

INFLUENCE.

I dropped a pebble in the stream,
It sank forever from my sight;
A moment in the sun's warm beam
A diamond sparkled pure and bright,
Reflecting far its radiant light.
A circle, small, indeed at first,
Widened, e'en midst the tempest's roar,
Until at last it faintly burst,
And vanished on the farther shore.

A frown, a scowl, an angry glance,
A hasty or unguarded word,
A formal bow, a look askance—
These, quicker than a soft-winged bird,
Pierced to the heart like two-edged sword:
Spreading a baleful influence wide,
They cast a mistsome shade and gloom
Across life's rough and troubled tide,
And reach unto the silent tomb.

A word, a look of sympathy,
A penny generously bestowed,
A simple act of courtesy,
A kindly influence shed abroad,
And from the soul lift many a load.
These angel deeds, grand and sublime,
Like ripples on the restless sea,
Sweep o'er the fretful stream of time,
And reach unto eternity.

—Paul Clayton, in Mail and Express.

How Effie Helped.

One day, when she came home from school, Effie found the sitting-room and kitchen occupied by cousins and friends, all very busy and very lively, for they were making preparation for a wedding. One of Effie's sisters was soon to be married, and of course there was a great deal to be done.

Effie thought how nice it would be if she could help to make the cakes and spread on the icing; for it was a country wedding, and much of the "refreshment" part would have to be done at home. It seemed such easy work mixing things together, beating eggs, etc.

So Effie went first to one then to another, begging that she might be allowed to help.

"No, child, no; what do you know about such things?" a rather impatient old lady said to her.

Another said—
"Oh my! now school's out, we shall have no more peace. Children are always in the way!"

After she had been rebuffed in all her attempts at being useful in the pleasant way she wanted to be, she happened to cast her eyes upon a large work-basket in a corner of the sitting-room, and she saw that it was filled with stockings and socks waiting to be looked over and repaired.

"Now, if I really want to be useful," thought the little girl, "I might get these stockings out of the way for this busy week. They have been forgotten, I suppose—but I would rather make cakes."

Effie was but eleven years old, but she knew how to darn very nicely, for her mother had taught her, and she had been willing to learn.

Down she sat, therefore, close to the table in the corner, so as to be out of the way, and began her self-denying work.

The merry laughter among the young cousins as they went in and out to the oven with their delicate cakes and other things, sounded pleasantly to Effie, and she longed to be among them; but she reflected—

"Mother will be so tired by this evening that she will not want to do her darning, and it will be a nice surprise to her when she finds all these socks and stockings have been put in their proper drawers all ready for use."

So she persevered with her quiet task, glancing once in a while towards the busy group, and admiring their skilful performances.

One of the cousins who had been "cross" to Effie noticed how industrious and steady she seemed at her work in the corner, and after a while brought over a beautiful iced queen cake and gave it to her.

But that, though nice as it was, gave her not half the pleasure she felt when, towards the close of the afternoon, her mother, tired with her baking and other work, sat down by her work-table, saying—

"I would like to lie down and rest a little, but I must get the week's mending out of the way. But who has been here before me, I wonder?" she added with surprise.

"Your little daughter," said one of the other girls. "I could not but notice her, after she had been refused when she wanted to help with the cakes and sweet things."

Not many little girls would have been so thoughtful about doing work that was not attractive.

And when Effie was kissed and thanked by her mother, and had seen her comfortably resting after her labors, she certainly felt much happier than if she had been allowed to help with the icing and other ornamental matters which seemed so tempting to her among her young cousins.

She felt sure now that she would only "have made a mess," as they said, for she knew nothing about such doings.

Little girls are sometimes troublesome when they undertake to do things of which they have no knowledge, and are called "officious."

This day's experience was useful to Effie. She had borne patiently the disappointment of not being allowed to help in the way she would have preferred, but in the performance of a nearer duty, she had proved herself really a valuable assistant; and in after years she learned to know and value, under all circumstances, the wise and practical suggestion, "Perform the duty that lies nearest thee!"

Grace's Cure.

Grace Carr had a bad trait. When told that she must not do a thing, she would say, "Oh, yes: I want to," or "I will, if I want to."

She went out to a farm, to see some friends. It was all so new—the trees, green grass, hens, and pigs—that she was delighted. For a few days, all went well. Then one day she went a long way from the house, to see her friend Guy Grayson set a trap for rats. It was a steel trap and had sharp teeth.

