

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

School Hours: 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. on Tuesday and Wednesday.
Classes:
1. English and Arithmetic
2. French
3. Latin
4. German
5. Italian
6. Spanish
7. Music
8. Drawing
9. Painting
10. Sewing
11. Cookery
12. Needlework
13. Bookbinding
14. Printing
15. Bookbinding
16. Printing
17. Bookbinding
18. Printing
19. Bookbinding
20. Printing

Articulation Classes

From 10:00 a.m. to 11:00 a.m.

Religious Exercises

EVERY MONDAY: Prayer for the sick and dying.
EVERY TUESDAY: Prayer for the sick and dying.
EVERY WEDNESDAY: Prayer for the sick and dying.
EVERY THURSDAY: Prayer for the sick and dying.
EVERY FRIDAY: Prayer for the sick and dying.
EVERY SATURDAY: Prayer for the sick and dying.
EVERY SUNDAY: Prayer for the sick and dying.

Clergymen of all Denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments

PRINTING OFFICE: 100 Queen Street West.
BOOKBINDING: 100 Queen Street West.
DRAWING: 100 Queen Street West.
PAINTING: 100 Queen Street West.
SEWING: 100 Queen Street West.
COOKERY: 100 Queen Street West.
NEEDLEWORK: 100 Queen Street West.
BOOKBINDING: 100 Queen Street West.
PRINTING: 100 Queen Street West.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested in visiting the Institution, will be glad to receive any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays.

Admission of Children

When pupils are admitted and permitted to remain in the Institution they will be required to bring and to take with them their own clothing.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils to have visits from their friends. It is, however, their right to see their parents and to be visited by them.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be glad enough to see their children and to be assured that their parents and employees are well and happy.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the sickness of any pupil, the parents will be notified by the Institution. In the absence of the parents, the friends of the pupils may be notified.
All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every week. Letters will be written by the teachers to the parents and employees, as far as possible, their wishes.

Doing Little Things Just Right.

"I had two office boys," said a business man, "whose main duty was to bring me notes or cards that were sent to me, or to fetch things that I wanted to use. One of these boys, when sent for a book or anything heavy, would walk rapidly by my desk and toss it unobtrusively toward me. It happened to miss me and land on the desk, he seemed to think it was all right. If it fell on the floor, he always managed to fall over it in his eagerness to pick it up. If he had a letter or card to deliver, he would come up to the desk and stand there, scanning it with minute care. This being concluded, he would flip it airily in my direction and depart. The other boy always came and went so that I could hardly hear him. If he brought a book, ink-stand, or box of letters, he would set it down quietly at one side of the desk. Letters and cards were always laid, not tossed, right where my eye would fall on them directly. If there were any doubt in his mind whether he ought to lay a letter on my desk or deliver it to some other person in the office, he always did his thinking before he came near me, and did not stand annoyingly at my elbow studying the letter. That boy understood the science of little things. When New Year's Day came, he got ten dollars. The other boy was discharged."

Lived my usefulness. I am too old to learn new ways.

"Are the raindrops near?" sighed the same little voice. "O raindrops, come soften our brown coats, we pray. Mother Nature is calling us, but we cannot push through the ground."
"Here is some work for you," whispered a soft, warm breeze, stealing into the dark corner, "help these little flowers, and so help the spring."
"I believe I will," said the snowdrift, creeping a little further from the fence. "I should like to be of use once more. Oh, I wish I had come before! How warm! How delightful! And now the snowdrift, transformed into a tiny stream of water, was hurrying out to join the rivulet at the foot of the bank.
Some days later the oak tree leaned over to see if the last trace of winter had disappeared.
Where the snow had lain so long was now the blue of violets, while from the rivulet near came the murmur of a song in which Mother Oak thought she could discern the voice of the little snowdrift.

The dear Lord gave me my work to do. In spring to awaken the violet blue. In winter a blanket of snow I spread. And closely I covered the violet bed. Now onward I go, so glad and free. Finding new work still awaiting me.

Mary H. Wilson, in Christian Intelligencer.

Look Up.

Somewhere I have seen a very beautiful picture of an Angel and a miner. The miner was bent down searching in the mire and the gravel for little shining particles of gold. For a long time he had been searching for his hair was gray, deep furrows of care was on his face, and his hands were knotted with the toil. He looked so old and tired. I wondered if this day's disappointment would not be the last. Just above him stood an Angel. It wore a sad sweet look of pity, for through all these years it had stood there holding out to the poor miner a crown of shining gold. There forever to reach, free for the taking, was that crown of gold, but the miner never looked up.

