

The Secret of Success.

On the huckleberry time, when little Johnny was a boy, the other boys were starting with their little berries, Johnny's pa, in talking with him, would tell him how to pick so he'd come out ahead.

"First, don't rush," said Johnny's pa, "and then stick to it till you've picked it clean. Let those go chasing all about after better bushes, but it's picking tells, my son."

To look at Johnny's bushes doesn't count like picking them, but Johnny's bushes were tall, and, sure enough, he was picking to his bush while all the others chased after better pickings. 'Twas as his father said while all the others looked, he worked, and Johnny recollected this when he became a man.

Johnny had all the last time out a well-determined plan while the brilliant triflers talked with all their tongues and pushed.

Johnny won by sticking to his bush.

—St. Nicholas.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution.

BY CLIVE D'ARVILLE.

Will we have no more ice boating this year, Mr. Douglas?

Lately we were visited by the County Council and the Grand Jury. These gentlemen thought it something wonderful to hear deaf mutes talk as they did in Miss Gibson's articulation class.

Here we are in February, already on month of '96 gone. How fast time flies. This month has 29 days, this being leap year. Is any one expecting rebornes, the 15th is the day to send and get them.

On the 20th Rev. Monsignor Farrelly and Fr. Carson came to see the Catholic pupils. During the hour they were here many questions were asked and all were answered correctly. They must have enjoyed their visit for they said they would like to come again.

On Sunday, the 2nd, those of the Catholic boys and girls who went to church had a rather hard walk, the sidewalks were so slippery that they took the road, but even then a few fell. However there were no bones broken and all greatly enjoyed the fine weather.

On Sunday, the 5th, the pupils belonging to the English Church went down in the bus from the Hotel Quinto at 7:40. It was fine when they left, but when they came back, it was as stormy as could be. However they said they liked the drive very much and wished it would happen oftener.

On Sunday and Monday, the 9th and 10th, the gas went out in the dining-room almost immediately after tea. There were quite a number of girls on duty, and as they were frightened there was an awful lot of noise, till Miss Walker came to the rescue with candle lights. What causes the gas to act in that way we do not know, unless it is that the pipes are frozen.

We are all glad to hear that Mr. Stewart is better and able to teach his class but Miss James has been obliged to again leave her class to the care of Maggie Hutchinson. Miss James had better get well soon or she will not enjoy any skating this winter. Maggie will become quite an expert in teaching and who knows, but she may perhaps choose that line for her future career.

Monday, the 10th, was Maggie Hutchinson's birthday. On that day she attained her 17th year. As all the girls like her very much she was surrounded by many and received several very nice presents. A lovely one was a gold and pearl pen, from one of the teachers. From home she got a pretty gold bracelet and many letters. We all wish her many happy returns of the day.

Annie Butler's mother, who formerly resided in Sino, has now made her home in Belleville. On Thursday, the 23th, Annie went down to help her mother, and came back on Monday, the 3rd. She said she had a very nice time. Many of the girls wish they were in Annie's place, without doubt to have her home near by is a good thing. Annie will now be able to go home on Saturdays. How lucky!

On Saturday night, the 1st, some of the girls got scared, almost out of their wits. Mice are quite numerous on our side and as bold as can be, romping and running around, right before our eyes. Jacobina Lobsinger caught one

and thinking to amuse the girls who came to the sitting-room, but no sooner did the girls see what it was she held in her hands, than shrieks and cries and upsetting of chairs and tables was perfectly appalling. Order was only restored when the harmless little mouse had disappeared. This is a specimen of our girls' bravery, almost fainting at the sight of a mouse.

—It is with the greatest sorrow that we have parted with one of our companions. Maggie Mashill is now in the land where no sorrows are known, in the world where all ears are open and all tongues linct. She died on Saturday, the 1st, at 3 o'clock a. m. Her death was very peaceful, she looked as if she were sleeping very quietly. For some reason or other her mother could not come to Belleville, so Maggie died without a good-bye kiss. Her body was taken to St. Thomas on Saturday by the 11 o'clock train. Maggie was a nice quiet girl whom we all liked and we felt very sorry when we were told she was no more.

