

Poetry.

Hint-Droppings.

To let's things on earth are linked
To the wisest, underneath them lying.
And human might is ever broken
By the birth and the dying.

'Tis dust that clops the spirit's pen,
And intercepts the heavenly dying;
A holiest, happiest thought of men,
Still thro' to life, through sin and sighing.

Round each to each by common blood,
The nations are a household scattered,
Though some are clothed in purple garb,
And others shorn and shattered.

Yet all are loved, as all have sinned;
To one great God all are appealing;
And to mankind are still man-kind;
By blood and need, if not by feeling.

And the feeling?
The feeling is the deadly nightshade,
And stramonium—two of the strongest poisons.

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In many cases very seriously. Many
are made insane by it.

Now should boys get into the habit of
using by smoking or chewing such a poison.
It is a good thing for them.

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Men strive to govern, but His will
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Is working; and while men make haste
To find, to find, to crush, to sever,
The mighty God, who takes no rest,
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The Parted Spirit.

BY J. MACOLM.
"Ye cannot tell where it cometh, or whether it goeth"
Mysteries in its birth,
And viewless as the blast;
Where hath the spirit fled from earth,
Forever past?

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It keeps the secret well;
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Temperance.

Rev John Abbott, the sailor preacher
relates the following good story of one of his
converts to temperance:

Mr. Johnson at the close of a cold water
lecture, intimated that he must sign the
pledge in his own way which he did in
these words:

"I, William Johnson, pledge myself to
drink no more intoxicating drink for one
year.

Some thought he wouldn't stick three
days; others allowed him a week, and a few
gave him two weeks, but the landlord knew
him the best, and said he was good stuff,
but at the end of the year, Bill would be a
good snaker.

Before the year was quite gone, Mr.
Johnson was asked by Mr. Abbott:

"I thought you were going to renew the pledge?"
"Well, I don't know Jack, but what I
will tell you is, I have done pretty well, so far, with
you, I have not sign it again my own way."

"O yes, any way so that you will not
drink rum?"

"I, Wm Johnson, sign this pledge for
nine years and nine months, and years, and
living at the end of that time, I intend to
take out a lease for life."

A day or two after, Johnson went to see
his old landlord, who eyed him as a hawk
does a chicken.

"Oh, landlord!" whined Bill, accompanied
by a score of cronies, "let us have a drink
of rum, for the sake of the old times, and
let us have a drink of rum, for the sake of the old times."

"You are a fool," said the landlord, "let us
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was administered, died in 35 minutes.

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years, is said in the papers to have died in
consequence of smoking cigars.

Dr. Rees, of Edinburgh, says that a single
drop of the oil of tobacco being placed
on the tongue of a cat, produces violent
convulsions, and death itself in the space
of a minute.

Dr. Mussey of Cincinnati, tried several
experiments on cats, squirrels, &c., and
found that convulsions and death in a few
minutes was the effect in every case in which
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