

Children's Department.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER COPY.

A little girl went to a writing-school when she saw her copy, with every line so perfect, "I can never write like that," she said.

She looked steadfastly at the straight and round lines, so slim and graceful. Then she took up her pen and timidly put it on the paper. Her hand trembled; she drew it back; she stopped, studied the copy, and began again.

But when the teacher came and looked, he smiled. "I see you are trying, my little girl," he said kindly, "and that is enough for me."

She took courage. Again and again she studied the beautiful copy. She wanted to know how every line went, how every letter was rounded and made.

FRANK AND SUSIE.

"There! that kitten's run into the pantry," said Mrs. Lee, as she was hurrying about her dinner.

"I will," said Frank, clattering into the pantry. "Here, cat, clear out!"

"Here, Kitty, Kitty, come little Kitty," said Susie, in gentle tones, as she came with quiet footfall into the pantry.

"Come, Kitty; dear little Kitty," said Susie again, and she came. Mrs. Lee had heard all.

"Remember, then, little ones, always, that gentleness and kindness are better than roughness; and the rule of love better than of fear."

THE SHADOW OF THE YEW OR, UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

Close to the vicarage where I was brought up, stood the little gate which led into our churchyard. And it was my wont, on many a summer's day, to seek the quiet porch of our gray old church, which, shadowed by a yew of a thousand seasons, afforded me a cool and retired resting place.

It was a sweet evening in the wane of fervid July, when I wandered into the churchyard, thinking of a dear sister friend, closely related to the one dearest to me on earth, taken early to rest and her unfading crown.

my trance of thought, and to hear a voice (whence it came I know not; for myself, gentle reader, I believe in the ministry of angels) whispering the following strain, and to me, affecting words: "The shade / that chills thee is an emblem of a deeper truth. Listen! I will interpret to thee the Yew Tree's message. It throws its chill shade about thee to teach thee that every thing casts a shadow. Thou thyself hast a shadow—one that must rest upon those about thee—one that may chill and darken every thing beneath it. Thou castest the shadow of unconscious influence upon the spirits of thy fellows. Angels good and evil watch it. Wouldst thou know of what it is composed? Listen! Thy words, thy deeds, thy looks, the very expression that passes from thy face to another,—these, with thy omissions, weave the shadow of unconscious influence."

I started in agitation, and seemed to lose the voice; but after a moment's silence it resumed. "In the book of God's remembrance these shadows often, very often appear. They are more powerful for good or for evil than all open persuasion, all uttered enticement. The characters of the children around thee, those lambs of Christ's fold those favored of angels, those fairy things of smiles and tears, are moulded by such influences; thy sister can not cast off the secret mastery of thy unconscious influence, the brother of thy affection keeps his eyes upon thee to watch and to follow. Shall thy friend go to God's dreadful judgment bar, his unsaved soul dark with the shadow of thy unconscious influence? Dost thou doubt? I will show thee a picture!"

And methought as these words died solemnly away, a group of four young men stood before me, and one was presiding his fellows to go down the river with him. (It was Sunday.) I seemed able by some strange agency to read the thoughts of the one nearest me, who alone stood out, and hitherto had refused to go. I marked the strong desire of pleasure rise up in his heart; saw, too, hung up in the chamber of memory (all seemed open to me) the warnings of his widowed mother, the holy texts learned of old at his knee; I heard the still small voice of conscience enter her eloquent protest against his unhalloved wish.

But even as a dark shadow creeping unperceived over his spirit. The words talking still, and the leader, finding his arguments of no avail, had ceased to urge the proposed excursion. But a moment more, and upon the mind of the young man who had refused to go with his fellows, flashed the thought, "Well, W., who is so good, never warned me against the river, and I don't think he is particular about Sunday;" and at this thought he gave up his opposition, and with many a gay laugh and playful jest they sought the water.

