

Building.

Souls are built as temples are.
Bunken deep, unseemly, unknown.

Souls are built as temples are.
Each by each, in gradual rise.

Souls are built as temples are.
Here a cornice, rich and quaint.

Souls are built as temples are.
Based on truth, a eternal law.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution.

[BY ALICE DE BELLEVILLE.]

The tickets are being prepared for June 10th.

Our examiner, Mr. Davidson, will be here next week.

We have heard that Bertha Nichol of Miss Linn's class, is going home soon.

Our grounds look lovely and rose buds are already peeping out of the green leaves.

Somebody is very anxious to know if there will be any field day here this year.

We were a good deal surprised to learn that the examinations instead of beginning on June 1st as at first stated would begin on May 26th.

Miss Fraser, of Toronto, well known by the deaf-mutes, being interpreter of the church services in the Y. M. C. A. building, is here paying us a short visit.

There is a robin's nest in the verandah at one of the teacher's houses quite easy to reach and look into.

Last Sunday the Catholic pupils got a pretty good drenching. When they left the Institution the sky was cloudy but every one thought it would clear up.

The Queen's birthday is over. The day was really too short, so wished it had lasted longer, it was so pleasant to have a holiday.

For everything you buy and sell, let, or hire, make an exact bargain at first and do not put off to an hereafter by one that says, "We shall not disagree about trifles."

TORONTO TOPICS.

We regret to hear that the youngest daughter of Mr. F. Bridgen is down with a fever, but hope for her complete recovery.

The 21th was well observed in our city. The sound of cannon could be heard by the deaf also.

R. C. Slater spent the 21th with his parents in Galt, and Miss Munro visited her friends in the country.

Some friends of Mr. John J. Jackson would like to know his present address.

There is known to be over twelve young deaf mute children in our city waiting to be admitted into the Institution, and a great many more unknown.

Two or three of our young men went to Ottawa and back the other day on their wheels.

One of our deaf mute young ladies is a skilled player on the piano.

John Terrill made a bicycle trip to Newmarket to see his parents lately.

J. L. Smith has gone to England for a few weeks.

We have Sunday cars at last. Are you glad? A well known doctor in the city who has a great many deaf patients confessed that he voted for Sunday cars.

OTTAWA DISTRICT.

Mr. McClland's brother was married since last time of writing, and is now happily settled down on the old homestead.

Miss Jameson has gone to Britannia for the summer months, and her numerous friends greatly regret her absence from amongst them.

Miss Nairn has accepted a good position with a Montreal dry goods firm, and has taken her mother there to reside; their many friends in Ottawa wish them a prosperous time in the Commercial Capital.

D. Bayne requests his correspondents to excuse him for a time, as the doctor has strictly enjoined him against reading and writing, owing to a return of his old affliction of the right eye.

We are to have a grand military review on the 22nd of June, and otherwise a grand gala day to celebrate the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

THE MACKAY INSTITUTION.

The annual examination at this Institution was held on the 11th of this month. The examiners were the Rev. Mr. Mowatt, of Erskine Church, Rev. Mr. Bushell, of Westmount, and the Rev. Henry Kitten, of the Church of the Advent.

The day was beautiful; the grounds around this most favorably placed institution were putting on their spring attire, and the whole happy household seemed to feel the joyousness of returning summer, added to by the bright prospects of coming holidays.

The answers to questions put by the examiners were given promptly and with intelligence, showing that their work is not altogether mechanical, but that there is a considerable amount of mental training as well.

We may lay it down as an elemental principal of religion that no growth in holiness was ever gained by one who did not take time to be often and long alone with God.—Phelps.

Some Literary Bulls.

When a statement contradicts itself amusingly it is termed a bull. It proceeds, not from a want of ideas, but from a superabundance of ideas.

A genuine Yankee tramp approached the city marshal recently and said, "I asked the mayor to give me some supper. He told me to go to the devil so I have come to you."

A Chicago philosopher recently gave vent to the following opinion: "The only way to prevent what is past is to put a stop to it before it happens."

A Kansas teacher, after calling the roll, gravely asked, "Are there any absentees present?"

An Indiana coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Blode to peeces by the biler bastin."

School children in their most earnest efforts often make expressions that possess all the essentials of literary bulls. A boy recently told his teacher that Esau was a man who wrote fables and who sold the copy right to a publisher for a bottle of potash.

In answer to the request to describe the heart, a boy said, "A heart is a conical shaped bag. The heart is divided into several parts by a fleshy position. These parts are called the right artillery, the left artillery and so forth. The function of the heart is between the lungs. The work of the heart is to repair the different organs in about half a minute."

