

Smiles.

A little, smile a little
As you go along.
None when life is pleasant,
But when things go wrong,
Delights to see you frowning
Loves to hear you sigh,
A smiling face upon her,
Quick the dame will fly.

A little, smile a little,
All along the road,
Life must have its burden
A very heart to load,
Down in gloom and darkness,
With your grief to sup,
To drink Pat's bitter tonic,
Smile across the cup.

Be upon the troubled pilgrims
Whom you pass and meet
Who are thorns, and smiles are blossoms
Off for weary feet
Do not make the way seem harder
By a sullen face,
Be a little, smile a little
Brighten up the place.

Be upon your undone labor
Not for one who grieves
His task wails wealth or glory
He who smiles achieves,
Though you meet with loss and sorrow
In the passing years,
Be a little, smile a little,
Even through your tears.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution.

BY EDITH WYLIK

The girls have begun to count the days for "going home."

Yesterday was St. Valentine's day. I wonder who got the most.

A short time ago Martha Leigh received a photo of her brother and a lady friend. Martha thinks he is much changed in his looks.

On the 6th inst., a little girl, Florence Brancosmo's parents and her little sister called on her and took her to the city with them.

We have had some pleasant visits from Miss Nettie Morrison, who lives only a few yards from here, so would like to have her amongst us when ever she can come up.

Little Anotta Johnston received a photograph of her little sister from home lately. All think she is a pretty little baby, with curls and dimples. Anotta is proud of her new sister.

We must have been in Klondike last week, we had such cold weather. It was snowing very hard for a few days, and now we are having glorious weather and the sleighing is splendid.

Mary McKay received a letter from her friend lately stating that she was going to be united in marriage to Mary's brother, Willie. Mary is very popular in the Institution and no doubt her friend is equally so among those who know her. Congratulations!

A few weeks ago the writer had a letter from an old friend, Miss Agnes Gardner, from whom she had not heard for about six years. She was a former pupil of our school and now she is attending the Flint School for the Deaf. We hope she is doing nicely there.

On the 7th inst., we would have had a carnival if the ice had been in good condition, but it was wet and soft, so we have to wait till some other evening. At 4:30 we girls were free from our work and Elsie Badgely and Lillie Baines took all the girls out for a long walk. All came back with nice red cheeks and a splendid appetite.

Two Sundays ago Miss Bull took the girls out for a walk. She asked two of us if we would like to call on Miss Eva Irvine and inquire about her health. Eva was looking very well. She was having company and we were much pleased to see Misses Ethel Irvine, Nettie Morrison, Annie Butler and a friend of Annie's, Miss Cook. They were all in the best of spirits. Eva says she is always pleased to have some of her mute friends call on her.

On the 6th inst., Mr. Stewart promised us that he would come and give us a lecture in chapel that evening, but he couldn't come on account of friends coming to his home. So Mr. McIntosh gave us a very interesting story about "The Giant with three golden hairs." Mr. McIntosh did very well. At the close a vote of thanks was moved by the writer, carried by all the pupils, who would be glad if he could give us other interesting stories.

The four Showers girls were called some Sunday night last by the alarming illness of their father who was not expected to live. It is hoped they reached home before he passed away. They gave the heartfelt sympathy of all in the Institution.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent

