

The Smile of a Little Child.

There is nothing more pure in heaven
And nothing on earth more mild,
More full of the light that is divine
Than the smile of a little child.

The sinless lips, half parted,
With breath as sweet as the air
And the light that seems so glad to shine
In the gold of the sunny hair.

O! little one, smile and bless me
For somehow I know not why
I feel in my soul when children smile
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of heaven
Are nearer than I know,
That the light of hope that is a better world,
Like the dawn is breaking through.

—New York News Letter

An Appalling Silence.

"At 6 o'clock on the morning of March 31, 1848, just fifty years ago," said an old resident of Western New York, "I awoke with a sense of something strange oppressing me. I was born twenty five years before with the roar of Niagara Falls in my ears, and had lived over since then within a mile of the thundering cataract. When I awoke that morning oppressed by that strange feeling it was some time before I discovered that it was caused by the unmistakable and astounding fact that the rumble and roar of Niagara was gone.

When I realized this my first thought was that I had become deaf during the night, but the ticking of a clock that I heard distinctly in an adjoining room proved that my hearing was all right. The tumult of Niagara was stilled, and the unaccustomed silence was something appalling. Certain that some unheard-of catastrophe must be impending, I sprang out of bed, dressed, and early as it was, I found scores of people had been, and were hurrying pell-mell toward the falls to learn what was the cause of the alarming quietude. It was soon learned, and a sight was witnessed at the Falls of Niagara such as had never been seen before, at least by people then on earth, and it is not within the bounds of probability that such a sight will ever be witnessed again. Where had been the river that for untold ages had rushed impetuously on to form that stupendous cataract there was but a naked bed of ragged, black and slimy rocks, and the precipice over which it had hurled its mighty volume of thundering and raging waters for all those ages was bare from shore to shore! Niagara was dry, or so nearly so that the water that struggled over the great wall of rock was as but the tinkle of a mountain brook where the roar of that awful cataract had been.

The American channel of the river had dwindled to the dimensions of a creek that one might easily step over, and the water that still ran in the British channel resembled some inland river affected by a severe August drought. Goat Island was as big as two Goat Islands, as the water had shrunk from every side of it, leaving a wide expanse of ragged, savage-looking rocks which no eye, so far as the record was, had ever seen before. The bed of the Canadian rapids, far out into the stream, was dry, as was the space between the lower end of Goat Island and out beyond the tower, that well remembered old landmark, long since gone.

The rocks thus exposed were black and forbidding, giving the dry river bed the appearance of a tract of timber through which fire had swept, leaving only a myriad of charred stumps standing in their enhanced dimensions. The great jet of water which had time out of mind leaped into the air from the snarling rapids south of these islands, and in leaping there to-day, was not leaping that morning, and there was not enough left of the rapids to snarl.

People from the Canada side walked along the edge of the precipice, where only the day before a thousand ton wall could not have sustained itself against the rush of waters, and made their way easily nearly to Goat Island, on the American side, without wetting their feet. The water in the river below the falls had, of course, shrunk in proportion, being no longer fed from above, revealing an array of irregular, pumaced rocks that gave spectators for the first time an idea of the hidden perils many of them had braved scores of times as passengers on the little Maid of the Mist, the famous little vessel that daily forced its way through those waters, over those threatening rocks to the foot of the falls. The entire scene was at once desolate, strange and awful to contemplate. Ignorant of the cause of this incredible phenomenon, the people were filled with

alarm and apprehension as to its meaning. Nevertheless, they could not refrain from swarming over the dry bed of the river and about the great bare precipice itself, exploring caves, dark recesses, curious formations in the rocks and other remarkable features of the cataract and rapids to existence of which they had never dreamed of, and which no mortal eye had perhaps ever gazed on before. A number of ancient gun barrels were found among the rocks of the river bed above the rapids. Thos. C. Streeter, who had a grist mill on the Canada side of the river, drove with a horse and wagon across nearly to Goat Island, and a man named Holly drove with a buggy from the head of Goat Island clear to the spot where the leaping jet of water had always writhed and foamed. He also cut several sticks of timber near the head of the Horseshoe Falls, had them hewed there, and hauled away with four horses.