The amusing expressions extend to the hearing people as well as the deaf. The college students are credited with more mixed metaphors or bulls in their attempt to translate into English a foreign tongue than in any other study.

What fossil remains do we find of fishes? "In some rocks we find the fossil footprints of fishes."

What are metaphoric rocks? "Rocks that contain metaphors."

A college correspondent for a deaf-mute paper published in New York City, in chronicling an accident which befell President Gallaudet, said, "On stepping out of the carriage Dr. G. came in contact with a hydrant which violently prostrated him."

Sir Boyle Roche, at one time a prominent figure of the English parliament, has the record of more bulls than any other one man. In speaking of trouble he once said,

"Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a greater." On another occasion, he said: "A tax on leather will be severely felt by the barefooted peasantry of Ireland but this can easily be remedied by making the leather wood."

We are not our own; we are bought with a price, and nothing short of an unreserved surrender of self-interest to God's interest in humanity is moral or just. Not to be self-sacrificing in other's service is injustice. To be unloving, even to the unlovable, is to be ungodly.—Rev. Geo. D. Herron.

A Voice to the Deaf.

I sat within the church so dim and calm, And watch'd the people in their grave content, Listening, each with eager face upturn'd, To hear the message sent.

But through the silence deep that press'd me close No word of comfort on my spirit broke. Not even for me, the anthem's swelling sound The solemn silence broke.

I turned, half heart-sick, towards the altar there I stood alone the while the throng press'd by. Then from my heart to God, through all the pain, Went up a bitter cry.

He heard, and answer'd—On my heart there fell Peace like a benediction after prayer, While to my soul the Voice Eternal spake A message sweet and rare.

I raised my head; a rush of gladness thrill'd My being through. Content, at last, I trod With slow steps down the dim aisle, while my heart Flow'd with the love of God.—Anna B. Hensch.

Letter from Mrs. McPhee.

GLEN SOURS, MAN., May 11, 1897.

DEAR MR. MATTHEWSON:—It is about a year since I wrote you, and now indeed I cannot express my feelings of gratitude to God who guided me to work without money, as you know money means influence, and if I had means I would not spare it. I cannot explain to you how I feel about the dear children of the Territories. There are two nice bright half-breed girls that I met when I was in the North-west that are losing the best of their lives; one is about 17 years old the other 14 I think. I tremble for them, the life they have to live, tenting about from place to place. I had them with me a few days and if you could have seen their faces brighten as I tried to teach them you would have been interested; they had a hungry look for knowledge. I tell you, Mr. Matthewson, I never know what it was to be poor before; I want to take them in my arms and put them right to school. I have done all in my power ever since, that is three years now, for the North-west deaf. I will not let the matter rest; my heart is very sad about those dear girls. I had a most enjoyable visit to the Winnipeg Institute, every one were so kind. Dear Mr. and Mrs. McDermid are doing all in their power for the advancement and comfort of their pupils. It took me back to your dear old Institute and the lovely visit I had there. I also met Miss Spaight, the little girl that was, now developed into an energetic teacher of articulation. She has such a bright little class; also Mrs. McDermid has such a bright class of babies. I am sure they must all have a great deal of patience and lots of love for the afflicted ones. The matron also is a perfect mother to them all. I was delighted with all those whom I met. What we want, Mr. Matthewson, is for the Government to enlarge the building in Winnipeg, as it is too small even to accommodate our Manitoba pupils, and then admit the North-west pupils. Of course the North-west can pay for theirs, so much each. We don't want them to build for themselves, as you know the larger the school the better the staff. As yet we have no work-shops. Mr. McDermid has done all he can. There are boys now who should be learning trades. The time is flying so quickly, and I don't hear of anything being done in that direction yet. Many thanks, dear Mr. Matthewson, for your never failing kindness to me. I assure you I do feel more than I can express, as I read the editorial that I fear is almost more than I deserve, when I look back and remember the noble advice you gave me about Gertrude as I sat in your own drawing room, and how it has guided me ever since. At that time dear Gertrude's future seemed so dark to me. When I look back I wonder how I could so doubt the goodness of God to my dear silent one—the comfort she always brings to me. I need not tell you of Gertrude's sweet disposition; I think of her still as the sweet child of years ago at your school, and when I think of what you have all done for her, my heart overflows with gratitude and I wish I could spend all my life to help others in the same way. I intend never to give up in my weak way to help the deaf. Give my love to Mrs. Matthewson and family, hoping you may have a restful and happy vacation. Also, dear Mrs. Terrill; tell her I so often think of her. I hear from you all through your beautifully written paper and I would not like to be without it. I hope some day Gertrude and I will be able to visit the Institution at Belleville.

Yours very gratefully, (Miss) S. A. McPhee.