

Young People's Work.
FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

Be sure to read the last item in this department, and secretaries, please meditate thereon.

It is an old saying that when children once enter their "teens," it is hard to keep them in the Sunday School. They are "too big to go to Sunday School." The few who do try it for a while, unless some special inducement is held out to them, soon begin to feel lonely without companions of their own age, and are, perhaps, laughed at by their fellows because they "have to go to Sunday School." It is not a part of our duty to consider the cause of this.

We wish merely to point out the fact that when young people, particularly the boys, once reach the age of twelve years, or thereabout, it has been found a very difficult matter to keep them in touch with the churches, and the question of how to do it has become a stale topic in every Sunday School convention. Methods of all kinds have been resorted to, but the boys keep drifting away. Some few, of course, follow closely in the path of their parents, and some we win back by occasional revival meetings, but very many have left the Sunday School only to wander farther and farther into the paths that lead to ruin. What is there that will stand at the entrance to these paths and show our youth the proper way at this most important point in life's journey? We think we are safe in saying that Christian Endeavor is the most effectual teacher ever put upon this mission. It takes hold where the Sunday School loses its grip. In the Sunday School the church holds out one finger to start the child in his training for church life, but for that middle period when he is carrying a part, but not all, of the responsibility of his own life in the world, and in which he begins to feel his own importance, the C. E. Society is the most effectual means which the church has, and by which to continue this training.

Is it an effectual means? Let the experience of any church which has given it a fair trial, answer. A fair trial, remember, for many churches have societies which are not active, and which, consequently, bless nobody very much. A large number of those who have come into the church during the last few years, even of those who have been brought in by revival meetings, have been reached, it is said, through the instrumentality of C. E. Societies, and it is a well known fact that the increase in our churches in the last few years has been very great.

We will probably have more to say along this line later on. Correspondence is invited.

Some people like to point out the failures of C. E. Societies. Now, no one will claim that C. E. accomplishes everything which we say try to do with it. It may not be, and perhaps it is true that it often is not, so effectual as the Sunday School, but it is the best thing in its own particular sphere that has yet been found.

Is the Sunday School helped by the C. E. Society? We would like to have answers to this question from pastors and Sunday School superintendents who have had experience in this matter.

Speaking of correspondence, we would again remind the workers everywhere that it is not quite fair to keep your experience in the work entirely to yourselves. Everyone learns something in his own society, and you, friend, have probably learned some things that no society but your own has found out. Do not be afraid that you cannot write a letter fit for the newspaper. If it is not fit we will not allow it to go in—you need not fear about that. You can easily give a short account of any special methods your committee practises with

success, or of the different ways in which you are able to make your meetings most profitable.

Special to Secretaries.—Only three societies have so far reported as requested in the last two numbers of the EVANGELIST. Will the corresponding secretaries please send to the undersigned, as soon as they conveniently can, the number of members, active, associate, honorary, and the names of the officers, in their societies.

ALEX. McMILLAN,
Alvinston, Ont.

Winnipeg.

To the Churches in the neighboring Provinces, greeting:

DEAR BRETHREN—We have now concluded arrangements for a new work to begin in the city of Winnipeg. Pledges have been made by friends of the work in this Province, by the F. C. M. S., and the Ontario B. M. sufficient to induce the brethren to open the work. We will require to raise about one thousand dollars more than what is already pledged, to carry on the work for the current year. In view of this necessity, we ask you by this letter to kindly assist us by One Lord's Day Collection, forwarded to A. H. Finch, Portage la Prairie, Man.

Bro. John McKee, late of Irvington, Ind., is now in the field in the city of Winnipeg. He is busy gathering together the scattered disciples. He comes well recommended by both the above boards, and is the choice of the brethren in this Province.

Services were held last Lord's Day, May 22, 1892, for the first time in the city of Winnipeg, by the people known as the "Disciples of Christ." They assembled in Albert Hall. There were eight disciples acknowledged the first sound of the trumpet. There are others in the city. About thirty have been enrolled by the assessor as disciples.

Winnipeg is no mean city—population more than 25,000. It is the commercial, educational, political and religious centre of the province. It is the metropolis of the Canadian North-West. It has an influence touching every part of Canada. It exported more than 25,000,000 bushels of wheat as the crop of 1891. There is a steady immigration to it from all parts of the world. A foreign field for you. It is the centre of eight railway lines.

There are churches and individual disciples in the country surrounding Winnipeg who will be encouraged by the fact of a live church holding forth the simple New Testament Christianity. Therefore, dear brethren, in view of these certainties, we humbly ask aid from you, in the simple suggestion above, viz., One Willing Lord's Day Offering.

