

Your Dearest Wish.

I asked a little child one day,
A child intent on joyous play,
"My little one, pray tell to me
Your dearest wish, what may it be?"
The little one thought for a while,
Then answered, with a wistful smile,
"The thing that I wish most of all
Is to be big, like you, and tall."

I asked a maiden, sweet and fair,
Of dreamy eyes and wavy hair,
"What would you wish, pray, tell me true—
That kindly fate should bring to you?"
With timid mien and downcast eyes,
And blushes deep and gentle sighs,
Her answer came: "All else above,
I'd wish some faithful heart to love."

I asked a mother, tried and blest,
With baby asleep upon her breast:
"Oh mother fond, so proud and fair,
What is thy inmost, secret prayer?"
She raised her calm and peaceful eyes,
Madonna like, up to the skies,
"My dearest wish is this," said she,
"That God may spare my child to me."

Again, I asked a woman, old,
To whom the world seemed hard and cold:
"Pray tell me, oh, thou blest in years,
What are thy hopes, what are thy fears?"
With folded hands and head bent low,
She answered me, in accents slow:
"For me remains but one request:
It is that God may give me rest."

—Ezra Peckhardt.

A Good Joke.

It was early in the year for sunflowers, but a sunflower party it must be—so said Mary Johnson, and she usually had her way; for, as the school children said, "Everywhere that Mary went, Bossie and Frances were sure to follow."

"You know," said Mary to her friends, "our mamma has pink and violet teas, and why shouldn't we have a sunflower party?"

"But where, and when?" exclaimed the girls.

"Down by Willow Brook, and Saturday, of course," said Mary.

"But where shall we get the sunflowers?" asked Bossie. "It is only a little time ago that the pussy willows crept out of their 'cat skins' as my baby sister says, and only the early flowers are out yet."

"Well, can't we make sunflowers out of tissue paper, I'd like to know?" retorted Mary.

"So we can," said Frances, "and it is in better taste, my big sister says, to carry one flower than more; so three will be enough, and I will make them, as I have both yellow and brown paper, and sister Ellen will help me. But shall we have only our three selves? It don't seem like a party, for we are always together, anyway."

"We might invite Gouverneur Graham," said Bossie, "and perhaps she would take us in her dog-cart with her Shetland pony," suggested Bossie.

"Let's do it," said the others.

Just then there passed by them a little girl whose face was brown and freckled. She swung her tattered hat in her hand instead of wearing it on her head, while her dress was long and scanty, and twisted about her ankles as she walked, and her shoes were not mates, one being of cloth, while the other was of some kind of coarse leather.

"What a looking thing Nellie Adams always is," said Mary.

"I don't suppose she ever went to a party in her life," suddenly exclaimed Bossie.

"Suppose we ask her—just for fun," added Frances, as she saw the look of surprise on the other girls' faces.

"It would be a good joke," said Mary; "but what if she should come?"

"Of course she wouldn't," said Bossie.

"You, Mary, write the invitation in your best writing, and let Frances paint a sunflower on the paper, and I will give it to her to-morrow at school."

The girls laughed over their good joke, which was carried out the next day; but they were greatly surprised to receive an acceptance written on a nicely folded piece of wrapping paper.

"Well, we are in a nice fix, that's a fact," said Frances to Mary and Bossie, when they met to talk the matter over.

"Rob says it's just good enough for us, and sister Ellen declares that if she were in our place she would make it a good joke for Nellie, by giving her the best possible time at our sunflower party."

"All right; let's do it," said Mary and Bossie, who were not intentionally unkind, only thoughtless and liked fun.

"And I," said Frances, "as I got you into the joke, will call for Nellie, so we can all go to Willow Brook together."

Nellie lived outside the village, so Frances had some little distance to walk, but what a good time they all had at that sunflower party! Sister Ellen, for her part of the good joke, brought them at noon a basket of luncheon.

Nellie was so happy and so full of pleasant ways, and the girls, helped by

Ellen, tried so hard to make a good time for her, that the three declared that night, after parting with Nellie, at her gate, that Ellen's kind of joke was much better than their own.

