

The Voice of the Deaf and Dumb of Australasia

The Gesture.

An independent organ of the Deaf, having no direct connection with any single organisation. It aims at helping all agencies established to promote the advancement of the Deaf.

9TH YEAR.

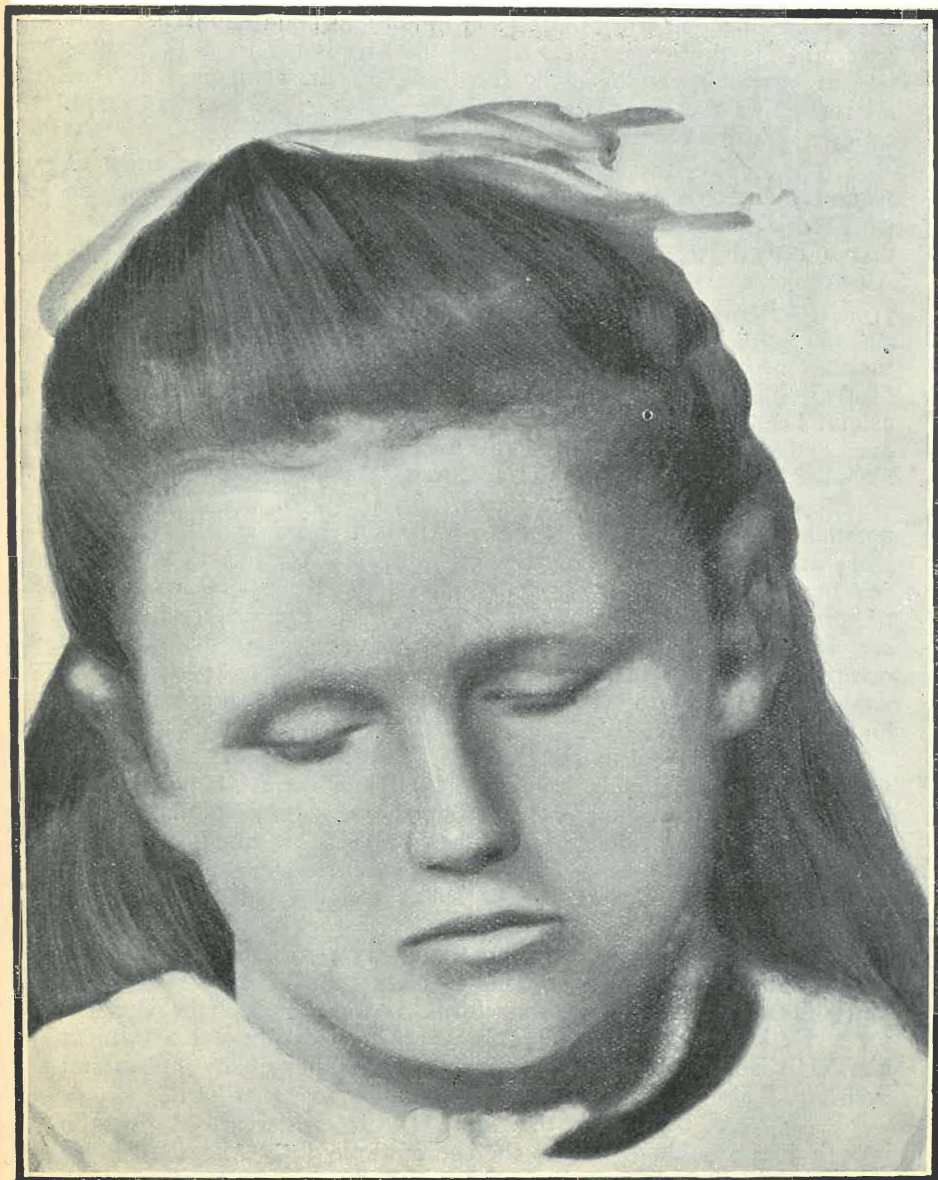
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Alice Betteridge—a Child of Darkness and Silence.

"Darkness and Silence."

(Extracts from an article in the *Lone Hand* by C. A. Jeffries,
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One would expect that children who are afflicted with blindness or are unable to speak because they cannot hear would receive all the assistance the State could give them. One would think that the State would enable them to acquire the special kind of education they need to make them fit to earn their own living in this world. But, as a matter of horrible fact, this rich State of New South Wales does nothing for its Children of Silence and Darkness. Even when they are left on its hands as State children it gets rid of them as quickly as possible by passing them on to a private charity known as the N.S.W. Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind, a humane charity founded and supported practically by private people on the voluntary system. So indifferent is the State towards the welfare of these afflicted little ones, that there is no law compelling parents to educate them, as there is with children who are better able to fight their way in the world without education.

The "Official Year Book of N.S.W. for 1908-9" gives the figures only up to 1901, when there were 390 deaf and dumb and 884 blind people in the State; but it is stated that it is feared that the full number has not been returned. . . .

. . . The Darlington Institution in Sydney was founded in 1861 "for the education and maintenance, and, as far as practicable, the advancement in life of deaf and dumb and blind children." The only other institution in the State of the sort is the Catholic institution at Waratah, conducted by the Order of St. Dominic, "for the instruction on the principles of Catholic education of deaf and dumb children, and the preparation of them for a useful life."

. . . The deaf and dumb child finds himself in a world of fearful stillness—one everlasting silence, through which comes no word to explain anything. He must learn to talk on his fingers, that a certain set of signals is this thing and another that thing. Always he has to be not only told of a thing, but to be shown it, or shown how it is done. When he has learned to talk on his fingers, and mastered the alphabet, the teachers at Darlington commence on the task of teaching him to read what people say by the movements of their lips, and to articulate in return in a voice that he himself cannot hear. It is a fearsome task; for the child has to be shown over and over and over again how to express various letters of the alphabet by shaping the mouth and forcing the air through.

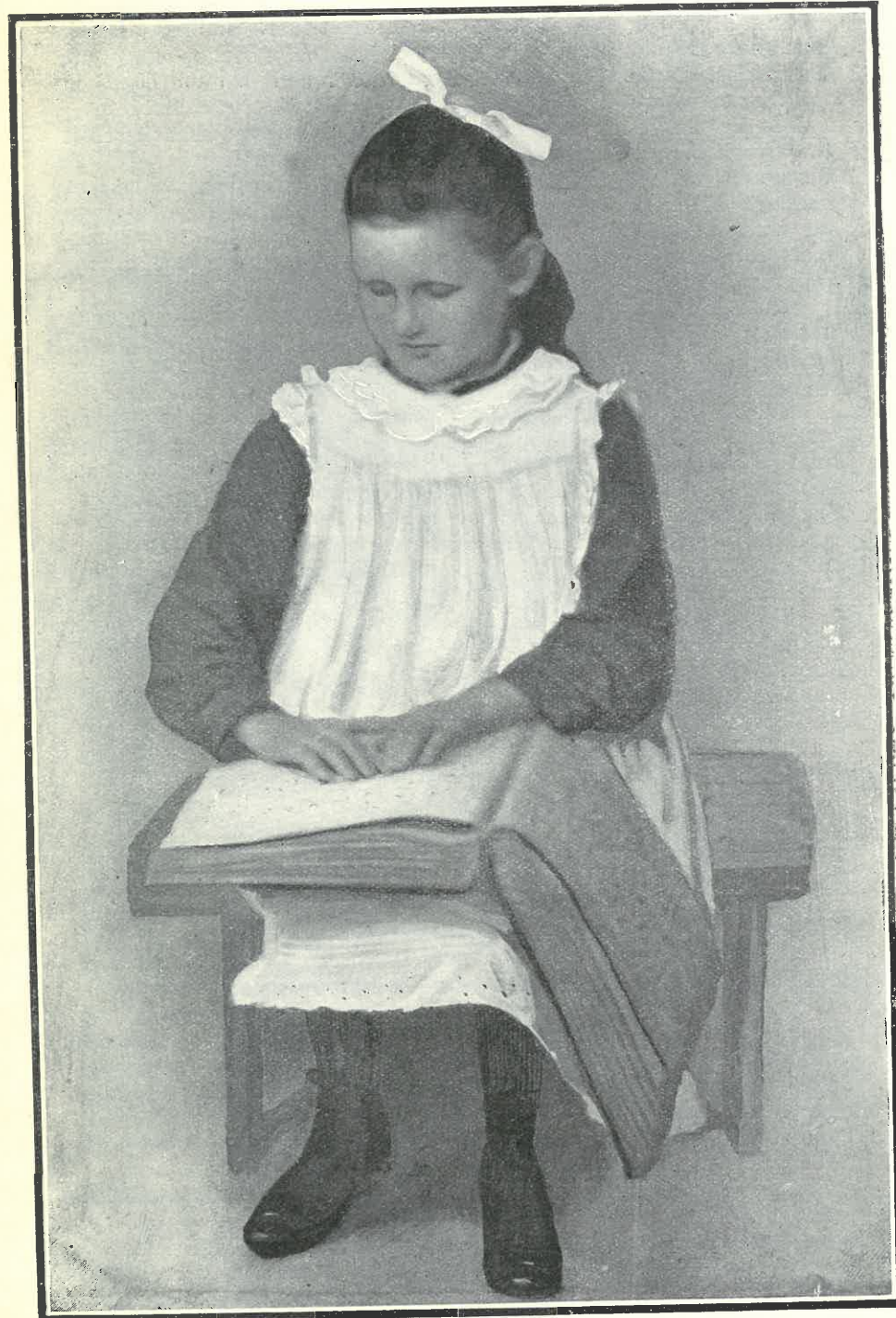
Now, all that is pitiful enough. But think of the other horrible possibilities. Think of the child that is both blind and deaf! And there are such children. Imagination reels in the effort to grasp the full horror of that awful tragedy. The blind babes live in a world of unrelieved darkness; but the little one who can neither hear nor see finds himself alone in a desert of darkness surrounded by an ocean of silence. He feels something beneath his feet; out of the void ghostly hands touch him; but there is no sound, no glimpse, no hint of what it all means.

