

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

For to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

Be diligent in work
And duly pray;
Be not be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

Be not be slow to do my will
Thrust to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself
Just for to-day.

Be not be wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Be thou a seal upon my lip
Just for to-day.

So for to-morrow, and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord
Just for to-day.

Women and their Rights.

At the Convention held last June, Mrs. C. Bala presented a paper on "Women and their Rights." She assumed a most decided attitude against the opposite sex. After reflecting on what she said, I have formed my own convictions on the subject. I do not, in the least, wish to enter into any argument with any one, but simply present what I think of the much ventilated "Woman's Rights." It is true, that not infrequently men treat women unfairly, yes, brutally, as the term has it. Indeed, some men have, from man's noble estate, reduced themselves lower than the brutes of the field, beasts never get drunk, and therefore those who are given to intemperance are worse than brutes. They have defied God, who gave them a conscience to judge. It is painful to say that quite a few women have also reduced themselves to a level with fallen men. I am not biasing myself on one side or the other, while I pity the fallen, I denounce them for their persistent impudence against both God and man after their conscience has convicted them. To my judgment it is unchristian and more, it is barbarous and savage to try to injure a person in his feelings, or humiliate him because he holds convictions different to your own. Give everybody an opportunity to express himself, and out of the scores of expressions truth will emerge, controversy should, emphatically, be avoided. To return to my subject, I am a firm believer in the rights of both men and women, but while women can do many things as well as men, there are things women can do which men cannot, and on the other hand men can do things women cannot. God created them male and female—not one above the other, yet emphatically, male and female, and I believe that He designed that each should have their duties, which, while many in common, are often entirely distinct. For instance compare the *scythe* and the *plow*. I do not believe that women could plow as well as men, nor men sow as well as women; there may be exceptions, but they are extremely rare. Men are much stronger, and by nature better adapted to heavy labor on the other hand man's fingers are too clumsy to do the neat and fancy sewing that woman's nimble fingers can so easily accomplish. Women already have the loftiest position in the world, they are the keepers of the hearts and homes, bearing out the proverb, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." I do not believe woman's influence would be one whit greater for good if her voice became loud and hoarse through plat form exhortation, but if it is indeed possible, then by all means do not debar her, however, the home and the babies must be cared for, and the poor men use such big and clumsy hands, and their minds get so confused in domestic duties. The home could never grow better or purer with the absence of the inspiring presence of the sister, wife, or mother. I believe that the woman who is the cherished wife or mother, the woman who is Queen of the beautiful realm called "home," the woman who has the perfect confidence of the family and is revered by them, is already richly endowed by heaven, that she would not exchange her position for the broadest platform that was ever built for man. The woman of God's favor is the woman that dwells apart from the noisy, jostling world, the woman who faithfully attends to her own home duties is the woman called upon to live a very busy and active life, but she is so blessed. Ah! what shall I say of the old maid or spinster; well, I cannot help but pity them, though I know my sympathy will be repudiated by many. I believe the

spinster or childless woman has missed something very precious, as well as escaped a very solemn responsibility. I think such women have the right to work anywhere and everywhere that they can find honest work for the Master to be done, the work may not be so precious or so delightful to themselves as is the work of the mother in her God given home, yet it is brave, true, honest work done in her Master's name, and who shall dare to deny God's abundant blessing upon it. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." *Matthew 23: 28.*

J. R. BRYAN.
Hamilton, Oct. 25th, 91.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent

Thanksgiving Day passed very quietly. A few mutes went to see the sham battle.

Mr. Geo. Westburn, a carpenter for the Toronto Street Railway, received a bad wound in his foot. He is in the General Hospital.

Mrs. Nairn is about to take up her residence in Ottawa, with her daughter, who is employed at a dressmaking establishment.

We hear that Mr. Wheatley has entered into partnership with his brother, who keeps a bakery on Wilton Ave.

A number of the young friends of Miss Minnie Slater, gave her a surprise party in honor of her eighteenth birthday.

Mr. Neil McGillivray is spending a few days with his parents at Nobleton.

A colored woman named Fanny Bush, a deaf mute, fell down a flight of four steps on Thursday, having been struck by a swinging door. She was moved to the Toronto General Hospital, suffering from internal injuries.

The many friends of Mr. A. A. McIntosh will be pleased to welcome him back to our city.

Percy Allen is home again, work being slack in winter.

OTTAWA DISTRICT.

