

## On the Stars.

Orbs that are twinkling so brightly on high  
Glowing in beauty, in sparkling the sky,  
Hobling in splendor the silence of even,  
Loading with lustre the bosom of heaven

Gems from the hand of the Mighty One hung,  
Pearls from the foot-stool of heaven unstung,  
Diamonds unsullied, dropped pure from above,  
Glittering with glory and laden with love.

Agon, long agon, to silence have rolled,  
Time has grown wrinkled and earth has grown old  
Since the voice of Jehovah your glories unfurled  
And hung you as sentinels over the world  
Change after change on our planet has burst  
But ye gladden as shadowless now as at first

Oh, are your golden spheres peopled like ours,  
Teeming with loveliness, mantled with flowers?  
Where seasons are rolling and systems appear,  
With blessings and beauties encircling the year,  
Whose beings are blooming in purity a glow?  
Too brightly ye shine to be shaded by woe.

Hail on in your orbits, ye wonders of space,  
Shedding with gold the night, filling all space,  
Open your million eyes, where I may see  
God in His graciousness smiling on me

The late Mrs. Alex. Anderson, Hamilton

## The Last Slave in America.

It couldn't have happened anywhere else. At least, it didn't.

The little town of S—, in central Texas, is a quaintly beautiful old place. In thirty years the little village had not grown beyond its early limits.

Among the worthy citizens living in S— was an old Southern planter, who, during the war, had moved his family there for health and safety. From his plantation he had brought one slave—old Aunt Mahaly. She was cook and general help, and "black mammy" to the children, who loved her with that affection which only Southern children can display for these devoted creatures.

The "Proclamation of Emancipation" rang out to the listening world. From Virginia to Texas, from Kentucky to the Gulf of Mexico, the negroes of all ages and conditions heard the cry of freedom to the slave, but for Aunt Mahaly it sounded in vain.

Not the faintest echo of its message reached her.

She was deaf and dumb.

Born a slave, no conception of any other condition had a lodgment in her brain. Her deafness had in a measure separated her from the social element of negro life, even as a slave, and the change of the condition of her race came into existence unknown and unnoticed by her.

No effort was made to make her understand the upheaval of established lines, or the meaning of emancipation. Her life continued as before, and the war, with all its clamour and pathos, was an unknown tragedy to her. The only signs and symbols she understood were those used by the family in teaching her cooking, washing and ironing, or the signals of love that hailed her from the sweet faces of the baby children, the boys and the girls in this Southern home.

So there was one old slave for whom the Gospel of Freedom was preached in vain.

It was some years after emancipation before the "colored" part of the community thought of the old soul, and wondered if she knew that freedom had been vouchsafed for her. The more they spoke of it, the more it became manifest that she must be still living in the gail of bondage and ignominy of slavery. One after another of the colored folks went to interview Aunt Mahaly, but she was shy of "strange niggers." She could not understand their visiting and running around. Her lifelong habit of steady employment was fastened upon her. The visitors utterly failed to make any impression upon her walled-in brain. The white family had every reason to be satisfied with the situation. How Aunt Mahaly, who, with them, had a good home, plenty to eat, drink, and wear, could be bettered by the fruit of this tree of knowledge, was not very apparent to them.

"It's plum scandalous. Some'un oughter take dat ole ooman handi'cuffedly outer do house," exclaimed old Mary Johnson, who barely made a living, washing and ironing every day, and didn't own even a shelter.

Uncle Peto Robinson, bright light in the "colored church," low'd that "Do good Lawd 'ud open Mahaly's eyes some-time, des as he did Paul's, with a flash of lightning."

His scripture was a little mixed, seeing that Paul was struck blind, but his faith was all right.

Old Rachel, one of the characters of the town, announced the fact that she was "gwine to make Mahaly know nuthin's happened, an' she's a free nigger."

She was one of the colored folks who had gathered around herself the comforts

of life, and she owned a home. Freedom meant something to her provident character. When she arrived at the planter's home, she went directly to the kitchen. Mahaly was busy, and, giving her a hurried greeting, went on with her work. Old Rachel managed to arrest her attention a moment. Then, beginning a series of pantomimic movements, she endeavoured to represent fighting, gun shooting, blood flowing, and war doings generally, to illustrate what it means to be free.

As she was getting exciting and vigorous in her gesticulations, the look of surprise on Aunt Mahaly's face gave place to an expression of abject fear. She turned and fled into the house, where the white folks were, and could not be induced to come out until she saw the discomfited Rachel going down the hill towards town.