"May we see with joy the people of the Lord, who are present on that day, to offer willingly unto Him."

N. B.—Receipts acknowledged through the CANADIAN EVANGELIST, Christian Standard and Apostolic Guide.

Yours in the one hope,
THOS. SISSONS, E. J. DARROCH.
A. H. FINCH, THOS. SISSONS, JR.
WM. H. YOUNG, A. P. CAMPBELL.
J. B. LISTER.
Manitoba, May 27, 1892.

Dr. T. A. Slocum's
OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you are Feeble and Emaciated—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

In ordering goods or in making inquiries concerning anything advertised in this paper, you will oblige the publisher as well as the advertiser by stating that you saw the advertisement in THE CANADIAN EVANGELIST.

An Oakville Miracle.

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF MR. JOHN W. CONDOR.

A HELPLESS CRIPPLE FOR YEARS—TREATED BY THE STAFF OF THE TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL AND DISCHARGED AS INCURABLE—THE STORY OF HIS MIRACULOUS RECOVERY AS INVESTIGATED BY AN EMPIRE REPORTER.

Toronto Empire.

For more than a year past the readers of the Empire have been given the particulars of some of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century, all, or nearly all of them, in cases hitherto held by the most advanced scientists to be incurable. The particulars of these cases were vouched for by such leading newspapers as the Hamilton Spectator and Times, the Halifax Herald, Toronto Globe, Le Monde, Montreal, Detroit News, Albany, N. Y., Journal, Albany Express and others, whose reputation placed beyond question the statements made.

Recently rumors have been afloat of a remarkable case in the pretty little town of Oakville, of a young man recovering after years of helplessness and agony. The Empire determined to subject the case to the most rigid investigation, and accordingly detailed one of our best reporters to make a thorough and impartial investigation into the case. Acting upon these instructions our reporter went to Oakville, and called upon Mr. John W. Condor (who it was had so miraculously recovered) and had not long been in conversation with him when he was convinced that the statements made were not only true, but that "The half had not been told." The reporter found Mr. Condor at work in one of the heaviest departments of the Oakville Basket Factory, and was surprised, in the face of what he knew of the case, to be confronted by a strapping young fellow of good physique, ruddy countenance and buoyant bearing. This young rugged young man was he who had spent a great part of his days upon a sick-bed, suffering almost untold agony. When the Empire representative announced the purpose of his visit Mr. Condor cheerfully volunteered a statement of his case for the benefit of other sufferers. "I am," said Mr. Condor, "an Englishman by birth, and came to this country with my parents when nine years of age, and at that time was as rugged and healthy as any boy of my age. I am now 29 years of age, and it was when about 14 years old that the first twinges of inflammatory rheumatism came upon me, and during the fifteen years that intervened between that time and my recovery a few months ago, tongue can hardly tell how much I suffered. My trouble was brought on, I think, through too frequent bathing in the cold lake water. The joints of my body began to swell, the cords of my legs to tighten, and the muscles of my limbs to contract. I became a helpless cripple, confined to bed, and for three months did not leave my room. The doctor who was called in administered preparations of iodide of potassium, and other remedies, without any material beneficial effect. After some months of suffering I became strong enough to leave the bed but my limbs were stiffened and I was unfitted for any active vocation. I was then hampered more or less for the following nine years, when I was again forced to take my bed. This attack was in 1886, and was a great deal more severe than the first. My feet, ankles, knees, legs, arms, shoulders, and in fact all parts of my frame were affected. My joints and muscles became badly swollen, and the disease even reached my head. My face swelled to a great size. I was unable to open my mouth, my jaws being fixed together. I, of course, could eat nothing. My teeth were pried apart and liquid food poured down my throat. I lost my voice, and could speak only in husky whispers. Really, I am unable to describe the state I was in during those long weary months. With my swollen limbs drawn by the tightening cords up to my emaciated body, and my whole frame twisted and