The blind babe can cling to his father's shoulder, and go out to explore among sounds, and shiver and thrill as fresh notes boom into his reverberating universe; for him there is romance and adventure and sensation among the tumbling waves of sound. He lives and feels; and, as long as his creature comforts are supplied by the unseen father and mother, can be happy and live a life that has at least variety to spice it.

But that other babe, clinging to his little rock in the midst of eternal silence and darkness, living helplessly amidst utter stagnation, finds himself in a place without form, a void of which he is not a part. He knows not anything, only wants and yearnings that torment him. His is a living death, out of which the helpless baby soul cannot even cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

. . . At Darlington they have a little eight-year-old girl who is both deaf and blind. Up to the age of three little Alice Betteridge was a bright little baby, who could see as clearly as any other child,

and tripped about chattering as other children do. Then came meningitis; and when little Alice came through the horrible pain, the fearful delirium, it was to find that she had died and been born again in a world where it was always dark, and which was utterly devoid of sound. She had tormenting recollections of the sunlight, and haunting memories of the music of the earth.



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Deaf, Dumb and Blind

"On those dotted pages she reads stories."

But they had gone for ever.

Imagination reels in the effort to understand what that poor helpless child felt. Even the mind of Dante could not have imagined anything more horrible than her plight. Let us hope that infancy robbed it of some of its horror for her. But we can imagine the little girl, waking to find herself in the dark, trying vainly to call to mother or father, and unable to hear herself, or to hear her agonised

parents trying to soothe her and quieten her terrors. She could not even know that they were still with her. The everlasting darkness must have crushed her; the heavy, fearful silence have terrified her. The loneliness must have been unutterably dreadful. No adult could live through such an experience: madness or death would end it. Blackness—silence; and the only communication with life, the touch of ghostly hands.

Of her life till she came to Darlington I know nothing. But it must have been terrible indeed; despite all that affection could do. But at last she arrived at Darlington, and found that the hands in the darkness were different to the others she had known before.

In her arms was placed a little doll, and the hand that placed it there took her own hand and made a sign on the fingers. It was the word "doll" in the finger language. To the little girl it meant nothing. Then the doll was taken away, only to be given back to her with the same sign. She felt it all over lovingly, and then something seemed to occur to her. She passed her hand over her own body, and smiled sadly. The doll was like herself.

Whenever the doll was placed in her arms the same sign was made on her fingers by the ghostly hands. One day she groped, and, finding the mysterious hand, repeated the signs it had made to her on its fingers. The doll was immediately placed in her arms.

It was the first step in communication. The little scarred brain was stirred. That sign would always bring the doll. One day the hand in the dark passed her fingers over the nose of the doll, and then over her own nose, and gave another and different sign—n-o-s-e. She understood, and, feeling for her teacher's face, touched her nose and spelt it. Hair, mouth, ears, head, all followed in their turn; and slowly, very slowly indeed, little Alice learned the geography of her own head and face, and finally her body.

The brain that had been so sorely smitten became active once more. The little soul that longed for expression and company fastened on to these wonderful signs with eager avidity. She became frantic to learn more and more. But, in spite of all her eagerness, it was long, long, weary work for the teacher, and slow, slow travelling for the little girl. The gulf was so great, the messages so weak. She was given beads to thread, and the word "beads" spelt to her. When she spelt "beads" she got them.

But it must be remembered she was only a baby, although an unusually bright one. And every one of these words was an arbitrary sign which she had to remember, for she had no idea of the alphabet.

That was to come later, and would represent the completed bridge across the great gulf that lay between her and the inhabited world she had no idea of. Gradually she began to understand that she could make more signs than she had fingers, wrists and palms, and the fact appeared to puzzle her. Baffled nature, seeking always an outlet for expression, told her instinctively that there was some system in it all, and impelled her to search for it. She had used a key to unlock a little box, turned a handle to open a way through a wall—but she could not find the key her little soul was so hungry for, though every day, when she awoke from sleep and before she went to bed, her teacher taught her the alphabet on her fingers.

Very gradually it came home to her that all these signals which would bring her a doll, beads, food, a drink, an apple, and all the things she knew (remember, she only knew of the things she had touched), were all combinations of these signs that the mysterious and wonderfully wise hands taught her every time she awoke and went to bed.

But it was the decisive discovery. After that it was merely a matter of application and time. She learned that doll and dog both commenced with the same signs, that the top of anything and the pot that held the flowers were the same signals or signs given in the opposite order. So she learned the alphabet and its wonderful use.

Then another and more wonderful thing (if possible) was revealed to her. The same omniscient hands gave her a piece of soft, smooth surfaced material, covered with a number of little raised dots. The first was a single dot, and the omniscient hands made the first sign (A). Two dots, one above the other (B), were the second

letter of the alphabet. There were never more than six dots, but she found that every sign she could give on her fingers had a corresponding signal in dots.

What it was for little Alice could not understand. But it was interesting; and it struck her as a new game, which she entered into with all the zest the young mind feels for a new thing. So, when they gave her a whole sheet of this material, she would amuse herself by picking out the signs in dots and rendering them on her teacher's fingers. So she learned that there was a dot alphabet, even as there was one of the fingers. She worked hard and acquired it; and then, to her boundless delight, *found that the smooth material could talk to her!* It told her wonderful tales, of how the cat and the doll slept together, and that the cat and the dog were not very bosom friends.



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Playmates of Darkness and Silence

The blind girl on the right is reading a story from a Braille book. The blind girl on the left is telling the story to the girl who is both blind and deaf.

Little Alice has been less than three years at Darlington, but she has made good progress with both the finger and the Braille alphabet. And on those dotted pages she reads stories of children like herself, of the wonders of the world, of life and death. But it is always slow work, spelling out the words letter by letter, stumbling over words that represent things she does not understand, not having felt them yet.

She is still in the halls of silence, surrounded by impenetrable darkness. But the world is no longer void and without form. The blackness is filled with other people like herself. Whenever she reaches out a hand she finds a companion to whom she can make signs that are understood and replied to. She has left the horrible island of loneliness, surrounded by the ocean of emptiness, and arrived in a great and wonderful treasure house of things that are absorbingly interesting, and which she is anxious to find out all about.

To feel fresh things and learn what they are called in that wonderful finger language, and to read about them in those still more wonderful raised dots on the Braille page, is delightful. Around her are other children like herself, with whom she plays. Her favourite game is to put other children into a make-believe bed and smooth them down for the night. When the lessons are over she sits out in the warm sunshine (the blind seem to love the sunshine as though their pores absorbed the light from it) and nurses her doll, or threads her beads, or reads stories in the dotted pages of fairies, little boys and girls, of seas, ships, great cities, kings and queens.

Last time I saw little Alice was as in the photograph. The girl

on the left is reading aloud from the Braille page, for they are all three blind, and the girl on the right enjoying the story, smiling sadly as the blind do, is telling it by the finger alphabet to little Alice, who alone sits in the silence.

And little Alice is happy.

Deaf Mutes' Home and Flower Farm, Blackburn

Through the courtesy of the Editor of the "Weekly Times," we are able to present our readers with a number of pictures illustrating the progress made at Lake Park since it was purchased by the Committee of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society for a Home and Farm for the aged and infirm and the deaf and dumb of imperfect intellect.

