THE ADULT DEAF AND DUMB SOCIETY OF VICTORIA

(INCORPORATED)

(For Objects, &c., see page 4 of Cover)

PUBLIC ASKED TO NOTE

That no one is authorised to collect Funds for the Society except on proper collecting cards or books, which bear the name of the Officers of the Society.
As one object of the Society is to assist in obtaining employment for the Deaf and Dumb, and thus help the deserving poor, the public are respectfully requested never to relieve any beggar who is—or pretends to be—Deaf and Dumb, but to refer such to the Superintendent, by whom the case will be inquired into, and relief accorded.

TO BE DEAF & DUMB ENTITLES EVERY APPLICANT TO ITS COUNSEL & SYMPATHY

Subscriptions and Donations to carry on and extend the work of this Society will be most thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged.

They may be sent to the Assistant Treasurer—
M. L. MILLER, Esq., Deaf Mute Centre, Flinders Street, Melbourne.

ALPHABET

Printed by Peacock Bros. Printing Company, 214 Queen Street, and published by the Deaf Mute Publishing Company, 70 Bourke Street East, Melbourne

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.

Editor: ERNEST J. D. ABRAHAM. Sub-Editor: DAISY MUIR.

10TH YEAR. JULY-AUGUST-SEPT., 1912. NO. 16. NEW SERIES

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY in January, April, July, and October
SUBSCRIPTION 1/4 per annum, post free.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO "The Gesture" Deaf Mute Publishing Coy., 70 Bourke Street, Melbourne, Victoria.

TO SUBSCRIBERS—When this paragraph is marked, it denotes that your subscription has expired, and we gently request you to renew.

What a Cheque for £5000 would do.

Eleven years ago there arrived in Melbourne one who was for many years a missionary to the deaf and dumb in the North of England. He had resigned that position to devote himself exclusively to the establishment of a Home and Farm Colony for the reception of the deaf mutes of the old land who have no other refuge but the workhouse. A very serious illness, however, made it necessary for him to take complete rest and to seek a warmer climate. He accepted the position of Superintendent of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of Victoria, and immediately on his arrival in Melbourne set to work to raise funds for a Church and Institute for the deaf of that city. £7000 was needed, but when £3500 had been raised, as the deaf had for some twenty years worshipped and held their meetings and classes in rented premises, it was decided to erect half the building. For the past eight years the Society has carried on its work in this incomplete "Centre" with remarkable success. When the various branches of the work were systematised it became apparent that some provision for the aged, infirm, blind and feeble-minded deaf and dumb was even more pressing than the completion of the Church and Educational Institute. He therefore set to work, and, with the help of deaf and hearing friends, raised £5000 for this object. Land within easy distance of Melbourne was purchased, and a home built. When the appeal was made it was intended to erect in wood, but because of the exceptional class of inmates it was found necessary to use brick. This meant the Women's Wing had to be omitted.

To meet the annual expenditure of maintaining these two branches of the work the income had to be increased from £600 to £2000. All this has been done. It has meant, however, that a man who has exceptional gifts for the training and care of deaf mutes has had to concentrate the best of his energies upon strenuous efforts in raising money.

To erect the Church, Apartments for Apprentices, Workshop, etc., and thus complete the building at headquarters, will cost a further sum of £3500.

The Women's Wing and necessary improvements at the Home

YOU LIKED THE LAST ONE!
YOU WILL LIKE THIS
NUMBER BETTER!

The Gesture.

The Voice of the Deaf and Dumb of Australasia

JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, 1912

HAVE YOU

Ever read this Magazine?

If not, read the contents of this one—It will do you good. If you have read the "Gesture" you will not need this advice, for you know what is good and are sure to read it.

PRICE 3D.

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The Women's Wing and necessary improvements at the Home

for Aged and Infirm Deaf Mutes will cost (in addition to the £960 in hand) £1500 to build.

Briefly put, that means a further sum of £5000 is still needed to complete our buildings.