The disappointed Rachel brought an exciting report to the next prayer meeting. Some talk was indulged in of kidnapping Aunt Mahaly, but the little town was hardly progressive enough for that, so, after much "prair" and deliberation, it was thought best for Aunt Rachel to again invade the benighted region, taking with her the colored preacher, a man of great power among the freedmen.

As before, she was found cheerily doing her work in the kitchen, and she did not at all relish the interruption.

When she saw Aunt Rachel, who had so frightened her before, and the somber-looking preacher also, a look of bewilderment spread over her old black face, and she stood a moment looking at them as if dazed. The preacher improved the opportunity by quickly kneeling before her, and beginning a supplication for knowledge from on high to enter the benighted soul. With eyes closed and excited motions he wrestled powerfully in prayer. A moment later his fellow-caller interrupted, saying:—

"You needn't be a prayin' dar for dat fool nigger; she's done gone," broke in Rachel's angry voice. Mockingly the preacher rose from his knees. The object of his prayerful effort was gone.

The colored population at length gave Aunt Mahaly up, as a being predestined to everlasting captivity.

Age came upon her, with its decrepitude, and she was relieved of all hard labor, and waited on kindly by those whom, for long years she had lovingly served.

One day, over the little village of S— came the news that Aunt Mahaly was dead.

She had gone where Songs of Freedom would be on her lips, no longer dumb.

Slowly and tenderly, white hands lowered her coffin into the grave, where all lines are obliterated, and the last link of connection with the old system of slavery was broken—the only slave in North America was free.—Ez.

## Two Little Men.

Tom Clarke and his brother, Jamie, were little men-of-all work. They did errands for the neighbors, chopped wood for anybody who wanted it done, put in coal, carried milk to the customers for the milkman around the corner; in fact, did anything out of school hours by which they could earn a few cents to help pay their own expenses.

"We're getting big now, and ought to help all we can," Tom often remarked to his brother; and Jamie's reply always was, "Of course."

Tom was eleven, "nearly in his teens," he proudly declared, and Jamie was six years of age.

One day Mr. and Mrs. Clark were looking very grave when the boys returned from school.

"Anything the matter, mamma," Tom inquired anxiously.

"Well, I suppose we really ought not to call it anything the matter—it might be worse; but we have got to move."

"Got to move?" repeated Jamie, in a tone which implied that he didn't think it any great calamity to have to move.

"Yes, the people who own this house want to live in it themselves now."

"Where are we going to move to?" asked Tom.

"Ah, that's the question," said Mr. Clark; "we don't know, and we dread the house hunting."

"But it seems as if there ought to be plenty of houses empty," remarked Tom encouragingly. "I've seen lots of 'em let sign up."

"Yes, but when you look into the houses they are not what you want," Mrs. Clark returned.

And that's just how it seemed to be,

Some of the houses were too small, others too large. For those which might do, too large rent had to be paid. But finally after a long house-hunting trip, Mrs. Clark went home looking very much pleased. She thought she had found just what she wanted. The house was the right size, the rent reasonable. She had heard all about it from a lady living near it. The owner was out at the time. She would go the next day to see him.

The following day at noon when the boys went home to lunch, they found their parents again looking very serious.

"Did you see the house, mamma?" Tom asked first thing.

"Yes."

"Not quite right, after all?" This from Jamie.

"Oh, yes, the house is just what we want, but they don't want to let it to any one with boys."

"Why, we wouldn't hurt it," declared Jamie.

"Of course we wouldn't," added Tom.

"I know that, my dears, but I can't make strangers believe it. I saw the man's wife, and she took me through the house, and seemed to be very much pleased at the idea of letting it to me."

When I mentioned that I had two boys her face changed immediately, and she told me that she didn't believe her husband would consent to have any boys in the house. She suggested that I call this afternoon to see him, but gave me very little hope that it would do any good."

"What is the man's name, mamma, and where is the house?"

"The house is on Broad street, near Grand avenue, and the owner is Mr. Ryder."

"Why, we know him!" cried Tom, "we've taken milk there lots of times."

"Yes, and put in coal for him," said Jamie.

That afternoon, Mrs. Clark went to see the owner of the house she wanted.

"You see, ma'am," explained Mr. Ryder, "I have let the house several times to families with boys, and every time they have declared their boys were careful, and every time they nearly destroyed it. We had to make the rule. I am sorry, but I don't feel like trying it again."

Mr. Ryder had gone to the door with Mrs. Clark, and just as she was going down the stoop Tom and Jamie happened to walk along. They said, "Good-afternoon," to Mr. Ryder, and then spoke to their mother.

"Hold on, ma'am, please," the man suddenly exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that these are your boys?"