Three years ago, with the exception of the eight acres of water in the centre, the whole of the estate, 70 acres in extent, was all scrub land. Something like fourteen acres have been grubbed and cleared, and there are now ten under cultivation, four of which are



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Blind-Deaf Men Conversing

occupied by various kinds of winter blooming bulbs. An acre is taken up with roses, an acre by chrysanthemums, and an acre by dahlias, with smaller plots of other marketable flowers.

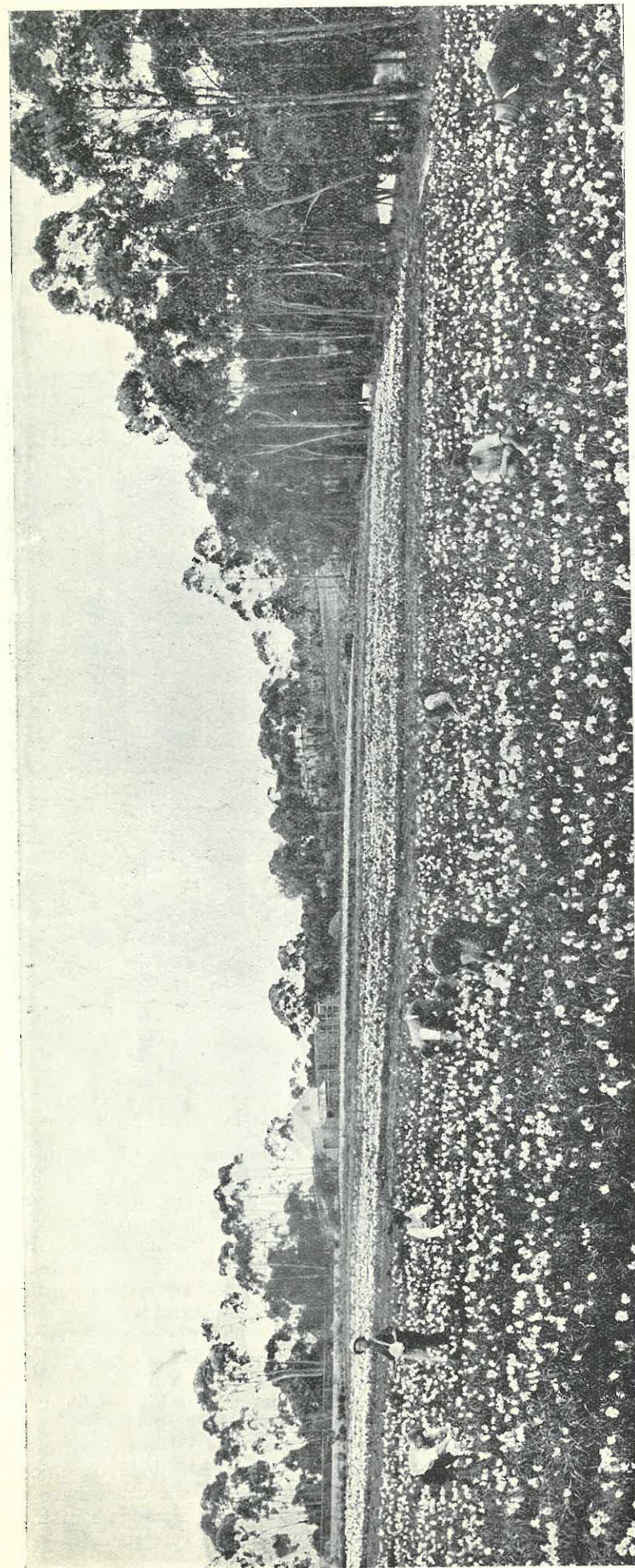
Our illustrations are of the farm in winter time, when the jonquil, daffodils and violets are in bloom.

The Home is a branch of the work of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of Victoria, and makes the provision for the deaf and dumb of this State the most complete in the world.

The deaf child enters the special residential elementary school on the St. Kilda-road, Prahran, at the age of 7, and remains there until 16 or 17. This school, which has just reached its jubilee, has equipped quite ninety per cent. of the deaf of the State with their education. Now that the Government has, by Act of Parliament, made the education of the deaf child free and compulsory, it is hoped that still better provision will be made, and that the elementary training of the deaf at least will no longer be left to charity.

On leaving school, the work of caring for the ex-pupils is taken up by the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of Victoria, which is quite distinct from and independent of the Victorian Deaf and Dumb Institution.

This society has its headquarters at the Adult Deaf and Dumb Building, Flinders-street, where every provision is made for their



Four Acres of Jonquils at the Deaf Mutes Flower Farm, Blackburn

By kind permission of The Weekly Times

spiritual, moral, mental and social advancement, and they are helped into situations and assisted in numerous other ways.

There is a section of the deaf and dumb, just as is the case with the hearing, who, by reason of mental or physical defects, are unable to obtain or keep permanent situations, or to earn sufficient to maintain themselves; there are also the blind-deaf and the aged and infirm.

It was for this section that the Home and Farm was founded. The Home has so far fulfilled its purpose, and the Flower Farm is achieving its object. The total cost of maintaining the Home this year will be from £900 to £950, and it is expected that the Farm revenue will more than cover half this amount.

A part of the estate is used as a picnic resort. There is a refreshment house, and boats on the lake, and it already is becoming quite a popular resort during the summer months.



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Deaf Mutes Clearing Land

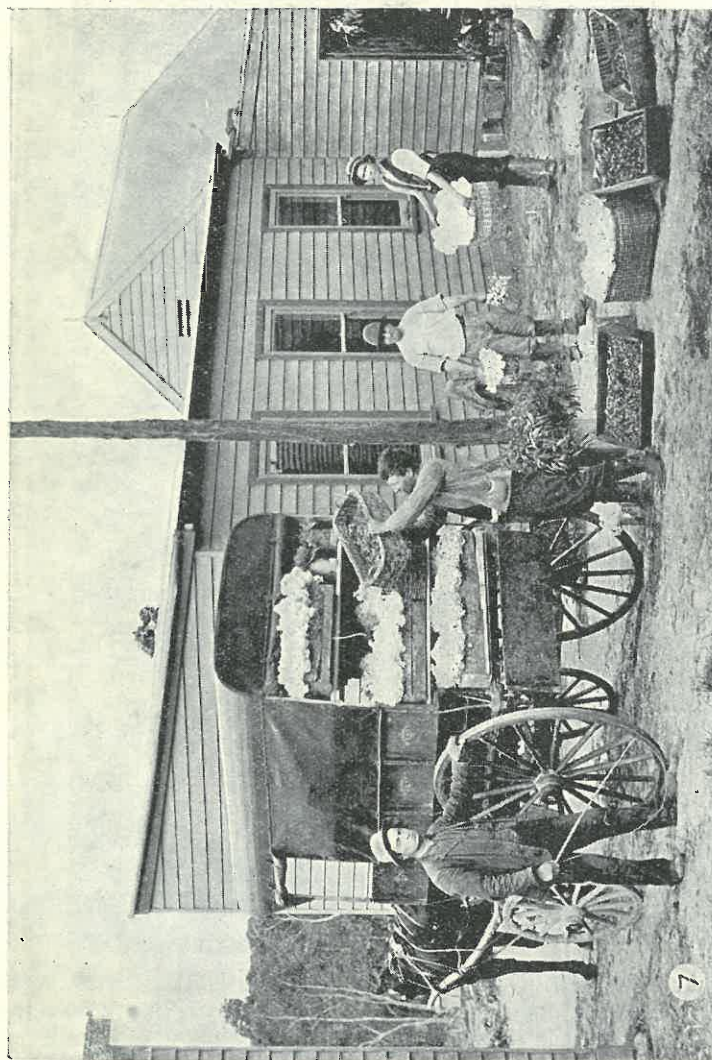
What is Truth?

It is the foundation of all true intelligence, and though man often rejects it, through fear of derision, or of being ostracised by his fellow-beings, it remains the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. It alone is eternal, imperishable, and therefore immortal. Therefore, what of truth exists in man will never perish—is the immortal spark that survives the change that man calls death. While error, like some noxious weed, dies slowly, has a peculiar tenacity, and oft and again sends forth new shoots; it will by constant and careful watching and continual cutting away finally die, and only truth will remain. Hence, the duty of man, while in mortal form, to banish from the garden of soul all error, all the noxious weeds of evil. But each mortal must hoe his own garden, for if he strives to hoe his neighbour's garden he will neglect his own, or perhaps carry back into his own garden some noxious seed. Be sure you buy the seed to sow in your garden only of such as have pure seed to sell, nor think the price asked too high; for you must have the very best if you would have a garden easily tended and one that will produce an abundance of the fruits of joy, peace, and love. As ye sow so shall ye reap.