At present the men's quarters has its full complement, and seven women are crowded into rooms meant for other purposes, awaiting the erection of the Women's Wing. Now, supposing our Superintendent continues his uphill efforts to get in this £5000, in sums more or less small, another three years at least of his time will have to be centred upon this money-getting.

But, supposing some generous friend, or combination of generous friends, donated a cheque for the whole amount, what a mighty load it would remove from the shoulders of our Committee and our teacher; and, what is of still greater importance, he would be able to devote the special talents with which he is gifted to the work itself—the spiritual, moral and mental advancement of the deaf and dumb, not only of this State, but the whole of Australia.

We send forth this little seed with the earnest prayer that it will fall upon the right soil, and bring forth the fruit which means so very much to the deaf and dumb of this State.

* * *

Live in the Sunshine.

Live in the sunshine; don't live in the gloom;
Carry some gladness the world to illume;
Live in the brightness and take to heart;
The world will be better if you do your part.

Live on the housetop; not down in the cell (ar);
Open-air Christians live boldly and well;
Live where joys abound, and, scorning defeat,
Have a good morrow for all whom you meet.

Live like a victor, and, triumphing, go
Through this world doing all the good that you know;
Live in the sunshine; God meant it for you;
Live as the robins, and sing the day through.

* * * * *

Make Home Cheerful.

You can always make home cheerful
If the right course you begin;
You can make the inmates happy,
And their truest blessings win;
It will make the small room brighter
If you let the sunshine in.

You may fill your home with music,
And with sunshine brimming o'er,
If against all dark intruders
You will firmly close the door;
Yet should shadows enter,
You will love each other the more.

There are treasures for the lowly
Which the grandest fail to find;
There is a chain of sweet affection
Binding friends of kindred minds;
You may reap the choicest blessings
From the poorest lot assigned.

What Others Think of Us.

This is a much less important matter than what others ought to think of us. It is better to be in disgrace with others because we are misunderstood than to be in favour because they suppose us to be better than we are.

News of the Victorian Deaf.

By "Boronia."

On me, as correspondent to the "Gesture," falls the duty of entering all important events, pertaining to the Victorian deaf that occur between the publication of the different numbers of this magazine. I will now, with pleasure, proceed to do so, omitting an account of the late general annual meeting of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society, owing to the fact that the annual report and the summary transcripts of the speeches read at the meeting were (luckily for me) not placed in my hands at the time of writing. This responsibility I think I am justified in leaving to the Editor.

The 24th general annual meeting of the Deaf Congregation (this is not the meeting referred to above, inquiring reader) was held at the Deaf Mute Centre last May. The report, showing splendid progress made during the year 1911-12, was of a very lengthy and interesting character, from which I quote a few paragraphs that will give the reader some glimpses of our prosperity and harmony:—

The Deaf Committee of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society, in submitting its 24th annual report and financial statement for the year, have pleasure in being able to inform the members that satisfactory progress in every department has been a marked characteristic of the year's operations, and that the prospect regarding further expansion and success is most encouraging.

Our best thanks are due to the members of the General Committee for their help in the management of the affairs of the Society. Meetings were held monthly, and all matters brought before their notice received the closest attention. Mr. H. Sumner Martin, who has occupied the position of Hon. Secretary to the Society for many years, resigned during the past year, his reason being the growth of work since he originally undertook the duties, the expansion of the work in connection with his own profession, and his disinclination to hold a position for which he could not devote the time necessary to its needs. It is with pleasure we add that he is still a member of the committee, and ever ready with his advice. His successor is Mr. R. J. Oehr, who has the best wishes of every member. Mr. Harold Kent has also resigned the Hon. Treasurership of the Society. We thank him for the kindly services he has rendered our Society. It is pleasing to note the cordial relations existing between the Committee and the members of the Society.

