

Holding and Praying.

Hold me close to you in safety lone,
To his good old residence lone,
I've worn my bones such torment to the bone,
But I am no use to pray.

Your rock & fast as tree is mine,
I know you don't pretend to be
A stone held to the church to shine
And tell salvation free.

I've prayed to the Lord a thousand times
For to make that green corn grow
The sky is dark & so & so and that's
I'd like a deer to know.

Saint Patrice Gray to his son John Jones
In his early days;
When I praysed I used with tears to see,
They don't make friends' pay.

Your weak lambs, are good in fall,
It's said if you pray for them
You may peal off, to fill the heaven fall.
It's good bring up the trees.

I pray my powers was a little lost,
Sleep in every row,
To speak discriminated, to the soft,
Quite vicious with a loss.

And I've discovered, thou didst to sin,
These are we're are born,
This kind of crop will work in
Make pretty decent corn.

Now while I'm praying I use my hands,
An' doin' level best
To keep down the weeds along each row,
At the Lord, He does the rest.

It's well to pray both night and morn,
As every saint knows,
But the place to pray for thirtysome
Is right between the rows.

Now would any poor lamb while praying, tho'
It's easier you would get,
For prayer-worn knees are a rusty hoe,
Never raised a big crop yet.

An' so I believe, my good old friend
If you come to visit the day,
From plowing clean to the harvest's end,
You have no as well as pray.

Christian Leader.

Hospitality Without Grudging.

This morning, a poor man came to our house to sell my father a cow. He had walked five miles through the snow, and looked very tired. He was sorry to part with his cow, but said they had all been sick this fall, and he was obliged to do so in order to get food for the children through the winter. He looked far from strong, and I pitied him. But my mother did more than that. She came into the kitchen where I was paring potatoes for our dinner and said:

"Just wash your hands, Edith, and get out the little waiter; put a plate of biscuit on it, while I heat up this coffee; now you may put in a little plate of butter, a piece of milico pie and some turnips. I will cut off some beef from the outside of the roast, as it is nice and brown. Now all is ready, but the coffee, and that will boil in a minute or two over the hot coal fire. Take it in now and put it on the little stand before Mr. Weaver. I know it will do him good; I dare say they live poorly this hard winter."

I felt sorry for the man, but it took my good mother to do all this for his comfort. She always offers refreshment to persons stopping here whom she thinks would be the better for it. I never knew my mother's cupboard so empty that there was not something in it for the needy. I don't believe there is a poor child in the town who has not had cause to remember her, one time or another. They like to come to our house on errands.

It did my heart good to see the pleased look on the poor man's face. The surprise was so great he hardly knew what to say at first. But I did not wait long in the room after placing it before him, as I thought he could eat more comfortably if left to himself. He looked at the waiter with a real, smiling-like eagerness, much as he tried to restrain himself.

"Give him a good price for his cow, father," I whispered, as I pulled his sleeve when he was passing through into the dining-room.

"How much are you willing to deny yourself for the sake of his poor family, Nelly?" he asked, pinching my cheek softly.

"About five dollars, I think, father."

"All right, then," he said, giving me one of his own quiet laughs in the corners of his gray eyes.

My father does not beat a poor man down in his justice. I believe he does business just as he thinks the Lord would approve if he were standing by. If there is one lesson of my childhood which I shall never forget it is this: of being kind to the poor. He made his bargain with the man, and when he counted out the bills he had a five-dollar note on the top, and said:

"There is a Christmas gift for your little ones."

The poor man burst into tears. After a while he said:

"Mr. Gray, I always heard you were a good man to the poor, but I never expect-

ed such treatment as I have had here to day. May the Lord reward you a hundredfold. If you will let me, Mrs. I will take these doughnuts you have set for me, home to my little Jane. I would not be so bold, but she has been poorly ever since she got over the sickness, and she was crying for one of these very fried cakes."

"Take them and welcome," I said, "and I will send her a paper of them besides."

It did not take my mother long to fill up the largest basket she had, with good things for that poor family, not forgetting some especial delicacies in one corner for the sick child.

"We can do without doughnuts until next baking day," she said, as she emptied the whole basket into the basket.