Fret and Patience.

By Oriana.

Fret is a discord marring the day,
 Patience, sweet music charming the way.
 Fret is a brier entangling the path,
 Patience a balm for the tired spirit hath.
 Fret is a fog-bank endang'ring the night,
 Patience a beacon shedding its light.
 Fret is a will-o'-wisp luring to dole,
 Patience the loving guide strengthening the soul.
 Fret is a thorn, wounding the side,
 Patience a lover that never will chide.
 Fret is a cancer corroding the life,
 Patience the sunshine banishing strife.
 Fret is the nightshade poisoning the air,
 Patience the fountain of virtues rare.
 Who would choose Fret, with Patience so fair?



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Packing for Market

Cultivate the habit of overlooking little mistakes in others, and your happiness will increase.

* * * * *

Men talk about the indignity of doing work that is beneath them, but the only indignity that they should care for is the indignity of doing nothing.

* * * * *

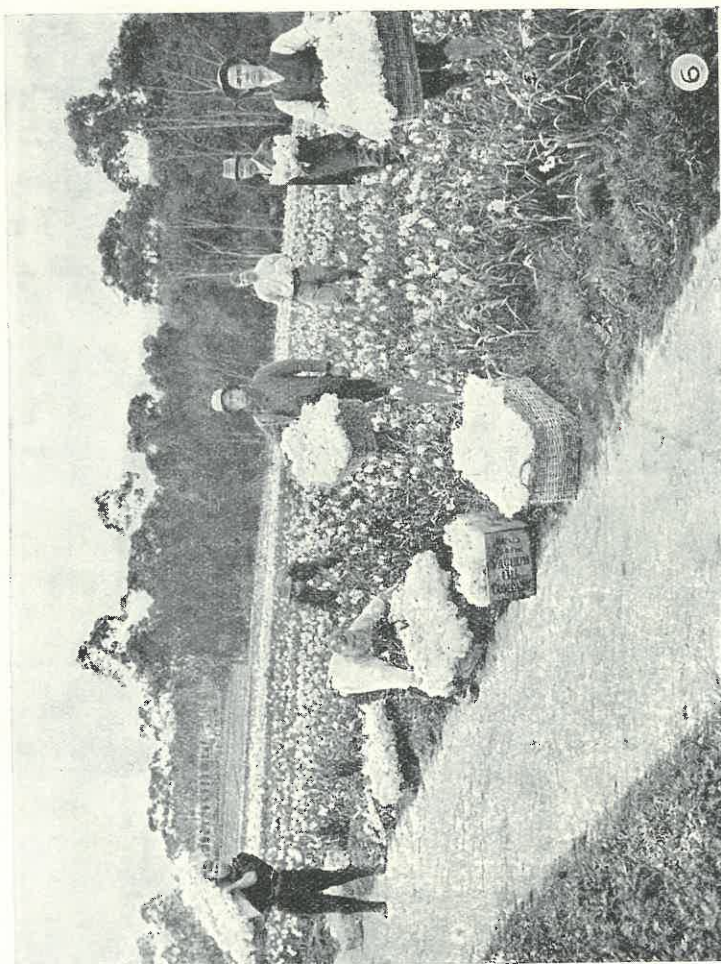
The successful man of to-day is the man who has ideas; who does things the average man does not think of. The young man who does his level best, no matter how small his salary, is the man who makes the greatest success.

Doings of the Victorian Deaf.

In honour of the completion of Mr. E. J. D. Abrahams' first decade in Australia, and of the great work accomplished by him for the deaf of this State, a special social is to be held at the Deaf Mute Centre on the 9th October, the tenth anniversary of his arrival.

The following facts and figures will be read with especial interest this month, as illustrating the remarkable progress of our society under the direction of our present superintendent. When Mr. Abraham arrived in Victoria, on the 9th of October, 1901, we had a block of land valued at £1600; towards the erection of the church and institute, £1330; an annual income of about £600.

In October, 1911, after ten years of strenuous work, we have a church and institute, erected and furnished at a cost of £3600; a farm and home purchased, erected and stocked at a cost of £5976; a reserve fund of £1300; an annual income of nearly £2500; and there is every probability of the women's wing of the home going up before the close of the present year, at a further cost of £1000.



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Gathering Jonquils for Market

So much for the financial side. As regards the actual work, we have had ten years of sound religious, moral and intellectual instruction. We have no unemployed, and the deaf as a whole are on a higher standard as wage-earners. Our social status has improved, and we have no one in need, and there is a state of peace and harmony throughout the whole deaf community, and God grant that these happy conditions may continue.

* * * * *

They had a splendid bulb season. With the object of getting in touch with market prices direct, disposing of surplus stock, and training some of the sharper youths in the buying and selling art, the manager procured a permanent stall in the Victoria Market, and good business has been done there.

At present the roses are free from pests, but the slugs have wrought fearful havoc amongst the young seedlings, and have even

made serious raids upon the stronger plants, such as carnations, wallflowers, and sweet peas. Some hundreds of golden wattle have been put in, and in three or four years they ought to be a show. Mrs. Abraham, the matron of the home, was presented on her birthday with a handsome silver coffee service from the employees and inmates, as a token of her motherly attention and loving kindness. They speak affectionately of her, and look upon her as their dear friend and mother.

* * * * *

Miss A. Graham, one of the most generous members of our society, has given a donation of £25 towards the women's wing fund.

* * * * *

The outing fund and bank has reached its sixth year, and made satisfactory progress. During the year the sum of £89/14/9 was deposited, thus bringing the total up to £147/11/9. The withdrawals amounted to £80/4/4, leaving a balance in hand of £67/7/5. There are 28 depositors.



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Mr. Ernest J. D. Abraham (founder and manager) with Employees and some of the Deaf Mute Residents

"Our Monthly Letter" is now seven years old. It has a circulation of 450 copies. It is as popular and interesting as ever. Every deaf reader welcomes it as a valued friend when it makes its appearance.

* * * * *

The Victorian Deaf School Lacrosse Club is to be congratulated upon securing the premiership in the grade "D" of the Victorian Lacrosse Association.

At the 30th annual meeting of the Adult Deaf Cricket Club the report proved the club to be making good progress, and the balance-sheet revealed a fair banking account. It is hoped that the club will have a successful season.

* * *
Our "Grandfather" (Mr. F. J. Rose) celebrated his 80th birthday in the beginning of this spring. He is still going strong, and a very fine-looking man he is, too. He attends our Sunday morning services with great regularity.

We feel thankful to have him with us still, as the founder of our school. It is not a well-known fact that he was a school chum of the famous John Jennings, the successor of the first missionary to the deaf (Matthew Robert Burns), and tutor of our superintendent, Mr. E. J. D. Abraham.

* * *
A powerful and representative deputation, including Sir Henry Weedon, M.L.A., Hon. Agar Wynne, M.H.R., Messrs. W. S. Keast, M.L.A., R. Solly, M.L.A., E. R. Peacock (chairman), H. Sumner Martin, B.A., LL.B. (secretary), Harold Kent (treasurer), G. G. Mercy, W. A. Dickens, F. J. Rose, Hugh Munro, M. L. Miller, Rev. H. W. H. Adeney, and E. J. D. Abraham (supt.), waited upon the Acting Chief Secretary (Mr. McBride) on the 6th ult., to ask for the sum of £650, the amount needed to enable the committee to proceed with the erection of the women's wing of the home at Blackburn. Mr. Keast, the member for Blackburn, introduced the deputation, and spoke very highly of the work that is being carried on at Blackburn. Sir H. Weedon, Mr. Agar Wynne and Mr. R. Solly also eulogised the work of the committee and Mr. Abraham. Mr. Peacock gave an outline of the history of the work, and Messrs. Martin and Kent also spoke. Mr. Abraham replied to a number of questions put to him by the Acting Chief Secretary.

Mr. McBride said he would take the case to the Cabinet. He sympathised with the aim of the deputation, and thought the committee was doing a good work. If he had the money he would certainly give some to them, though perhaps not all they asked.

Press On.

Oh Pilgrim Brother, on thy way to join that happy throng, when earth's toil is over, each duty well done, and no duty shirked. 'Tis well, oh pilgrim, toil on, and be not weary in well-doing; toil not for self alone. The days may seem long and dreary as the years come and go; the cares of life may seem a heavy burden, but toil on for thy fellow-man, help him in his sorrows and griefs, help to raise him up so that he, too, may see the way of duty. Some day you will reap the reward of a life well spent, toiling for thy fellow-man, and not alone for self.

