

very thought of tobacco. If not, the nauseous weed itself will be sure to make you sick, even to vomiting.— Only think what many boys undergo, in order to accustom their mouths and stomachs to the vile weed. All this in order to be *smart*; and yet the va-

gabond in the picture is ahead of them even in smartness. See what a cloud he raises.

Let all our young readers learn to avoid the habit and the consequences of using that poisonous weed called tobacco.



POETRY.

For the Sunday School Guardian.

COME UNTO ME.

Live not, O man unblest,
'Midst sinful crowds, 'midst lovers of the world,
Those who despise, and laugh to scorn the warnings
hur'd,
And thunder'd forth with solemn truth and earnest-
ness,
By God's own messenger.

The time is fast approaching,
When we must all proceed by God's decree,
To occupy a place among the mansions of the
blest;
Or else depart to the dark regions of the damn'd—
O may we join the blest!

The eagle hath her home,
The lamb hath shelter in the guarded fold,
The flower doth sleep 'neath heavens azure vault—
The tossed ship finds rest and safety in the haven,
Wilt thou find peace except thou seek'st salvation?

No! never shall it be,
Though by the world carressed,—
Tho' diadems and jewels glitter at thy feet,—
Tho' far famed treasures thou can'st call thine own,
If thou wilt not return to God,
Thou never can'st find rest!

In summer's gladness come,
When nature saith unto the meditative mind—
Behold the wondrous works of God's own hand;
A lesson learn from these and yield
To Jesus gracious words and come,
And mercy find.

The accepted hour has come,
'Then let us rise with hearts resolved,
To seek and find the priceless pearl
Which Jesus offers unto all,
Who his mandate obey,
"Come unto me!"

I. R. B.

March 1st, 1832.



KNEEL, MY CHILD, FOR GOD IS HERE!

Kneel, my child, for God is here!
Bend in love, in holy fear;
Kneel! before him now in prayer;
Thank him for his constant care;
Praise him for his bounties shed
Every moment on thy head:
Ask for light to know his will;
Ask for love, thy heart to fill;

Ask for faith to bear thee on
Through the might of Christ his son;
Ask his Spirit still to guide thee
Through the ills that may betide thee;
Ask for peace, to lull to rest
Every tumult of thy breast;
Ask in awe, in holy fear;
Kneel, my child, for God is here!