The total amount of contributions for the year (private contributions not included) is £46/16/8, being £5/18/4 more than the previous year. Of this sum, £30/10/6 was by the envelope system, £16/6/2 ordinary contributions, and private contributions by the deaf totalled £9/0/6. It is very pleasing to note that nearly all the members of the congregation have contributed their share during the past 12 months to swell the list of contributions to our Society. £5/3/10 was collected in aid of the usual Hospital Sunday Fund.

It is gratifying to the Committee to report that the membership has been well maintained. Fourteen new members were added during the year. The work devolving on the Hon. Secretary (Mr. J. E. Muir) is considerable, and members are reminded that each person they introduce into our deaf mute circle greatly assists their Hon. Secretary, whose enthusiasm in this department has been largely instrumental in the securing of the increase. The work of the Hon. Sec. was of inestimable value to the Committee. He has carried out his duties in a thoroughly efficient manner, and we thank him for the whole-hearted way in which he has carried out his duties; also the Hon. Secretaries of the various branches for their assistance in promoting the welfare of the Society.

Your committee desire to record their appreciation of the services rendered to members of the Society by Mr. E. J. D. Abraham as Chaplain and Superintendent. He has occupied that position since 9th October, 1901, and, during that period, has been a zealous worker, not only in the society's interests, but in the general well-being of the deaf of Australasia.

The financial condition of the Deaf Committee Fund is satisfac-

tory, the receipts being £50/16/3, and the expenditure £38/5/7, leaving a surplus of £12/10/8 to carry forward.

The Outing Fund and Bank has been steadily progressing; deposits began to flow in after the holidays. There are forty-eight depositors on the roll, and the sum of £80 odd has accumulated during the past twelve months, despite heavy withdrawals.

Now here, I wish to say a word for the Deaf Committee. They have gladly responded to what they may have regarded as the duty of call, and have worked well for us. What impresses me most in them is their sincerity and courtesy. They move about unostentatiously, attending to the wants of the members, they lay hold of and discuss questions laid before them in a most business-like way, and smooth out difficulties that arise now and then. They also plan and arrange lectures and various kinds of amusements for us. They have our grateful thanks.

Members of the Deaf Committee are:—President, Mr. E. J. D. Abraham; Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. E. Muir; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. F. E. Frewin; Committee, Messrs. M. L. Miller, R. H. Luff, G. Mortimer, W. P. Muir, J. McLean, T. A. Nelson and S. Moss. Messrs. J. E. Muir and R. H. Luff were elected representatives to the Society Committee. Thanks are due to Mr. W. P. Muir, who resigned as Hon. Treasurer after six years' service.

"Our Monthly Letter" will enter its ninth year in August next. Year after year it increases in usefulness and interest. Month after month it brings us news of deaf and hearing friends—joyful and sad—and loving messages from distant friends. It gives us sound advice, encouragement and hope. It reviews our work. It tells us of the healthy finances and prosperity of our Society, Guilds, Clubs, etc., and of practical and successful schemes for the welfare of the deaf, not only in Australia, but also in other countries, and a thousand and one other things.

It cheers lonely lives, it brightens some weary hours of the sick, it awakens dull minds, and perhaps stirs up many a conscience. It is written in such a bright, conversational way that makes us bury our heads in it as soon as we get it until every page has been conned. "Our Monthly Letter" is sent gratis to the deaf of Victoria. Donations, from 1/- upwards, amounting to £5 towards the cost of production, have been received and acknowledged with thanks.

The Adult Deaf Lacrosse Club was formed at the beginning of the season, and has won all the matches but two so far. The ground is situated on the north side of the Yarra River in the Flinders Park.

The winter game competitions were reopened last June, and will continue every Saturday evening till the end of September. Lively interest is being manifested by the competitors.

According to the latest census, there are in the Commonwealth 1852 deaf mutes, and of these 535 are in Victoria.

What shall I say about the Farm and Home at Blackburn, June being the quietest month of the year there? Roses and chrysanthemums, of which there were a great abundance—such beauties—are over. The men are busy planting, for they have to look well ahead. They especially take a keen interest in the flower cultivation; it seems to be doing them a lot of good. The farm was recently inspected by tourists from Queensland, West Australia and New Zealand, who were made aware of this experimental farm through the pages of the "Gesture."