Oh, pilgrims on the way, there is work for you to do. Do thy duty, do it well; no one can do your work for you; you have to do it yourself before you can gain that rest, joy, and peace that cometh when man's work is done here on earth. Then one will know self as never before. Do the work that you are called to do; do it with all your might, and shirk not. Be not an idler, but put your shoulder to the wheel—do your part.—Hayseed.

Smile On.

Verne Dewitt Rowell.

When you're clean gone tuckered out,
'Taint no use to fret and pout;
Chase a smile around your face,
Hit it up a brisker pace,
And be glad.
When you feel you'd like to die,
And go soaring to the sky
In an angel's fond caress,
Keep a-thinking happiness,
And smile on.

The Great Object of Life.

The great object of life is to attain experience, and in passing through these experiences to cognise their bearing upon the real and permanent, and the relation of one experience to another; to distinguish the soul's experiences and consciousness from the physical, and so to gradually mould the life to respond only to the higher unfolded consciousness, applying the knowledge obtained intelligently.

What one may sometimes consider as failure or a mistaken action may be just the very experience his soul has lacked, and if the contact with error either in judgment or morals has brought pain, disgrace, or suffering in its train, so-called from a worldly standpoint, the individual is really so much the richer in obtaining this salutary lesson, and if taken advantage of, places him so much nearer the goal of wisdom obtained through this very pain. There can be no failure from the standpoint of the real life, only failure as observed from the side of form and from below.

We may realise in time that the true purpose in life is first to understand life, and then in seeking to shape the life in accordance with this knowledge attained, and in striving to live as befits the sons and daughters of God, utilising the divine force to overcome the animal senses, to subjugate selfish desires, thus thoroughly purifying the mirror of the mind, that the divine wisdom of infinity may be reflected clearly and perfectly to the individual.

It will be observed that universal brotherhood and unselfish efforts for others will have a great bearing in the gaining of this higher wisdom; in truth it is the first necessity in order to exhaust the experiences of this lower plane of life alone to traverse individually through every root or typical form of existence until each experience is garnered.

Let us consider for a moment the human kingdom. The divisions are quite distinctly marked—that is, races, branch races, and sub-races, and in each branch there are innumerable individualities, and as we know astrologically, there are in each individuality innumerable phases of character. Now, consider for a moment, if each individual took an incarnation for every such experience the number of reïmbodiments on the earth during one round alone would be beyond human calculation, and, as we have learned heretofore, there are seven such rounds on this chain of globes, and this chain only numbers one of this solar system.

Thus it may be realised how impossible and improbable such conditions would be, and failure in the one expression might create the very conditions essential to the attainment of knowledge—that is, we refer to so-called failure, although we know well that, considered from the standpoint of the higher understanding of wisdom, no earthly lesson can be failure, except it may be the failure to understand and comprehend sufficient to profit by the lesson given.

In order that it may not become necessary to repeat the experiences for its realisation, however, when mankind arrives at that point where he really practises universal brotherhood, it will necessarily further the growth and development in every way. In this, the fifth, race and period there are many nations—European, Hindu, Chinese, African, etc.—and one must naturally conclude, if judging from the standpoint of the reincarnationist that it will be absolutely necessary to incarnate severally in these various nations in order to get hold of the salient characteristics of each; as, for instance, one could not obtain a European experience by being born a Chinaman, or vice versa, while in the same nation there are so many varieties and species that were the individual obliged to incarnate in each and every one in order to obtain these various characteristics manifested there would be no ending.

It may be realised that, in the practice of universal brotherhood, the great sympathy that would naturally be felt for others would enable the individual to put himself in the place of another to some extent at least, and thus obtain all the experience that would be essential in preparing himself for the change to higher conditions, and, considered from this point of view, it will be seen that the wider the range of sympathies the greater becomes the sphere of experience,

and, as it is experience that is the teacher, this is the position man must seek to create.

There is no question that universal brotherhood must be created here on this earth plane in order to enable humanity to unfold its consciousness to a condition where love and sympathy will exist, and be manifested toward those individuals who are in need of some strong, forceful, but sympathetic, character to aid them out of influences in which they seem to be held, and in forming such conditions all parties concerned are benefited thereby, for it is experience that must be obtained, and a great majority of the world live too much for self. But we know that the more the sympathies are manifested toward our fellow-men the greater becomes the range of experience, and with experience comes knowledge, love, and wisdom, until finally the individual becomes permeated with a feeling of universal sympathy, and the result is that he becomes absorbed in the universal law of harmony, peace, and love; while, on the other hand, in seeking to aid self only or in the expression of selfish motives the real evolution is only retarded.

The great difficulty has been in the past, and the same condition exists to-day to a great extent. Each individual is ready to share the other's pleasures, but never cares to share his sorrows or pain, thus narrowing his range of experience when he should really take advantage of the opportunity to gain knowledge, and in this manner he closes, so to speak, the window of his soul, through which those bright rays of sympathy can enter, thus depriving himself of the opportunity to do good, and mitigate the sufferings of another by introducing his own higher influences at a time when they shall accomplish good and grow.

It is not a question of whether the one benefited will appreciate the favour; it is a matter of performing one's duty, and if each one were to stand on this point and wait for the world or his neighbour to grow to a realisation of these laws where he could truly appreciate, he would wait an infinite number of years, and this is the great difficulty to-day.

The individual in failing to perform his duty offers a determined resistance to the natural law of love and harmony, by which the strings of one heart respond to a corresponding vibration of joy or sorrow in the hearts of others, and each time he builds a wall between himself and others that becomes stronger until an impenetrable barrier is thus raised, and growth through exercise being a law of nature, the sympathy in him for the sorrows of others becomes atrophied, so to speak, for want of use; but at this stage of the world's evolution sorrow preponderates in men's lives, so at last even his ability to share in the pleasures of others becomes less and less, for the reason that those rays of sympathy cannot pierce the thick walls of selfishness that show the dark brown vibrations, and finally the individual, unable to sympathise with others and finding none in himself, is really in a pitiable condition, which he must work out, through a higher expression.—“Science and Key of Life.”

Be Glad.

Be glad for the sunshine,
Be glad for the rain,
Be glad for the joy,
Be glad for the pain,
Ever make gladness
Your keynote in life,
It will aid you to conquer
All sorrow and strife.

—Estella Buhlinger.

Life is only worth while when it is happy. And the happier you are the more abundant your life. This is the new ideal of this New Age—to live happily with all forms of life; to substitute Love for all hateful thoughts and feelings. To live one's life in the genuine sense.

—Lucy A. Mallory.

Mental Achievement.

Dr. McCallum gave to the Young Men's Club of the First Methodist Church, who sat before him and drank in his every word, the message of the new psychology, with its gospel of success and efficiency.

“The mind is like an orchard, and, like a tree, needs to have its dead and superfluous branches cut out. Don't plant too many things in your mental soil.

“Mind is an indefinable subject. It is as large a thing as you can think of. Mind has existed from the very beginning of the universe, and life has probably been on this earth for 100,000,000 million years, at a conservative estimate. All science practically accepts evolution, and, after all, it is the best conception of God to believe in evolution.

The Human Brain.

“The 900,000,000 cells in our brain we have when we are born, and their number is never increased, but, on the other hand, some of them die.

“If parasites tend to prey upon your mind, spray them in the blossom stage. It will be too late when the fruit has formed. The pre-human emotions, anger, hatred, worry, envy, and jealousy, were splendid things for the wild beasts of the jungle, but they are exceedingly bad for you.

“There is a world below motion, there is a world above motion. There is a world we cannot see, hear, taste, or smell. And the mind is growing to attain this world. It has probably taken 300,000 years to grow colour on the brain. Man is largely the result of his environment.

“If you use the animal passions they will destroy you. Anger kills, worry destroys. Experiments have shown the brain cells of rabbits subjected to worry to have developed a state of ‘rotting.’

“Cultivate the moral sense. If a man would heal himself, he must develop his moral sense.

The Laws of Nature.

“When we travel away from hope, confidence, and trust, we destroy our efficiency. The laws of nature are made up of habits. Character is habit. Don't enter extremes on any subject. The radical of youth frequently becomes the conservative of old age, and the saintly young man often becomes the profligate in later life. Excess of anything is weakness. Total abstainers are the greatest eaters. Follow a middle course.

“All things are habits, and the pre-human emotions if not indulged will die. Cultivate their opposites. Cultivate love, faith, hope, the moral sense, believe in everything, love everything, have courage, but the right kind of courage.

“Efficiency depends on self-control. Self-control depends on the abolition of selfishness.

