

MAKING AN EXPERIMENT.

Here is a boy ten years old who has never used tobacco.

"Charlie will you help us make an experiment?"

"I will, sir."

"Here is a piece of plug tobacco as large as a pea. Put it into your mouth; chew it. Don't let one drop go down your throat, but spit every drop of juice into that spittoon. Keep on chewing, spitting, chewing, spitting."

Before he is done with that little piece of tobacco, simply squeezing the juice out of it, without swallowing a drop, he will lie here on the platform in a cold deathlike perspiration. Put your finger upon his wrist. There is no pulse. He will seem for two or three hours to be dying.

Again, steep a plug of tobacco in a quart of water, and bathe the neck and back of a calf covered with vermin.

You will kill the vermin, and if not very careful, you will kill the calf too. These experiments show that tobacco, in its ordinary state, is an extremely powerful poison.

Go to the drug store; begin with the upper shelves and take down every bottle. Then open every drawer, and you cannot find a single poison (except some very rare ones) which, taken into the mouth of that ten-year-old boy, and not swallowed, will produce such deadly effects. —*Dio Lewis.*

THE BEGINNING.

"Give me a cent and you may pitch one of the rings, and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you six cents," said a man.

That seemed fair enough, so the boy handed him a cent, and took a ring. He stepped back to a stake, tossed his ring, and it caught on one of the nails that were fastened in a board.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or six cents?"

"Six cents," was the answer, and two three cent pieces were put into his hand. He stepped off well satisfied with what he

had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near had watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling!"

"Gambling sir?"

"You staked your penny and won six, did you not?"

"Yes I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given you; you *won* them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give him six cents back, and ask him for your penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy again."

"He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly, and his bright, open look as he said, '*I'll do it,*' will not be forgotten. He ran back and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his comrades. That was an honest boy.—*Ed.*

GIVE WHILE YOU CAN.

A minister of the Gospel once called upon a merchant, — Mr. Thornton, afterwards the first treasurer of the Church Missionary Society, — and solicited his aid for some benevolent object. The merchant, in response to his application, gave him a cheque for ten pounds. Before the clergyman left there came a letter with the news that one of the merchant's large vessels had gone to the bottom of the sea. The merchant read the letter, and told the minister of his loss, and then said, "I must ask you for that cheque back."

The minister returned the cheque with a sad countenance, and then the merchant wrote another cheque for *fifty pounds*, and handed it to him, saying, "I must give while I can, for the Lord is warning me that some time I may not have anything to give."