

## Things Yet to Be.

Some say this world is an old, old world  
But it's always been bright to me  
With its boundless range of ceaseless change  
And hope of things to be  
A new friend takes my hand  
When the old ones pass away  
The old days die, but the light in the sky  
Is the dawn of another day

Some say this world is a cold, old world  
But it's always been bright to me  
With its heartstone fires and water dews  
For things that are yet to be  
And I must labor, I wait,  
And trust to the fields I have sown  
For I know there is truth in the promise of youth  
I will come true to my own

Some say this world is a sad, old world  
But it's always been glad to me  
For the brook never laughs like my soul when it  
quits  
And feasts on the things to be  
The night comes on with its rest  
The morning comes on with its song  
The hours of grief are few and brief,  
But joy is a whole life long

Some say this world is a bad, old world  
But it's always been good to me  
With its errors there live dear hearts that for  
give  
And hope for the things to be  
This world is not old or cold  
This world is not sad or bad,  
If you look to the right, forgetting the night  
And say to your soul, "Be glad."

Chorus Recited

FOR THE CANADIAN MUTE

### Talks with Girls.

BY EDITH CHARLTON, ST. GEORGE, ONT.

TALK I.—*Beauty of Person.*—Where is the girl who does not enjoy a quiet half hour chat in the softly falling twilight and especially if this talk concerns herself and her belongings? So let us settle ourselves comfortably while evening shadows deepen and talk familiarly to each other about some of those things which lie close to a girl's heart. Nearly every one would like to have beauty given her. If she has a plain face and ungraceful figure she would give much to have it different no doubt, for she fancies beauty of face and form a ready passport to every position in life and she would give much to possess the coveted gift, while the girl to whom has been given a beautiful face very often makes the great mistake of thinking she has all that is necessary to make her attractive to her friends. There is a beauty which comes from within, that reflects itself in the face, illuminating plain features and imparting grace and strength to imperfect figures, which is far more to be desired than that which flows only on the surface, which sickness and time so easily efface. It is about this beauty we are going to talk and we shall see that every girl may, if she will be beautiful. A dear quaker lady used to say to her niece who was lamenting her own lack of beauty—"The good Lord gave thee plain features but He left to thee to make thine own expressions." Yes, that is the secret, the attractiveness of our persons lies with ourselves, whether we appear lovely to our friends is as we decide ourselves.

God made all the flowers perfect and beautiful, each petal and leaf complete, each color and tint in perfect harmony, and gave to each its own particular perfume; because as the flower is so must it be, it can add nothing to its own loveliness. The birds which make us glad with their sweet singing and call forth our admiration for their brilliantly colored plumage can do nothing more to add to their beauty; they must ever be as their Creator made them, while the hand which formed us in his own image gave us a heart and mind to cultivate, to develop in them those pure thoughts and kindly feelings which rest like a benediction on the features, lighting up the plainest, until we never want to analyze them, to see whether they are perfect or not, for to us they are beautiful. A guileless life spent in the performance of loving, thoughtful deeds and surrounded by an atmosphere of pure thoughts, imparts a lovelier beauty to a face than ever sculptor chiselled from his marble, while the most perfect features are marred the brightest eyes made dull and expressionless and every charm that once lay in a singularly pleasing countenance have vanished,

one by one, because the life was lived without thought, without action, simply existing for self and its interests. How quickly the frown of displeasure and discontent marks with unsightly lines the smooth forehead. The lips which speak cross, unkind words soon form themselves in that unlovely curve which betokens ill-temper and eyes that frequently flash in anger or look proudly on every one, before very long lose their gentle expression. And just as readily will loving thoughts and unselfish motives imprint themselves on faces, softening harsh lines, lighting up dull eyes and imparting a beauty which nothing can efface.

"But is it right to think about how we look?" perhaps some of you may ask. "Yes, it is right, why not? This world might serve the purpose for which it was formed just as well if the birds and flowers had been left out of it; but it would not have been the beautiful, pleasant place for us to live in that it is. Look at the leaves of the trees, the petals of the flowers and each blade of grass, each kind differing, yet each symmetrically marked and veined. The flowers might have all been made one color and form and without perfume the birds might all have sung the same song and still have fulfilled their mission, but would they have given us the pleasure they do now? If the Creator of the universe considered our pleasure in even these little things and thought it not beneath His power and glory to outline a flower and leaf, surely we ought to think it not only worth while but our duty to make ourselves as beautiful as we can. Then, girls, bear in mind our face is a mirror, reflecting our thoughts, motives and actions, and if we would be as fitful we must live beautiful lives, remembering always that we were created in the likeness of God's own image and strive to do nothing to mar that likeness, but rather to make it more like His.

