Phillip street.

MR. GILLETT'S STATEMENT.

"There is nothing that can give me greater pleasure," said Bro. Gillett, "than to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I tell you they saved the lodge a good deal of money in Bro. Carrothers' case, and there is not a member of Perseverance who won't say the same thing. We had paid out over $400 to our sick brother, and of course it was a big drain on our finances. We asked the lodge physician, Dr. Pingel, to examine him so that we would know whether he was going to get better or not. The doctor informed us that he was incurable, and gave us a certificate to that effect."

Mr. Gillett opened his secretaire and extracted the document referred to from the lodge records. It read as follows:

Dr. Pingel, Office, 354 Dundas street,
London, Dec. 2, 1891.

Bro. Gillett:

Dear Sir,—At your request I carefully examined Bro. Carrothers, of Perseverance C. O. O. F., M. U., who has been unable to perform any labor for several years, and find him suffering from the results of cerebral hemorrhage (extravasation of blood into brain). As no improvement has taken place for some eighteen months, I have no hesitation in pronouncing him permanently disabled.

Yours fraternally,
A. R. Pingel.

"After that," said Mr. Gillett, "we sent for Grand Master Collins, to consider what we should do. We then learned that Bro. Carrothers had commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they were doing him good. So we decided to furnish him with a supply and await developments. You know the result. He's better now and at work again. The lodge unanimously moved a vote of thanks to the proprietors of Pink Pills, and it was forwarded to them.

"I have known Bro. Carrothers for years. He was always until his last illness a strong, healthy man, and it seemed strange that he should be stricken down so. He had a terrible siege of it. You see the knife (pointing to one on the table); well, if he tried to pick it up he couldn't do it to save his life. He was completely paralyzed."

Turning to the lodge records again, Mr. Gillett produced a book and showed the reporter the entries make week after week for three years and over of the payments made to Bro. Carrothers as sick benefits. The worthy secretary intimated that any other information desired he would cheerfully furnish, but the reporter had had enough to convince him and left.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.—*Advertisement.*

—If you have a hacking cough that distresses you and annoys others—particularly in church—send 12 cents in stamps to G. A. Moore, chemist, St. John, N. B., for a box of Hacknomore lozenges. They give immediate relief.

—Use Skoda's Discovery, the great blood and nerve remedy.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SECOND QUARTER.

From Dr. Moment's notes in the Treasury.

Lesson IV. April 23. Job 42: 1-10.

JOB'S CONFESSION AND RESTORATION.

I. Golden Text: "Behold we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord [in His dealings with Job], that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy" (James 11: 14). Evidently the thought in the apostle's mind was not to tell us of the patience of Job or how he endured his fiery trials, but to call our prayerful attention to the goodness and mercifulness of God.

II. Job Repenteth. Vs. 1-6. (1) "Wherefore, I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes" (v. 6). This shows that Job had sinned. Though he had not broken faith with God, as did his wife; though he was not afflicted because of sin, as was the theory of his three friends, yet in the course of this trial Job had sinned, and it was for this that he repented, as we find in v. 6. What then was the nature of Job's sin? We find the answer to this question in 32: 2. "Against Job was Elihu's wrath kindled because he justified himself rather than God." This is the sum of Job's speeches. Being conscious of his innocency so far as sin was charged against him by his friends, he assailed all that they said by such strong language of self-praise that he ran into the sin of self-righteousness. He had, in short, more to say of his own goodness than he had to say by way of vindication of the wisdom and goodness of Almighty God. He justified himself rather than God. It was this fact that the young man Elihu took up and forced home upon Job's mind and heart. There are six chapters (32-37) taken up with the speeches of Elihu. He spoke on God's behalf, as Job had spoken for himself; as the three friends had spoken in the interest of the moral theory of suffering, so this young man set to work to speak for God. When he opened his mouth all others kept silent. He first of all charged Job with justifying himself rather than God. He declared that God's ways were necessarily dark to man, because He was too great to explain Himself to man's ignorance. He told Job that his afflictions should have led him to deeper humility, rather than to boastfulness and self-righteousness. He vindicated the justice of God under all circumstances: he told Job the Almighty is to be feared, though we cannot understand him. In the presence of Elihu Job opens not his mouth. He sees his mistake and keeps quiet. He could answer the friends as to the philosophy, but he could say nothing as to Elihu's opening of the goodness and greatness and justice of the Almighty.

(2) When Elihu had finished, God Himself speaks to Job (vs. 38-42). Gradually the patriarch gets his eyes opened to God—he sees Him, as it were —and hence his repentance and restoration. All through his great speeches Job is setting forth himself; but hear him now in these opening verses of our lesson: "I know that Thou canst do everything and that no thought can be withholden from Thee. Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? therefore have I uttered that I understood not; things too wonderful for me which I knew not. . . . I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." The true knowledge of God, seeing Him, brings true repentance (Job 42: 1-6; Isaiah 6; Luke 5: 8).

The remainder of the lesson shows how Job, whose faith never failed him, but who seemed through self-righteousness at fault, was restored, and how his last state was better than his first. Affliction brought to him glory and strength, and hence Satan's purpose was defeated.

A Little Dutch Girl and Her Wonderful Scissors.

More than two hundred years ago a little girl was born at Amsterdam, Holland, whose name was Joanne Koerten. She was a peculiar child, in that she cared nothing whatever for play or sport, but found her greatest delight in making copies of things about her, imitating in wax every kind of fruit, and making on silk, with colored floss, exact copies of paintings, which were thought wonderful. But after she had become very accomplished in music, spinning and embroidery, she abandoned all these for a still more extraordinary art, that of cutting. One is seized with astonishment in looking at her work. All that the engraver accomplishes with the graver, she effected with her scissors. She executed landscapes, marine views, flowers, animals and portraits of people of such striking resemblance, that she was for a time quite the wonder of Europe. She used white papers for her cuttings, placing them over a black surface so that the minute openings made by her scissors formed the "light and shade." The Czar, Peter the Great, and others of high rank paid her honor. One man high in office vainly offered her a thousand florins for three small cuttings. The Empress of Germany paid her four thousand florins for a trophy she had cut, bearing the arms of Emperor Leopold, crowned with eagles and surrounded by a garland of flowers. She also cut the Emperor's portrait, which can now be seen in the Royal Art Gallery in Vienna. A great many people went to see her, and she kept a book in which princes and princesses wrote their names.

After she died, which was when sixty-five years old, her husband, Adam Block, errected a monument to her memory, and had designed upon it the portraits of these titled visitors. Her cuttings were so correct in effect, and so tasteful, as to give both dignity and value to her work and constitute her an artist whose exquisite skill with the scissors has never before nor since been equalled. So both her art and her monument were unique, and have kept her "memory green" for now nearly two hundred and fifty years.—*Youth's Journal.*

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The Manse, Windsor, N. S., Jan. 6, 1892.

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2nd Quarter, 1893

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