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Selected Poetry.

HATE OF THE BOWL.

A young lad of lowly rank, writing on the subject of Temperance, evoked such deep emotion, and drew such praise from his productions, that a friend accused her of being a fanatic on that subject, whereupon she wrote the following lines:

Go tell what I have felt—
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn:
Then suffer on from year to year,
Till sole relief the scorching tear:

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech, and pray—
Strike the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay—
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayer butted, your tears denied.

Go weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall—
See every promise blessed swept—
Vow's fading, words to gall—
Life's fading, words to gall—
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen—
Rebeld the strong man bowed,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow—
Go catch his withering glance, and see
Those mirrored his soul's misery.

Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed form cheer—
Thine own deep anguish hide—
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear:
Mark her worn form and withered brow—
The gray that streaks her dark hair now—
Her failing form and trembling limb,
And trace their ruin back to him.

Whose pledged faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the cursed cup,
And led her down, through love and light,
And all that made her prospects bright,
And chain'd her there, 'mid want and strife,
That lovely thing, a husband's wife!

And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That wither'd brow, the darkness of old.

Go hear, and feel, and see, and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone—
Think if its flavor you will try,
When all proclaim "the drink and die!"

THE SKELETON OF HELL!

Selected Sketch.

A RUSSIAN WOLF HUNT.

Wolf hunting and bear hunting are the favorite pleasures of the Russians. Wolves are hunted in this way in the winter, when the animals being hungry are ferocious. Three or four huntsmen each armed with a double-barreled gun, get into a troika, which is any kind of a carriage drawn by three horses, its name being derived from its team, and not from its form. The middle horse trots with his head hanging down, and is called the Snow-Eater. The two others have only one rein, and their heads are free—they are called Furious. The troika is driven by a sure coachman. A pig is tied to the vehicle behind with a rope about 12 yards long, and kept in it until the huntsmen reach the place where the hunt is to take place, when it is put out and the horses started. The pig squeals and its cries bring out the wolves—first one, then another, and finally a whole pack—all in hot pursuit of their intended prey.

As they near the pig, they snap and bite at it, which increases its fear and cause it to squeal more loudly, bringing additional wolves to the scene. The horses have an instinctive horror of wolves, and, almost crazy, go at a fearful rate.

The huntsmen fire as fast as they can load; there is no need to take aim. The squealing pig, howling wolves, neighing horses and rading guns, make a din of discord not to be described!

As long as the driver commands his horses, no odds how fast they run away, there is little danger; but if he ceases to be master of them, if they balk, or the troika upset, there is little or no hope.

Last winter, Prince Rupert went on one of these hunts, and it came very near being his last hunt. He and two friends were in a large sleigh, in which all had room to move at ease; three vigorous horses were to it, and the driver selected because of his superior skill. They were well supplied with arms and ammunition. It was night when they reached the immense prairie covered with snow, which was to be the scene of their adventures. The moon shone brightly, and with the snow made it almost light as day.

The pig was put out of the sleigh and the horses touched up with the whip.

Miscellaneous.

THE POOR GERMAN.

A STORY FOR THE FUTURE.

One evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the wayside, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took out a loaf of bread, which he had bought in the town, and broke it, and gave half to his boy.

"Not so, father," said the boy, "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working hard all day for small wages, to support me, and you must be very hungry, I shall wait till you are done."

"You speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased father. "Your love to me does me more good than my food; and those eyes of yours remind me of your mother, who has left us, and who told you to love me as she used to; and indeed, my boy, you have been a great comfort and strength to me. But now, that I have eaten the first morsel, to please you, it is your turn now to eat."

"Thank you, father; but break this piece in two, and take a little more, for you see the loaf is not large, and you require much more than I do."

"I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy; but eat it I shall not. I have abundance; and let us thank God for his great goodness in giving us food, and what is better than food, cheerful, and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven, to nourish our immortal souls, how shall He not give us all other food that is necessary to support our mortal bodies?"

The father and son thanked God, and then cut the loaf for the conclusion of their meal. But as one portion was cut there fell out several pieces of gold of great value. The little boy gave a cry of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father.

"My son," he said, "do not touch that money; it is not ours."

"But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?"

"I know not, as yet, to whom it belongs, but probably it was put there by the baker through some mistake. We must enquire. Run!"

"But father, you are poor and needy, and you bought the loaf, and the baker may tell a lie, and—"

"I will not listen to you, boy. I bought the loaf, but did not buy the money in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him. Remember Him who told us to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. I am poor indeed, but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus. God's own Son, oh, let us share, also, his goodness, and trust in God. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done, should we die by doing right. Yes, my son, trust God and walk in his ways, and you shall never be put to shame. Now run to the baker and bring him here, and I shall watch the gold until he comes."

So the boy ran to the baker. "Brother workmen," said the old man, "you have made some error, and almost lost your money." And he then showed the baker the gold, and told him how it had been found.

"Is it time?" asked the father; "if it is, take it away."

"My father is very poor, baker, and—"

"Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money."

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