

Fly Away, Little Birds.

Fly away, little birds,
Tis your season to go;
The winter is coming,
With cold winds and snow.

The flowers have gone
From the meadows around
To live in their seeds
And their roots under ground.

The leaves have turned red
On the bushes and trees,
And fall from the branches
In every light breeze.

The moth has slept
In the bee's nest has spun
And the bee stays at home
With his honeyed work done.

So now, little birds,
You must hasten away
To the south, where the sunshine
And blossoms will stay.

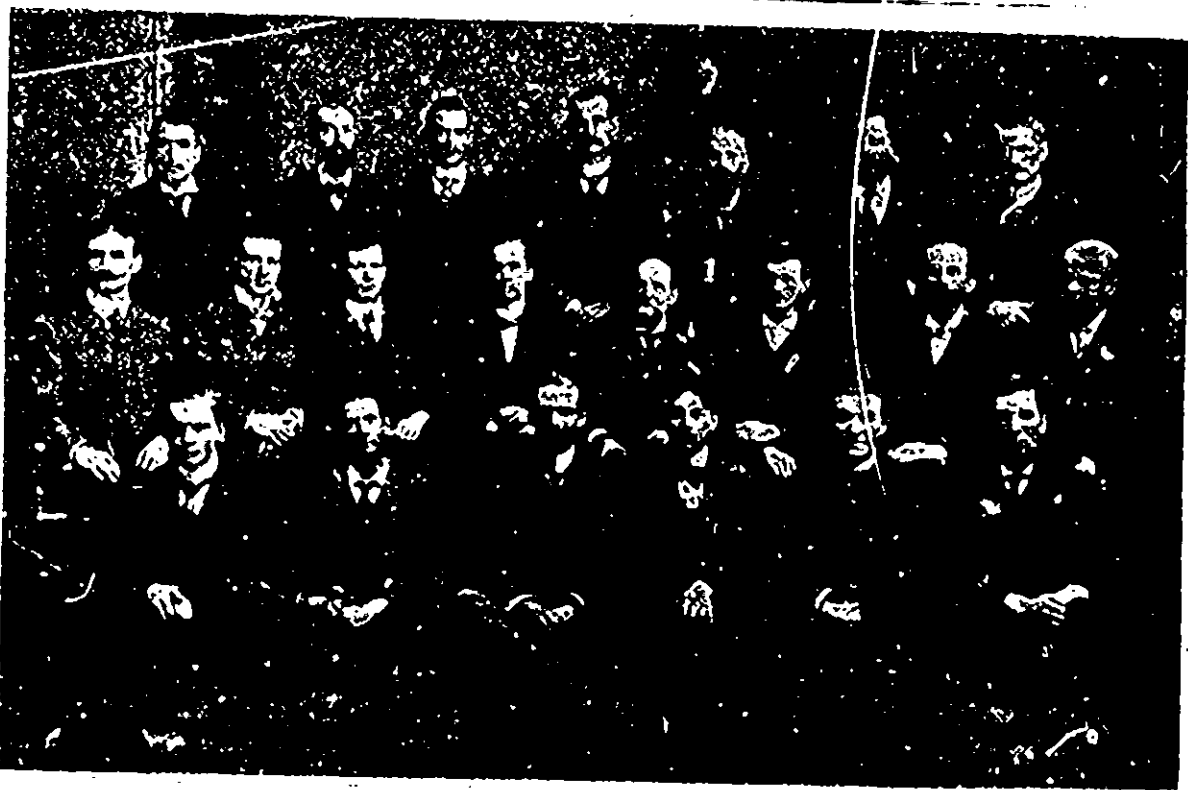
But return with the Spring,
When the weather is fair,
And sing your sweet songs
In the warm pleasant air.

—M. A. G. World

PUPILS' LOCALS.

Contributed by Mr. Denys' Class.