"Now, Grace," said Guy, "you must not touch this trap. If you should get your hand or foot in it, you would be hurt, oh, so bad!"

"Let me try, and see how it goes. Play I am a rat," replied the naughty child.

Guy gave her a push and said "Stop, you must not."

With pouts that spoiled her lips, Grace went off and in a sweet voice said, "I guess I will, if I want to."

She ran to a swing made for her in the grape-house. Soon Guy heard her singing, and he knew that her grief was not deep. But she let the trap stay in her mind; and, when Guy had gone into the house, she thought she would go and see if a rat had been caught. No: there it was with a bait.

She did not think it would snap quick, it took so long to set it; she would just stir the bait. Ah! there was no need or time for more. Snap it went, and caught her whole hand.

It hurt her so badly that she could not cry out for a time; and, when she did she was too far from the house to be heard. So there she lay, while Guy read a long story. Then he went to look at his trap, and there he found poor Grace. She had such a sore hand! But it was her cure.

The lesson was sharp and severe, but effectual. She did not say those wrong words, but would mind at once.—Morning Star.

A Poor Boy's Noble Resolution.

I know I am poor; but I am not ragged, and I will try to be honest. I can go to the Sabbath-school, and there I can get many a tract and pretty book; and my teacher says if I get the knowledge of Christ I shall be richer than many a man who owns thousands of dollars. Yes, I am poor! But I am not poor enough to steal, or to beg, or to lie. And I am not near poor enough to sell on the Sabbath or to go to drinking-saloons.

What if I am poor? My teacher says the blessed Saviour was poor. He says the apostles were poor. And he says God loves the poor.

I will sing a little before I work: "He that is down need fear no fall, He that is poor no pride; He that is humble ever shall Have God to be his guide!"

Thank ye for that, good John Bunyan; they say you were a poor boy yourself once; no better than a tinker. Very well, you are rich enough now, I dare say.

I don't see, after all, but that I can sing as gayly as if I had a thousand dollars. Money does not lighten people's hearts. There is Mr. Jones; he is very rich, but I never heard him sing a hymn in my life. His cheek is paler than mine, and his arm is thinner; and I am sure he can't sleep sounder than I.

No, I am not so poor either. This fine spring morning I feel quite rich. The field and flowers are mine. The red clouds yonder, where the sun is going to rise, are mine. All these robins and thrushes and larks are mine. I never was sick in my life. I have bread and water. What could money buy for me more than this?

I thought I was poor, but I am rich. The birds have no purse or pocket book; neither have I. They have no pains or aches; neither have I. They have food and drink; so have I. They are cheerful; so am I. They are taken care of by the Lord; so am I.

A POOR BOY.

—The Temperance Banner.

It's Good Enough.

"There! I guess that will do," said John as he took a shovelful of ashes out of the stove. "The pan isn't empty, but it's near enough: nobody will see it. If I can get the stove swept in about five minutes, I can finish that story in the Fireside Companion before any one comes." The store was swept very much as the stove had been cleaned. The open spaces presented a good appearance, but out-of-the-way corners and underneath boxes and barrels told a different story. However, John said it was "good enough." The story was finished, and the paper hidden out of sight before the clerks arrived. Then Mr. Willis, the proprietor, came in, bade them all "good morning," glanced around the store, and went into his private office. Presently, he called John: "Take these letters to the office as soon as you can. They will be just in time for the nine o'clock mail. Come right back." John hurried to the office as he had been bidden, but, having deposited the letters safely, saw no more reason for haste. Indeed, he even indulged in a game of marbles before returning to his work. When he entered the store again, Mr. Willis made no comment on his tardiness, but remarked, "Well, John, I've almost learned my lesson."

John stared. "What lesson, sir?" "Why, the one you've been teaching me lately."

John was more puzzled than ever, and all day long he wondered what lesson he could possibly teach Mr. Willis. The next morning, John's work was done as speedily and no better than the day before. Mr. Willis came before the clerks, and sent John out on an errand. While he was gone, the gentleman, with a quiet smile, began to investigate the corners that John thought "nobody would see." When he returned, Mr. Willis said: "John, I told you yesterday I had almost learned my lesson. To-day, I know it thoroughly. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have been teaching me how well I could get along without you. I thought the stove needed cleaning and the store sweeping every morning, but it seems they don't. So I shall not need you longer than this week."