contorted into indescribable shapes, I was nothing more than a deformed skeleton. For three long weary months I was confined to bed, after which I was able to get up, but was a complete physical wreck, hobbling around on crutches a helpless cripple. My sufferings were continually intense, and frequently when I would be hobbling along the street I would be seized with a paroxysm of pain and would fall unconscious to the ground. During all this time I had the constant attendance of medical men, but their remedies were unavailing. All they could do was to try to build up my system by the use of tonics. In the fall of 1889 and spring of 1890 I again suffered intensely severe attacks, and at last my medical attendant, as a last resort, ordered me to the Toronto General Hospital. I entered the Hospital on June 20th, 1890, and remained there until September 20th of the same year. But, notwithstanding all the care and attention bestowed upon me while in this institution, no improvement was noticeable in my condition. After using almost every available remedy, the hospital doctors—of whom there were about a dozen—came to the conclusion that my case was incurable, and I was sent away, with the understanding that I might remain an outside patient. Accordingly from September 1890 to the end of January 1891, I went to the hospital once a week for examination and treatment. At this stage I became suddenly worse, and once more gained admission to the hospital, where I lay in a miserable suffering condition for two months or more. In the spring of 1891 I returned to Oakville, and made an attempt to do something toward my own support. I was given light work in the basket factory, but had to be conveyed to and from my place of labor in a buggy and carried from the rig to a table in the works on which I sat and performed my work. In August, 1891, I was again stricken down, and remained in an utterly helpless condition until January 1892. At this time Mr. James, a local druggist, strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I was prejudiced against proprietary medicines as I had spent nearly all I possessed on numerous highly recommended so-called remedies. I had taken into my system large quantities of different family medicines. I had exhausted the list of liniments, but all in vain, and I was therefore reluctant to take Mr. James' advice. I, however, saw several strong testimonials as to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood builder and nerve tonic, and thinking that if I could only get my blood in better condition my general state of health might be improved, I resolved to give Pink Pills a trial. With the courage born of despair I bought a box, but there was noticeable improvement, and I thought this was like the other remedies I had used. But urged on by friends I continued taking Pink Pills and after using seven boxes I was rewarded by noticing a decided change for the better. My appetite returned, my spirits began to rise and I had a little freer use of my muscles and limbs, the old troublesome swellings subsiding. I continued the remedy until I had used twenty-five boxes when I left off. By this time I had taken on considerable flesh, and weighed as much as 160 pounds. This was a gain of 60 pounds in a few weeks. My joints assumed their normal size, my muscles became firmer, and in fact I was a new man. By April I was able to go to work in the basket factory, and now I can work ten hours a day with any man. I often stay on duty overtime without feeling any bad effects. I play baseball in the evenings and can run bases with any of the boys. Why I feel like dancing for very joy at the relief from abject misery I suffered so long. Many a time I prayed for death to release me from my sufferings, but now that is all gone and I enjoy health as only he can who has suffered agony for years. I have given you a brief outline of my sufferings, but from what I have told you can guess the depth of my gratitude for the great remedy which has restored me to health and strength."

Wishing to substantiate the truth

of Mr. Condor's remarkable story, the Empire representative called upon Mr. F. W. James, the Oakville druggist referred to above. Mr. James fully corroborated the statements of Mr. Condor. When the latter had first taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he was a mere skeleton—a wreck of humanity. The people of the town had long given him up for as good as dead, and would hardly believe the man's recovery until they saw him themselves. The fame of this cure is now spread throughout the section and the result is an enormous sale of Pink Pills. "I sell a dozen-and-a-half boxes of Pink Pills every day," said Mr. James, "and this is remarkable in a town the size of Oakville. And, better still, they give perfect satisfaction." Mr. James recalled numerous instances of remarkable cures after other remedies had failed. Mr. John Robertson, who lives midway between Oakville and Milton, who had been troubled with asthma and bronchitis for about fifteen years, has been cured by the use of Pink Pills, and this after physicians had told him there was no use doctoring further. Mr. Robertson says his appetite had failed completely, but after taking seven boxes of Pink Pills he was ready and waiting for each meal. He regards his case as a remarkable one. In fact, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines—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 resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, while in case of the men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

The Empire reporter also called upon Mr. J. C. Ford, proprietor of the Oakville Basket Factory, in which Mr. Condor is employed, Mr. Ford said he knew of the pitiable condition Condor had been in for years, and he had thought he would never recover. The cure was evidently a thorough one, for Condor worked steadily at heavy labor in the mills and apparently stood it as well as the rest of the employees. Mr. Ford said he thought a great deal of the young man and was pleased at his wondrous deliverance from the grave and his restoration to vigorous health.

In order to still further verify the statements made by Mr. Condor in the above interview, the reporter on his return to Toronto examined the General Hospital records, and found therein the entries fully bearing out all Mr. Condor had said, thus leaving no doubt that his case is one of the most remarkable on record, and all the more remarkable because it had baffled the skill of the best physicians in Toronto.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and 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.

He who destroys an evil in his own nature gives a good influence to all time. He who reverses adverse heredity is a benefactor of generations. Over all the terrible facts that science reveals in regard to crime, is the antidote of faith and spiritual renewal. And he is indeed a celestial knight who changes the current of evil heredity into streams of good, and it is such moral heroism that the new era will recognize and crown.—Hezekiah Butlerworth.