“Aim at concentration, not diffusion of effort. Have at least one ideal statement, and live up to it. Many men have been saved by a saying. Work, for work is the greatest thing in the universe. A high state of nutrition is necessary for efficiency, for on this depends a strong personality. Be careful of your speech, for half of self-control lies in the control of speech. Above all, don't be discouraged. It takes two years to change a man's mental system. I don't believe in people being cured suddenly of strong drink or evil habits. If you want to be free you have got to build up so high that evil will not reach you. Learn to minister unto yourself; it is useless to teach people unless you teach them to help themselves.

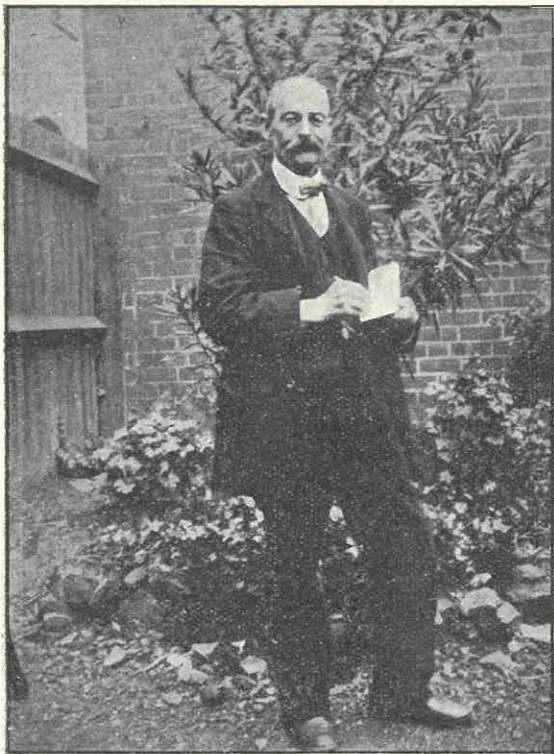
“Morality, religion, happiness, and health are four names for one thing—moral uplift. ‘Love all things because they are worthy to love.’”

Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.

A Well-known Deaf-Mute Identity.

Mr. Sol. Moss is a well-known personality to Melbournians. He has for many years acted as the City and Suburban collector of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society, and to-day it is merely necessary for him to



enter a city office, without word or appeal when the presiding genius thereof will at once intimate to the cashier that a certain amount is to be handed to him. He is one of that magnetic type that has never yet been able to learn the meaning of the word "no." You say "no" until your vocal organs get weary of this abrupt dismissal, and sooner or later find that those same organs have committed you to an affirmative. Had Sol. been blessed with the powers of hearing and speech there is not the least doubt but that he would have been one of the most successful merchant princes of this young but progressive city.

Mr. Moss was born in London, England, "a cockney of cockney parents," and came to this country some 53 years ago, a child of seven. At that time there was no school for the Deaf and Dumb in Victoria. But when he reached the age of 11, the school, now known as the Victorian Deaf and Dumb Institution, was opened by Mr. F. J. Rose, and Sol. was the second male pupil admitted.

Those were struggling times for the school, and to obtain funds for its maintenance it was necessary to educate the public mind as to its needs, and so it came about that young Rose and three other pupils accompanied the Rev. W. Moss and Mr. F. J. Rose in a canvass of the whole state in the interest of the newly-established school for the deaf.

The pupils gave demonstrations of the methods of instruction and illustrations of the powers of the language of gesture. Of the little band of advertisers Sol. was, without doubt, the best, for he is a born mimic. On the completion of his elementary course, he started in life as an apprentice to carpentry, but soon gave it up for bootmaking. Then his people left the state for New Zealand, where he remained fifteen years. It was here that his mimic talent became profitable to him for he became connected with no less than five travelling theatrical companies, acting as agent in advance and taking such parts that lent themselves to the pantomimic art.

On his return to Victoria he was appointed wardman at his Alma Mater and later as collector for the same Institution, in two years collecting upwards of £1,300. After further changes, eleven years ago, he accepted the position of collector of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society, which post he still retains.

His genial and generous nature makes him popular wherever he goes, and the hearty wish of his friends is, that he may long live to bring in the wherewithal to keep alive the magnificent organisation which makes such adequate provision for his fellows in affliction.

* * * * *

The lazy, stubborn, ignorant man objects to being taught by others, but it is his own loss, for what he knows is but a small fraction of the accumulated knowledge of other people. He puts himself in bondage to Ignorance, and goes through life handicapped with the obsessing thought: "What I don't know ain't worth knowing."

The Calf-path.

By Sam Walter Foss.

One day through the primeval wood,
A calf walked home, as good calves should,
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.
Since then two hundred years have fled,
And I infer the calf is dead,
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my mortal tale.
The trail was taken up next day
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made,
And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath,
Because it was a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf;
And through this winding woodway stalked
Because he wobbled when he walked.
This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load,
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And travelled some three miles in one,
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf,
The years passed on in swift fleet,
The village road became a street.
And this, before the men were 'ware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare;
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.
Each day a hundred thousands rout
Followed the zigzag calf about,
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.
They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day;
For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.
A moral lesson this must teach,
Were I ordained and called to preach.
For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,
And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.
They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,
And still their devious route pursue,
To keep the path the others do,
But how the wise old wood-gods laugh,
Who saw that first primeval calf!
And many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.

The Cultivation of Physical Fitness.

By Eustace Miles, M.A.

(Amateur Tennis Champion 1899 to 1903, and 1905, 1906, 1909 and 1910; Editor of "Healthward Ho!")

In endeavouring to apprehend certain laws in regard to the attainment of physical fitness, it would be well for us to consider the A B C of the religion of Health.

The first law in every religion is the Law of Abstinence as revealed in the Ten Commandments—"Thou shalt not"—and later on we are given the positive commandments. First of all, let us deal with the thought world, where we realise that to send out thoughts against other persons, other things, and even against ourselves, is injurious to our health and welfare. There is an old Hindu legend that conveys the idea that when one sends out a thought against another, whether it hits the other person or not, it is bound to come back to the person who sent it out. Therefore one should abstain from thoughts against others.

One should also abstain from thoughts of worry and fear. Worry is one of the very few things that we can lay down a law against, as it is absolutely poisonous. Some day we shall be able to register it in chemical terms in the same way as we write water down as H₂O. Unlike other poisons, it does not stimulate, but is a depressing, paralysing, and breaking-up poison. It is a sheer waste of energy to be disappointed or to rebel against one's circumstances, and life would become much more bearable if only people would take things philosophically, as a matter of course. Some people speak as if Providence were always, in some ingenious way, trying to injure them, or to load them with the just reward of other people, instead of recognising that we are largely responsible for our own conditions.

Abstinence in the physical world is largely a matter of individual requirements and necessities. It depends partly on the physical needs and partly on the moral attainment. To mention a personal characteristic, I may say that up to the age of 27 I had a fearful repulsion to beef tea and all meat extracts. Generally speaking, one is on safe ground in abstaining from anything that one's instinct rebels against. On the other hand, the craving for anything is no proof of its desirability, and this is where the majority of people make mistakes. The instinct of avoidance is almost a sacred law with children, and should be respected by parents.

You cannot trust your instincts within the first few days of trial, as the experiments in fasting have proved over and over again. The lassitude and faintness felt during the first days disappeared with the progress of the fast. Many persons find that the "no breakfast" plan is suited to their needs, but a great deal of harm has been done by its staunchest advocates insisting that it is good for everyone.

A plan that is to be recommended is that of keeping a list of foods that should not be taken under any circumstances, and another list of foods that, though unsuitable, may be taken in small amounts, for the sake of sociability. It is also wise to make one's dietary as broad as possible so as not to appear too conspicuous. So much for the Law of Abstinence.

Now, let us take the second letter, "B," which refers to Breathing. This subject is not understood in the West. It is very instructive to take the words that refer to Spirit in many languages, and trace them back to their physical origin. When we want to express spirit we have no words in most languages except words connected with "air" and "breathing" (pneuma, etc.); and that is one reason why breathing has formed such an important part in all Eastern religions. No Hindu who is true to his religion would think of praying before he had his breathing in order and under control. It is part of the physical foundation of his religion, and he knows that behind it, and in it, there is something spiritual.

Those who have mastered the art of deep and full breathing are thereby enabled to master their emotions—they can overcome pain, and secure control of the mind and of the circulation of the blood. The control of the breathing prevents one from becoming hurried

and flurried, and one acts leisurely, although not lazily. Breathing can be adapted to various needs, for instance, in producing warmth or the opposite effect; or one can breathe in order to become more sensitive—in fact, the all-round value of deep and full breathing cannot be over-estimated. Of all physical practices, this is the first and foremost, and one that can be regulated without being in the least conspicuous; if you have learnt how to breathe deeply and fully, people may not suspect it—they only notice that you are calm, poised, and good-tempered.