### HAMILTON HINTS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

The writer is in receipt of a letter from Neil Calder, an old graduate of Belleville. I will here take some extracts from it which may be of interest to his many friends scattered broadcast in Ontario. He is farming on his own hook near Bates P. O., about 40 miles south west of Winnipeg. In his letter he wishes it known that he is prospering nicely and that life on the verdant prairie suits him. He reaped in a golden harvest last year, his first crop, and expects to double it this year with the assistance of an hired man. He went out west four years ago and hired out as a farm labourer and by his industry and perseverance he is now boss farmer with a fine team of horses and a yoke of oxen. He is tired of keeping Bachelor's Hall and wants to know where he can find a good looking if not pretty partner for life, to cheer up his lonely hours of solitude on the vast treeless plains of the great west. Neil is a favorite with his neighbor settlers, especially the bachelors, for you know, "Birds of a feather flock together."

Your scribbles, being about to leave this locality for other parts, wishes to make a few farewell remarks to those whom it may concern. It ever has been, and always will be a pleasure to scribble anything of interest to the mutes, for your paper, wherever fate may place me. Heretofore I have managed "Hamilton Hints" without any assistance from local mutes, but now that I am about leaving, I hope to see Hamilton hold the fort in the future as it has done in the past. There are at least three mutes in this locality who are quite capable of keeping Hamilton from falling in the rear again as it was before I came to its help. Now that the old Captain is shot, let some responsible mute catch the falling banner to the honor of the mutes and the Ambitious City. Again farewell.

J. R. BYRNE.

Hamilton, May 6, 1905.

No man is successful and continues so unless he has the basis of hard common sense. Added to that must, of course, be a superior natural intelligence, vigorous health, a strong constitution, good habits and indomitable industry. Success is not accomplished by any magical Aladdin's lamp process. People talk sometimes with wonder, sometimes with envy, and alas, sometimes with malice of the successful man, and forget the long, weary struggle he went through to gain his goal. *Chauncey Depue.*

## TORONTO TOPICS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Your editorial in the last issue of the MTT on the "Responsibility of the Deaf," was very timely and voices a real grievance. It is only one case out of many where the less intelligent deaf-mutes have been defrauded out of their money. One or two such cases have occurred in this city the last few years. It is a warning every deaf-mute should take not to sign their names to anything they do not fully understand the real meaning of.

The West End Y. M. C. A. being in some financial difficulty, the deaf aided it to the extent of about \$25 last month. The mutes having been granted the free use of a room in that building for some time past, it was only thought reasonable they should do something under the circumstances.

Mr. Geo. Broomfield's seventy-third birthday fell on the 30th of April last. He and Mrs. Broomfield celebrated the occasion by having a number of friends at their residence, No. 5 Peel Avenue, in the evening. A very pleasant time was spent. Mr. B. received the congratulations of all present. We wish him many happy returns.

Mrs. A. W. Mason gave a very interesting address on Mission work in Patagonia. She gave some amusing experiences missionaries have met with, and the manners and customs of the people of that country. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered her at its close.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moore have rented a cottage and intend living on the Island during the summer months, for the benefit of their health, and more especially for that of their daughter. We are sure they will extend a hearty welcome to any of their friends who call upon them there while visiting that popular resort.

Mr. Neil McGillivray has been appointed collector at Sunday meetings. Through his sterling honesty the funds are in safe hands. Since Neil, Thos. Bradshaw and H. Gates came to the city, they have become pillars of strength to our society as well as of our Sunday meetings.

Though Sunday, 6th, was Mr. Bridgen's turn at the meeting, Mr. Nasmith came down to bid us all farewell before leaving for England. At the close of the services an address was read to both Mr. Nasmith and Mr. Bridgen, on behalf of the deaf-mutes, thanking them for their services to them during the past, and wishing them a pleasant trip and safe return. Both replied expressing their thanks for the kind wishes. They expect to go and see our old friends Mr. and Mrs. Beale and family while in England, who retain a warm affection in our hearts.

Your Detroit correspondent has our thanks for the good wishes towards friends in this city. The Detroit letters are very spicy indeed and are read with much interest.

