

fuls' than ours ill-using Him, an' He bored it all, an' loved them though they killed Him."

Rag was silent for a moment; then with flashing eyes exclaimed, "Let 'em have their old clothes; but we can't love 'em—niver!"

By this time they were almost at the door of their new home; and John, and his wife, and the verger all turned round, startled at hearing Rag's voice so high.

"If that's all the good you get, Rag, from going to church, I shan't be inclined to take you another night;" and Mrs. Burton looked really vexed. She had a sort of half fear that the verger was not impressed favorably with Rag, and it made her feel disappointed and vexed. "Be quick now, there's a good girl, and get our supper ready, and let Mr. Stubbins see what a handy little maid you have become." This was said in her usual cheerful tone, for the good woman's kind heart was touched at the sight of the child's troubled face.

Whilst Rag and Tag were helping to get the supper ready, Mr. Stubbins and John, in spite of the cold night air, walked together up and down the small piece of pavement in front of the house. At last they came in, and when supper was ready, seated themselves at the table. After grace had been said and the meal begun, John, laying a hand on each child's head, as they sat one on either side of him, said, in his very kindest voice, "Children, Mr. Stubbins has told me all about you—"

"All that I know," interrupted the verger.

John nodded his head. "And I am more pleased than I can say to find that all you have told us about your former lives is true, and that you have not at all made the most of all you had to suffer from the 'dreadfuls'—"

"That is to say, judging from the character I have heard of these men, I should imagine not," interrupted Mr. Stubbins again, rather severely. "But boys and girls don't always keep exactly to the truth; for instance, about the oranges," and he looked at Rag. "Although you have given me back my money, one penny for the orange you promised to get, and the other for your trouble, which is quite just, as you never executed your commission, yet I should like to know why, after your promise, you failed to fulfil it."

Rag explained to the verger's

entire satisfaction, but ended by begging him to let her "still get the oranges for his sick gel, and there should be no mistake this time."

"Well, my dear, you shall, if Mr. Burton will allow you both to come and have tea with me and my little girl some night, and you shall bring her the oranges then. Here are the two pennies again—I will trust you."

Rag's eyes sparkled with delight as she took the offered pence, and looked at John and Mrs. Burton to see what they would say about the invitation to tea.

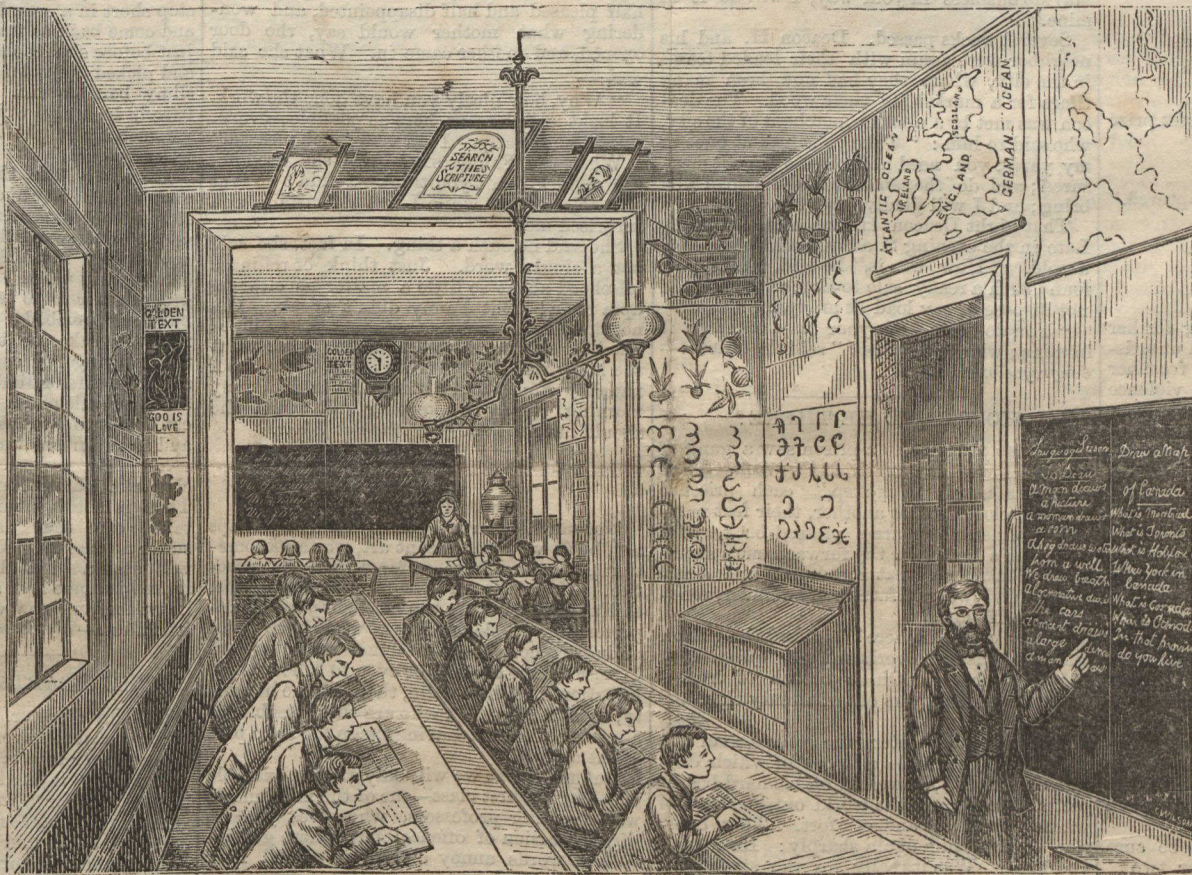
"Yes, they shall go, and willingly. John knows the way to your house, and he will take them some night next week," said Mrs. Burton; "for I'm more pleased than I can say to hear from Mr. Stubbins that your story is quite true,