There is no flock however watched and tended.
But one flock lamb is there.
There is no fire-alarm however defended.
But has one vacant chair—Longfellow

—On the 30th, Mr. Denys celebrated, if what he stated was the case, his 40th birthday. One of the girls fixed a sheet of white paper with pale blue ribbon in a very pretty way, then the other girls wrote their names and wishes on it and on Thursday morning it was laid on his desk so that Mr. Denys would see it when he came in. His pupils were praising themselves that the boys would have nothing to give, so you can imagine their surprise when Mr. Denys thanking them all for their kind wishes, mentioned the address the boys had given him. The other mutes did not forget the occasion and all came to wish him many happy returns of the day, even little Martha Cunningham. We hope, Mr. Denys that many more pupils will have the pleasure of having you for a teacher and that you will be old, old, very old before you leave the Institution where you are duly appreciated.

BUFFALO NOTES.

From an occasional Correspondent

Last December Messrs. Robert Sutton and Culver Howley, from Canada, were in this city, and reported having a good time visiting. They were pupils of your school.

There was a fashionable wedding in this city not long ago. Miss Rachel Marks, a Jewess, was married to Mr. Newhouse, of Cleveland, Ohio, and the ceremony was performed by a Jewish Rabbi. They are deaf mutes.

Miss Sarah Young was seen in this city last September, about a week before the opening of your school, visiting her aunt, with her mother. She is at your school now.

On December 31st, there was a birthday party given by Mr. C. Voss, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Kowals, and there were about twelve guests present. They played games, prizes were given, and refreshments served at midnight. A good chat followed. One of the guests was Mr. Sullivan, a student of Washington College for the Deaf. The writer was introduced to him by Miss Carroll. He said he knew Mr. Cowan, now in Canada, and also said that Messrs. John Heathwaite, and Alexander Swan were in Kendall School.

There was a surprise party given at Miss Annie McPhail's home, in honor of her birthday recently, and she was surprised. Games were played, and refreshments followed. Miss Maxwell talked to us about the deaf in India, which was good and very interesting. The writer had the pleasure of meeting Miss Clara Smith at the above mentioned party; she asked for Mr. Mathison, and wished to be remembered to him.

One of the deaf-mutes, named Mr. Louis Sullach, living in the city, is a Canadian, as he says he was born in Hamilton, Canada.—[A. L. M.]

How sweet and wholesome are the pleasures that go into small room—the humble, simple, accustomed sights and sounds that bring the soul at once into the open air.—Dora Greenwell.

Shun all that is distracting and disquieting, both within and without. Nothing in the whole world is worth the loss of thy peace. Even the faults which thou has committed should only humble, but not disquiet thee.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent

The Misses Pettypiece, from Winnipeg, Man., made an unexpected call at our meeting a couple of weeks ago. They made a brief visit of a day or two and their deaf mute friends were disappointed at not having a visit from them.

Arrangements are being made for a tea social by Miss Fraser and Mr. Briden, which will come off shortly.

Mrs. Sawmth is suffering from a sore foot, caused by a needle which ran into it.

A youth named White, late of the Institution, is the latest addition to the mute population here.

We wonder why our friend Ducau is so quiet, we have been looking for news from Stratford.

Miss Mary Leeson has a beautiful piano—a present from her grandfather. She may come to the city to take lessons at the Conservatory next summer.

Miss Eva Zingg spent a couple of weeks with Miss Nellie Cunningham. She presented Mrs. Moore with a beautiful pillow, of her own work before going home. She promised to be at the next Convention. Good for her.

Wm. O'Rourke, who is working on the Catholic Register, is becoming a very fine young man. He has a strong resemblance to the late Willie Johnston, of Nanaimo. It seems he will become a shining luminary in deaf mute circles.

Mr. Sawmth writes from Jamaica, S. A., that he is enjoying the healthy climate and cool breeze of the island. It is his intention to return home shortly.

We regret to record the death of the bright little twin son of J. W. Boughton on the 8th inst., by diphtheria. At the time of writing, we heard the remaining daughter was also dangerously ill. A resolution of sympathy was passed by the mutes for Mr. and Mrs. Boughton in their sore affliction.

Mr. Slater brought quite a number of birds from Manitoba and the North-West and has got them nicely stuffed, which he is pleased to show to any of his friends who call on him.

A number of the little folks, friends of Lottie Mason, proposed having a good time on the 6th inst., and accordingly, armed with refreshments, took possession of Mr. A. W. Mason's house. Mr. and Mrs. Slater and Mr. and Mrs. H. Mason came over and aided a few pantomimic performances, much to the delight of the youngsters. Surprise parties appear popular in the western locality.

Bro. A. E. Smith, Brantford, seems now to be getting things ready for next Convention, and the deaf-mutes here will be glad to render him all the assistance they can in that connection.