The Toronto Deaf Mute world met for a New Year social early in the month. Everybody, their wives and children were there, and a good old time was spent. It was a distinctly deaf mute evening. Mr. Mason gave our hearing friends a recitation. The Master in the Storm, and the Mission to the North, and the Mission to the South, under Miss Fraser's direction, and received a hearty encore, but the main part of the time was given to such games as the deaf mute world enjoy. The meeting was held at Mr. Nasmith's store, Spadina Avenue, where an upper room was kindly placed at the disposal of the managers of the evening. An ample tea was spread at 7:30, which in arrangement and toothsome delicacies was worthy of the occasion, and for which Mr. Nasmith's catering may always be relied upon. Satisfaction was universal and complete, and we would not like to even that the enjoyment of this, the first part of the programme, was not the enjoyment of the evening. We believe there was some gathering up of the fragments that remained as we saw a few suspicious looking boxes being carried away by owners of large families, but a pretty small basket would have held them all. Our deaf mutes may be depended upon not to discredit a good spread or disappoint the hearts of entertainers and both givers and receivers left the table happy. Mr. and Mrs. Nasmith welcomed the deaf as they came with that bright, cordial kindness which is a sun shine to a holiday, and started the feast. Mr. Bridgen came a little late, stating that he had been in an all night rush all day after insurance and new machines for his ruined work shop, and that the warmth of his reception was in a very pleasant sense like getting out of the frying pan into the fire. After tea the tables were cleared away and the fun began. Mr. Bridgen took the meeting in hand and kept things running briskly to the end. A very short speech opened the evening, but it was not thoughts to the one giver of all good and the fountain of all true joy, whose life was happiness and whose goal at end was the highest gladness of all his creatures. The first item was a word competition won by Miss F. McCreagh with seventeen words from the word "National." A game new to most was then started, the company seated in two long rows, fought to keep in the air thin rubber bladders struck from side to side, the side failing to keep it up to pay a forfeit for each failure. It proved very lively and popular. The next thing, an addition contest on the black board, brought out eight contestants, the first prize being won by Mr. H. Mason. The well known peg game gathered in all the leaders present with some hearing friends. Mr. and Mrs. Nasmith taking opposing sides. An earnest and graceful speech by Mr. Turnbull, Mr. Nasmith's business manager, very nicely interpreted by Miss Fraser, gave the company some rest and was very cordially cheered. Mr. Bridgen then started a large band and kept the music going fast and furious for twenty minutes, which brought the amusements to a very hilarious close. The meeting broke up with thanks all around, hearty New Year greetings and a general conclusion of having spent one of the pleasantest evenings on record.

Last Sunday afternoon we studied another petition of the Lord's Prayer at our service. Give us this day our daily bread. Mr. Nasmith showed how God in His love was always giving us good things and we could never give Him anything in return, but thanks. He told several stories illustrating this. One was about a poor uneducated deaf and dumb woman living in China. She knew her food was from God and she always thanked Him before she ate any of it, and when any friends came to the house and began to eat their bowl of rice without thanking God first, she would get up and take the rice from them and point up toward Heaven. This poor heathen woman puts many of us to shame. Jesus taught us to pray just for a day at a time, this day, not to-morrow, because we do not know that we shall be living to-morrow. The rich man, in Luke 12:10 built new barns because he wanted to lay up wealth for many years and live in ease, but God said, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, and all he had saved was left behind and his soul was lost. What a God fed the children of Israel with manna, He

only gave them enough for one day at a time except on Saturday, then they got twice as much because God wanted them to keep the Sabbath holy and not gather the manna on that day. As a little child trusts its mother and father to provide for all its needs, for food, clothing and all its wants, so let us believe that our Father will give us much more than any earthly parent. Then may we never forget to thank Him for all His goodness.

The last issue of the Mute had scarcely reached the city when your humble servant had a shower of bricks, so to speak, hurled at him for his neglect of duty in not having his usual batch of items. What a hard life it is for a reporter.

Mr. Nasmith was in Chicago a short time ago looking up new ideas in connection with the bakery trade. He made a call on Rev. Mr. Hastenstab, who carries on missionary work among the deaf of that city. Mr. N. expressed his belief that Mr. H. was doing good work among the silent community.

We see by several previous issues of the Mute, some of our friends have got the gold fever and talk of going to the Klondike in the spring. Any one who is in earnest and has the money and pluck has a right to go if he chooses, but for one to talk of going who has none of these necessities, it is nothing short of madness.

A fire broke out in the machine shop of the Toronto Engraving Co. one morning recently and did damage to the extent of several hundred dollars, but the insurance fully covered the damage. Our friend, Mr. Bridgen, had a lively time getting things running again.

Miss Mary O'Neil painted a handsome water color portrait (life size in frame) of Miss Flossie Gardner of Berlin and presented it to her last Christmas. The painting is a great credit to Miss O'Neil's ability.

Toronto has quite a number of crack deaf mute checker players, and it is safe to say that they would be willing to challenge a like number in any other city in Canada.

Mr. Neil McCallivray went home to Purpleville to spend the holiday. His sister, Mary, and he had turkey together for dinner. Your scribe is sorry he was not in it, or rather at it. Reporters have a hard life.

Mr. and Mrs. David Hambly, of Nobleton, were at Oakville lately at the marriage of their niece, Miss Speers. They had a pleasant time.

As announced previously Mr. John Isbister is at work in the Hamilton Shoe Factory. He is in it with both feet and can break records turning out work.

Miss Annie Fraser has gone to Woodstock to spend two weeks with her parents.

Miss Nellie Webb has secured a situation with the T. Eaton Co. as a machine operator.

Mr. J. Gates went to Belleville lately. He said he went to see his sister.