From our own Correspondent

Mr. Joseph McEwen's wife presented him with a fine healthy baby boy on Nov. 6th, weighing twelve pounds.

Alfred Gray writes to me that all the men employed in deepening Gray's creek have left work, as the water was too cold to work in. It has been of great benefit to Mr. Gray's farm enabling him to bring more of it under cultivation. I believe one of your pupils, by the name of Isabelle, spent some weeks working in the creek and told us some amusing anecdotes which occurred when he was up to the waist in water following the scraper.

We believe Ottawa is to have an addition to her population this winter, as one of our popular young printers is reported to be going westward for a better half, who is a graduate of the Belleville School and a classmate of mine.

SIMCOE ITEMS.

From our own Correspondent

Mrs. William Sutton of Simcoe gave a dinner and reception in honor of the Misses Steele of Waterford, Mr. Sutton, of Brantford, and Helen Grant, a pleasant and profitable evening was spent. Miss Etta Grace, Mrs. Jackson, Heddley Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Stegum, George Kelly and Cullen Bowlby were also present.

Miss Mabel and Edith Steel, of Waterford, and Mr. Robert Sutton, of Brantford, have been visiting Mrs. William Sutton. Mr. Robert Sutton is always a welcome visitor among the deaf in this vicinity, as he has a collection of entertaining and funny stories which he explains in an inimitable style.

Mr. Bowlby gave a supper to the deaf mutes. All present spent a most enjoyable evening.

Mr. H. Holland was in town for a few days.

We learn with no slight regret that we are about to lose from our surroundings one of our most valued friends and members of the "Plumworth 'Lit'." Mr. Angus McIntosh, whose removal to the Queen City has been necessitated by the change in the running of the *Daily Free Press* with which he has been connected for the past nine years. He leaves in the course of a couple of weeks. Our loss will be Toronto's gain. *Whispering Silent Echo.*

Love One Another.

It was Saturday night and two children small sat on the stairs in the lighted hall,
Swept and troubled and so perplexed
To learn for Sunday the forgotten text
Only three words— in a gilded card,
But both children declared it hard

Love, that is easy, it means, why this
A warm embrace and a loving kiss
That is another, I don't see who
Is meant by another— now May, to you?

Very graciously she raised her head,
Oar thoughtful darling, and slowly said,
As she fondly strolled on her little brother
Why I am only one, and you are another
And this is the meaning— don't you see?
That I must love you, and you must love me.

Was little preacher could any sage
Interpret better the sacred page?

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution.

[By Jessie Garden.]

We had quite a snowstorm but not enough to make any sleighing.

Winter time is here, and we are glad that we will soon start our fun out skating and iceboating on the bay.

Some of the girls received boxes from home for Thanksgiving Day, and they enjoyed their things very much.

Mary McGillivray had a letter from her brother Neil, who is deaf too, saying that he is going to Paisley soon to visit his relations.

Mr and Mrs. Wm Douglas came back on the 26th ult., from their wedding trip in the east. Mr. D. looks very happy to have a wife of his own now.

Miss Ethel Irvine was here at the party on Thanksgiving Day, and the girls were all glad to see her. She came with her little sister Jennie.

Miss Cullen, one of the attendants, was married to Mr. Callery a farmer, on the 26th ult., and she has many best wishes for a long and prosperous life.

About two weeks ago Miss Donella Beatty's sister Ethel and Cousin Alice made a call on her, and she was glad to see them again, as she hadn't seen them for a long time.

Last Tuesday Annie Butler went home to attend the wedding of her sister Blanche who was married on the 28th ult. We all think she was too young to get married—only 18 years old.

Next Tuesday will be Miss May Mitchell's birthday, who graduated last June. We all wish her many happy returns of the day, and trust that she may long be spared to enjoy them.

A letter from Miss Lulu Robinson, says she is still at home and well. Her little sister Daisy is away visiting in Peterborough, and it will do her good, as she has been sick all the summer.

Last Saturday morning Mr. Adams, of Foxboro, came here to see Mary and Ida Justus, who were very glad to see him. He told them that he would take them to visit his place some Saturday.

We hope that there were many family reunions around the table on last Thanksgiving Day. We enjoyed the party very much, and many girls dressed very prettily in different colors, and some visitors from the city were present.

It is only twenty four days more till Christmas. Oh! our darling old Santa Claus is starting to be busy, and he says that if we are good girls and boys till that day, he will bring us lots of presents. Girls and boys, be good till that day.