This extraordinary condition of affairs at Niagara continued all day, and there was no sign of a change when the disturbed people, weary of waiting for one, went to bed into that night. When we awoke the next morning, however, the old familiar thunder of the Falls was shaking the earth as before, and the river and rapids were again the rushing, soothing, whirling, irresistible torrent as of old. Then we learned what had made Niagara run dry.

"The winter of 1848 had been one of the coldest on record. Such ice had never been known there, I guess, as formed on Lake Erie that season. The break up came earlier than usual though. Toward the end of March a stiff north easterly wind came up, and its force was so great that it moved the large fields of ice, then entirely separated from the shores, up the lake, piling the floes in great banks as they moved. Toward night on March 30th, the wind changed suddenly to the opposite quarter and became a tremendous gale. The Lake's surface was packed with miniature ice bergs, and these were hurled back by the storm with such force that a great dam was formed by them at the head of Niagara river. This dam was for the time so impregnable and complete that the current of water that finds its way from the lake in the rushing channel of that river, to be at last dashed over the gigantic precipice at the Falls of Niagara, was held in check, and only a small portion of its usual volume could find a passage through the great pack of ice. Consequently it was not long before the river above the Falls was drained of its supply, and as the ice dam was strong and stubborn and held its place, by the time the morning of the 31st came the stream was virtually exhausted, and for twenty four hours the thunderous voice of Niagara was hushed. Some time during the night of the 31st or the early morning of April 1st the ice pack gave way under the pressure from above, and the long-restrained volume of water rushed down and reclaimed its own." — New York Sun.

How Grandpa Boiled the Eggs.

"It is half-past eleven," said grandpa, "and the mason will not have the chimney fixed before three o'clock."

"Then I suppose we must get along with a cold lunch," said grandma.

"Well," said grandpa, after a moment, "perhaps I can boil some eggs. I will try it."

"But isn't it too windy to make a fire out of doors?" asked grandma.

"I shall not need a fire,"

"That sounds like a joke," said Edith.

"No joke at all," said grandpa. "Come out and see. Bring the eggs and a tight covered can."

When, a few minutes afterward, grandpa and Edith went out to the back yard grandpa was putting some fresh lime into an old pail.

He took the can of eggs they brought and filled it nearly full of cold water.

Then hitting the lid on carefully, he set it in a hollow place he had made in the lime. Edith watched him curiously.

"Will the lime burn?" she asked.

"Shall I bring some matches?"

"You forget. You know I was not to use any fire," said grandpa. "We'll start it with cold water."

"Now I know you're joking," said Edith.

"Wait a moment and you'll see," replied grandpa.

He poured in water and put a board over the pail.

"O!" cried Edith, when in a very short time it began to bubble and steam

as if a hot fire were burning under the

pail, and "O!" she cried a great deal louder, when a white, creamy mass came pouring over the top and down the sides of the pail.

"It did not last long. In six minutes the bubbling had ceased, so grandpa took a long iron dipper and gently lifted out the can, all coated with the lime.

He rinsed it off, then opened it, and took out the nice white eggs, and when they broke them at lunch, they found them cooked just exactly right. Delia Hart Stone in *Youth's Companion*.

Self Praise.

A man once walked along the banks of the mighty Euphrates River. Its waters moved softly and silently along. "Why do not thy waters surge and roar?" asked the man. And the river replied, "I need not shout aloud, my name is known widely enough. The green meadows which I water and the lofty trees upon my banks—these tell who I am."

The man came afterwards to the Tigris River. Its waves dashed along wildly with clouds of foam. "Hollo, how loud you are," said the man. "Ah," said the river, "my shouting does not help me at all. I still am not praised like other streams, however loudly I proclaim that I am something in the world."