Late in July there will be acres of winter bulbs in bloom, and in August it will be a glorious sight, and well worth a visit. Come and see it.

Mrs. Luke, an old friend of the Society, has presented a fine large bagatelle table to the Farm and Home. The inmates are delighted with it. We thank her gratefully for her kindness, and also for her never-failing interest in us. She sends a parcel of the "London Illustrated News" quarterly to our library, which is always much appreciated by the members.

The June number of "Our Monthly Letter" has just come to hand. It contains several articles of awakening interest, chiefly

"What a Cheque of £5000 Would Do," which occupies nearly two pages, and which will probably be repeated in the "Gesture." May it come to the notice of some friends looking out for an opportunity to do lasting good. There is a characteristic item in that number which is likely to strike some deaf onlookers with a twinge of conscience—"Are You One?"—

There are still a few, a very few certainly, of the deaf who continue to take advantage of the excellent provisions made for us without contributing anything towards the upkeep of same. This, to say the last, is mean, and it is not manly, nor is it womanly. Of course, our Centre is open to the whole of the deaf of this State six days of the week, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., and all are welcome to all the advantages to be found here without any payment whatever. But we deaf, as a class, are of opinion that it is up to us to give what support we can, to show that we appreciate what is being done for us, and—well, we haven't any time for shirkers, even when they are of our community. We mean to make the word "deaf" to mean something more than the loss of hearing. We want to hear the employer said, "Deaf, is he? Of course, I'll give him a job; those deaf folk are the most skilled workers I know of." And tradesmen, "The new customer is deaf. Oh, let him have whatever he wants; those deaf people are prompt payers." And the general public, "Help the Deaf Society? Certainly! Who would not help people who struggle so manfully, though doubly handicapped, to help themselves?" So now then, you few shirkers, come into line; do your share.

I read with pleasure the following item in the same number of that little journal:—"Our 'old boys' are taking a lively interest in the selection of trades for our junior members. There is a determination that the growing generation of the deaf shall be put to good trades. Mr. F. Frewin is indefatigable in his efforts, and has already placed two or three of our youths, and has made attempts on behalf of others. Mr. Cann has taken one into his works, and Mr. M. L. Miller, who is perhaps the leading copper-plate engraver in Melbourne, is taking special pains to impart his skill to another. Some time ago they were awakened to the necessity of taking some definite action by the number of boys being put to the boot trade." May the good example of these unselfish and interested gentlemen be followed by others.

Mr. George Stephenson, the Superintendent of the Sheffield Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, says, after reading about our work in recent numbers of the "Gesture" and "Our Monthly Letter," that the motto of our Society seems to be "Moving." Yes, Mr. Stephenson, we are ever moving. There is so much to be done We shall never rest, but plough patiently and perseveringly through difficulties and trials to goal after goal of our many desires. Unless a few generous friends come along with handsome cheques it will be years before our dreams can be realised. Then we will be able to give more of our attention to other good work in the interests of the hearing and deaf poor, and make our way to a wider sphere of usefulness in the mission field.

There was one thing which Mr. Stephenson failed to discover in the work of the Society. That was Temperance Work. We do not need that at all. The June number of "Our Monthly Letter" reveals the fact:—"So far as Melbourne is concerned, none of our people are troubled with the drink curse. Now and again a deaf immigrant with the habit arrives from the old world, but he either gives it up or disappears from our world."

Hobson's Choice.

By Florens Folsom.

Just trust:
You know you must!
There's nothing else to do!
Trust, and wait;
Soon or late
Yours will come home to you.

What is Death ?

The day of death is the birthday of eternity.

Death is but one little step into another room.—Aster.

Death is not departure, but arrival; not sleep, but waking.—Henry Drummond.

Death is the veil which those who live call life: they sleep, and it is lifted.—Shelley.