As my heart ached at thinking what that poor fellow missed by not looking up, I thought how often are we all like him. Always bent down searching the mire for clay and sands for shining bits of wealth, or pleasure, or honor, while just above us, Opportunity, one of God's angels, holds the golden crown in his hand.

The best opportunities are always above. Our feet, perchance, must be in the clay but our hearts and heads should be lifted above.

We must look up from our drudgery to see the beauty of the hills and of his heavens.

We must lift up our souls before we can catch the music of the spheres, the songs of angels.

The soul's freedom lies above the sand and the clay.

Best of all the beautiful city and the crown that is waiting for us is up above this earth and its strivings, but, it is in reach of the hand of faith.

Look up, brother, and take what the Angel is offering to you. - Rev. Wm. H. Hamby.

Habit.

A habit is formed in the same way that paths or roads are. You often see people "cutting across lots." Where they do this, a narrow strip of grass about a foot or fourteen inches wide, will be trodden hard; and is a path. It is made by being walked over again and again.

You can soon get into the habit of doing a thing if you do it over and over many times. The more you do it the easier it will become. Just as a path grows wider and plainer the more it is traveled. It is hard to keep people from going across lots after a path is once made; and so it is hard to stop doing what we have fallen into the habit of doing. It will not be easy for you to do well after you have once learned to do wrong.

Bad habits are like the ruts made by carriage wheels in country roads - they hold people fast. I once read of an old man who had crooked fingers. When a boy, his hand was as limber as yours. He could open it easily, but for fifty years he drove a stage, and his fingers got so in the habit of shutting down on the lines that they finally stayed shut. The old man's hand can never open. - Ez.

The Sparrow's Song.

It was a little sparrow,
At the first of winter,
With its little feet,
And its little wings,
It came to the window,
And it sang its little song,
And it sang its little song,
And it sang its little song.

How Mother Nature's Children Helped the Spring.

"Cher, cher," sang the little brown bird in the old oak tree. "Spring is coming surely."
"I do believe you've told me that fifty times to-day," remarked the oak tree, rather crossly. "I can hardly keep my baby-buds from throwing off their gum coats; for they have heard so many times that spring is coming they are beginning to think that it must be half over. It must be too early for them to take off winter coats. Look at the snow on the ground! Wasn't Jack Frost out last night? Didn't you see Johnnie plying with his sled yesterday? Tell me, are these signs of spring?"

"Cher, cher," sang the little brown bird in the old oak tree.

The sun is so bright and so warm to-day. The snow on the ground is melted away. The birds are singing their little songs. The trees are budding all through the woods. I am so happy, I cannot but sing. Sweet, sweet is the sunshine.

"Well," said Mother Oak, after pondering this, "perhaps I might let my babies at least throw aside their warm coats; but I will not consent to taking them quite off till I see the last of that snow-bank down under the fence."

Every day the sun shows warmer. Little by little the snow melted, till at last there remained only a tiny patch under a dark corner of the fence.

"Really, I see no excuse for your staying so late this year," said the oak tree, severely. "Your work is over. Come out a little way, where the sunshine can turn you into snow-water, and use you to some purpose."

"Never," answered the little snowdrift, "will I consent to be anything but what I have been all my life. I hold a very high position on this bank, and I wish you to know that the snowflakes of which I am composed are all six-pointed stars. I believe it to be my duty to maintain the dignified position I have always held."

"Everything must change," said the oak tree. "It is leaves one time and bare boughs the next. Snow one season, then flowers again. Little white friend, you must change, too, else you will hinder the work of the spring, and be unsightly, out of place. What is the joy of living but to be of use?"

The little snowdrift did not answer; and Mother Oak, shaking her boughs disapprovingly, gave up the attempt to convince her.

"Cher, cher," sang the merry brown bird, lighting on the fence.

How bright is the sunshine. How glad is the spring. My life is so happy. I cannot but sing.

"Is the spring here?" called tiny voices from the ground. "Ah! if we only had some moisture for our hard brown coats I think we could peep out and see!"

"I dreamed," whispered one soft voice, "that over our bed was still a white snow blanket."

"It cannot be," sang a chorus, like tiny silver bells. "We feel the sun's warm rays even through the ground. It must be the spring is here. Oh! Mother Nature, help us to arise!"

The lonely snowdrift drew as far as possible from the sunbeams' warmth, but she was nevertheless softened, and began to wonder if, after all, there might not be something rather pleasant in these new ways.

"Everything else seems so happy," she murmured. "Oh, well! I have out-