"Let's always play this kind of jokes," said Mary to Bossie and Frances.

Thus they agreed to do, and each kept her sunflower as a reminder of her pledge, while Nellie treasured hers as her most precious possession. "In memory of the pleasantest day of my life," as she told her mother, when she went to bed at night, almost too happy to sleep.

It was a good joke, wasn't it?

What a Horse Would Say If He Could Speak.

Don't hitch me to an iron post or railing when the mercury is below freezing. I need the skin on my tongue.

Don't leave me hitched in my stall at night with a big cob right where I must lie down. I am tired and can't select a smooth place.

Don't compel me to eat more r than I want by mixing it with my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't think because I go free under the whip I don't get tired. You, too, would move up if under the whip.

Don't think because I am a horse that iron, weeds and briars won't hurt my hay.

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road, or I will expect it next time and maybe make trouble.

Don't trot me up hill, for I have to carry you and the buggy and myself, too. Try it yourself some time; run up hill with a big load.

Don't keep my stable very dark, for when I go out into the light my eyes are injured, especially if snow be on the ground.

Don't say "whoa" unless you mean it. Teach me to stop at the word. It may check me if the lines break, and save me running away and a smash-up.

Don't make me drink ice cold water, nor put a frosty bit in my mouth. Warm the bit by holding it a half minute against my body.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they get jagged and I cannot chew my food. When I get lean, it is a sign my teeth want filing.

Don't ask me to "back" with blinds on. I am afraid to.

Don't run me down a steep hill, for if anything should give way I might break your neck.

Don't put on my blind bridle so that it irritates my eyes, or leave my forelock so that it will be in my eyes.

Don't be so careless of my harness as to find a great sore on me before you attend to it.

Don't forget the old book, that is a friend to all the oppressed, that says: "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

A Pretty Good Sermon.

A story of a bright-eyed, barefooted, shabby little fellow is told by Forward. He was working his way through a crowded car, offering his papers in every direction, in a way that showed him well used to the business and of a temperamental not easily daunted.

The train started while he was making change, and the conductor, passing him, laughed.

"Caught this time, Joe?" he said. "You'll have to run to Fourteenth street."

"Don't care," laughed Joe in return. "I can sell all the way back again."

A white-haired old gentleman seemed interested in the boy and questioned him concerning his way of living and his earnings. There was a younger brother to be supported, it appeared. "Jimmy" was lame and "couldn't earn much hisself."

"Ah, I see. That makes it hard; you could do better alone."

The shabby little figure was erect in a moment, and the denial was prompt and somewhat indignant.

"No, I couldn't! Jim's somebody to go home to; he's lots of help. What would be the good of havin' luck if nobody was glad of or gettin' things if there was nobody to divide with?"

"Fourteenth street!" called the conductor, and as the newsboy plunged out into the gathering dusk, the old gentleman remarked to nobody in particular, "I've heard many a poorer sermon than that!"

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver, more than the gift itself.—Lacoler.

The Time of the Singing Birds Is Come.

Those who know tell us that already the birds are coming back. Strange and welcome notes may be heard in forest and in field by those who have ears to hear. Now and then a single thrush, or a blue bird or an oriole has been seen on the fence. One well acquainted with all the feathered choir says that within another week birds of over two hundred species will return from the sunny glades of the South and from far off tropic islands. Many of us will not know when they come, nor hear the various notes they sing. Fortunately are they whose eyes can see the flitting wing returning, and whose ears can hear the sweetest music ever heard on earth!

We have had the little sparrow all winter. Dr. Van Dyke in one of his late books makes a distinction between the talkable and talkative. The talkative are like the sparrows who go on perpetually without reason, without waiting for response and without pause. The talkable are the bright and reasonable friends who talk easily and naturally but whose talk is converse, hearing as well as talking and so showing the spirit that is companionable. Sometimes in the long winter we have wearied of the talkative sparrow on the eaves and the window sills. We will welcome the birds that now come to converse and be talkable.

