

Sunday Reading.

WHAT IS INFLUENCE.

It Means an Individual Power to Sway the Lives of Other Persons.

What do we mean, my boys and girls by the word 'influence'? It is a word in common use, but I fear that few of us really know its full meaning.

Influence means the power each one of us possesses to bias, or sway, the lives of others. There is not a boy or girl in existence who does not possess this power. No matter what our position in life may be, whether high or low, we all have the ability to do something towards ennobling, or degrading, the lives of those around us.

Can you think of any power more tremendous in its consequences than this? It is a power that effects the destiny of mankind. Some of you have often wished that you had the ability to do something great; you would like to make some scientific discovery, for instance, or you would like to become renowned for some deed of daring, or you would like to do something to improve the condition of the sick and the suffering around you. Such ambition as this is very praiseworthy, and I devoutly hope that God will spare you to realize it. But in your wildest dream of ambition, always remember the admonition of Scripture: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not."

Now do not for a moment believe that ambition is a sin. There is not a verse in the whole Bible that can suggest such a belief. Ambition is a noble thing, and the boy or girl who has none will not amount to anything in life. Have all the ambition you can, but be sure to have the proper kind. The highest kind of ambition I know of is to help and bless the lives around us. And this, I repeat, we are all in a position to do.

Whenever I think of influence, I cannot help remembering those beautiful lines of the poet Longfellow: 'Killed at the Ford.' In this poem there is given a very touching description of a young man who was shot down by the enemy; but the consequences of his death were not confined to the battlefield; the poet goes on to say:

"I saw in a vision how far and fleet That fatal bullet went speeding forth, Till it reached a town in the distant North, Till it reached a house in a sunny street, Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat. Without a murmur, without a cry; And a bell was tolled in that far-off town, For one who had passed from cross to crown, And the neighbors wondered that she should die."

Think, my boys and girls, how wide-extended that influence was.

Let me now give you a few examples of the power of influence. We will first take a mother's influence. How many of us will ever be able to calculate the extent of this? Many of the greatest and the noblest men of today are what they are, because of a mother's influence. The mother is dead and gone, but her worth of character is perpetuated in those who survive her. In looking over the lives of our leading men, we can but be impressed again and again by the many tributes paid to the influence of the mother. It begins early in life, while the mind is pliable and the character unformed, and never ceases till the mother is laid away to rest. And we must not forget that it is in our earliest years we are more susceptible to good impressions. 'Give me your child,' says the Roman Catholic Church, 'until it is nine years of age, and then we will defy you to get it from us.' Why is this? Because in that time the mind has been shaped and impressed by the teachings of that church. 'When should I begin the education of my child, now four years old?' asked a mother of a clergyman, who replied, 'Madam, if you have not begun already you have lost those four years.'

Now let us take the influence of friends; this comes next to the influence of a mother. It was from our earliest friends that we learned many of our bad or good habits. They guided us in our choice of places and things. They influence us today in an immeasurable extent. The books we read are recommended by friends, so also are the songs we sing and the places we visit, and in some cases the very clothes we wear. This is true of ourselves too. So surely as we continue in the right, will they also. The deviation of a hair's breadth from the path of right would take others with us. Boys and girls grow bad today simply because their parents and friends are bad; some may be growing bad because we are bad, or good because we are good. Some of them might never have been good if it were not for us, or bad if it were not for our evil example.

Remember that in turn you too are being noticed in all that you do. And what is more serious, the ones noticing you are being influenced by your acts. Oh, the power of this personal influence which we are exerting all around us!

On a certain part of the English coast, there is a light-house with a revolving light. One stormy night, however, the machinery would not work, the light would not revolve. When the keeper of the light house became aware of this he was in terrible consternation. Ships were passing to and fro on the ocean and his light refused to work! He was made, however, of the stuff that brave men are made of; and so he took the light and made it revolve with his hands. When at last he grew fatigued he called his companion to take his place. Thus all through the long hours of the night the light was kept revolving, and no ships were wrecked. If it had not been for this brave man's devotion to duty, who shall say how many lives might have perished?

Let us be sure that the light of our good example is always shining.—Young People's Weekly.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Why Papa Never Used Tobacco as Exploited by him to Little Susie.