Selected.

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Young Folks' Column.

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PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

Attempt the end, never stand in doubt Nothing's so hard but search it out.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 16)

No. 70.—1. 2 Saml. xi. 14.
2. St. Matt. xxiv. 32.
3. 1 Chron. xi. 22.

No. 71.—1. 1 Saml. xiii. 21.

2. Gen. iv. 21.
3. Lev. xi. 29.
4. Gen. xxiii. 9.
5. Num. xi. 5.
6. Lev. xxii. 19.
7. Ex. xvi. 31.

No. 72.—Macaroon.

No. 73.—"Let all things be done decently and in order."

No. 74.—St. John xv. 9.

The Mystery.—No. 19.

No. 85.—DIAMOND.

[From "Ada," Port La Tour, N. S.]

1. One of the last letters of the alphabet.
2. One of Noah's three sons.
3. That which our Lord told his disciples to do, when in his agony in the garden.

4. What violent thing did Isaiah say is on the hands of those who work iniquity.
5. A letter.

No. 86.—SQUARE WORD.

[From "Kit," Woodstock.]

1. A tree of Australia. 2. To employ. 3. Humankind.

No. 87.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

[From "Eugenie," Yarmouth, N. S.]

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 10, 13, is a tumult; my 11, 7, 8, 3 is to denigrate; my 4, 9, 14 was a high priest; my 15, 2, 16 is a reward; my 12, 10, 5, 6, 16, 1 is dull.

My whole was spoken by our Saviour.

No. 88.—QUOTATION PUZZLE.

[From "Snowflake," Acornport, N. S.]

"Hail native language that by sinew weak Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to ————."—Milton.

No. 89.—HALF-SQUARE WORD.

[From "Van," Lower Prince Wm.]

A kind of eagle; visible vapour; a constable in India; a kind of used in printing; a vowel.

The Mystery Solved in part.

A NEW PRIZE COMPETITION.

**Always give the chapter and verse.

TENTH INSTALLMENT.

No. 14.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. When did a cake of barley bread give courage to a judge and his army?
2. What king's life was saved by some figs?
3. When did a taste of honey almost cause the death of the king's son?
4. Whose daughter was Noah?
5. What men were saved from death, by being hidden on the roof of a house under flax?
6. Who said, in speaking of his dead son, "I shall go to him but he shall not return to me?"
7. When was one bunch of grapes carried by two men?

The Mystical Circle.

"TINY," (Jessie B. Sharp), Midland, Kings, very gratefully acknowledges the receipt of *The American Magazine* from our esteemed friend B. V. Chisholm, Highland Village, N. S. for the first correct solution to his Prize Bible Questions.

JONATHAN R. HAMMOND, Lockeport, N. S., correctly explains No. 65, but too late for the prize.

FLORENCE M. LOCKE, Lockeport, N. S., sends a correct answer to No. 60. Very good Florence. Write us again.

"A FRIEND," Deer Island, has answered the Prize Bible Questions by B. V. C. See the note to others. You do quite right in correcting your errors.

"APPLE BLOSSOM," Carleton, N. S., will please note that we cannot at present comply with her request, but will do so before long. Suffice it to say the first you name is right.

"Helena," Hibernia, Queens, sends answers to puzzles in 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th instalments.

SOLUTIONS to the sixth instalment have been received from E. L. Hammond, Lockeport, N. S.; Lottie Morine, Port Medway, N. S.; Della M. Haney, Cumming's Cove, Char. Co.; "Apple Blossom," Carleton, N. S.

SEVENTH: Lottie Morine; Eddie V. Smith, Port La Tour, N. S.; "Kit," Woodstock; G. A. Riecker, Belleisle Bay; Hattie Steeves, Sussex.

UNCLE NED.

Owing to Uncle Ned's ill-health he cannot attend any more this issue. Other matter will be attended to next issue, all being well.

"THE LORD

is my STRENGTH;
and my SHIELD;
my trusteth in HIM
and I am HELPED;

THEREFORE MY HEART GREATLY REJOICETH

and
WITH MY SONG I WILL PRAISE HIM."
—Psalm xxviii. 7.
—U. N.

DON'T

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

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Ayer's Pills are a superior family medicine. They strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency resulting from Liver Complaint. I have used these Pills, in my family, for years, and they never fail to give entire satisfaction. — Otto Montgomery, Oshkosh, Wis.

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