- Small.
- beginnings
- become great
- by continuance.
- Minutes ticking away.
- Clad yourself with knowledge.
- Have you seen our Eiffel tower?
- Winter with its frosts and furs and manly sports once more at hand.
- Some of us, one Saturday, attended "Our Navy" at the Opera House and liked it very much.
- Distasteful dreams of dear, old Santa Claus with mountainous cargoes of bonbons, toys, dolls, etc.
- We were much pleased to have a visit from Rev. Dr. ... of Toronto, and Mr. Forth, ... Belleville.
- One little lad knew for his "rascally phraso" defines temperance "a charming indifference to the contents of a cup?"
- He is a philosopher who, without half a dozen proving attempts, call the window blind up straight.
- Bravo Buller's favorite couplet
"Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks."
- Eva Goetz, our class-mate, who was out through illness, has returned. We are all pleased to see her in her seat again.
- Mr. Thos. Hazelton, a former pupil, writes that he is getting on well and recalling with pleasure the happy days spent at the old school.
- The broken speech of a deaf child may fall indifferently on the ear of the outsider, but it is music sweet to their kin and all who love them.
- Little Ben's brief budget:
We learn. We play. We eat.
We love. We pray. We sleep.
We thrive. We know. So be it.
- The 28th passed off pleasantly. The lecture by Mr. Stewart in the morning and the nice party in the evening helped in making the day a most enjoyable one.
- It was with deepest regret we heard our good friend, Nellie Dorocher, had been called home by a sad accident to her young brother. She has our heartfelt sympathy.
- Patrick, a little prig from the Isle of Salutz, says he never missed his prayers but once and that was when his mother sent him so early to bed, he felt too bad to be good.
- Every body can now see our tall chimney, the sparks issuing therefrom giving it the appearance of a huge foundry; well, we try to fabricate men of metal for the state, and as certain as that smoke goes up, so hum.
- Thanksgiving turkey and "Cran" berries galore, in Miss Walker's best style. Nothing like growing young appetites to forever settle the fate of the luscious birds. We hope that the Xmas feast has not been endangered. The three hundred "little" mouths send Mr. Cochrane to market not a few times.
- Dont, child, say the "wind was windy." True it blew violently for some days and we regretted the loss of life on sea and lake. Wind is air in motion and from the gentle zephyr to the dread tornado we have quite a variety. The gust, breeze, blast, gale, squall, all put on considerable airs, but the greatest blow is the hurricane which, thanks to Helus, seldom visits this part.



MEMBERS BRIGDEN CLUB, TORONTO, 1900-1901.

R. C. SLATER, F. WHEELER, H. WHITE, S. PUGSLEY, H. MASON, H. MOORE, F. FRASER,
N. LABELLE, C. PICKARD, O. W. REEVES, C. ELLIOTT, F. BRIGDEN, A. SHEPHERD, A. W. MASON, A. A. McINTOSH,
Committee. Com. Sec. Treas. Pres. Hon. Treas. Vice Pres. Com. Committee.

W. E. GRAY, C. GILLIAM, S. A. McHILLIVRAY, W. LIGHTFOOT, W. O'Rourke, P. ALLIN

The Brighton Club.

—We learn History this year and like it very much. By the treaty of Versailles, we know American independence was ratified. Our teacher told us Versailles is a pretty spot just out of Paris. Louis XIV. built a magnificent palace there. To the deaf, the historic city should have a particular charm as it is the birthplace of the great De L'Epée, the father of deaf mute education.

—Some say the world is getting better and some worse. We are also told that nations have the leaders they deserve. Here is President Roosevelt refusing a promotion to an army officer who broke the word he had pledged. There is Monsieur Loubet invested with the highest dignity a proud race can confer yet himself a child in tenderness and affection to his aged mother. Cross the channel and see our tactful King with a broad, democratic spirit, declaring solemnly that no distinction shall be made as to the various rulers present at his coronation, whether born on or off the throne. Verily, with such men commanding, our generation cannot be very far astray.

Thanksgiving Day.

Last Thursday was the day set apart for National Thanksgiving and was fittingly observed at the Institution. At 11 a. m. Mr. Stewart conducted devotions in the chapel, in which the pupils heartily joined. As a people we have been greatly blessed during the past year, in our own school, teachers and pupils have had numberless causes for heartfelt thanksgiving, many were the attributes of the Divine love we have received. After chapel it was dinner time and the pupils were quite ready to pay their respects to the very excellent dinner provided by the matron and her assistants. Roast turkey and goose of course crowned the board, backed up with a plentiful supply of other holiday fare commodities. Our boys and girls went to work with keen appetites and when they were through they were unanimous in declaring it a noble feast. We have had a few days of clear steady cold and the boys were able to get a thin sheet of ice on the rink, so the pupils were able to spend the afternoon skating, and much enjoyed it. The party in the evening was a fitting wind up to the day, games of various kinds were engaged in followed by a liberal distribution of goodies so dear to the hearts of little ones and of which even the elders do not disdain to take a nibble. The party broke up shortly before ten. Christmas and New Year next.

—Mr. Bain and daughter, of Toronto, Mrs. V. P. Hunt and children, of Belleville, and Rev. Mr. Elliott, the Baptist minister of Belleville, were interested and welcome visitors to the Institution on Friday.