out of their cellar any more forever?"

Rag stared at Tag: this was a possibility that had not occurred to her, and it seemed a very probable one—so probable that the bare idea filled her poor little heart with such dread she felt almost sick with fear.

"Don't be whispering there, children," observed John, rather sharply. "What's the matter? If there's anything wrong, out with it at once. Why don't you want to go and take tea with Mr. Stubbins? You need not deny it; I can see by your face, Tag, just as I can when you are in fault at the warehouse, that there's something in the back-ground—out with it, like a man. You know we are your friends here, and perhaps it is something we can set right for you."

(To be Continued.)



TEACHING DEAF MUTES THE SIGNIFICATION OF WORDS

THE HOME OF THE SILENT.

When the Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, was in Montreal in February last, he paid a visit to the Mackay Institution for the Protestant Deaf-Mutes, a picture of which, drawn and engraved by a deaf-mute employed in the WITNESS Office, is here presented. On that day the building was opened and the road leading to it was a busy scene, all the afternoon it being crowded with foot passengers and vehicles, the latter for the most part occupied by ladies. It was more like a holiday than a vice-regal celebration, the houses on both sides of the way from the neat little cottage to the portly mansion being covered with flags and banners. In front of the Institute there were evergreen arches, and inside, the rooms were decorated with evergreens,

Scripture texts, and the earnest, anxious faces of the poor unhearing and speechless ones whom the building was erected to accommodate, their friends and other visitors.

On the arrival of the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin addresses were read, one being by a former pupil, a compositor in the WITNESS, who, although deaf and dumb, through constant practice can now make his words understood.

The Governor-General replied, when a very pretty little deaf and dumb girl, Jessie Macfarlane, presented a beautiful bouquet to the Countess of Dufferin, who smiling, gracefully stooped down to receive it. And then A. L. McLellan, of Campbellford, Ont., and his brother, both of whom, although deaf and dumb, are successful lawyers, contributed to the

enjoyment of all by leading the scholars in a kind of improvised dance. The very little ones, noticing how their elders were doing, after a little would follow their example and dance around and around the room in singles and in pairs. A very happy company they were indeed. The Governor-General then looked through the building and took his departure, after expressing his great pleasure at what he had seen and heard. Immediately after this a copy of the DAILY WITNESS containing an account of everything which had been done, even to an hour before, was handed around, and the speed with which the events recorded had been written, printed and despatched to the build-

ing, three miles away, you may believe caused general wonder. The little girl Jessie Macfarlane was shown her name in print, and clapped her hands with glee, well pleased at the part she had taken in the opening of the institution. Then there was a dinner, and the guests departed. This was the sorrowful part of the proceedings. Fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, embraced and separated in tears. But this account must not close without referring to Mr. Joseph Mackay whose princely gift is this magnificent building, capable of holding eighty pupils and their teachers and the land it is on.

The second picture is one of the school-room of the old building used before the present one, and shows the scholars being taught a lesson on the meaning of words by the Principal, Mr. Ward.