The man went further. He saw trees with the costliest and most beautiful fruit. "Why so still, good trees?" he asked. "Why not rustle like your companions in the wood?" "We are known," they replied, "by the fruit we bear, how ever silent we are." Soon the man came to a wood whose trees towered to the skies, and whose empty crests kept up a constant roar. "Why do you make such a noise?" he asked. "Ah," they replied, "we have shouted loud and long, and yet we are not treated as we deserve." — Selected.

Carrots!

A Birmingham physician has had an amusing experience. The other day, a contemporary tells us, a somewhat distracted mother brought her daughter to see him. The girl was suffering from what is known among many people as "general lowness," there was nothing much the matter with her, but she was pale and listless, and did not care about eating or doing anything. The doctor, after due consideration, prescribed for her a glass of claret three times a day with her meals. The mother was somewhat deaf, but apparently heard all he said, and bore off her daughter, determined to carry out the prescription to the letter. In ten days' time they were back again and the girl looked quite a different creature. She was rosy-cheeked, smiling, and the picture of health. "The doctor congratulated himself upon the keen insight he had displayed in his diagnosis of the case. "I am glad to see that your daughter is so much better," he said. "Yes," exclaimed the excited and grateful mother, "thanks to you, doctor. She has had just what you ordered. She has eaten carrots three times a day since we were here, and sometimes oftener—and once or twice uncooked—and now look at her!"

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
West 3:15 a.m., 4:45 a.m., 6:00 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 2:45 p.m., 5:30 p.m.
East—1:30 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 12:10 p.m., 5:20 p.m.
MADRID AND PATERBORO BRANCH—5:40 a.m., 12:10 a.m., 5:55 p.m., 6:30 p.m.

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.

H. MATHISON,
Superintendent.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows:
Every Sunday:
West End Y. M. C. A. Corner Queen Street and Dovercourt Road, at 11 a.m.
(General Central, up stairs at Broadway Hall, Spadina Ave. 10 or 11 doors south of College Street, at 3 p.m.) Leaders Messrs. Kasmith, Bridges and others.
East End meetings, Cor. Parliament and Oak Street. Service at 11 a.m. every Sunday.
SCHOOL CLASSES. Every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, corner Spadina Ave. and College Street, and Cor. Queen Street and Dovercourt Road. Lectures etc. may be arranged if desirable. Address, 273 Clinton Street.
Miss A. Fraser, Missionary to the Deaf in Toronto.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

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Classes.

READING HOUR. From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, from 1:30 to 3 p.m. DRAWING from 3:30 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday of each week.
GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday at 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 11 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, 1:30 p.m., immediately after which the Bible Class will assemble.
EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are to assemble in the Chapel at 8:30 a.m., and the Teachers 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, after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner.
REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN. Rev. Geo. Burke, (Highway Missionary, Carleton Place); Rev. F. J. Thompson, M.A., (Presbyterian); Rev. Chas. E. McIntyre, (Methodist); Rev. A. H. Covert, (Baptist); Rev. M. W. Macleod, (Presbyterian); Rev. Father Connolly, (Catholic); W. Watch, Rev. J. J. Rice, Rev. S. Hill.
BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday afternoon at 3:15, International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments:

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CARPENTER SHOPS from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m., and from 2:30 to 3:30 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 3:30 p.m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.
FITTING CLASS. Hours are from 9 a.m. to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 3 p.m. for those who do not attend school, and from 3:30 to 5 p.m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.
THE PRINTING OFFICE, SHOPS and Fitting 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 Department, 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 confer with them to the Institution, they are kindly advised not to linger and prolong leaving-taking 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 classrooms 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 Quinte Hotel, Hoffman House, Queen's, Anglo-American and Hamilton 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 THAT ALL WILL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, are required to write home every three weeks. Letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as near as possible, their wishes.

No medical preparations that have to be 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 in newspapers and appliances for the cure of deafness. In 99 cases out of 100 they are frauds and only want money for which they do not return. Consult well known medical practitioners in cases of deafness. Advice will be guided by their counsel.

H. MATHISON,
Superintendent.