Curtis and Susie lived with their parents in a tobacco-raising district, where nearly all the men and many of the boys used 'the weed' in some form. One evening when Mr. Williams—the father of Curtis and Susie—was spending the evening with the rest of the family, it was proposed by Mrs. Williams that each one of the family should have the privilege of asking a question as to why certain things were so and so. When it came Curtis's turn he said:

'Well, papa, I would like to know why you never smoke or use tobacco like the rest of the men?'

'I'm glad he don't,' said little Susie, 'for I was over to Mr. Jennings' yesterday and the smoke just filled the house. And what's the use of it? Did you ever smoke, papa?'

'Well,' said Mr. Williams, 'I suppose I might tell you the whole story if you would like to hear it. Would you?'

'Yes,' said both children, 'and we will both keep just as still.'

'You know,' commenced Mr. Williams, 'that I was born and brought up on the farm, and when I was sixteen years old my father told me that if I wanted a little money of my own, I could go out and work in harvest after his crops were secured, for wages in wheat harvest were then a dollar and a half a day. I thought that would be just fine, as I could bind wheat as well as a man at that time, so when father got his grain all in stack, there was plenty of work to do on the prairies, where wheat did not ripen as soon as in the 'openings' where we lived.

'I got a place without difficulty where there were some eight or ten other hands at work, and I became one with them. I found it pretty hard to keep up with the others, but I did my best, and by the help of one who was binding next to me, I managed to do a day's work as a man. I found that about all the hands used to smoke mornings and noons; and at night the room was blue. I seemed therefore to be an odd one among them. But one evening a Mr. Thompson offered me his pipe and asked me to smoke. I did so very carefully, as I had heard that it is apt to make one sick at first. It did not affect me very badly, and the next day I smoked again, and the next day still more, and so on till I began to want it.

'On Sunday I went as usual to Sunday-school, and in the lesson for that day were these words: 'Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God.' The teacher explained these words by saying that we ought to grow strong in mind, body, and heart as the days went by, and then strive to use our strength in such a way as would honor the One whose children we are; that eating and drinking proper things were for the purpose of keeping us strong, so that we might do our appointed work better, and were not simply to gratify our appetite. Then she went on to speak of the many things we should avoid doing, lest we lessen our strength, of either the body, or the mind and heart. Her words made a deep impression on me, and I determined to be strong: I then thought, 'How about the smoking? What help will I gain from it? What good will it ever do

QUICKCURE Delay is Dangerous Serious results often follow the first neglect of even a slight injury. What to put on the wound and how to do it, is told in the little booklet accompanying every pot of the great ready remedy "Quickcure" It is quick, and it is sure and safe—a perfect antiseptic—soothing and healing in its effect—easy in its application. With 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 pots come cotton and lint. With 50c. and \$1.00 pots come also dental pickups for applying "Quickcure" to aching teeth. All druggists sell it, or write direct to THE QUICKCURE COMPANY, LTD. QUEBEC, CAN.

me, or any one else? When the teacher closed the lesson, she said, 'Now, boys, how many of you will strive as you grow to manhood to please God? How many of you will try to glorify him by what you do?' I promptly answered, 'I will be one.' The teacher was much pleased, and when the Sunday-school closed for that day, she said to me, 'George, that was a good resolution for you to make, and I shall trust you to keep it.'

'All that week I saw how every one in that region used tobacco and I decided against it. From that day to this I have kept the resolution, and I always think of that teacher with pleasure. I hope my boy will remember the words of that Sunday-school lesson, and do what he does for the 'glory of God.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Williams, 'I think we shall all have to thank the Sunday-school teacher for that lesson.'

'I'd love her lots,' said Susie, 'if I could find her.'—Young People's Weekly.

HE CHOOSE HIS WAY,

And Has Since Remained a True Follower of His Lord and Saviour.

Which way would he go, one evening? Hark! Hear the church-bell ringing, ringing, calling to the place of prayer! Within the breast of the young man was a newly aroused interest in the subject of his duty to God. Would he obey the summons of the bell and go to the house of prayer?

That evening, a party was to be given and he was one of those remembered with an invitation. Would he go to the party, or would he be found in the church? He left his home. Which way would he go as he left the house, toward the church or toward the evening-party?