"They are my boys," Mrs. Clark promptly answered.

"Well, well, well! Come in again, won't you? I know those boys, and I'll be bound they won't injure any man's place. Why, I've watched them at work many a time, and they're as careful as two little men—more careful than some men, I might say. They never would step into our house if they had the least bit of mud on their shoes, and they try to do every thing just right. I believe we'll make a bargain, after all."

There was no trouble about renting the house after that. But how proud Mr. and Mrs. Clark were of their "little men," and how happy Tom and Jamie were being so trusted.—Happy Home.

## Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:  
West—2:00 a.m., 4:30 a.m., 6:00 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 1:45 p.m., 5:15 p.m.  
East—1:00 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 12:07 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 7:00 p.m.  
MADOC AND PETERBORO BRANCH—5:40 a.m., 12:10 a.m., 2:45 p.m., 6:45 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.  
R. 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.  
And Y. M. C. A. Hall, Corner Yonge and McGill Streets, at 10 a.m.  
General Central, up stairs at Broadway Hall, Spadina Ave. 10 or 12 doors south of College Street, at 3 p.m. in low-ceilinged cars. Seaside, Hinglewood and others.  
BIBLE CLASS 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.  
Miss A. Fraser, Missionary to the Deaf in Toronto, 38 Division Street.

## GENERAL INFORMATION

### Classes:—

SCHOOL HOURS: From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, from 1:30 to 4 p.m. Drawing from 4 to 5 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday week.

GIRLS FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday noon of each week from 1:30 to 3 p.m.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8 p.m. for pupils and from 7 to 8 for Junior class.

### Articulation Classes:

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

### Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Primary pupils at 10 o'clock, pupils at 11 a.m., General at 2:30 p.m., immediately after school. Class will assemble.

EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are in the Chapel at 8:15 a.m., and the pastor in charge for the week, will open and afterwards dismiss them, so that they may reach their respective churches later than 9 o'clock in the afternoon. At 3 o'clock the pupils will again assemble after prayer will be dismissed in an orderly manner.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN: Rev. J. J. Burke, Right Rev. Monsignor (Coadjutor) Rev. J. J. Thompson, M. A., Ph. D., Rev. J. W. Crothers, M. A., Ph. D., Rev. A. H. Cowart, Baptist, Rev. W. Maclean, Presbyterian, Rev. F. H. Shively, Rev. C. W. Watch, Rev. J. H. Jos. H. Locke.

BIBLE CLASS, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, National Series of Bibles, by Miss M. ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

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

### Industrial Departments

SHOEMAKING ROOM Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, from 4:15 to 5:45 o'clock.

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOP AND READING ROOM from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m., and from 2:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school, and from 1:30 to 2:30 p.m. for those who do not attend school, except Saturday, when the office will be closed at noon.

THE DRAWING CLASS HOURS are from 8:15 to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 3 p.m. for those who do not attend school, and from 2:30 to 5 p.m. for those who do attend school on Saturday afternoons.

The Printing Office, shops and reading room to be left each day when not in use in a clean and tidy condition.

PUPILS are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments except on account of sickness, with the permission of the Superintendent.

Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

### Visitors:

Persons who are interested desiring to visit the Institution, will be made welcome on any school day. No visitors are admitted on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays, except to the regular chapel exercises at 10 o'clock on Sunday afternoons. The best time to visit on ordinary school days is as soon as possible in the afternoon as far as possible as the pupils are dismissed at 3:00 o'clock.

### Admission of Children.

When pupils are admitted and parents are advised not to linger and prolong their stay with their children. It only causes discomfort for all concerned, particularly the parent. The child will be better for, and if left in our charge without pay will be quite happy with the other pupils. In some cases in a few hours.

### Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for parents to visit them frequently. If parents come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-rooms and allowed the opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodgings or entertain guests at the Institution. Accommodation may be had in the Quilte Hotel, Hoffman House, Queen's Hotel, American and Dominion Hotels at the rates.

### Clothing and Management

Parents will be good enough to give directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. Correspondence will be allowed to parents and employees under any circumstances without special permission each occasion.

### Sickness and Correspondence

In case of the serious illness of pupils or telegrams will be sent daily to the guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF GUARDIANS OF PUPILS MAY BE KEPT IN SCHOOL AS WELL.

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

No medical preparations that are used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the Institution.

Parents and friends of deaf children are invited to send their children to the Institution and apply for the course. In 1892 we sent out of 100 there were only 10 who returned. Consult well known practitioners in cases of deafness and be guided by their advice.

R. MATHISON  
Superintendent