Being one of the correspondents here, I am much pleased to give the writer at Oil Springs a little more information of Leamington, now noted for its gas wells, having read an account in the last issue. Leamington is my native place. I remember that thirty years ago great excitement prevailed in the village and neighborhood on account of searching parties discovering traces of coal oil in that region, people in the village were wroth and declared they would allow no wells to be dug on their premises; so all remained quiet until the present discovery of gas. I knew J. Robson's parents well, even in their courting days, as Miss Victoria Foster and Tom Robson. They were early settlers of English stock. Joe Robson's great grandfather was commonly called Squire Foster.

THE MACKAY INSTITUTION.

From an occasional Correspondent

Christmas, the season of joy and peace, New Years, with its customary pleasures—both included in our mid-year vacation—are now numbered with the past, and once again we are launched upon the waves of another year. The advent of this new year inspires even the weakest with resolutions for the future and desires to turn over and forget that clouded page of discouragements, to a brighter, better one, gilded with fresh hope and cheer.

Our school re-opened on Monday, Jan. 6th, with a full attendance of pupils—all thoroughly rested after their pleasant vacation, and ready for the new term. On the evening of the 5th, a small musical was tendered the blind, which they enjoyed exceedingly.

The Dean of Quebec—always a welcome visitor here—paid a visit during opening week and addressed us in kindly words. We do not forget his

many thoughtful acts and fatherly advice of the past, and regret that the distance between his present abode and us, is so great.

Owing to the absence of snow and ice during Christmas week, we were unable to indulge in skating, but, since, have endeavoured to regain lost time. A continual source of pleasure is the rink—measuring 130 by 66 ft.—affording ample room for all.

We had been anticipating with considerable pleasure and not a little excitement, a hockey-match, which took place last Saturday morning between our senior boys and a team from the St. John's school. Our boys scored a decided success, gaining 6 points to St. John's 0, and are naturally feeling elated over their laurels. The return match will be played on Saturday next.

While some more fortunate ones are enjoying the benefits of health, strength and happiness, others are called upon to pass through deep waters of sorrow. Our school regrets the loss of a graduate and medalist, in the person of Miss Harriet Mieres, who passed away on the 20th, at her father's residence, Greenville. Here concluded the fifth death in her family, through consumption, in the same number of years. Her wonderful power of endurance and resistance to the end, impresses itself upon the minds of her many friends, and the memory of that bright, cheerful disposition will long remain in our midst. To her bereaved parents we extend our heartfelt sympathy, in this trying season of sorrow and affliction. May the words, "It is all for the best," shine through the gloom and prove a source of consolation and comfort to the sorrowing ones.

January 29th, 1890.

Educate Them.

Mr. Goodwin, while canvassing the state last summer for deaf children who had never before been in school, came across a sad condition of a woman, seventy years of age, deaf from birth, and uneducated.

Let us take a retrospective view of this woman, and to whom the thought of her condition makes him shudder to think of his little ones over whom he dotes with filial care.

Seventy years ago, there was born, let us say, a pretty girl, pretty she must have been as her parents loved—thought they loved—her. Years came and went, and up grew the lovely girl. Being deaf, they could not send her to the public schools, and as a School for the Deaf is far away from home, the parents shrunk from sending her from them. They could not bear the separation. Or perhaps they were unable to send her, and shrunk from letting the authorities know of it. The girl grew to be a woman, and yet the gloom of ignorance hung over her. She could not associate with her friends. Soon her parents were called to the Great Beyond.

Being ignorant, she should not have been abandoned to her own undirected counsel. She could not experience the glow of independence.

Now, that woman, at the advanced age of seventy, abandoned by her friends, wandered from house to house begging for something to keep soul and body together. Being considered a nuisance she was cast into the Parish Jail at Opelousas, where she now is, and will probably remain until the end of her days.

Sad must this be. What must be the final judgment of God upon those who had charge of her during her young maidenhood?

There are parents now who think it a cruelty to send their children to us to be educated. Argue what we may, they are blind in convictions that they are right and we are wrong. Let their children they must, for they are deaf, is what we too often are called upon to notice.

Parents, you who have children of school age, by all means send them to school, or else remember that the terrible fate of the woman related above will befall yours. Prevent it now.

No greater foe to human progress exists than ignorance. It has crushed genius, opposed advancement, kindled persecution, caused bloodshed, and in every way added to the sum of human misery. It is the parent of prejudice, intolerance and fanaticism. Its lowest form is superstition. Wherever it prevails no one appears happy. The more it is combated the better will it be for the state, the country and humanity in general.—Louisiana Pelican.