The third letter represents Cleanliness, a subject which, although of such vital importance, receives but scanty attention in orthodox text-books on Physiology. In the early days of the Jewish religion its adherents regarded as symbolic the practice of washing before religious services. Thus the cleansing without was helpful to the process of cleansing within. Although water is a valuable cleansing agent, the juices of fruit, salads, well-cooked vegetables, and cereal drinks are much more efficacious on account of their neutralising properties. The last-mentioned are within the reach of all, and are most economical, barley water being a preparation of the utmost value in hot weather.

I believe that in the pursuit of physical health it matters very little where one begins, but I must protest against the one-sided cranks who say there is only one way to health. The main thing is to have the desire for health. Having read Mrs. Eddy's book three times, I am more and more of the opinion that Christian Science, as taught by her, and "conscious" and scientific Food-reform are incompatible. When you say that Matter does not matter, it is absurd to say that certain foods are right and other foods are wrong; yet she is so inconsistent as to condemn the use of alcohol and tobacco. But she says nothing about flesh-food, though a large number of Christian Scientists tend towards food-reform. Mental Scientists of all "schools of thought" show a tendency in the same direction, which goes to prove their instinctive belief in Matter, and in the operation of physical law, in spite of their assertions to the contrary.

The English public, as a rule, are slow to take up any reform. They are shy, and do not like doing anything unusual, whether it is wise or otherwise. The typical Englishman would rather do the wrong thing with the masses than do the right thing alone.

Let D stand for Dietetics in this table of rules. This subject should be studied by everyone who desires Health, and it need not be an elaborate study after all. Many people bring the Cause of Food Reform into disrepute because they are such miserable specimens. Such usually take the question up from humane or ethical motives, which are the highest; but they ignore science altogether. The humane motive certainly gives courage and enables the beginner to persevere, but unless a little study is given to the subject at the outset, failure is likely to follow. It is the duty of the Food Reformer to look as well as he can, in justice to the Cause which he recommends.

Lastly, the letter E may well stand for Exercise. This is a subject about which there is a great amount of misunderstanding, chiefly because people advocate it for the purpose of making money, but also because those in need of it take it merely to ward off disease. To take Exercise only as an antidote for mistakes made in diet is altogether wrong; Exercise should be regarded as a valuable means of increasing positive vitality and fitness, and enhancing a person's value in the world. It may also be regarded as a means of remedying and preventing the tendencies of civilisation. We are inclined to sit too much in these present days, and therefore one of the best exercises for most people is stretching. After you have fed a dog and given him all the things he does not really want, you will notice that his first action is that of stretching. Those forms of exercise that only lead to muscle building, to the development of large biceps, and to create ability for lifting heavy weights, etc., are of very little use, for in many instances they tend to waste more energy than they promote.

The foregoing remarks may suggest ways and means for those who are searching for Health and endeavouring to gain that poise, fitness, and balance which are so lacking in the life of to-day.

The Social Side of Oralism.

By Robert P. MacGregor.

(An address delivered before the Ninth Convention and World's Congress of the Deaf, Colorado Springs, Colo., August 10, 1910.)

It is difficult for me to treat seriously the subject assigned me for discussion to-day. You all know that the "restored to society" deaf person is a standing joke among us. We are always hearing of him, but we have never seen him. Like the Irishman's flea, as soon as we put our finger on him he is sure to be somewhere else, so we have never been able to capture a real simon pure oralistic "restored to society" deaf person, and hold him long enough to get him under the microscope and describe him.

But seriously this is a serious question with us, for it means much to us. Man is a social being. The deaf crave the society of their fellows just as much as other people, and any system of education that deprives them of that solace is radically defective, to say the very least.

Our Oralistic friends may be sincere in their belief that they can give us speech good enough for every day use, and that "signs are a curse" to us, but they always remind me of the perpetual motion cranks. They are always on the point of success, but they never succeed, and, what is more, they never will. But as all the science in the world will never convince a perpetual motion crank that he is attempting the impossible, so none of the arguments that we can put forward; none of the countless concrete examples of failure that we can show; none of the facts of practical experience in our own lives, will ever convince the Pure Oralist that he is attempting the impossible.

The perpetual motion man injures no one but himself. The oralist injures countless numbers of human beings when it comes to considering his work from the social point of view, for, as one of our most gifted members pathetically says of the orally taught, "we do not fit in anywhere" in the social world. With imperfect speech they cannot mingle freely with the hearing, and, knowing no signs, they are equally at sea in a social gathering of the deaf. Their condition is truly pitiable. "They know what it is to be in the world and not of it—to be shut in by an imperturbable wall of silence."

All social intercourse depends upon give and take on equal terms. Many of our hearing friends are kind—for a time—but we cannot always be receiving favours at their hands at the expense of time and patience. The time comes sooner or later, mostly sooner, when patience gives out, and then we become a nuisance to be avoided, and we are avoided, as we all know. Our Pure Oral friends insist that we shall not use writing, signs or finger spelling in our social intercourse, but speech and speech only, much to our embarrassment, mortification and despair. They do not know, but we know, for, as Kipling says:

"The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth point goes;
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad."

Our oralistic butterflies, basking in the sunshine of perfect hearing and speech, preach contentment to us when the spikes of their own making pierce us to the very soul!

"He laughs at scars who never felt a wound."

Of course, we all know of a few among us especially gifted in lip-reading and speech, who manage to get along fairly well, I might say astonishingly well in social circles, but all these cases when investigated prove to be semi-mutes, who lost their speech between the ages of five and ten years or later, and they do not owe their proficiency in lip-reading or speech to any Oral School, but to the loving devotion of a mother or some other near relative, and for the Pure Oralists to parade these cases before the world as products of their own is the rankest fraud.

A lady friend of mine who is an excellent lip-reader and very proficient in speech, once met a hearing lady at a social gathering. The hearing lady said: "O! you speak so well! I wish my niece could talk as well as you do. I can hardly understand her or she me." "Who is your niece?" inquired my friend. "Why, don't you

know? She is Mrs. —" (mentioning a name well known among the deaf). It turned out that this niece had been brought up in a pure oral school. At great expense, and that even after marriage, when she was the mother of children, she continued taking lessons in lip-reading and speech, but she could not make herself understood except with difficulty. Her husband is a staunch oralist, but when she appears in public he helps her out by spelling to her on the sly, and yet he insists that we shall not use signs or finger spelling! Now, if this lady, rolling in wealth, and with every advantage at her disposal, is not a success in a social way, what can be expected of the average graduate of our Pure Oral Schools?

This summer a reunion of graduates of the highest priced Pure Oral School in this country was held at the school. Signs were tabooed. These graduates experienced so much difficulty in making themselves understood by speech that many of them gave up the attempt and conversed by means of pencil and pad! And some were so disgusted that they vowed never to attend another such reunion. Now, if these high-priced pupils—it cost their parents one thousand dollars a year, for years and years—could not converse among themselves freely by means of speech, what is the outlook for the average deaf pupil, who has no such advantages? And is it not obtaining money under false pretences to hand our prospects to confiding parents that are not fulfilled just for their one thousand dollars a year?

"I do not understand" is the rock on which Oralism founders.

A deaf lady writer recently said: "The Bible says:—'Curse not the deaf.' But we must admit there is some temptation to curse us when one tries four or five times to make us understand, and then has to get a pencil and write it." And she is right.

But what I wish to emphasise to-day is this:

Pure Oralism as it exists to-day is such a total failure in the social life of the deaf that ninety per cent. of the orally taught drop their hardly acquired speech—except among very near relatives—almost as soon as they leave school, and resort to writing and signs in all their social intercourse with the world at large.

Theory is one thing, but practical experience is another. We are taught, at great expense of time and money, that speech is everything; but, when we leave school and go out into the world, we speedily discover that we have been deceived—and act accordingly—throw away speech, and resort to signs and writing in all social intercourse.

What a vast waste of time, money and happiness.

A great deal is just now being said in the public press about the conservation of our natural resources.

Here is a chance to conserve. Let Pure Oralism be abolished, and the waste of time and money and hopes deferred that it entails will cease, and the happiness of the deaf will be conserved where it is now wasted in fruitless efforts to accomplish the impossible—the substitution of lip-reading for hearing.

All substitutes are frauds, more or less. This is recognised in the business world. Why not recognise it in the educational world?

Give us the Combined System which fits the method to the child, be it oralism, signs, manualism, auralism, or anything else that may be discovered later, and the deaf will have no "tooth-points" to complain of and will be happy.

