

TOBACCO CONQUERED.

TOBACCO, like rum, is no respecter of persons. Great and small, high and low, bow to struggle in its fottors, and die beneath its thrall. Tobacco killed General Grant, and the Emperor Frederick of Germany, just as it kills beggars and paupers, vagabonds and thieves. One of the latest victims is an editor, William M. Singerly, editor of the Philadelphia Record.

Dr. Bernardy, who was Mr. Singerly's family physician, visited him the day before his death and found him then in fairly good condition, with no weakness or pain, expecting to go down to his office next day. And the end came suddenly, and without a word the strong man fell back dead.

The explanation of the sudden death, which will apply to thousands of similar cases, is given by his physician Dr. Bernardy as follows:—

"Mr. Singerly was an inveterate smoker, and for years had suffered from what was known as a 'tobacco heart.' I forewarned his family that some day he would die suddenly in just the way he has. He knew that his heart was weak, but always laughed at the thought of danger. The end has come, however, in just the manner I had predicted and expected." If you become a slave to tobacco when you are young, you will be very unlikely to break the habit when you are old. The best way is to "quit before you begin."

HE DID NOT LAUGH AT ME.

EDITH is our six-year old baby. She had spent the vacation delightfully. One of her greatest enjoyments was swinging in the hammock with her pet dolly during the long pleasant afternoon. It was a great trial to her to think of going to school alone this year without her oldest sister, Pansy; but Pansy had been ill and could not go. So Edith went off by herself very bravely.

She is our little sunshine, and her laugh makes sweetest music in her home. But she cries almost as easily as she laughs, and she cannot bear to be teased. The boys annoy her in this way, and laugh when they make her cry.

This does not make her feel kindly toward the boys, and she is not slow to express her opinion of them.

"Mamma" she said once, "I don't like boys. I'm glad I haven't a little brother."

"Why, Edith?" asked her mother, with a look of surprise.

"Because they tease little girls so and make them cry and then laugh at them."

"Do all little boys laugh at you when you cry?"

"Yes, all but Robbie Shriver. I fell down at school the other day and hurt my head, and they all just laughed at me but Robbie, and he came and helped me up and said he was awful sorry I was hurt, and he didn't laugh a bit."

"That certainly was very nice in Robbie," said mamma, as she gave Edith's rosy cheek a kiss.

"Yes mamma, Robbie Shriver is the only boy in town that I like, because he never laughs at me."

"That was a great compliment to Robbie. It shows that he is a gentle boy, and when he grows up he will be a gentleman."—*Child's Paper.*

COME TO CHRIST AT ONCE.

A YOUNG woman once refused to come to the Saviour, saying, "there is too much to give up." "Do you think God loves you?" I asked.

"Certainly."

"How much do you think He loves you?"

She thought a moment, and answered, "Enough to give his son to die for me."

"Do you think, if God loved you enough to give his Son to die for you, he will ask you to give up anything it is for your good to keep?"

"No."

"Do you wish to keep anything that is not for your good to keep?"

"No."

"Then you had better come to Christ at once." And she did.—*Young People's Paper.*

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