

"How does it make a current of air?" asked Rollo.

"Why, the heat of the flame, when you first put the paper in," replied Miss Mary, "makes the air that is above it lighter; and the common air all around crowds in under it, in buoying it up; and by that means, if the flame is too large, common air is carried into the tumbler. You ought to make a very small flame, if you leave the top of the tumbler open."

"How can we make a small flame?" said Rollo.

"One good way," replied Miss Mary, "is to roll up some paper into a very small roll. I will show you how."

So Miss Mary took a piece of paper, and cut it into the proper shape with her scissors, and then rolled it up into a long and very slender roll; one end of it was not much larger than a large knitting-needle. She gave this to Rollo, and told him that, if he tried the experiment again, he must light the small end, and it would make a flame not so big as a pea.

Rollo explained to Jonas what Miss Mary had said, and they resolved on attempting the experiment again that evening. And they did so. Dorothy stood by watching the process, as she had done the evening before; but Rollo did not assert so confidently and positively what the result would be. He had learned moderation by the experience of the night before.

When all was ready, Jonas lighted the end of the slender roll in the lamp, and plunged it carefully into the tumbler. It went out immediately.

"There!" said Rollo, clapping his hands, "it goes out."

"Why, it is only because the wind blew it out."

"No, Dorothy," said Rollo, "there isn't any wind in the tumbler."

"Yes," replied Dorothy, "when you push it down, it makes a little wind, just enough to blow it out."

"Get another tumbler," said Jonas, "and let us see."

So Dorothy brought another tumbler, and Jonas put the burning end of the paper down into it, with about as rapid a motion as that with which he had put it before into the tumbler he had at first. The paper continued to burn.

"There," said he to Dorothy, "when I put it down into common air, it burns on the same as ever; so it can't be that the wind puts it out." Jonas repeated the experiment a number of times; the effect was always the same. Whenever he put it into the tumbler of common air, it burned on without any change; but whenever he put it into the choke damp, it immediately went out. Even Dorothy was satisfied that there was a difference in the kind of air contained in the two tumblers.

That evening, when Rollo gave his mother a full account of their attempts,—describing particularly their failure at first, and their subsequent successes,—his mother seemed much interested. When he had finished, she said,—

"Well, Rollo, I don't see but that you have learned two lessons in philosophy."

"Two lessons?" said Rollo.

"Yes," replied his mother. "The first is, that fire will not burn in choke damp; and the second is, that it requires nice attention and care to verify philosophical truths by experiment."

"Yes," said Rollo, "we missed the first time, just because we had too big a paper."

### Careless Words.

What power is there in the human voice? It has power to waken in the breast of man the best and holiest emotions; or, the vilest passions—passions which cause man's feelings to assimilate to those of the arch fiend—may be aroused by that faculty, speech, which is one of the principal attributes, distinguishing man from the brutes that perish. Man's chief fountains of joy spring from the capability which he has of uttering his desires and hopes, his sorrows and trials in the ear of his fellow man, and in receiving from him sympathy in trouble, and congratulation in the time of rejoicing.

Let him who has been wont to mingle freely with mankind, enjoying the sweets of society and the communings of friendship, be at once deprived of all human society, incarcerated in a prison's dark cell, and he will feel that being deprived of the sound of the human voice and having no one in whose ear to tell the story of his woe, is an aggravating potion in his cup of sorrow. Not to know from the tones of others that they sympathize with us, to be shut out from the hearing of man's voice, to be prevented from communing with those dear to us, is one of the greatest punishments that can be inflicted upon man.

Now, when the power of speech is so easily seen by all; to be one of Heaven's most valuable gifts to man, is it not strange that so few prize it as they ought, and that so many pervert it to base, unworthy purposes—to causing unhappiness, heart-burnings and heart-aches among those with whom they dwell? To the unlawful use of the tongue—to *careless words*—may be justly attributed the great majority of petty strifes, bickerings, jealousies, and other crimes even to the worst, such as revenge, rapine, murder and bloody war, which disgrace and destroy thousands of the once noble race of man.

Where is the individual who cannot speak from his own sad experience of the power of a word—a single thoughtless expression—in embittering all his pleasurable feelings, and causing him to weep in sadness and alone? Who cannot, in looking at his past life, recollect instances when a remark from another, upon a real or supposed defect in character or person, has caused the keenest pain, and as it were a crushing of the spirit? Though long years have passed since the withering remark was uttered, yet it is still remembered, and the time, place and circumstances, as distinctly as if it had been yesterday. Who has not seen difficulties commence, by a word hastily and angrily spoken, which have grown to mountain size and have separated chief friends? That which was uttered by one, renowned for wisdom, thousands of years ago, that "*Death and life are in the power of the tongue*," is still full of truth, and many are living to-day who can with sorrow attest to its verity.

Doubtless many who are in the habit of using the tongue carelessly, thus causing bitter feelings which the heart of the wounded can only know, are in the habit of so doing from want of reflection—not really designing to grieve the feelings of others. However this may be, all ought to be careful how they let loose this "unruly member." It is much easier, even when excited by passion, to curb the tongue, than it is many times, to make good the evil done by giving loose to that member which "no man can tame."

Well would it be if all would strive—instead of barely keeping the tongue from evil—to make use of it in doing good, in uttering words of kindness and sympathy, in encouraging noble purposes in the minds of the young, in condemning profligacy, impurity and all sin, and in doing good as opportunity is given. Words are the great means of elevating mankind;—persuasion and right motives placed before individuals, exert an almost omnipotent influence in making men better. Words uttered in their influence, do not end with him who speaks them—do not affect the interests of time only, but reach far into the future. One of the best living writers for the young has said, in this connection, "Remember that every word you utter, wings its way to the throne of God, and is to affect the condition of your soul forever."

Beware, beware of careless words,

They have a fearful power,  
And jar upon the spirit's chords  
Through many a weary hour.

Though not designed to give us pain,  
Though but at random spoken;  
Remembrance brings them back again—  
The past's most bitter token.

They haunt us through the toilsome day,  
And through the lonely night,  
And rise to cloud the spirit's ray,  
When all beside is bright.

Though from the mind, and with the breath  
Which gave them they have flown,  
Yet wormwood, gall and even death,  
May dwell in every tone.

And burning tears can well attest  
A sentence lightly framed  
May linger, cankering in the breast  
At which it first was aimed

Oh, could my prayer indeed be heard—  
Might I the past live o'er,  
I'd guard against a careless word,  
E'en though I spoke no more.

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