I know that poor family will have one good meal this winter, and I would eat potatoes and salt for dinner for a week for the sake of the pleasure it gives me every time I think of it. Father hailed a team which was passing and got the man a ride almost to his home. He went away with a very different look from that which he wore when he came in.

When I have a home of my own, I mean to use hospitality just as my mother does. I wish there were more housekeepers "given" to it, as she is. I am sure that poor family will not soon forget her; and I think, after all, we have the most happiness in it.—Country Gentleman.

A Touching Scene.

It is always charming to see children manifest tender affection toward their parents, and this is still more pleasing when the "children" are themselves men and women.

The writer remembers being on a railroad train several years ago when directly in front of him sat a kindly-looking, snowy-haired old man, evidently unaccustomed to travelling, and manifestly in his "second childhood." He was very talkative, and he told me all about the journey he was taking.

"I'm going out to Iowa to see my son Jimmie and my daughter Nelly. Just think!—I ain't seen either o' them children for most six years, and if they ain't tickled to see me I'll be mistaken. An' this train seems to fairly drag. I get so impatient ov'ry time it stops at a station! Wish I'd keep on an' never stop until we got to K——; that's where Jimmy an' Nelly live."

He began gathering up his few belongings when we were still an hour's ride from his destination.

"I want to be all ready to get right off when we stop," he said. "Jimmie and Nelly'll both be at the depot to meet me, although they live nine miles out in the country, and there ain't no need o' both o' them comin'. But they'll be there—you'll see if they ain't."

When we reached K—— the excited old man started to leave the car in eager haste; but the train had not come to a standstill when a great, bearded giant of a man, fully fifty years of age, hurried into the car.

"Jimmie!" called out the old man eagerly. "Here I am, Jimmie!"

"Father!" cried the son, and he took the little old man right into his arms and hugged him, while tears stood in the eyes of both.

A stout, plainly clad, middle-aged woman appeared at the car door and cried out:

"Father!" Then she turned and called to some one on the platform, "Here he is. Here's father!"

"Nelly—my girl!" said the old man. The son and daughter both had an arm around the father as he left the car. On the platform were seven or eight grandchildren of from five to twenty years of age.

"Hero's your gran'pa!" said Nelly joyfully; and a great hugging and kissing time ensued.

Of course the passengers in the car and the bystanders on the platform smiled; but I think the most of them agreed with a lady on the car, who said:

"It is a beautiful sight to see an old man loved and revered by his children and grandchildren; and I only wish that such exhibitions of affection were more common."

Our worldly contacts would be a sea to drown us if our crosses were not a plank to save us. By the fairest gales a sinner may sail to destruction, and by the fiercest winds a saint may sail to glory.—Secker.

Blue Coat and Gray.

In 1861 several Union and Confederate wounded soldiers lay in a farm-house in the Shenandoah Valley. Mrs. B——, the mother of one of the latter, rode ten miles every day to see her boy, bringing such little comforts as she could. Her house was burned, the plantation in ruins, trampled down by the army. One day she carried him some beef tea. Every crop was precious; for it was with great difficulty that she had obtained the beef from which it was made.

As she sat watching her boy sip the steaming, savory broth, her eye caught the eager, hungry look of a man on the next cot. He was a Yankee, perhaps one of the very band who had burned her home. She was a bitter secessionist, but she was also a noble-hearted Christian woman. Her eye stole back to the pale, sunken face; and she remembered the words of the Master, "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink."

After a moment's pause and with pressed lips, for it required all the moral force she could command, she filled a bowl with the broth and put it to his lips, repeating to herself the words, "For His sake; for His sake; for His sake I do it." Then she brought fresh water, and bathed the soldier's face and hands as gently as if he, too, had been her son. The next day, when she returned, he was gone, having been exchanged to the North.

Last winter the son of a senator from a Northern state brought home with him during the Christmas vacation a young engineer from Virginia. He was the only living son of Mr. B——, the boy whom she had nursed having been killed during the later years of the war. She had struggled for years to educate the boy as a civil engineer, and had done it. But without influence he could not obtain position, and was supporting himself by copying.

Senator Blank inquired into his qualifications, and finding them good, soon after secured his appointment on the staff of engineers employed to construct an important railway. The Senator enclosed with the appointment a letter to Mrs. B——, reminding her of the sum he owed on the Shenandoah, and adding, "I was the wounded man to whom you gave that bowl of broth."