When we wrote the item in our last issue regarding our deaf-mute bicyclists, we expected a bright career for them, but already their prospects have been somewhat marred by one of their brightest members dropping out altogether. The reason for this is he one day recently nearly met with a very serious accident, he having been struck by a trolley car and knocked some distance off his bicycle, fortunately on the right side or else he might have been run over and killed. As far as we can learn he escaped with only a few bruises. His bicycle was damaged to some extent. Since then he has decided to keep on the safe side and has disposed of his wheel altogether. While congratulating him on his providential escape we cannot but regret the loss he will be to the racing path the coming season as he was getting up phenomenal speed when this unfortunate accident happened, which will deprive us of all the honors which we had hoped to share with him as brother and sister mutes of Toronto.

Mr. Nasmith called a meeting of a few of the mutes at his residence on Saturday evening, 4th inst., to make arrangements so that the Sunday services would be carried on as usual during his own and Mr. Bridgen's absence in England for the next three months. The meeting was held at five o'clock, and after some informal talk the whole party was invited to tea which was served in Mr. and Mrs. Nasmith's usual happy style. After this the meeting was resumed and a programme drawn out for different persons to take particular turns. Invitations would be given

to Mr. Byrne, of Hamilton, to come now and again as he felt disposed. Mr. Nasmith offered to pay expenses of one trip and Mr. Bridgen another, and the mutes any other trips Mr. Byrne could spare the time to take. Invitations were also extended to any of the teachers at Belleville who may be in the city during vacation. After prayer by Mr. Bridgen the meeting closed.

## BRANTFORD BUDGET.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Miss Eva Zingg, Miss Cummings and Miss Mabel Gardiner spent Easter in town, and Mr. Waggoner chanced to come around the same time, so did Mr. Emil Gottlieb.

Mr. Josh. Lloyd and Emil Gottlieb are happy and are wearing smiles. Both are boys.

Robert McPherson, Anival Shepherd and Mr. Henry Gottlieb drove to Preston Saturday night, the 4th inst., remained all night there, and the next day they went to Berlin, where they had the pleasure of seeing Misses Campbell, McKittrick, Zingg and Pringle.

M. L. said in the last issue that some girls ought to move to Denfield, where there are more boys. Well, why don't she tell them they might as well as come to Brantford, as there are more than five single mutes to one lady.

Anival Shepherd has secured a situation in Toronto, and he leaves as soon as he can. He seems glad to get back to the Queen City, and we are the losers but it is Toronto's gain.

The weather is pretty warm here, on May 6th the thermometer registered 88 in the shade.

Nearly all the mutes have plenty of work and are doing well.

Some of the mutes are going to London on the 24th with the "Dufferin Rifles," and if some of those in London would like to see them they can do so by meeting them at the station.

The trees around here have green leaves and the fruit trees are in full bloom. Wonder if they are in bloom in Belleville.

## OTTAWA DISTRICT.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Mr. Jas. McClelland has been placed on the night gang in the printing bureau during the session, and Mr. Wigget still remains slinging type during the day in the same place.

Mr. Gray reports a poor run of sap this season. He has sold over thirty gallons of maple syrup at top prices.

Mr. R. O'Brien is going to work with Mr. Gray this summer.

Mr. J. McEwan purchased a black mare at an auction sale lately. He was over at Mr. Bayno's for seed barley.

Miss Jameson is making preparations for removal to Britannia, where her father has a summer residence. Her father is on the Bisley team of Canadian riflemen, but whether he has decided to go yet or no, I have not heard. Miss Jameson is talking of making a visit to the McKay Institute to see her friend Miss Macfarlane.

R. Bayno has barley over one inch high at the time of writing.

Mr. Sutton is at present living on Preston street. He is reported to be one of the best tailors in Ottawa.

We hear that the French deaf-mutes are in the habit of meeting in a fire station in Lower Town and having a social chat, they report the fire men of the said station to be very genial men.

Query at the last meeting of the deaf in Ottawa. Who is the writer of those letters to the deaf ladies near London whom M. L. says lives near Ottawa? Chorus of answers from the mutes present. Not me, not me. Will M. L. kindly give us the post marks on the letters, as some here feel rather sore on the matter and would like to have a talk with the culprit.

—Maria Lumbargh, deaf and dumb and about seventeen years old, yesterday complained to the relief officer that she had been deserted by a man named John Lanthead, who brought her to Canada with his family between two and three months ago. The girl expressed a desire to enter the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Belleville and was given a pass to that town. *Hamilton Correspondence of Toronto Globe.* [The girl mentioned is now at the Institution and inquiries are being made by the Superintendent in regard to her case.]