The promotion of social and literary clubs amongst the deaf, under good auspices and careful regulations, is as fruitful as sterling results, as any project that can engage the energies of those who seek to do a little good in the world. In the large cities the need of such clubs becomes a crying want. By a natural law, the deaf must associate in some way, and if provision is not made for a safe and useful outlet for this strong impulse it is inevitable that it will, at times, run in ways injurious to character and fertile of evil. Experience of this fact in Toronto led to an effort to start a club that should offer an opportunity, under good conditions, for pleasant intercourse and innocent recreation. It was at first a very tentative affair. A small room was rented in a central situation, for three evenings in a week, chess, draughts, crokinole, and other games were provided, and a ten minutes pointed talk was given at the close of the evening. This effort was very incomplete in many ways, but it was sufficient to start the spirit of healthful association, and the following season the deaf young men took hold of the idea in a vigorous fashion. A good committee was got together, all deaf men in the city drummed up and a strong society formed with sufficient subscriptions to rent a large room, well warmed and lighted and opened every evening. Newspapers and magazines were provided and excellent regulations were framed.

The original members of the club were Messrs. Elliott, Shepherd, McIntosh, Pickard, Labelle, Reeves, Lightfoot, Allen, McHillivray, H. Mason, R. C. Slater, P. Fraser, H. Moore, A. W. Mason, J. Forsythe, W. E. Gray, C. Gilliam, T. Ross, A. Jaffray, S. Pugsley, W. O'Rourke, H. White and F. Wheeler. It was opened on Dec. 11th, 1900, and at its initial meeting the name of The Brigden Club was decided upon, on account of long service to the deaf and the many acts of kindness they had received at the hands of that gentleman.

At a convention of the deaf, that followed shortly after its commencement, Mr. Reeves made a strong plea on behalf of the club, which made a very favorable impression on those who had hitherto looked doubtfully on the scheme and secured for it their hearty cooperation.

The club worked well and harmoniously, there was plenty of innocent fun and enjoyment, and every Saturday a numerously attended literary meeting was held. Mr. McIntosh gave an eloquent and thoroughly studied lecture on William Wallace. Mr. Shepherd, who is strong on social questions, gave a most illuminating and instructive account of the state of things in Australia, and the working out of democratic ideas there. Mr. Brigden, in his usual energetic style, described the battle of Thermopylae, aided by large original illustrations and maps. There were geographical and

natural history evenings, and evenings devoted to animated debates. Mr. Elliott, one of the most energetic minds in the club, took a prominent part in arranging these evenings to good purpose, Mr. Slater and Mr. Reeves also taking leading places in the literary programme, and the club closed its first year with a clean record of rules strictly enforced, a fine spirit among the members, the memory of much healthy enjoyment and with a good financial balance in hand for the commencement of another year.

The very efficient officers of the last quarter of the club year were Hon. Pres., F. Brigden; Pres., C. Elliott, Vice-Pres., A. C. Shepherd, Soc. Treas., Geo. W. Reeves, Sergeant at arms, J. Forsythe; Committee—A. McIntosh, N. Labelle, A. C. Shepherd, C. Elliott, A. W. Mason.

In conclusion we would recommend the consideration of our Toronto experience to any who take an interest in the deaf, and have not yet tried this line of work. Exclusive devotion to religious activity, however admirable, does not altogether fill the bill, and where there is any number of young men, may indeed fall of best results, in a greater or less degree. The deaf answer as eagerly to the call for mental exertion and improvement as any other class, and to them also it is as fruitful of good. None need more to be taken out of the narrow range of personalities, and to be delivered from that fettering of attention that broods so many of the smaller evils of social life. After leaving the Institution, unless in very favorable surroundings, the deaf are apt to deteriorate both in mind and character, and it is a tribute to the value and nature of the training they received that when fresh from their Alma Mater they are in the best state to profit by and enter into such a society as we have been describing.—Geo. REEVES.

Why Snow is Not Black or Red.

Why is the snow white is a question frequently asked. Because black snow would be dangerous, so would red or yellow. These are "warning-up colors," and they change the sun's rays to heat. Such snow would soon melt again and prove a very poor protection. But white snow throws back the sunlight in just the form in which it receives it, and thus the snow can be long on the ground. Throw dirt on the snow, and its dark color quickly makes it eat its way in whenever the sun shines on it. After a snowstorm, once let the horses' foot mangle the dirt of the road with the snow and sleighing will soon be over.—Prof. S. C. Schumaker, in the December Ladies' Home Journal.

—Mrs. M. O'Brien, of Peterboro, with her little daughter, came to see Gerald on Thanksgiving Day. Gerald was the happy boy to see his mother and sister, but had no desire to go home with them; he will gladly join them in June next.