The divine principle embodied in this act of the true-hearted Southern mother was never better exemplified; and the fruit of it, like those of every obedience to divine law, was a natural result and fulfillment of the promise that "Bread cast upon the waters shall be found after many days."

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAVEL LEAVES BELLEVILLE STATION,
WATER-3:15 a.m.; 4:30 a.m.; 6:15 p.m.; 11:30 a.m.;
3:30 p.m.;
EARLY-10 a.m.; 6:30 a.m.; 10:15 a.m.; 12:15 p.m.;
6:30 p.m.;
MILNE AND PETERBOROUGH BRANCH-6:30 a.m.;
11:30 a.m.; 12:30 p.m.; 3:45 p.m.

Uneducated Deaf Children.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY PERSON who receives this paper send me the names and post-office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them so that I may forward them particulars concerning this institution and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed and furnished with an education.

R. MATTHISON,
Superintendent.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows:

Every Sunday—

West End Y. M. C. A., corner Queen Street and Dufferin Street, at 11 a.m.

General Central, up stairs at Broadway Hall, King Street, at 10 a.m. Louisa—Moore, Naschitz, Bragdon and others.

East End meetings, Our Parliament and Oak Streets, between 11 a.m. and noon, every Sunday.

Mills, Glass—Every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, corner Spadina Ave. and College Street, and our Queen Street and Dufferin Street.

Factories, etc., may be arranged if desirable.

Address, 23 Clinton Street.

Miss A. Fraser, Missionary to the deaf in Toronto.

HAMILTON DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION

MESSRS. GRANT AND DUFFY conduct religious services every Sunday, at 7 p.m., in Tredegar Hall, 30th St. north near King.

The Literary and Debating Society meets every Friday evening at 7 p.m. in the Y. M. C. A. building, corner Jackson and James Sts. President, J. H. Bryan; Vice-President, Mrs. Thompson; Secy-Treasurer, Miss Bryce; Secretary-at-armes, J. H. Shuster.

Meetings are open to all visitors and friends interested.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

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Classes:

SECTION, Hours. From 9 a.m. to 12 noon;

from 1:30 to 4 p.m.

DRAWING CLASS from 12:30 to 3 p.m. on Monday and Thursday afternoons.

DRAMA PRACTICE CLASS on Monday, Wednesday afternoons of each week.

WEDNESDAY afternoons of each week.

PIANOFORTE CLASSES for Junior Teachers on the evenings of Monday and Wednesday of each week from 7 to 8 p.m.

EVENING DRAMA from 7 to 8:30 p.m. for senior pupils and from 7 to 8 for junior pupils.

Articulation Classes:

From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 4 p.m.

Religious Exercises:

EXTRA SERVICE.—Primary pupils at 9 a.m.; senior pupils at 11 a.m.; general lecture at 2:30 p.m., immediately after which the Bible Class will assemble.

CHURCH DAY. The pupils are to assemble in the Chapel at 8:30 a.m., and the Teacher in charge for the week will open by prayer and afterwards dismiss them, so that they may reach their respective school rooms as later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the pupils will again assemble and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner.

RECTOR'S VISITING CLASSES.—Rev. Canon Burke, Right Rev. Monseigneur Marcellin, A. G. Rev. T. J. Thompson, D. A. (Presbyterian); Rev. Chas. E. Stearns, (Methodist); Rev. A. H. Coward, (Baptist); Rev. M. V. Hader, (Presbyterian); Rev. Father Connolly, (Catholic); Clerk, Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m. Inter-national Series of Sunday School Classes—Miss ANNIE MATTHEWS, Teacher.

CLERGYMEN OF ALL DENOMINATIONS ARE cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments:

PRINTING OFFICE, BOOK AND CATERERS' STORES from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m., and from 3:30 to 4:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school, for those who do not from 7:30 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. in each working day except Saturday, when the office and shop will be closed at noon.

THE PRINTING CLASS HOURS are from 9 a.m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 1:30 to 4 p.m. for those who do not attend school, and from 3:30 to 5 p.m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, SHOPS AND SEWING ROOMS to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

PORTERS ARE NOT TO BE EXCUSED FROM THE VARIOUS CLASSES OR INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENTS EXCEPT ON ACCOUNT OF SICKNESS, WITHOUT PERMISSION OF THE SUPERINTENDENT.

