

of eyes is a thing people generally differ about. Well, it is a summer's afternoon, we big girls are standing up to a class, just quite near to where you little ones are sitting. All of a sudden the sky is overcast, and the school-room gets so dark we can scarcely see. Then the big drops come pattering heavily against the window-panes, and looking up we see a great black mass of clouds, hanging just right over the tops of the houses in the opposite crescent. Then a loud prolonged peal of thunder comes rattling over our heads; and, after a little, when it has passed away again into the silence, there is a little finger held up, and a little voice which belongs to Katie D—, says softly, "Hush, that's God's voice." In all likelihood, you may have forgotten this, Kate, but you see, I have not. The idea was new to me, and it stuck to me like a burr. Often since I have heard such manifestations likened to the voice of the Creator, but at that time the idea came fresh on me, and it was remembered accordingly. Even to this day, when I see the lightnings flash, and hear the thunders roar, I think of the words of little Katie D—, "That's God's voice." Oh, how often, often since have I listened to the voice of the Mighty One. Sometimes it is very loud and very thrilling, but oftener still very soft and low. It speaks to us when the thunders roar, and the tempest rages, and the hour of danger is at hand; but not less distinctly does it speak when suffering lays us low, grief assails us, or a sudden temptation bears down upon us. I have frequently heard its soft accents saying to my angry soul, "*peace be still.*" And sometimes I have obeyed, and the quick unspoken words have died away on my lips, and sometimes I have not obeyed, but shut my ears to the voice of "*Him who spake as never man spake.*" This I know must have grieved the Lord, for when he speaks he must like to be listened to. Do you know, Kate, I think *influence* is one of the most powerful things in existence. I believe that neither words, looks, nor actions are thrown away. They always leave an impress of some description. You see your tiny words spoken so many years ago, did not fall to the ground. Oh yes, it is very, very wonderful. In looking over the list of

those you know, I am sure you will be sensible of the varied influences they have exerted over you. Even at this hour, I am recalling one, whose name I never hear but with feelings of sincerest pleasure, whose face I have not seen for many years, and yet whose influence over me is such, that even still, at the mention of a place, book, or flower,—a thrill of the tenderest gratitude comes over me, and I thank God that he ever gave me such a friend, for the *influence* of that friend first taught me that I was not merely born to die. But again—there is another name which association has made familiar to me; but oh! with what a different sound does it strike upon my ear. There comes no music with it, no thrill of pleasantness, no tender memories. Only a dull aching pain, as if some sickness, which could not be accounted for, had crept around the heart. Oh yes! Kate, it seems to me that influence is a terribly *real* thing. It is the pivot on which turns our earthly happiness or misery—that which can neither be measured nor fathomed, nor like spilt water, can be lifted again when it has been once scattered. And you know I am quite aware that what I am writing will exert an influence of some kind over you; and then if you write me a wee note in return, yours also will exert an influence over me. This is just the way of the world, always giving and always getting. But I am afraid I have mounted one of my *hobbies*—and wooden tho' they are generally considered to be, mine are usually active enough to run away with me, and if I don't take care are apt to pitch me into a morass, called *tediousness*. So as I don't relish the idea of that catastrophe, I must pull up, with a good night and God bless you from

Your affectionate friend,

J— P—.

FAULT-FINDING WITH CHILDREN.

Children are more hurt by indiscriminate, thoughtless fault-finding than by any other one thing. Often a child has all the sensitiveness and all the susceptibility of a grown person, added to the faults of childhood. Nothing about him is right as yet; he is immature and