

2. A very great number of boys who would not think of using a pipe or a cigar, will buy and smoke cigarettes. A doctor in England lately, because he saw so many boys smoking, began to see if it was not injuring them. He examined thirty-seven boys between the ages of nine and fifteen years, and in twenty-seven cases smoking had already done great harm. Twelve had frequent bleeding at the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, twelve had ulceration of the mucus membrane of the month, and twenty-two had various disorders of circulation and digestion, and a marked taste for strong drink. Boys, don't smoke! It spoils your nerves, makes your breath bad, makes it not half as pleasant for your mothers and sisters to kiss you, and will gradually, as a rule, weaken your minds as well as bodies.

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A traveller in Scotland observed some choice and rare plants growing on the edge of a precipice. He could not reach them, but offered to a little Highland boy a handsome present, if he would consent to be lowered to the spot by a rope around his waist. The boy hesitated. He looked at the money, and thought of all that it would purchase, for his parents were poor, and their home had few of the comforts of life; but then, as he glanced at the terrible precipice, he shuddered and drew back. At length his eye brightened, and he said, with decision, "I'll go if father will hold the rope." And he went.

"This boy's trust," says the Rev. Dr. Wise, "is a beautiful illustration of faith; for, as he puts himself into his father's hands to be bound with the rope and lowered down the gorge to pluck the coveted flowers, so must you put yourself into Christ's hands to be pardoned."

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A street boy in London had both legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid in one of the beds of the hospital to die, and another little creature of the same class was laid near by, picked up sick with famine and fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said: "Bobby, did you never hear about Jesus?" "No, I never heard of Him." "Bobby, I went to Mission School once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to heaven when you die, and you'd never have hunger any more, and no more pain if you axed Him." "I couldn't ask such a great big gentleman as He to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a little boy like me." "But He'll do all that if you ax Him." "How can I ax Him if I don't know where He lives; and how could I get there when both my legs is broke?" "Bobby, they told me at Mission School, as how Jesus passes by. Teacher says as He goes around. How do you know but that He might come around to this hospital this very night? You'd know Him if you was to see Him." "But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die." "Bobby, hold up yer hand, and He'll know what you want when He passes by." They got the hand up. It dropped. Tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears,