

OLD RED RIVER TRAIL.

The following poem was written by William T. Cox, 14 years old, of Pope county, Miss., for one of our exchanges.

Wending far as the country,  
Over hill and over dale,  
Is a deep and well worn roadway  
To the old Red River trail.

Now from out those grassy old cow tracks  
A Jack rabbit you may start,  
But where deer once bounded forward,  
From the old Red River carts.

But the cart's work now is over,  
Gone are deer, and buffalo, too,  
From the leavers from the marshes,  
Naught is left for cart to do.

What a change has lighted up us,  
What a difference in these parts,  
Since two, mowed by half-breed teamsters,  
On the old Red River carts.

A Little Girl's Brave Death.

There died not long ago the little daughter of a New York lawyer who approached the dark river with a composure that was as pathetic as it was unusual. She was the second in the family connection to succumb to diphtheria. A few weeks before she sickened she had known of the illness and death of a young cousin and playmate, and though not allowed at the bedside and funeral had been much impressed, and had asked questions which showed that the dismal features of the last rites were full of horror to her.

When she was taken ill it was carefully concealed from her that she had diphtheria, least she should be frightened. It was a malignant attack, and it ran its course quickly. The crisis approached and all hope was abandoned. Her father sat by her side watching her pale face take on a grayish pallor that had only one meaning. The little girl's eyes were closed, and in her father's hand her own nerveless fingers were held. A tear wrung from his agony dropped upon them. The child opened her eyes wide.

"Are you crying, papa?" she said as well as she could speak; "am I so sick?—papa am I going to die?"

The question was earnest, and the eyes searched his face for hope, but she saw there was none. For a long minute she watched him closely. Who shall say what that look contained? Fear, entreaty, affection, and finally renunciation—for at length, with a little weary sigh, she turned away, putting her face toward the wall, but leaving her hand still fast in his.

"Papa," she said again, after a brief silence, and in the tone there was a touching resignation, "sing 'Byelow,' which was a nursery lullaby she had never outgrown.

Although choking with grief, the stricken father complied, and so, holding his hand, with her face still to the wall and in her ears the crooning, familiar melody, the little girl quietly met her death.

Courageous Acts for Young Men.

The Fireside contains the following excellent exhortations to young men:—

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket. Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much you may admire it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent.

Have the courage to speak to a poor friend in a threadbare coat, even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh. The effort is less than many take it to be, and the act is worthy a king.

Have the courage to set down every penny you spend, and add it up weekly.

Have the courage to admit that you have been in the wrong, and you will remove the fact from the mind of others, putting a desirable impression in the place of an unfavorable one.

Have the courage to adhere to a first resolution when you cannot change it for a better, and to abandon it at the eleventh hour upon conviction.

Have the courage to face a difficulty, lest it kick you harder than you bargain for. Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you possess when he convinces you that he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities"—not his vices.

Have the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to prefer propriety to fashion—one is but the abuse of the other.

Here's a Specimen.

HOW SOME DEAF-MUTES WRITE ENGLISH

Several years ago one of the pupils of the Wisconsin Institution went to the Superintendent for permission to have his hair cut; this was granted and he went to the boy's supervisor to have it done. The "cut" did not suit the boy, and he and the supervisor got somewhat "tangled up" with each other, to the damage of the supervisor's front-specie. The boy felt that right and justice were on his side, so he wrote the following lucid and logical defense to the superintendent, who was the judge.—Yesterday I asked Mr. W. I want to cut my hair which is more short. He granted me, and he said me. He went to M., then he told him, "you cut; Mr. C. which is less little hair." I put my hand on this short hair; I was sorry to say this was not right. I got cold, and I felt with my head from the cause of my cold. A few months ago I was glad to say more short hair was all right than little less. In the morning I considered to ask Mr. W. saying, "This hair is not right, because my head is got this cold that I feel most." He refuses to me: "Good enough." I question again: "Why is the difference of more short hair of some pupils and less little hair of me?" He replies to me, "Silent." Again I question him, "Why?" Then he ceases me into the wickedness. I do not tempt him. I consider to go to your office. He tells me, "Sit." Again I tell him, but I do not allow him, but he has no law, because that I presume he is not judged himself, I try to take him away. He yet stands leaning at the door, and refuses to me. I tell him, "Back!" Then he angry to strike my throat with a blow, I feel worse. I now fight with him a few minutes. His patient calmly, but he overcomes me. He pushed me to sit when I miss to point my hand at his head, but I miss to do my fist into his eye. I tell him, "Back," but he refuses me. Then I do not push him away. I suffer with little trouble. I think more that I am not bad; that Mr. W. is little to injure me. I ask you that I will not talk with Mr. W., but I shall talk with you when I have a few things to recommend you. I feel little bad. But I am not afraid to confess to you. But you want to do me. I think what to do. I ask you that I must forgive you. Therefore I will promise you with oath that I will never be fought by any person.

A Good Yarn.