Death is but God's method of colonisation—the transition from this mother country of our race to the fairer and newer world of our emigration.—James Martineau.

Death is only the gate of life—the path from joyful work in this world to greater capacities and opportunities for it in the other. —Horatia Gatty.

Death is not a wall cutting off the path and ending all progress: it is a gate—an open gate—through which the life sweeps on through eternity. Progress, therefore, is endless, and the goal is ever unreached.—J. R. Miller.

The process of death is but the sloughing off of the outermost organism, the casting of the garment of clay that the interior spiritual body may be far more actively employed by the spirit in the processes of consciousness, of life manifestation upon a higher and more subtle plane, dealing with finer forces.—E. W. Wallis.

Death is neither terrible nor unnatural, but is a part of the process of living, for life is not reached but in the freedom of change, and at points of transformation. In Nature there is no absolute death, only readjustment. Such dying is only part of a perfect life-process.—E. P. Powell.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This lift of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

—Longfellow.

I believe that the first moment of conscious existence beyond what we call death, we shall find that we are just ourselves; that we have waked up as we went to sleep; that we have only passed through an open doorway, and are what we were before—only the conditions will be changed, circumstances will be altered.—M. J. Savage.

Death is not the end. Beyond it lies a future—incomprehensible, august, transcending thought. Of what lies beyond the veil our truest foreshinings are given by the experiences of holiness and love. —George S. Merriam.

Sleep was one of the apostolic names for death, full of tenderness and peace, but it must not be understood to mean inaction. It is rest from the weariness and harassment of the present life; it is the entrance into the freedom and buoyancy of the life to come.—John Watson.

Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleased to my soul at death I cry).
Our life is closed, our life begins;
The long, long anchorage we leave;
The ship is clear at last; she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore.
Joy, shipmate, joy!

—Walt. Whitman.

I watched a sail until it dropt from sight
Over the rounding sea. A gleam of white
At last far-flashed farewell, and, like a thought,
Slipt out of mind; it vanished and was not.

Yet, to the helmsman standing at the wheel,
Broad seas still stretched before the gliding keel.
Disaster? Change? He felt no slightest sign,
Nor dreamed he of that dim horizon line.

So may it be, perchance, when down the tide
Our dear ones vanish. Peacefully they glide
On level seas, nor mark the unknown bound.
We call it death. To them 'tis life beyond.

—James Buckham.

Come lonely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother, always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee; I glorify thee above all;
I bring thee a song, that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veil'd death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide,
Over the dense-packed cities all and the teeming wharves and ways
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O death.

—Walt. Whitman.

* * * * *

A Deaf Mechanical Genius.

Charles E. Wilson, a deaf man, of Toronto, Ont., is a remarkable mechanical genius. He recently constructed a piece of mechanism, which is worked by means of a small crank, showing a woman milking a cow. The woman's hands move, and occasionally her head will turn. The cow is slowly chewing its cud, and will once in a while brush away the flies with its tail. Even the streams of milk are seen. A pig standing by is feeding out of a pail. Its mouth moves, and the little tail shakes as the tail of a happy pig does. A frog is sitting just in front of the cow, and its throat moves as a frog does in breathing. All these different movements are caused by wires running into the figures, which are controlled by the small crank. Mr. Wilson, who invented and made the curiosity, is a draughtsman at the Toronto Engraving Company's works. He was born in Richmond, Eastern Township. His father was a retired English officer, and his mother took charge of her child's education. Mr. Wilson is also a successful amateur carpenter, upholsterer and taxidermist.

Good Manners.

To be always thinking about your manners is not the way to make them good, because the very perfection of manners is not to think about yourself.

Limitless Receptivity.

