

Some Day—Some Day.

How many tearful eyes
catching for the dawning light
faces toward the skies
weary of the night!

Falling prayers that feel
sucker upward toward the storm
aching hands that reach and feel
measure true and warm

Hearts whose crimson wine
washed to a purple stain,
dried and streaked with drops of brine
in the lips of pain

Come to them, those weary ones
who still must bide awhile,
longer yet the hope that runs
fore Thy coming smile

Go and find them where they wait
summer winds blow down that way
they long for soon or late,
sing round to them—some day!

James Whitcomb Riley

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution.

BY ANNIE BLACKBURN.

Oh! how glad we are to see spring
coming again!

The maple trees are beginning to
shed out their tiny buds, which shows
that the saps are in circulation.

The snow is nearly all gone and in
many places the grass, which has been
under all winter, is quite green.

On the 8th inst. Miss M. Baragar
was very much delighted to have a
visit from her father and cousin.

Recently Stella Carter was astonished
to receive a photograph of her brother
George. She was highly pleased with it.

The girls are beginning to rise early
in the morning and take a walk and get
their appetites and rosy cheeks before
breakfast.

The 10th inst. was Miss Ada James
birthday. She received some addresses
of valuable presents, which she highly
appreciated. We all wish her many
happy returns of the anniversary.

The W. F. M. S. of Kingston Pres-
tery held their Annual Meeting in
Belleville last week and during their stay
many of the delegates visited the Institu-
tion and seemed to be highly pleased.

This spring-like weather makes us
think about the time for house-cleaning
at home and we girls would like to be
able to help our mothers and sisters.
Some of us will be there to help another
day.

The 8th inst. was Mrs. Bais' birth-
day. Mr. Bais' pupils gave her a nice
address. We wish to extend our hearty
congratulations and hope she may long
see many happy returns of the
anniversary of her birth.

On the 1st inst., Mr. Mathison took
Misses Maud Thomas and Ethel Dixon
on a drive into Sidney. They said they
enjoyed the pleasant ride. It was very
kind of Mr. Mathison. Miss Ethel had
been sick for three weeks but she has
recovered her strength.

Two Saturdays ago Miss Anne
Henderson and the writer made a call
on Miss Eva Irwin and enjoyed a pleas-
ant afternoon with her. Miss Eva said
she felt much better, but she still had a
bad cough. We trust the spring and
summer will fully restore her health.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent.

The reporter's lot is a hard one. Re-
cently your Toronto correspondent re-
fused to send any items for one issue of
his *Mere*. On its arrival the entire
leaf mute public of the city were up in
arms, and he felt like a horse thief with
a whole western township population
after him. He promised not to do it
again and got off, thankful that his neck
at least was safe and no bones broken
by an excess of repentant zeal he last
time by a few remarks on the bike. At-
tempted a little literary decoration to
the grave and momentous affairs of the
Queen City. He has since been told he
ought just as well have written it in
Prose, that it was of no mortal men-
tal, moral or literary value whatever to
our respectable and intelligent com-
munity. One gentleman said the re-
porter's efforts were worth as little as
such scented sugar, another ended a
serious remonstrance with the crushing
remark that the writer's morality here
is little proportion to his literary gun-
nacks as Falstaff's half-penny worth of
bread bore to his gallon of sack, and
repeated with scorn his plea that the
weight of a club lay in its heavy end.
Still another kind-natured friend said
that for hitting anything to any purpose

the writer did as well as a woman bring
a stone. The reporter got mad and
having lightened the last man's way
down stairs with a piece of cordwood,
reflected and thinks he has hit some-
thing this time.

1. Boys have money in a bank before
you buy a bike.

2. Boys, to buy a bike and save nothing
is wrong.

3. Boys, if a bike race is good for you,
a ride in the country is good for your
wife.

4. Boys, if you ask a girl to a ride who
has no bike, see that you pay for the
hire of her wheel.

5. Boys, don't steal for your bike.

6. Boys, if you ride your bike on Sun-
day and forsake the Gospel service,
you are on the devil's road.

7. Boys, remember a good bike may
tempt a poor man a long way down a
bad road.

The most striking event in our annual
since last report was a surprise party
arranged with the usual care to come
off without too much surprise and dis-
may to the friends invaded. We are
not good conspirators, some weak soul
amongst us is sure to let the cat out of
the bag in good time beforehand. So
when about 30 deaf mutes marched in
procession to surprise friend P. Fraser,
on his wife's birthday, Friday the 24th
ult., we found an ample preparation of
good things to meet our attack. The
procession aroused the attention of the
police and population of the neighbor-
hood, as half a dozen good chairs head-
ed the crowd on the heads of as many
mutes. After the presentation and the
genuine thanks, a unique entertainment
followed, in the preparation of which
Messrs. Wilson and Elliott had given
much time and pains. A series of shadow
scenes represented with much skill
and vigor, the operations of a Chinese
restaurant with the rats, dogs, fowls,
spiders and other Chinese delicacies,
and the sawing open of the customer
who had eaten beyond his powers to pay
and the extraction of his feast. A cap-
ital rendering was given of a Jewish
unser and his torture by the pulling out
of half a dozen teeth in succession to
extort his ill gotten wealth. A third
scene was a vivid representation of an
Indian massacre and a war dance.
Some little hits were given at friends
present and the entertainment, which
did great credit to the ingenuity of its
performers, closed with much applause.