I longed to follow them, but could not. It did not seem long in the dream land of my thoughts ere slowly and solemnly upon my ear fell the tolling of a neighbouring church bell; and in the pauses between the mournful strokes, I seemed to hear people talking in the street, and caught the words, "A sad thing! four young men drowned, in service time, at the bridge;" and again the bell tolled—toll'd solemnly. I shuddered and struggled to utter what I knew, but the voice, which had been silent, prevented me. "Thou hast seen one soul darkened by unconscious influence; the millions are hid from thee. See again." The voice ceased, and I seemed to be close to a sleeper, who lay stretched upon a public bench; his eyes were closed, a terrible agony seemed creeping over his lips, and I observed with horror a phial, labelled "Poison," half empty on the grass; the only other thing I noted was a pocket volume, the leaf turned down at a passage on death, whose total teaching, the specter's baseless dream, had been the means of hurrying the suicide's soul into the presence of the God whose existence he had learned to doubt. I trembled, and would have called for aid; but my tongue seemed chained, and once more the mysterious voice broke silence.

The shadows of unconscious influence pass not with life; they live on with the recorded doubt, the remembrance saying, and rest; untold generations; the shadows which meet cease here go with them to judgment. Awe-stricken and self-accusing, I trembled, and scarce dared to question my past; for a long the dim vistas of memory I saw countless shadows resting, and Conscience half whispered the history of some of them. But as a sleeper, oppressed by some horrible dream, wakes to the music of the lark's matin song, and to see the blue heavens filled with earliest sunlight smiling upon his repose, so I seemed to grow conscious of a brighter story, a happier tale of unconscious influence. The voice, comfort in every tone, fell again upon my ear: "Ye one more lesson, and the Yew Tree's shadow will have performed its mission. And now I seemed wandering in a quiet hamlet, and following with my eye a white-haired clergyman as he passed on errands of mercy from cottage to cottage. And I noted that, wherever he went, an influence for good seemed to rest upon those around. At length he entered a silent cottage, and passing with him up a narrow flight of stairs, and heard him pour forth his soul in earnest supplication by the bedside of a dying woman. She spoke not, for the mystery of death was about her; and he left, lifting up an inward prayer that at eventide there might be light. But I noted her husband sitting in the room below, a strong, laboring man, with his head bowed upon his hands, watching the faintly flickering fire. He spoke not as the clergyman pressed his hand, and spoke a few soothing words of mingled comfort and warning; but when all was quiet again, and the cottage door was slowly closed, he lifted up his head and murmured, "God save me; I am a miserable sinner." He had caught the words of the clergyman's prayer from the upper room, and I saw, with a thrill of delight, the dim dawn of that unclouded day, which shall make one endless noon of a happy eternity, breaking in his alienated heart. The divine word had gone forth, "Let there be light" and "there was light." The house where the Angel of Death had his mission passed from me, and the voice once broke in with these last words, "Remember the Yew and its shadow. There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over this sinner, for he repenteth." The voice was no more. I awoke and started up; the shadow of the old Yew lay dark upon me, and I saw, through, I felt my seat to see the canopy of heaven crowded with stars, the gray church tower standing up darkly defined against the sky, and to hear a far village clock speak evening warnings to the darkened world. I left the still graveyard to mourn at the foot of the cross for my past, and anxiously to guard my future, unconscious influence.

Reader, thou hast, whoever thou art, the vast gift of unconscious influence, conferred upon thee by God, and his unsleeping eye rests ever upon thy use of it. The time is

short. Like a mighty river nearing the falls, the stream of time hurries on to eternity. Reader, what shadow do you cast on those around you?

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Read the following, which have been received among other certificates from those who have tried it:— MONTREAL, August 31, 1867.

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MONTREAL, 4th September, 1867. Sir,—I take pleasure in certifying that I have one of Woodward's Patent Carbonizers in use in my house for some time, and am perfectly satisfied that it is a valuable improvement. I believe that I am saving a large amount of gas, as I am using one-foot burners instead of three feet, which I formerly used, and have more light now than I had with the large burners without the Carbonizer.—Very truly yours, To Mr. R. Alsop. J. BELL SMITH, Artist.

MONTREAL, 9th Sept., 1867. DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in adding my testimony to the usefulness of Woodward's Carbonizer, both as regards increased illuminating power and also diminished consumption. Having now had one on my premises for some time, which is working with undiminished vigour, I very confidently recommend it as being able to do all you promised for it. I am, &c., D. H. FERGUSON, 100 McGill Street. To R. Alsop, Esq.