A gentleman, writing for a delineation of his character from his handwriting, appended the following note:—

A native of the South; in youth I swallowed a "fish bladder," that I might swim at once. Held a bag for some hours at midnight in a desolate field—lighted a candle—expecting snipe to roost there! A traveller for a number of years (in U.S.). Twenty years ago I located in New York City. The same credulity lived with me all my life. I believed in human truth—human virtue—human passion and justice. With equal folly, as in the fish bladder and snipe kind of episodes, I believed integrity—even in lawyers, doctors and Churchmen.

I have a purpose—outgrowth of forty years of evolution—attrition.

What may not one learn by limitless receptivity?

Well, neighbour, sounds good, that, doesn't it? Always cheerful, always hopeful, this gentleman. Very likely happy all the way, too. Credulity evidently has its compensations. Serenity—faith—hope—happiness. A goodly collection of desirables—but—enough.

I started out to write about that "limitless receptivity."

That is distinctly good. "Limitless receptivity," indeed! How many can say as much? Does it not, though, point out possibilities as yet undreamed by the multitude? Reflection tells much. Dreams—air-castles—imagination if you will—tells much more. "Limitless receptivity," ponder much, friend.

History records excellent examples of "limitless receptivity." Goethe, the German poet, is one. When Kant's philosophy had Germany in the throes of violent contention, he alone retained his wonted composure. "Let this theory have its day, as all things have," was all he had to say. Plainly he was an exponent of "limitless receptivity."

The good survives. This is the creed of such men. They may suffer burns—but the burns heal. The burns may leave scars—but the scars teach. The compensation is equal to the experience. Always the good is retained—for use as circumstances, or inclinations, may dictate. The bad—if there be anything bad—suffers elimination through the process of mere mental discarding and abandonment.

As a creed "limitless receptivity" will stand every test of time. Every man, regardless of age, will find it a true and helpful friend. For the youth it spells the real capitalising of his moments of life; for the old it spells declining years of beauty and joy. Why reject insolently that which experience may bring, when this insolence spells the carving of an imperfect life, whilst an open mind would give us approximate perfection in all its beauty? Yes, let every man give to his fellows an open mind. He owes it to them as well as to himself.

It has been said, in more than a whisper, that this is a commercial age. Everything is business, business, business; business from early morn until late at night. Bleak is the outlook, mourn these wailers. Beauty no longer is to be—everything is to be made subservient to "business." And why, I ask, is all this? Why so dreary the aspect of business? Does not the age demand service, and may not service be wonderfully beautiful? Yes, and when service is not beautiful, why is it not? Can you not see the connection between joyless service and lack of "limitless receptivity"? Think it over.

The throng passes—a throng of the commercial age—this age. You study the faces. Stupid this man—bright, wide-awake the next. The one over near the edge is sort of semi. The next dozen repel you—as *they* repel anything which might by incisive sharpness penetrate their iron skulls. Another bright one passes—a woman. So it goes throughout the livelong day, week, month, year, years. The eternal throng passes—an open book to him who would see. Yet the difference between this many is only the difference between those who live a life of "limitless receptivity" and those who do not. The one partakes of everything that comes along with an open-mindedness that brings pleasure out of living; the other rejects instantaneously

and without consideration everything with which his present limited knowledge may be unfamiliar.

You may have, perhaps, in mind models of mental receptivity who are far from happy. I grant that there are such; but the fault lies with them, not with the idea. Always, when accepted in a pure spirit, good comes. When open-mindedness is practised as an end to bringing about the detriment of others, naturally, happiness cannot be had. The case of a great captain of industry comes to mind. He has won much money; his name is known to all in the least interested in the successes of mankind. Yet he does not look happy—it is said that he is not happy. No one questions his willingness to receive. He would learn all, were that possible. Where he errs is in trying to suppress success in others. He is not willing to match brain against brain; he must bring his money into the fight. Result—no joy for him, nor for others.