As far as your correspondent has been
able to ascertain the deaf of the city
are well satisfied with the selection
made for holding the next Convention.
Though a few would perhaps have pre-
ferred another place we are sure they
are willing to waive all selfish ends for
the good of the majority who will attend.
So now there is nothing left to be done
but for each to try and make the Con-
vention more profitable, instructive and in-
teresting than any of its predecessors.

After a lapse of a month or two, owing
to the late social and various other
causes, the usual monthly meetings will
be resumed at Mr. Bridgen's residence,
on Rose Ave. next Saturday evening, the
12th inst. when a debate will take place
on the subject. Resolved that the
marriage of the deaf with each other is
preferable to the marriage of the deaf
with the hearing. Mr. P. Fraser will
lead the affirmative side while Mr. R.
Slater will have the negative. The de-
bate will be open. A very interesting
time is expected.

The Doreas Society has had regular
weekly meetings since it was formed
and much good has been done. The
meetings are well attended and have
been a pleasure as well as profitable.
Much credit is due to a few who take an
enthusiastic interest in it and have done
much to make it a success.

Since Miss M. Campbell came to the
city she has made herself very helpful
at the meetings, in the way of singing
hymns. Her graceful renderings are
much appreciated.

Mr. Nesmith has gone to New York
on business in connection with his new
store shortly to be opened. We expect
it will eclipse all the others for elegance
and enterprise.

We have been missing Miss Nellie
Cunningham of Oakville for quite a
while, but were pleased to meet her
again the other day. We understand
she will be in the city for a couple of
weeks. We wish it were years. Her
face is always as welcome as the summer
sunshine.

Owing to the absence of Miss A. Fraser
from the city on Sunday, Miss M. Slater
agreeably filled her place as interpreter.
There was a large attendance.

A Cup of Cold water.

By Mrs. Geo. Hoon, formerly of Belleville, in
The Lone Star Weekly, Texas.

How bright and clear and sparkling it
is—this cup of cold water! Cool, re-
freshing and leaves no sting behind.
To us, it is the merest trifle, but we can
all imagine circumstances under which
it might be of priceless value. How
grateful to the lips of a fever stricken
patient! How longed for in the desert
with nothing but dry sand to gaze upon!
There are famous incidents in human
history relating to it, and above all the
Saviour himself took the cup of cold
water to illustrate a truth of great im-
portance.

In the Old Testament Scripture we
read of David's cup of cold water. Three
of his mightiest captains came down to
him when the Philistines were encamp-
ed in the valley of Rephaim, and while
they were discussing the war, David
longed and said, "Oh that some one
would give me a drink of the water of
the well of Bethlehem, which is by the
gate." And the three mighty men broke
through the enemy's camp and drew
water out of the well by the gate and
brought it to David. He would not
drink of it but poured it out unto the
Lord, saying, "Be it far from me, O
Lord, that I should do this: is not this
the blood of the men that went in jeo-
pardy of their lives. What a scene of
bravery, generosity and self-denial for a
drink of cold water! The hard pressed
king remembers how much refreshment
a drink from that well gave him when
he was a shepherd tending his father's
flocks, and the three mighty men show
their love for him by risking their lives
to gratify his desire. Then he would
not drink it. Some might think this
unkind and wasteful, but David had
regard for the moral quality of acts and
in dealing with the spirit and conscience
it shows his noble power of self-denial,
and his love to the Lord.

Plutarch tells a very pretty story of
Alexander the Great. He was in hot
pursuit of Darius after a great battle.
It was long and laborious and his men
were quite worn out, and suffering
from want of water. They met some
Macedonians carrying water to their
children, in skins upon the backs of some
mules. When these men saw that Alex-
ander was overpowered with thirst, they
filled a helmet with water and handed
it to him. The king took it, but as he
glanced around and saw the thirsty eyes
of his horsemen bent on the water, he
did not taste it but handed it to those
around him. "They will all become
faint and weary," he said, "if I drink it
by myself." The soldiers, when they
witnessed the noble act shouted out
that he should lead them forward and
that they should feel neither thirst nor
fatigue under such a leader. Such acts
as this have raised Alexander far above
the level of vulgar conquerors who have
won their glory by the sword and
cruelty.

