

CRUMBS.

'Twas only a crumb, last evening,
In the form of a kindly word,
That I spoke to a weary companion;
Only he and the dear Lord heard.

'Twas only a pleasant "Good morn-
ing"
To one whose life is drear,
But he understood its meaning,
And knew that I meant to cheer.

'Twas only a crumb at noonday,
In the coin I gave to a child;
But I gave for the sake of Jesus,
And he understood and smiled.

'Twas only a crumb at evening,
When after a tiresome day,
I gave up my seat in the street-car
To a woman old and grey.

They're only crumbs, but without
them

There could not be any bread,
And the bread shall be returned to us
For so the dear Lord has said.

—*The Christian Observer.*

THE HEART OF THE SOCIETY.

The executive committee is the heart of the society, and if its meetings are vigorously maintained, the circulation of the whole society will be firm and vital. From Hudson, Ohio, comes an account of executive committee meetings which are, says the correspondent, "the very gate of heaven," to some of the Endeavorers.

They are held the Sunday afternoon before the monthly business meetings, and they are always held at the home of the president. It is a large committee, but every one takes part in the sentence prayers that open the meeting. Next comes a written report from the chairman of each committee. These reports are afterwards presented to the society at the business meeting. Each report is followed by an informal discussion of the work of that special committee.—*C. E. Herald.*

HAVE A BULLETIN BOARD.

No society that has not tried it can have any idea of the convenience of a Christian Endeavor Bulletin-board. It should be neatly formed, nicely painted, and should be placed in the vestibule where every one entering the meeting-room will see it.

It may be used in all sorts of ways. The topic for the evening may be posted upon it for the convenience of visitors. Chairmen of committees will place upon it calls for committee meetings. The socials will here be announced, with full particulars.

The president and the look-out committee will use the board for little spurs and admonitions urging the society to more faithful work. The information committee may occasionally write out pieces of inspiring news regarding denominational or Christian Endeavor progress in different parts of the world, and set them before the eyes of the Endeavorers in this way.—*C. E. Herald.*

Is your congregation meagre? Remember that you have as many as you will care to give account of in the great day of the Lord. Preach as though this were your very last sermon.

CHEER HIM.

There is an old story of a rescue by a New York fireman, who on the ladder was almost overcome by the hot smoke, when some one in the crowd cried out: "Cheer him!" and the people cheered heartily, and inspired by that cheer the fireman took heart and was saved with the child he was carrying out. Now cheerfulness is the spirit that gives new courage to others or to one's self. The smoke of despondency is discouraging us, and we are in danger of breaking down; but the brave spirit within cries out: Don't give it up! You are quite able to do it. The difficulty is not so great as it seems. And cheered by this hearty courage within, we make a new effort and succeed.

These are not all in the crowding heat and excitement of a city conflagration; but a good many of them are when the heart has rushed out to do some service, and has found it hard to carry it through, and is just ready to give up and fail. We could well wish that the brave hearted boy who cried "Cheer him" was continually about among us, watching for the occasion when he could put in his appeal, and rally the sympathy of the multitude to our help. A brave, unselfish effort to help others deserves sympathy and help. In fact the occasions when we need cheering are very often those occasions of mere weariness when we have been doing our duty pretty faithfully, and are just tired. The good result does not appear as fully as we could wish, and we need the assurance and expectation: "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." This is the need felt by good people. Good people have not as much cheer as they ought to have. People who come to prayer-meeting often come after a pretty hard day's work, and sometimes the tone of the minister's selections and remarks, or the remarks and prayers of others, are not as inspiring and helpful as we could wish. Paul knew how it was when he wrote, "True yokefellow, help those women."—*The Treasury.*

OPPORTUNITY.

There is a legend of a youth who started down the avenue of life with bounding step and laughing eye, and as he tripped along the shining way, there met him from time to time an angel form bearing upon his brow the name "Opportunity," and who, holding in his hand a vase of lovely flowers, bade the wayfarer accept them, telling him that they contained the pledge of deepest spiritual blessing. But the reckless youth hastened on, for the way seemed long and bright, and he thought, "There will be other opportunities; why should I linger now?" And so the years were passed, with neglect and scorn, rolled by. A score of times the angel was passed, with neglect and scorn, and only once in a while did the foolish traveller stop to notice that in his left hand the angel held a shining dart concealed under the folds of his mantle. At last the air began to grow cold and chill. The leaves were falling around the traveller's feet; the birds had ceased to sing, and many a warning seemed to say that his journey was reaching a crisis. Suddenly he found his way

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obstructed. Reaching out his hand, a cold gate stood across the path, and as he looked at the inscription upon it he shuddered, as he spelled out the dreadful word, "Death." The end had come at last. Shuddering, and almost fainting, he sank upon the ground, when hissing through the air there struck him a dart, followed by another and another, and as he lay wounded and dying in agony, he noticed that these darts were flung by the angel forms that he had scorned in the years gone by. They were the opportunities he had despised and wasted, and now they were visiting him with the bitter retribution.

A CORNISH MINER.

The uses which even past crimes may fulfil in God's world are shown in an anecdote told of the work of John Wesley among the Cornish miners. One of his converts, an old man whose life had been exceptionally base and vicious, after a year of sober, honest effort, came to Wesley, and said in the broad dialect of the coast:

"I'd like to help my neighbors as I've been helped; but I can't do it."

"Why not?"

"I can't read or write."

"You know the story of Christ; you can tell it to them."

"I don't speak English, only Cornish."

"So do they."

The miner hesitated and then took a step nearer.

"Sir, I've been a drunkard and a thief in my time."

Wesley was silent.

The old man's voice failed for a moment. Then he said hoarsely: "There's blood on my hands. I killed a man once."

"Why, you are just the man I want!" exclaimed the preacher, "you know better than any of us how great is God's forbearance and mercy. You have been deeper in the pit than your comrades, and you can show

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them how to escape from it. Go and do it."

The miner worked humbly and faithfully among his fellows and became an earnest helper of the Methodist gospellers on the coast.

Among the heathen superstitions which yet linger in Cornwall is the belief that if a man once perjures himself God's sun refuses ever to shine upon him again. The summer day may be warm and bright, but he does not see the light nor feel the heat. He walks in the cold and twilight for the rest of his life. But the Christian faith teaches us that even the man who has blackened his soul in gross sin, may by repentance and an upward life find hope in God's love and mercy.