The above was received too late for last issue.

DETROIT NEWS.

From our own Correspondent

On Saturday evening Jan 20th, the members of the Epiphania Mission for the deaf gave a social in the Parish House of St. John's Episcopal church, when between 25 and 30 were present and a very pleasant evening spent, the first part of which was spent in talking with Rev. A. W. Mann and each other in a social way. Supper was served at nine o'clock, and after all had done full justice to the bountiful repast, composed of scalloped oysters, pickles, various kinds of sandwiches, cakes, coffee and other good things, Mr. Mann told several amusing stories about the customs and ways of the people in the different countries he visited while in Europe last summer. Time passed all too quickly and at last good night had to be said. The guests from out of town were Miss F. Elliott, Toronto, Misses M. Couilly, M. Lafferty and Mr. Ed. Ball Windsor. The next day Sunday, there was service in the morning, with Holy Communion and again in the afternoon. At both services Mr. Mann preached very good sermons, and gave some good advice.

Miss Mabel Ball Windsor, attended the afternoon service. She is enjoying the best of health and having a good time skating.

Miss F. Elliott is nicely settled with her sister and likes Detroit very much.

She spent yesterday afternoon and took tea with the writer when we both had a very pleasant time.

Your writer received a very pleasant letter from Berlin, Ont., lately and it reported that all the deaf young ladies there are enjoying good health and having a pleasant time, and that there is good skating there.

We have been having some Klondike weather here lately and it was just awful. The first very bad storm of the season occurred on Jan. 8th. It was snowing lightly during the afternoon but about dark it began to come down heavy and blow and bluster. The writer happened to be down town when the worst came on and started to hurry home having to take a street car at a corner, which is called the coldest and windiest corner in the city, she reached it safely but her car being in sight decided to go into the storm porch of a store, where many were waiting for the cars, she had got about half way in when a gust of wind came along and carried her hat off. On being informed by a gentleman that someone had gone after it, and thinking it better to trust to Providence for its return than to run the risk of meeting with a more serious accident, I decided not to try to find it, so where or how far that hat went is still a mystery to me, but after waiting long enough to come to the conclusion that I would either have to go home without a hat or buy a new one, to and behold it was brought back by two little newsboys, all covered with snow. Had just time to thank them when the car came along. It was an English walking hat with turned up rim, and not having time to get all the snow off before getting into the car, it was not long before the snow began to melt and a stream of water was running down from the front of that hat. It was rather an amusing sight, but nobody laughed, although the car was crowded. It was so very stormy and the wind kept everyone busy taking care of themselves and their belongings that they had no time to look at other people's misfortunes. To judge by the account in the next morning's papers there were many as unfortunate, and some much more unfortunate than the writer. The next time she went to town she invested a little money in a number of hat pins and intends to wear one or two extra ones after this.

Detroit Feb. 7th, 1898.

WIDOWS' NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

What if the skies are dull and grey
Weather far from fine
It seems like August, now that I
Have got a Valentine

Mr. Mann gave a lecture on Saturday last, and the young ladies distributed cakes and coffee in the basement of the Lecture Hall in Detroit. It was got up in a hurry, so the attendance was not very large.

Have the convention at Ottawa, indeed, either this or any other year? Might as well have it in the Klondike, as one of our correspondents suggests.

Messrs. Hellers and Hansz of Detroit, two popular young mutes, called on Bert Soper at his shop lately. It was the first time they had seen him since his marriage. They threw out a hint that it would not be long before they, too, joined the Benedicts.

A jolly letter from Miss A. Mathieson, of Komoka, tells us she intends taking in the convention, if it is held a hundred miles from the Klondike.

The Gustin family have left Detroit for good, as Mr. G. was out of employment. We understand he intends going to the Klondike in the spring. The family are in Denfield.

The comic valentine crank is on deck this week, and every one with the least bit of dignity, has it sadly ruffled by the receipt of some hideous but harmless cartoon.

Our credulity sustained a severe shock this last week of bitterly cold weather, when our chicken crank calmly informed us that his hens had been laying frozen eggs.

Ed and Miss Mabel Ball spent a pleasant afternoon at Mr. A. E. Soper's partaking of tea last Sunday. It is a wonder what lots of fun a crowd of mutes can have when they get together for a few hours.

Guess the coming convention is going to be a hammer, for every one we meet expresses an intention of going. I am willing to bet 2 cents to \$5 that Hamilton gets it. Any one take me up.

ARAMISTA JONES.