Sir Philip Sidney the author of
Arcadia, was employed in the Low
Countries under his uncle, the Earl
of Leicester, in giving all the help
that Queen Elizabeth could afford to
the persecuted Protestants in their
resistance to Philip of Spain. At the
battle of Zutphen it is said that a cup
of cold water was brought to Sir Philip
when he was mortally wounded. He
was raising it to his lips when he notice
a wounded soldier near him who was
looking at it with longing eyes. "Give
it to him," said the noble Englishman,
"his necessity is greater than mine."
It is said that the elective crown of
Poland was offered to Sir Philip, but
this act has covered him with more
enduring honor.

What a touching story is told of
Martin Luther and Duke John of Sax-
ony! One day Luther had come home
weary from the Diet where all day long
he had been confronting his accusers.
He was very worn and tired. A page
met him on the threshold, and handed
him a goblet containing some refreshing
beverage. The great Reformer took it
in his hand and presently said, "As
your master has remembered me in my
time of trouble, so may the Lord Jesus
Christ remember him in the hour of his
death. Years passed away and the
good Duke was lying on his dying bed.
In his weariness and helplessness he
looked towards an attendant and asked
him to read a Scripture. The Bible
was opened and these words were first
read: "And whosoever shall give to
drink unto one of these little ones a cup
of cold water only in the name of a
disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall

in no wise lose his reward." There is
no doubt that this sweet promise gave
him a foretaste of the reward to which
he was hastening.

And the cup of cold water may still be
given—given to the little one in the
name of a disciple. What a greatness
there may be in little things, what a
wealth in poor things!

If the pity and courtesy shown in the
offering of a cup of cold water be owned
and blessed of God, how much greater
the reward for each greater act of kind-
ness and self-denial.

THE MACKAY INSTITUTION.

From our own Correspondent.

We can hardly realize yet that spring
is here. The weather for the past few
days has been simply perfect, although
of course the roads are in a very bad
condition. Our rink, which has been a
source of great pleasure to all, is now a
thing of the past. We shall miss it very
much especially as it will be some time
before the snow, of which we have more
than usual this winter, disappears and
we are able to use our play-ground for
tennis, lacrosse, etc. While the ice was
in good condition we had a fancy dress
carnival, which was very much enjoyed
by all. The rink was lighted by rows of
Chinese lanterns which, with the many
brilliant costumes, made the scene a
very bright and attractive one. Many
people driving past the Institution
stopped to watch it for a few minutes.

Our President, Mr. F. Woffertau
Thomas, has lately returned from his
trip to Vancouver, B. C. He came out
a few days ago and gave us a short but
interesting account of his journey.
When leaving he gave our Superintendent,
Mrs. Ashcroft, ten dollars for a
treat for the pupils, who have decided
that they would like an oyster supper
and will have it to-morrow evening.
Another friend, Miss Dow, also left five
dollars for the treat.

We have a very unexpected but
welcome visitor with us at present.
Mrs. Forster arrived from Kingston on
Friday evening and will spend a few
days with Mrs. Ashcroft. She is a
great favorite with everyone here and
we regret that her stay amongst us will
be so short.

Every one in the Institution is well.
There will be no holidays given at
Easter and very shortly afterward our
annual examinations will take place as
some of our older pupils are obliged to
leave early to go to their work on
farms.

March 8th, 1888.

DETROIT NEWS.

From our own Correspondent.

The following was copied from the
Port Huron Daily Times, Feb. 28th:—
"Richard Schuler, a deaf mute residing
on Lapier plank road, near Woodland
cemetery, while coming to Port Huron
on Sunday morning was struck by a
Grand Trunk light engine as he was
crossing the track above Ullenburch's
greenhouse. The engineer blew his
whistle and expecting the man to step
aside did not stop the engine until too
late to avoid the accident. Schuler
was thrown forward and mangled
beneath the wheels of the engine, one
leg was entirely severed at the knee
and the other remained attached by a
single thread of skin. The skull was
badly fractured. Schuler was taken to
the Hospital and Homo and Drs.
Lohrstorfer and Patrick were called
and dressed his wounds and amputated
one leg. The unfortunate man did not
recover consciousness and died at nine
o'clock in the evening. His remains
were taken to Kelly's undertaking
rooms and an inquest held. Schuler
was a single man and resided with his
mother."

Richard Schuler was a pupil at
Belleville and left here about ten or
twelve years ago.

It is very strange how some are saved
from death in one way only to meet it
in another, later on. A deaf gentleman
whose house is in Port Huron and who
was well acquainted with Mr. Schuler,
told the writer a few days ago that it
was only last December that Mr.
Schuler escaped death by drowning.
He was out walking and all of a sudden
found himself in a well with seven feet
of water in it. His cry for help brought
some ladies who were near by and they
managed to get him out. Had it not
been for their help he would probably
have met his death then.