MONTREAL, 5th Nov., 1867. DEAR SIR,—In answer to your enquiry, we would say that your Carbonizer, placed in our billiard-room on Great St. James Street on the 4th September, has given us entire satisfaction. Before we had it introduced we were burning about 1200 feet of gas per night, with 50 burners, running about 5 hours. We are now burning less than 2000 feet per night, running about 6 1/2 hours, with 62 burners, and fully as much light. We therefore confidently recommend it to all who wish to economize in burning gas.—Very truly yours, To Mr. Robt. Alsop. Jos. Dixon & Bro.

The Subscriber begs leave to call the attention of all who are using gas to the above really valuable improvement. Do not suffer yourselves to be influenced by the prejudice produced by the numerous so-called improvements which have been offered within the last few years; but see and judge for yourselves. Every information will be given, and the operation of the apparatus shewn and explained by ROBERT ALSOP, at the Office of the Petroleum Gas Co., No. 156 Great St. James Street. May 14. 1y 16

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- Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhoea and Cramp and Pain in Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Painters' Colic, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, SORE THROAT, SUDDEN COLDS, COUGHS, &c., TAKEN EXTERNALLY, IT CURES BOILS, FELONS, CUTS, BRUISES, BURNS AND SCALDS, OLD SORES, SPRAINS, SWELLING OF THE JOINTS, TOOTHACHE, PAIN IN THE FACE, NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM, FROSTED FEET, &c., &c.

Pain is supposed to be the lot of us poor mortals as inevitable as death, and liable at any time to come upon us. Therefore it is important that remedial agents should be at hand to be used on an emergency, when we are made to feel the excruciating agonies of pain, or the depressing influences of diseases. Such a remedial agent exists in PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, the fame of which has extended over all the earth. Amid the eternal ices of the polar regions, or beneath the intolerable and burning sun of the tropics, its virtues are known and appreciated. And by it, suffering humanity has found relief from many of its ills. The eminent Dr. Pain-Killer upon the patient, when taken in cases of Cold, Cough, Fever, &c., Cholera, Dysentery, and other ailments of the system, has been truly wonderful. It has won for it a name among medical preparations that can never be forgotten. Its success in removing pain, as an external remedy, in cases of Burns, Bruises, Sores, Sprains, Cuts, Sting of Insects, and other causes of suffering, has secured for it the most prominent position among the Medicines of the day.

Read the following Testimonials:

- Rev. J. E. CLOUGH, Missionary at Ongole, Southern India, writes: "We esteem your Pain Killer very highly for scorpion stings, cholera, &c., and cannot very well get along without it." Rev. I. D. CORBURN, Missionary at Tavoy, Burmah, writes: "I shall be happy to assist in extending a knowledge of a remedy so speedy and effectual." Rev. M. H. BUBY, Missionary to the Shans, writes:—"Your Pain Killer cures more of the ailments of the natives here than any other medicine. There is a great call for it, &c." Rev. H. L. VAN MYTER, writing from Burmah, says: "The Pain Killer has become an almost indispensable article in my family." Hundreds of missionaries give similar testimony to its virtues. Rev. J. G. STEARNS writes: "I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever knew." Rev. JAMES SWAN says: "I have used it for years in my family, and consider it an invaluable remedy."

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.—This medicine has become an article of commerce, which no medicine ever became before. Pain Killer is as much an item in every bill of goods sent to country merchants as tea, coffee, or sugar. This speaks volumes in its favour.—Glens' Falls Messenger. A speedy cure for pain—no family should be without it.—Montreal Transcript. Our own opinion is, that no family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour. In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sores, &c., it is the most effectual remedy we know of.—News, St. Johns, Canada. After many year's trial of Davis' Pain Killer, we advise that every family should provide themselves with so effectual and speedy a Pain-Killer.—Amherst (N.S.) Gazette. The Pain-Killer of Perry Davis & Son we can confidently recommend. We have used it for a length of time, and invariably with success.—Canada Baptist. It has been tested in every variety of climate and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the almost constant companion and inestimable friend of the missionary and the traveller, on sea and land, and no one should travel on our lakes or rivers without it. Beware of Counterfeits and worthless imitations: call for PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN-KILLER and take no other. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines. Prices, 15 cts., 25 cts., 50 cts., per Bottle.

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