Mad people are very objectionable in railway trains. I remember, many years ago, a lunatic who haunted the Great Western, and when he found you alone insisted on your going down on your knees to pray with him. If you declined his invitation he pushed your head through the window pane. Except to very few persons, this caprice was embarrassing enough, but on one occasion he went much farther, and insisted on praying in his shirt. His terrified companion took advantage of his disrobing to open the door and escape into the next carriage, at the window of which, as he was describing his adventure to its occupant, the lunatic appeared, his one garment fluttering in the breeze. The other man fortunately had his umbrella, and with its help they together managed to push the would-be intruder off the skirting-board. The train was stopped, and the poor wretch was taken to Hanwell Asylum, opposite to which he had most opportunely fallen.

Another eccentric railway traveller had a morbid habit of reading out to any fellow-traveller the most startling intelligence—all false—from his newspaper. A friend of mine of lethargic disposition once fell in with him. He bore the news of "battle, murder, and sudden death" with great equanimity, but the statement that Bristol had been burnt down on the preceding night aroused him. "Bristol! Why I have house property at Bristol." "Sorry for that, sir; it's gone." "But let me read about it, I beg." "Certainly not—it would distress you too much; it distresses me." And he burst into tears and threw the paper out of the window. It was fortunate, perhaps, for my friend that the other happened to hit upon Bristol as the scene of catastrophe, for not to arouse the interest of his fellow-traveller made him furious. He came to grief at last by attacking a deaf and dumb man, who was naturally undisturbed by his budget, but who understood an appeal to arms and how to repel it.

Bertha's Fault.

"Mamma, please give me something to do," said Bertha one morning. "I want to be busy."

Mamma said, "Yes, Bertha, you are big enough now to feed and water the chickens all yourself, and you may do it night and morning."

Bertha jumped up and down. "That will be such fun," she said.

"It is not just for fun you are to do it," said mamma; "and remember, dear, I cannot tell you each time. You must remember it all yourself."

"I will," promised Bertha, "and I will go now the first thing."

For a week the chickens were well fed and watered, and then, one day, Bertha forgot! It was a very hot day indeed, and there were some new little bits of chicks that needed food and water very much. Poor little things, to be starved all day and all night, in their little coops! In the morning some of the weakest ones were dead. Mamma found them. How sorry Bertha was!

"You were not faithful," said mamma. "I trusted you, but you were not fit to be trusted."

Bertha took her big bowl, and with a sober face went out to feed the chickens that were too fat and old to be starved in one day. She gave them three times as much as they needed, but this did not make the little dead ones live again.—Sunbeam.

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R. MATHISON, Superintendent.

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GENERAL INFORMATION.

Classes:

Model, Hot Rs. From 9 a.m. to 12 p.m. from 1.30 to 3 p.m. Drawing Class from 3.30 to 5 p.m. Monday and Thursday afternoons of each week. GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Mondays and Wednesdays afternoons of each week from 3.30 to 5.30. MUSIC CLASS for Junior Teachers on the 1st and 3rd Mondays of each month from 7 to 9 p.m. 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:—

EVERY SUNDAY. Primary pupils at 10 a.m. Senior pupils at 11 a.m. General Lecture at 2.30 p.m. immediately after which the Bible Class will assemble. EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are to assemble in the Chapel at 8.45 a.m. and the school is in charge for the week, will open by prayer and afterwards dismiss them so that they may reach their respective schools not later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon at 5 o'clock the pupils will again assemble for prayer and will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. HONORARY VISITING CLERGYMEN. Rev. G. Burke, (Unit. Rev. Monseigneur Lamont, V. O., Rev. J. L. George, (Presb. Rev. E. S. Baker, (Meth. Rev. J. W. Macken, (Presb. Rev. Father O'Brien, (Cath.)

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

Industrial Departments:—

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOP AND CARPENTRY Store from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m. and from 1.30 to 3.30 p.m. for pupils who attend school. For those who do not from 7.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. and from 1.30 to 3.30 p.m. on Saturdays except Saturday, when the office and shop will be closed at noon.

THE WRITING CLASS HOURS are from 8 a.m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 1.30 to 5 p.m. for those who do not attend school, and from 3.30 to 5 p.m. for those who do. No school on Saturday afternoons.

The Printing Office, Shop and Carpentry Room to be left each day when work was in a clean and tidy condition.

PUPILS 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 exercises at 2.30 on Sunday afternoons. The best time for visiting on ordinary school days is a room after 12.30 in the afternoon as possible, as the classes are dismissed at 3.00 o'clock.

Admission of Children:—

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the Institution, they are advised not to linger and prolong leaving-taking with their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned, 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 or others 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. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Hoffman House, Queen's, Anglo-American and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:—

Parents will be good 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 of 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 THE ABSENCE OF PARENTS OR GUARDIANS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUERIED AND ARE WELL.

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 much as possible, their wishes.

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 their cures and appliances for the cure of deafness. In 999 cases out of 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they can do nothing. Consult well known medical practitioners in cases of adventurous quackery and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.