

those letters spurs to better work by the good cheer and enthusiasm he puts into them.

The secretary should at once, and in writing, notify all who are appointed on any committee, whether they were present at the meeting when they were appointed or not. Such notification is a hint to go to work, which is sometimes needed.

Keep your secretary's books with all possible neatness. Remember yours will be the model followed by the next secretary, and you cannot tell how far down the line of secretaries your example will go.

The note of sprightliness and jollity is a most important one to incorporate in the secretary's report, because whatever of earnestness is in it will receive far more attention if it is spiced with a little fun.

If the secretary calls the roll at consecration meetings, his is half the responsibility for those meetings. Sit facing the society. Call clearly and promptly. Vary the manner and order of roll-call. Put in a hymn now and then, if the leader does not. Be brisk, yet not mechanical.

Keep a neat record roll, the names arranged in strict alphabetical order, with wide spaces between for the insertion of new names. Drop names only on the authority of the proper persons, and reinstate them only by vote of the society.—Selected.

A. C. E. SOCIETY OF ONE.

Let Love be president; Memory, recording secretary; Testimony, corresponding secretary; and Understanding, treasurer.

Lookout Committee.— Observation, Comparison, Self-control.

Prayer-meeting Committee.— Confession, Consecration.

Social Committee.— Face, Hand, Heart.

Sick Committee.— Sympathy, Sense.

Flower Committee.— Encouragement, Contentment.

Good Citizenship Committee.— Patriotism, Principle.

Temperance Committee.— Devotion, Constancy.

Missionary Committee.— Faith, Hope, Charity.

Form a junior society out of your thoughts, an intermediate society out of your words, and a young people's society out of your actions.—Rev. W. N. Yates.

"HE CARETH."

BY MAC. B. DAVIDSON.

I care not what befalls me, Hour by hour; I only know that o'er this earth is spread My Father's power.

I care not what befalls me, Day by day; I only know my Father answers, when He hears me pray.

I care not what befalls me, Year by year; I only know my Father sends in love Each bitter tear.

I care not what befalls me, All the way; I only know my Father aye doth make Night end in day.

End. Herald.

The Sermon that Harvey Didn't Hear.

A well-known clergyman has made it his custom for a number of years past, to spend a greater part of each summer season in the Adirondacks. For nearly all of this period it has been a plan of his family to intrust their comfort to one faithful guide, Harvey, by name. Ever since the chapel was built near the preacher's camp, it has been his habit to preach there several times each season. One day last summer he said to Harvey: "I never see you at church; how is it that you never come? You would be welcome. Come next Sabbath."

"Well, you see, sir"—and Harvey seemed in a half-apologetic mood for his neglect—"you see, sir, I don't have very much time, and—and—those things—church services, and so on—are matters which do not interest or concern me. I fear, sir, I am a man of the world, rather than a man of the church."

"Will you not come to hear me next Sabbath morning?"

There must have been considerable earnestness in the preacher's words, for Harvey promised. From here the story is told in the clergyman's own words:

"I went to work on that sermon. It was to be for him, and him alone. I was determined to touch his heart. He was a brave, manly fellow, good and kind in his home, and well worthy of any sermon which might have been given in his behalf. But word came Tuesday that he was ill—very ill, as I found on going to his home. I was never permitted to see him alive again, for on Wednesday night his life went out.

"Saturday morning came and I was asked to conduct the funeral services; but I had to decline from shame. I had known Harvey for ten or a dozen years, and less than a week before he died was the first time in my entire life that I had spoken to him of higher and better things than this world and this life afford. And even then I had only asked him to come to church, to hear a sermon which I was to preach. On Sabbath morning I preached that sermon—my sermon to Harvey—but the words were spoken too late. He was out there in the churchyard, and I—I had neglected a great and vital opportunity."—Sunday-school Times.

SINKING TO SAVE.

God's kind intention is to let his goodness lead us to repentance. But it often happens that a sharper call must bring us back to him. Then sorrow comes, shame, defeat and trial. All these are no less a part of his goodness. The Christian Herald tells the following story in illustration of this great truth:

A shipowner in New York in conversation with a friend who had recently enjoyed a voyage on one of his vessels surprised him by telling him that the fine ship whose praises he was uttering had once been under water. Some seven years ago the ship was at her dock in the East River, waiting to have a quantity of ballast taken out of her hold before taking a cargo. Early one morning smoke was seen issuing from the hatchways, and an examination showed that in some unexplained way a fire had started and had just reached a compartment in which a quantity of hay was stored. The hay caught fire quickly and the flames shot up to a great height. The river fire department was quickly on the scene and deluged the ship with water. The scuttles were opened, too, and in a short time the ship went to the bottom. The owners

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and the fire department agreed that the best hope of saving her was to sink her. She was not badly injured, and the work of raising her was at once begun. In a few weeks she was again afloat, thoroughly repaired and newly painted. She proved a staunch vessel and had since done good service. Ordinarily no greater calamity can happen to a ship than to be sunk, but in this case it preserved her for future usefulness. If the owners had refused to have her sunk the fire would probably have consumed her. It is so with some lives. When the fires of avarice and lust and passion are consuming the soul, there is nothing that can save it but some great calamity that submerges it, from which by Christ's power it rises regenerated.

GOD'S TIME THE RIGHT TIME.

A Nonconformist minister, who is now preaching in the southwest of London, passed his early days as a fisher-lad on one of the isles of Shetland. At the age of seven years he had a desire to be a preacher, and was accustomed to stand on the turf platform and hold forth to the rural congregations. It was his continual ambition, and though he was able to use his influence among the North Sea fishermen, it was not until years had elapsed that God opened the way for him to accept a pastorate. In the good time of the Lord a path was made, and the Shetland lad is now the pastor of a flourishing London church. God opens up our way in his own good time, and with the Israelites the waters divided and rose up upon a heap just when the feet of the priests that bare the ark were dipped in the brim of the water. God will as truly direct our paths and open up opportunities at the right moment, for "he never is before his time, and never is behind."

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