The superintendent of a certain Pure Oral School recently announced (I have not his exact language at hand, and give only the substance) that Pure Oralism, as practiced in his school, consisted in giving their pupils practical and useful speech, and practical education. But these two cannot go together. If the pupil gets a practical education, his speech is imperfect; if he gets perfect speech, he gets it at the expense of a practical English education, for so much time is spent in developing the organs of the throat that head is neglected.

In conclusion, my dear friends, I will say there is absolutely no social side to Pure Oralism for the average deaf person, and I challenge a contradiction to this statement on this floor or anywhere else. I am from Missouri, and want to be shown.

Nature is bountiful and fair. Is it Nature's fault if we trample on the blossom and batten on the weed? Man only is to blame for man's sorrow.

Gems of Thought.

Selected by "The Tramp."

"God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world."

"In nature there are no rewards and punishments; there are consequences."—H. A. Vachell.

"The heart turns to flint when the blessing of religion is changed to the curse of sect."—A. Conan Doyle.

"We too often make our happiness depend upon things that we desire, whilst others would find it in a single thing that we possess."

"Does any man wound thee? Not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayest never inflict it upon another."

"The inner side of every cloud is bright and shining;

I, therefore, turn my thoughts about,

And always wear them inside out—

To show the lining."

"Firmian merely replied: More than one Saviour has already died for the earth and man; and I am convinced that Christ will one day take many pious human beings by the hand, and say to them, 'Ye, too, have suffered under Pilates.'"—Jean Paul Richter.

"There are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals from the immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear the beatings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite."—James A. Garfield.

"He is good who does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he is better still, and if he suffers for them to whom he did good, he has arrived at that height of goodness that nothing but an increase of suffering can add to it; if it proves his death, his virtue is at its summit—it is heroism complete."—Buyere.

"You may weep your eyes blind, you may shout your throat dry, you may deafen the ears of your world for half a lifetime, and you may never get a truth believed in, never have a simple fact accredited. But the lie flies like the swallow, multiplies itself like the caterpillar, is accepted everywhere, like the visits of a king; it is a royal guest for whom the gates fly open, the red carpet is unrolled, the trumpets sound, the crowds applaud."—Ouida.

"Begin the morning by saying to thyself: I shall meet with the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial, all these things come to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil; but I that have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, and of the nature of him who sins that it is akin to mine, and participates in the same divinity, I can never be injured by any of them, for no man can fix a foulness on me, nor can I be angry and hate my brother.

"I do my duty, other things trouble me not; for either they are things for life, or things without reason, or things that have wandered and know not the way."—Marcus Aurelius Antonius.

Don't waste life in doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work before you. The right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.

When you have found your place you will be happy in it—contented, joyful, cheerful, energetic. The days will be all too short for you. Dinner time and closing time will come before you realise it.

All your faculties will give their consent to your work; will say "Amen" to your occupation. There will be no protest anywhere in your nature.

You will not feel humiliated because you are a farmer, or a blacksmith, or a shoemaker; because, whatever your occupation or profession, you will be an artist instead of an artisan.

You will feel yourself growing in your work, and your life broadening and deepening.

Your work will be a perpetual tonic to you. There will be no drudgery in it.

Life will be a glory, not a grind.

Build Your Own Monument.

By B. F. Austin, A.M.

Mohammed, the prophet, was once asked for advice by a man who wished to erect a monument to his father, and had not the means with which to build it.

"Go, dig a well in the desert. That will be the best monument to your father," was the prophet's wise reply.

There seems to be inherent in every normally constituted man a desire to be remembered with love and gratitude—a fear of being forgotten when absent or dead. This is doubtless one reason why the soul shrinks back on itself and shudders at destruction. This love and fear form the chief inspiring cause of the monuments we erect to our departed friends. We recognise their desire to be cherished in memory, and build them monuments, hoping—in some vague way—"our remembrance may reach them where they live."

Yet the tall shafts and sculptured stones above the frame but faintly fulfil their purpose. Too often they are dedicated to vanity and selfish pride, and too often their records of praise accord but illy with the life and character. Millions of dollars are thus practically wasted in idle show which might found institutions of practical and perpetual benefit to humanity.

"How much wiser on our part, and how much more grateful to our departed friends, to found in their name some institution, devise some form of charity, institute some reform or improvement in society, that would be a source of instruction, comfort, inspiration, or happiness to the living, and thus 'build a well in the desert.'

"To-day we know, through abundant and verified spirit messages, that our departed friends care little for costly monuments above their graves, but esteem as great riches the kindly thought of the living, the memory of any virtues, or graces, they possessed, and the recognition of the fact that the bonds of affection between mortals and their departed friends are not broken by death.

"We know also that in one way these monuments and the floral and other decorations of the grave mar the happiness of our arisen friends. They perpetuate the idea that in some undefined way the departed friends are either sleeping in the tomb, or more closely identified with the grave than with any other spot on earth, or are dependent on a bodily resurrection therefrom, for their future life and happiness. "This is—judging by a multitude of messages—a most abhorrent thought to our friends who have met and conquered death. They ever and always wish to be thought of as still in the home circle, filling 'the vacant chair' by the fireside, consciously interested in all that pertains to the living, especially in all that concerns the spiritual growth and unfoldment of those still in the body.

"A school, or hospital, or house of refuge, founded in the name of a departed friend, a ward in a hospital in their memory, a scholarship, a charity, or some association for benevolent work, becomes, indeed, a 'well in the desert' to both worlds, inasmuch as its beneficent influence becomes at once a constant source of good to the living and a perpetual source of happiness to the departed.

"Leland Stanford University is the direct result of a spirit message. Mr. and Mrs. Stanford were devout Spiritualists, and in communication with the spirit of their son—a most promising youth—expressed a determination to build him a suitable monument. 'You loved me,' said the young man, in effect, 'and would have done all you could for me. Do for other boys what you would have done for me'—and the University grew out of this request.

"Some men build their own monument in the grateful minds and hearts of their fellowmen by redeeming some life from sin and sorrow, which becomes in turn a benediction to the world. The man who touched the drunkard, Gough, on the shoulder, and won his sympathy, and started him on his temperance career, built himself a glorious monument, for Gough's life and preaching reformed thousands of inebriates.

"The Crittenden homes for women who are escaping from a life of shame, now established in many great cities, were erected by a man in memory of an idolised departed daughter. These homes—like wells in the desert—will save many famishing souls on earth, and

must certainly enhance the happiness of the daughter in spirit life.
"One of the most laudable ambitions a man can have to-day is to earn honestly enough money to found some beneficent institution, or charity, or form of needed instruction for his fellows, that will prove a flowing fountain of good, a well in the desert, when his mortal career is ended.

"A school chum of mine—who worked his way through college—taught by bitter experience the hardships poor boys undergo in getting an education, developed such strong sympathy with struggling boys that his whole early life seemed to centre in one purpose—the founding of an institution, half farm and half school, like the Tuskegee Institute, where boys could work their way to a practical education and become independent and prosperous. He was greatly prospered in money-making, but, like many who become rich, lost the high ideals which inspired him in his early days.

"There are many open doors of usefulness before men of wealth to-day, but it is doubtful if any one is more promising or permanent and fruitful good to humanity than the diffusion of knowledge to men concerning the great laws that govern human growth and development. The man who can efficiently spread among his fellows higher and nobler conceptions of human nature, clearer views of truth, and show men the way, by self-help, to the heights of human attainment in health and usefulness and happiness, is building his own monument and giving to men a 'well in the desert.'"

Old Friends.

"There are no friends like old friends,
And none so good and true;
We greet them when we meet them
As roses greet the dew;
No other friends are dearer,
Though born of kindred mould;
And while we prize the new ones,
We treasure more the old.
There are no friends like old friends,
Where'er we dwell or roam;
In lands beyond the ocean,
Or near the bounds of home;
And when they smile to gladden,
Or sometimes frown to guide,
We fondly wish those old friends
Were always by our side.
There are no friends like old friends
To help us with the load
That all must bear who journey
O'er life's uneven road;
And when unconquered sorrows
The weary hours invest,
The kindly words of old friends
Are always found the best.
There are no friends like old friends
To calm our frequent fears,
When shadows fall and deepen
Through life's declining years;
And when our faltering footsteps
Approach the Great Divide,
We'll long to meet the old friends
Who wait on the other side."

"Deaf Mutes' Register."

By beneficent suggestion we may often influence for good a nature that can bear no arguments nor opposite opinions without being stirred to excited antagonism.

Victories that are worth having are those which come as a result of hard fighting.

It is better to be a fool seeking knowledge than to be a wise man satisfied with what you have.