TEACHERS, OFFICERS AND OTHERS ARE NOT TO ALLOW MATTERS FOREIGN TO THE WORK IN HAND TO INTERFERE WITH THE PERFORMANCE OF THEIR SEVERAL DUTIES.

Visitors:

PERSONS WHO ARE INTERESTED, DESIRous OF VISITING THE INSTITUTION, WILL BE MADE WELCOME ON ANY SCHOOL DAY. NO VISITORS ARE ALLOWED ON SATURDAYS, SUNDAYS OR HOLIDAYS, EXCEPT TO THE REGULAR CHAPEL SERVICES AT 2:30 ON SATURDAYS. THE BEST TIME FOR VISITORS ON ORDINARY SCHOOL DAYS IS AS SOON AFTER 12 NOON IN THE AFTERNOON AS POSSIBLE, AS THE CLASSES ARE DISMISSED AT 3:30 O'CLOCK.

Admission of Children:

WHEN PUPILS ARE ADMITTED AND PARENTS COME WITH THEM TO THE INSTITUTION, THEY ARE KINDLY ADVISED NOT TO STAY AND PROLONG VISITING WITH THEIR CHILDREN. IT ONLY MAKES THEM FORGOTTER OF ALL CONCERN, PARTICULARLY FOR THE PARENT. THE CHILD WILL BE TENDERLY CARED FOR, AND IF LEFT IN OUR CHARGE, WITHOUT DELAY, WILL BE QUITE HAPPY WITH THE OTHERS IN A FEW DAYS, IN SOME CASES IN A FEW HOURS.

Visitation:

IT IS NOT BENEFICIAL TO THE PUPILS FOR FRIENDS TO VISIT THEM FREQUENTLY. IF PARENTS MUST COME, HOWEVER, THEY WILL BE MADE WELCOME TO THE CLASS ROOMS AND ALLOWED EVERY OPPORTUNITY OF SEEING THE GENERAL WORK OF THE SCHOOL. WE CANNOT FURNISH LODGING OR MEALS, OR ENTERTAIN GUESTS AT THE INSTITUTION. ACCOMMODATION MAY BE HAD IN THEEATLON HOTEL, HUFFMAN HOUSE, QUEEN'S, ANGLO-AMERICAN AND BONHAM HOTELS AT MODERATE RATES.

Clothing and Management:

PARENTS WILL BE GOING ENOUGH TO GIVE ALL DIRECTIONS CONCERNING CLOTHING AND MANAGEMENT OF THEIR CHILDREN TO THE SUPERINTENDENT. NO CORRESPONDENCE WILL BE ALLOWED BETWEEN PARENTS AND EMPLOYEES UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES WITHOUT SPECIAL PERMISSION UPON EACH OCCASION.

Sickness and Correspondence:

IN CASE OF THE SERIOUS ILLNESS OF PUPILS LETTERS OR TELEGRAMS WILL BE SENT DAILY TO PARENTS OR GUARDIANS. IN THIS ABSENCE OF DISEASE PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SICK TUESDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS.

ALL PUPILS WHO ARE CAPABLE OF DOING SO, WILL BE REQUIRED TO WRITE HOME EVERY THREE WEEKS; LETTERS WILL BE WRITTEN BY THE TEACHERS FOR THE LITTLE ONES WHO CANNOT WRITE, STATING AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE THEIR WELFARE.

NO MEDICAL PREPARATIONS THAT HAVE BEEN USED AT HOME, OR PRESCRIBED BY FAMILY PHYSICIANS WILL BE ALLOWED TO BE TAKEN BY PUPILS, EXCEPT WITH THE CONSENT AND DIRECTION OF THE PHYSICIAN OF THE INSTITUTION.

PARENTS AND FRIENDS OF DEAF CHILDREN ARE WARNED AGAINST QUACK DOCTORS WHO ADVERTISE MEDICINES AND APPLIANCES FOR THE CURE OF DEAFNESS. IN 99 CASES OUT OF 100 THEY ARE FRAUDS AND ONLY WANT MONEY FOR WHICH THEY GIVE NO RETURN. CONS