He walked along the street, and which way was his feet tending—toward pleasure or toward that House of Rest where the Saviour would be the Master to receive, and the young man would be a guest?

I recall with interest that very evening, for I was the pastor of the church, and I can see him now among those the Saviour met at the evening hour of blessing. The young man had taken the way whose name is Decision and its destination the foot of the cross.

It is many years since that evening and he who made the choice is a steadfast follower of Christ, his feet in the pilgrim's path, his face set toward the Pilgrim's City on high.

'Which way?' What a difference one's answer to this question will often make!

'Which way?' says the traveler as, bending before the storm, he comes to a fork in the road and faces two paths. One leads to chambers of rest, and the other out upon the wild mountains swept by the pitiless blast.

'Which way?' says the scholar at his desk, his books before him. One path is that of industry, the student's earnest quest, bringing the princely rewards of diligence; the other path conducts to the sluggard's end.

'Which way?' says the clerk, sharply eyeing a roll of his employer's bank bills. One path is that of honesty, of sweet sleep at night, and the reward of conscience approving and blessing all through life; the other path has in it today a carriage of

ease, and the banquets of sin, but it will stop in a convict's cell.

'Which way?' asks a young man, lightly fingering the glass that fishes in the light as if jewels were melting within. One course will bring a season of pleasure, but how short! and the end of it all may be the rags of a pauper and the grave of a drunkard. The 'touch-not path' means thrift, peace of mind, the blessing of God.

'Which way?' says the boy or girl aroused by the Spirit of God to a deep interest in the salvation of the soul. What will your answer be, O reader of these lines! God's providence has placed you where you must choose between two courses of action. One or the other you must take. The one means peace of mind, an assurance that the forgiveness of God, his friendship, is yours. It means a life along lines of grate: usefulness. It means the best companionship on the way, the fellowship of God's church, the angels of God your guardians, the Lord Jesus Christ as your Elder Brother and Saviour. It is a path too that aims at the best things by and by, the Heavenly Country and its King. Is not this the road to be taken? Dare you choose the opposite? Do you say, 'I make no choice? You will be left in the wrong path, though you may not in so many words select it, and what an answer that will be to the question, 'Which way?'

From The Right Side.

Christ taught us to ask to be delivered from temptation, but every one understands that it is necessary for each one of us to avoid the path leading to temptation if he expects his prayer to be answered. A prominent Christian worker tells of the way this thought was early impressed upon his mind.

When a boy, I was much helped by Bishop Hamline, who visited a house where I was. Taking me aside, the bishop said:

'When in trouble, my boy, kneel down and ask God's help; but never climb over the fence into the devil's ground, and then kneel down and ask help. Pray from God's side of the fence.'

Of that I have thought every day of my life since.

A BOON FOR EVERY HOME.

Every Wise Woman Should See That She Gets the Best.

In special cotton colors the Diamond Dyes far excel all other dyes. These special cotton dyes are recent discoveries of the best dye chemists in the world, and are remarkable for fastness against exposure to strong light and for standing any amount of washing with soapsuds.

Special attention is directed to Diamond Dye Fast Black for Cotton and Mixed Goods. It excels all rivals in every good quality. One package of this dye will do as much work as three of any other make of dye.

The Diamond Dyes are first, best and the cheapest to use.

Tell your merchant that you must have the "Diamond."

Evidence of Truth.

What a wonderful simplicity there is in the gospel narrative of the coming of the Savior. There is no attempt to heighten the effect of the narrative by dwelling upon the details, by coloring drawn from the circumstances, or by the amplification of the attending incidents.

MEXICO'S FIRST LADY.

The President's Wife is Beloved in Rich Mansion and Lowly Hut.

Mme De Diaz, the wife of the President of Mexico, is not only the first lady of the country, but is the most popular woman in the republic. Senora Dona Carmen Romero Rubio de Diaz is known among her people, from the mansions of the rich in the brilliant capital to the humblest hut on the frontier, as Carmentis, meaning 'Our little Carmen.' Her popularity ever increases, for each year sees a larger number of good works dispensed by this generous woman, who uses her power to improve the lot of a long-oppressed and unhappy people. Madame Diaz is often appealed to on behalf of some one or other sentenced to long

prisonment or death. Official pardon is a delicate power for any one to hold, and the President's wife is naturally careful for the justice of her case before she goes to her lord to plead for executive clemency. But the president himself is of a forgiving nature and not untruly the pardon is granted. Neither the President nor his wife attend the brilliant but brutal bull fights, and in every way they use their influence against the degrading spectacles. It is certain that the President will entirely prohibit them as soon as public sentiment gives any hope of upholding his wishes.

