

SILENT ECHO

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No. 1.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The child is father of the man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

THE SUNSHINE OF SMILES.

There is one kind of sunshine which it is needful to bring into every home, and that is the sunshine of smiles. Next to the sunlight and warmth of heaven is that of a cheerful face. No one can long withstand its influence no one can mistake it. A bright eye, an unclouded brow, a sunny smile, a loving word all tell of the peace and joy that dwell within. One glance at such a face has lifted the mists and shadows from many a heavy heart, and scattered the fogs from many a burdened spirit. A host of evil spirits may lurk around the door, but they will



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never enter and abide where a face of sunshine dwells. They will hasten away as ice melts when the sun rises ; they will flee as mists before the light of day. A bright, warm cheerful face inside the home will drive away gloom and render it impossible for it to exist. The germs of disease which may lurk at times in the most ele-

gantly furnished room, if kept dark, will vanish away before the bright and cheery sunlight. Open, therefore, the windows of your heart and let the sunlight in. God sends it down to brighten, purify, and bless the home and the world ; but many, alas, bar it out with the blinds of bad temper and the curtains of a sour spirit. Let it be your study to avoid this mistake. One of the best investments you can make is to arrange to lay in a stock of sunshine ; you are sure to need it, however large may be the quantity you can secure.—*Selected.*

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THERE is a class of people who pride themselves on their honesty and frankness because, as they tell us, they "say just what they think," throwing out their opinions right and left just as they happen to feel, no matter where they may strike or whom they may wound. This boasted frankness, however, is not honesty, but rather miserable impertinence and reckless cruelty. We have no right to say what we think kindly and lovingly ; no right to unload our jealousies, bad humors and our miserable spites upon the hearts of our neighbors. If we must be bad tempered we should at least keep our ugliness locked up in our own breasts and not let it out to wound the feelings and mar the happiness of others.—*Selected.*