

Selections.

MY DARLING'S SHOES.

God bless the little feet that can never go astray.
 For the little shoes are empty in the closet laid away!
 Sometimes I take one in my hand, forgetting till I see
 It is a half worn shoe, not large enough for me;
 And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain,
 As sharp as when two years ago it cut my heart in twain.

O little feet that wearied not, I wait for them no more,
 For I am drifting on the tide, but they have reached the shore;
 And while the blinding tear drops wet these little shoes so old,
 I think of future bliss reserved where all looks now so cold.
 And so I lay them down again, but always turn to say,
 God bless the little feet that now so surely cannot stray.

And while I thus am standing, I almost seem to see
 Two little forms beside me, just as they need to be.
 Two little faces lifted with their sweet and tender eyes!
 Ah me! I might have known that look was born of Paradise.
 I reach my arms out fondly, but they clasp the empty air!
 There is nothing of my darlings but the shoes they used to wear.

O the bitterness of parting cannot be done away
 Till I see my darlings walking where their feet can never stray;
 When I no more am drifted upon the surging tide,
 But with them safely landed upon the river side;
 Be patient, heart! while waiting to see the shining way,
 For the little feet in the golden street can never go astray.

THE POWER OF THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.—When the pious Bishop Beveridge was on his death bed, he did not know any of his friends or connections. A minister, with whom he had been well acquainted, visited him; and when conducted into his room he said, "Bishop Beveridge, do you know me?" "Who are you?" said the Bishop. Being told who the minister was, he said he did not know him. Another friend came who had been equally well-known, and accosted him in a similar manner: "Do you know me, Bishop Beveridge?" "Who are you?" said he. Being told it was one of his intimate friends, he said he did not know him. His wife then came to his bedside, and asked him if he knew her. "Who are you?" said he. Being told she was his wife, he said he did not know her. "Well," said one of them, "Bishop Beveridge, do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" Said he, reviving, as if the name had produced in him the influence of a charm, "Oh, yes; I have known him these forty years! Precious Saviour! he is my only hope!"

The following is published for the benefit of the little boys and girls who would be beloved and respected by everybody whose good opinion is worth having:

Always say—Yes, sir. No, sir. Yes, papa. No, papa. Thank, you. No, thank you. Good night, Good morning. Never say how, or which, or what.

Use no slang terms. Remember that good spelling, reading, writing, and grammar are the basis of all education.