'Carmentis' is the second wife of Gen. Porfirio Diaz, and is in her 33rd year. She stands a type of advanced Spanish-American womanhood, and among other accomplishments speaks English and French almost with equal fluency. She is remarkably well informed on current events, and her advice is often sought by her husband. The President is 60 years old and is very proud of his fair young wife. When their marriage took place in 1884 they took their wedding tour through the United States. Her girlish grace and simplicity of manner well match her beauty. Her ancestry dates far back into the nobility of old Castile, and her evidences of long culture are easily marked. It is plainly apparent that a considerable part of the republic of Mexico and the desire of the people to keep President Diaz in office are due to the general esteem for his lovely wife.

NOW UP AND NOW DOWN.

Notice the slender column of mercury in your thermometer. Today it is longer than it was yesterday; tomorrow it may be longer still, or much shorter; you can't tell in advance. So it varies with the amount of heat in the atmosphere. Very good; but we all knew that before, you say.

Take note of another measuring instrument, then; one that you carry about whithersoever you go. We often hear one person say of another: 'His spirits are very mercurial,' meaning that they rise or fall under slight influence. But others have protracted periods of depression of spirits, sometimes threatening permanent melancholia. In fact instances of this kind are getting to be alarmingly common, and any suggestions as to the cause and the remedy must be welcome to society at large.

Speaking of a recent illness of her own, Mrs. Hagar Percival says the doctor pronounced her ailment to be 'nervous debility.' The phrase is familiar and expressive, and the doctor used it in the ordinarily accepted sense. After all we seem to need more light. Perhaps we shall get it by turning a leaf backward and finding out how the trouble began.

'In July, 1889,' says the lady, 'I felt strangely weak and out of spirits. I could scarcely persuade myself to eat anything, and when I did the food caused me much distress in the stomach and pain in the chest. Neither did I get any strength from it, but grew more weak and nervous. Later on I had frequent attacks of dizziness and fainting fits, which would come upon me in the street, so that I often came near falling to the ground. Sometimes I had two or three such attacks in a single day. The doctor said I had nervous debility, but the medicine he gave me did no good.'

'Bitter and worse I suffered in this manner for about three years, no treatment availing to relieve me. At Easter of 1892 my mother brought me a bottle of medicine of the same kind that had cured her of liver complaint. I began using it, and in a short time I could eat better, and my food digested without giving me any trouble; or discomfort. I grew stronger, the fainting fits gradually ceased, and I regained my health. (Signed) Hagar Percival, 25 Lind Street, Country Road, Walton, Liverpool, July 19th, 1893.'

In a letter dated November 30th, 1892, and written at his home, 142, Shepherd's Bush Road, London, W., a correspondent states that in the year 1888 he fell into a condition of nervous debility. He took medicines in plenty, but grew worse and worse notwithstanding. The early peculiarities of his case were exactly the same as in the case of Mrs. Percival, above named.

'One day,' he declares, 'a friend of mine, Mr. Charles Swan of King's street, told me of a medicine from the use of which his sister had derived great benefit under like circumstances. I at once began taking it, and before I had finished one bottle the pain and distress left me, my nerves were steady, and I gained strength. After I had used three bottles I was in as good health as I was before the attack the previous spring. Appreciating the value of a remedy which proved able to do what no other could accomplish, I am perfectly willing to have the fact made public. (Signed) Frank William Deacon.'

The nervous depression in both these cases as in most others, was the direct consequence of the circulation of impurities of the blood. The extreme melancholy and distortion of judgment witnessed in hypochondriacs arises from the same cause; and (this point is for your memory) the cause underlying all is indigestion and dyspepsia which creates impurities in the stomach and scatters them through the system.

To have strong pure blood; to have perfect digestion; must do what Mother Seige used it as warned by will use symptoms.

Established 1780. Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.