

nests, containing eggs, and a variety of other objects, are exhibited to visitors, as proofs of the petrifying qualities of the water. The weight of the water is twenty-four grains in a pint heavier than that of common water. The top of the cliff projects considerably beyond the bottom, and the water is thus thrown to some distance from the side of the cliff, which is of a concave form.

The Little Shoe.

BY MARY NEAL.

I found it here—a worn-out shoe,
All mildewed with time, and wet with dew.
'Tis a little thing; ye would pass it by
With never a thought, or word, or sigh;
Yet it stirs in my spirit a hidden well,
And in eloquent tones of the past doth tell.

It tells of the little fairy child
That bound my heart with a magic wild,
Of bright blue eyes and golden hair,
That ever shed joy and sunlight there—
Of a prattling voice, so sweet and clear,
And the tiny feet that were ever near.

It tells of hopes that with her had birth,
Deep buried now in the silent earth;
Of a heart that had met an answering tone,
That again is left alone—alone!
Of days of watching and anxious prayer—
Of a night of sorrow and dark despair.

It tells of a form that is cold and still—
Of a little mound upon yonder hill,
That is dearer far to a mother's heart
Than the classic "statutes of Grecian art."
Ah! strangers may pass with a careless air,
Nor dream of the hopes that are buried there.

O ye, who have never o'er loved ones wept—
Whose brightest hopes have never been swept
Like the pure white cloud from the summer
sky—

Like the wreath of mist from the mountain
high—

Like the rainbow, beaming a moment here,
Then melting away to its native sphere;

Like rose-leaves, loosed by the zephyr's sigh—
Like that zephyr wafting its perfume by—
Like the wave that kisses some graceful spot,
Then passes away, yet is ne'er forgot;
If like these your life-hopes have never fled,
Ye can not know of the tears I shed.

Ye can not know what a little thing
From Memory's silent fount can bring
The voice and form that were once so dear.
Yet there are hearts, were they only here,
That could feel with me, when all wet with
dew,

I found it this morning—this little shoe.
—*Louisville Journal.*

The Days we went to Sign the Pledge

In the days we went to sign the pledge,
A long time ago,
The speakers on the platform
Were seated in a row;
And drunkards told their horrid tales,
Of wretchedness and woe;
In the days we went to sign the pledge,
A long time ago.

The thought of long past hapless years
Were present to our mind;
Nor peace, nor hope, nor happiness,
We any where could find;—
When, lo! the Temperance star appeared,
With glory on its brow,
In the days we went to sign the pledge,
A long time ago.

And now we love the social cheer,
Of the bright winter's eve;
We have no cause for sigh or tear;
We have no cause to grieve.
Our wives are clad, our children fed,
We boast where'er we go;
'Twas all because we signed the pledge,
A long time ago.

And Britain long shall bless the time
When our great cause arose,
To crown her with its glorious light,
And crush her daring foes;
And may God bless the Temperance cause
Wherever it shall go;
And keep us to the pledge we signed,
A long time ago.

Each Mother's Love the Best.

[A friend has put into our hands the following lines from an unknown source. Their intrinsic beauty and merit will commend them to all readers, while the simplicity of the subject and the style will make them specially pleasing to our youthful readers. The moral is told in every stanza.]—
Lutheran Observer (Baltimore.)

As I walked over the hills one day,
I listened and heard a mother-sheep say:—
'In all the green world there is nothing so sweet,
As my little lammie with his nimble feet,

With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white;
O, he is my darling, my heart's delight,
The robin, he

That sings on the tree,
Deerly may dote on his darlings four;
But I love my one little lambkin more.'
So the mother sheep, and the little one,
Side by side, lay down in the sun,
And they went to sleep on the hill-side warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old grey cat, and her kittens three;
I heard her whispering soft. Said she:
'My kittens, with tails all so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things there can be in the
world.'