Miss Donella Beatty, one of the pupils in Mr. Coleman's class, received a letter from Miss M. Thomas on the 17th ult., saying that she did not say she had decided to come back sometime before Thanksgiving Day, but only perhaps.

We were very sorry to see Miss James down sick again, this time with an attack of Quinsy, however, we are glad she is around again. During her sickness, over so many girls visited her every day. Let us hope that she will be blessed with better health in the future.

Miss Ada James got a letter from Miss L. James the other day, and she is well and happy at home. She also got a letter from her dear old friend M. Ball, some mornings ago. She is steadily improving, and still lives with her Aunt. Marion Campbell spent two days with her some time before Thanksgiving Day.

On the 21st ult. the marriage of Mr. Douglas, our store keeper, and Miss Emma Metcalfe, sister of our clerk, Miss Lilly Metcalfe, took place at the residence of the bride's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Mathison and Miss Walker were invited to the wedding, and pronounced it

a success in every way. We girls cannot express how very heartily we congratulate them, and sincerely wish them many, many happy and peaceful days of married life.

Last Sunday morning Maggie Hutchinson saw her cake of soap on the washstand which looked like taffy. She wanted to have some fun with it, so she asked Flossie Gardiner if she ever ate Scotch butter taffy, and she said yes, and then she asked her if she would like to have some, but she declined. At last she went to another girl, Mary Juscar, and asked her the same, and she took a big bite of it before she discovered her mistake. All the girls who saw her laughed. They expected Mary to get mad, but they found that she did not, as she knew it was in fun. What do you think of it?

Douglas---Metcalfe.

A very pretty and interesting wedding took place this morning at the home of Mrs. Metcalfe, Charlotte St., when her daughter, Miss Emma L. Metcalfe, was married to Mr. W. Douglas, of the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. The silver knot was tied by Rev. E. N. Baker, pastor Bridge St. Church. Miss Lillian, sister of the bride, officiated as bridesmaid, and Mr. A. E. Harroy, of Brantford, supported the groom. The bride was lovely and graceful in a cream silk wrap crepon gown, trimmed with silk embroidery. She bore in her hand a handsome bunch of cream tearoses, tied with moire ribbon. The bridesmaid wore a white Swiss muslin dress, trimmed with white moire ribbon, and carried pink roses. A few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome Mason & Rusch upright piano, and to the bridesmaid, a horse-shoe pearl pin. Mrs. Douglas is a most esteemed member of the choir of Bridge St. Church, and Mr. Douglas has taken such a lively interest in athletic sports both at the Institution and in the city, that he is well known in Belleville as a highly honorable and genial gentleman, he is also a great favorite with all at the Institution. The presents to the bride were very numerous and costly. The happy couple left on the 12:15 train for Montreal, bearing with them the best wishes of many warm friends for future happiness and prosperity. *Intelligencer, 21st Nov.*

Extracts from Letters.

—A mother writes—"I am very thankful that when the Lord has afflicted those dear children, that there is a way they can be taught properly. I am glad she is being cared for now that the wet, cold weather is setting in."

A mother writes—"I am so thankful that God has spared you all at the Institution and that there is little sickness there this session. It is the prayer of my heart that He will shield you throughout the year. You have been so kind to our little girls that I cannot express my thanks as I would like."

—A mother writes:—"Accept my most sincere thanks, not only for your kindness and care of my boy, but so promptly sending me word of his temporary illness. I am perfectly satisfied if he were sick he would get the very best of care, and that is a great comfort to every mother to know that her child is so well looked after. You and your assistants are engaged in one of the most noble works in opening up a new world to those afflicted children, and no one knows this better than the parents, when they see the great change education works in their children. If all the prayers are answered that must ascend from every faithful mother's heart that there is such an Institution, its success must be great indeed."

Thirteen schools for the deaf are known to exist in Russia, and a fourteenth is shortly to be opened, commencing with twelve pupils. *Register.*

I want to relate a Waterloo I met when I tried to "floor" a lip-reader whose superior I have yet to meet. I was told she would understand any English sentence I spoke distinctly. I jogged my memory for something odd, with this result: "Last night I saw two blue and white elephants dancing the lanciers in an old grave yard." Quick as a flash, with a merry twinkle in her eye, she asked: "What had you been drinking?" *Our own Pacha in the Journal.*