No more beautiful description of the coming of spring was ever written than that of Solomon. "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come!" This poetry is notable for its exact truthfulness, and the absence of poetic license. It is the same springtime now. The only other scripture in which is mentioned the singing of birds is a verse of the Psalm CIV., "By the streams shall the fowls of heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches." It may have been true then, as it is now in the land of Israel, that the singing of birds is not often heard. There are birds of gay plumage but not many whose notes are sweet. But even there, there was no mistaking the spring; "the time of the singing of birds is come, the voice of the turtle dove is heard in the land."

How much we are losing every day by reason of our ignorance. We ought to know the birds better than we do, and hear with some appreciation the bird talk from fence and from the green grass or the blue sky. After all our learning how little of the wonder and beauty of this world we know! How much more is it true that in larger mysteries and glories of God's truth and grace, we are walking as with blinded eyes and unopened ears. What a happy awakening to an eternal spring when we shall begin to see and know as never here, "and the time of the singing of birds is come!"—Central Presbyterian.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE HELLERVILLE STATION:
West—3:00 a.m.; 4:30 a.m.; 6:00 a.m.; 11:15 a.m.
East—1:15 a.m.; 10:45 a.m.; 12:07 p.m.; 5:57 p.m.;
MADOC AND KENTENBROOK BRANCH—3:40 a.m.;
12:10 a.m.; 5:45 p.m.; 6:40 p.m.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows, every Sunday:—
West End Y. M. C. A. Hall, Corner Queen Street and Dovercourt Road, at 11 a.m.
Charlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a.m.
First Avenue Baptist Church, Corner of Islington and First Avenues, at 11 a.m.
Toronto Bible Training School, 110 College St., at 3 p.m.
Bible Class meetings every Wednesday evening at 8 p.m., in private residences.
Doras Society meets every second Thursday, from 8 to 9 p.m., in private homes.
Lectures may be arranged if desired by addressing Miss A. Fraser, Missionary to the Deaf of Toronto, 221 McCaul Street.

Uneducated Deaf Children.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post-office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward them particulars concerning this Institution and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed and furnished with an education.
R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.

Institution for the Blind.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR THE Education and Instruction of blind children is located at Stratford, Ontario. For particulars address
A. H. DYNOND Principal.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Classes:—

SCHOOL HOURS:—From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 3 p.m. DRAWING from 3 to 3:30 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday of each week.
GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday after noon of each week from 3:30 to 5.
EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8:30 p.m. for senior pupils and from 7 to 8 for junior pupils.

Articulation Classes:—

From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 3 p.m.

Religious Exercises:—

EVERY SUNDAY.—Primary pupils at 9:30 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 Teacher in-charge for the week, will open by prayer and afterwards dismiss them so that they may reach their respective school rooms not later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the pupils will again assemble and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Canon Burke, Rector; Rev. Monsignor Farrell, V.G.; Rev. T. J. Thompson, M.A. (Presbyterian); Rev. J. W. Crothers, M.A. (Methodist); Rev. V. H. Cowart, (Baptist); Rev. M. W. Maclean, (Presbyterian); Rev. Father A. E. Sheedy; Rev. C. W. Watch, Rev. J. J. Rice, Rev. Jos. H. Locke.

BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday afternoon at 3:15; Inter national Series of Sunday School Lessons; Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments:—

SHOES ROOM—Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, from 3:15 to 5:15 o'clock.

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CARPENTER'S ROOMS from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m. and from 3:30 to 5:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school; for those who do not from 7:30 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 9 a.m. to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 5 p.m. for those who do not attend school, and from 8:30 to 5 p.m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.

The Printing Office, Shops and Sewing Room to be left each day when work ceases 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 visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 1:30 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 the child to the Institution, they are kindly advised not to linger and prolong leaving 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 must 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 Quinlan Hotel, 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 upon 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 LETTERS FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY 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 nearly as possible, their wishes.

No 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 medicines and appliances for the cure of deafness. In 999 cases out of 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well known medical practitioners in cases of adventurous deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.