Aside from these exceptional instances—instances whose importance the many magnify out of all proportion to their value, because no way bearing upon the success or non-success of the "average" man—the idea of "limitless receptivity" will be found to be extremely useful. Millions who now lead a humdrum existence would, by an effort approximating practice, lift themselves into the class who find joy in the living. Incidentally, many would earn much better incomes, would enjoy greater liberty, would do more for suffering brethren. The writer whose letter you found quoted at the beginning of this article undoubtedly wrote largely for the joke of the thing; yet he voices a philosophy which presents great possibilities. As for the attrition of which he speaks, consider well that, too. Books are fine, very fine, in many ways; but nothing like rubbing up against the world for acquiring wisdom—and character.

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The Hearing of New Born Infants.

It is frequently asserted by medical writers that all children are born deaf, and we have somewhere seen the statement that they do not acquire hearing under two weeks. This is contrary to the observations of the writer, who convinced himself by experiment upon several of his own children that they heard on the day they were born. It is also contrary to the frequent observation of deaf parents, who are always eager to find out whether their children can hear, and apply tests to relieve their anxiety on that point soon after birth. One such test of hearing of an infant six days old is described in the "Annals," vol. xxxv., page 234.

Dr. O. Kurtvit, of Prague, in an article entitled "Uber das Gehor Neugeborener und Sauglinge," published in the Berlin "Beitage zur Anatomie, Physiologie, Pathologie and Therapie des Ohre, der Nase und des Halses" for December, 1911, vol. v., no. 4, pp. 149-257, gives a detailed statement of the examination of the hearing of 198 newborn children, of whom 101 were examined when they were from ten minutes to twenty-four hours old. The tests were made scientifically and carefully by means of the improved Bezold tuning forks, rubber hammers, and metal hammers.

Dr. Kurtvit found that 75 per cent. of the children gave distinct evidence of hearing during the first twenty-four hours.

All but one heard by the eleventh day. That one, who was the child of deaf parents, did not hear even on the nineteenth day, and was probably a deaf mute.

Dr. Kurtvit also inquired into the physical condition of the children and their mothers, and into the circumstances of their birth. In every instance where the children did not hear during the first day they were physically feeble, or their mothers were tuberculous, or the parturition had been prolonged and difficult. In the latter case there had probably been a pressure during birth upon the auditory organs that interfered temporarily with the power of hearing.—"Annals."

New Ideas for the New Time.

By Benjamin Fay Mills.

The first great discovery is the finding of God, the Great Perfection; that God is and that He is good, wholly good, and nothing but good.

The next is the Divinity of Man; that man is made in the image of God. It is true that all great religions are founded on this doctrine.

The Hebrews and Christians teach that "God made man upright," but that he fell from knowledge and character and happiness.

The Hindu regards the real man as an entranced God, dreaming away his existence, or gaining self-realisation through experience.

The Hebrew psalmist says in words quoted by Jesus. "I said, 'Ye are Gods,' and all of you are children of the Most High." The Fatherhood of God means that what God is man also is, and that as "God is spirit" man also is a self-existent, eternal, infinite, perfect being. From THAT was he born, before he was brought into the world by parents of the flesh.

God is Absolute Knowledge, Wisdom, Character, Joy and Power. Every man is an expression of this perfection, but although the realisation of this is not complete in any man we know, still the full-grown, self-conscious man would be one with the Father. All of these characteristics every man possesses at least in embryo, which means that "God is the citadel, and will one day open the door and let in the whole array of His army and attendants."

If the question be asked of an intelligent and enlightened man of the East and one of the West "Who are you?" the answers will apparently start in diametrically opposite directions, but will arrive at precisely the same conclusion.

The process of the Eastern sage would be an interior one. He would say: "Who am I? I am not my body. But, then, am I my mind? But who is the 'I' that says: 'My mind?' It is my soul? But still I say: 'My' soul. The real 'I' is the soul of my soul, and this is the soul of your soul and of all souls. It is the soul that is in all and through all and above all. I am one with the Eternal. No ocean drop is the entire ocean, but every drop is water, and so 'God reappears with all His parts in every particle.'"

The Westerner would look without, as he said: "Who am I? I am not my body. Yet would I not be the same 'I' without my body: I am not my clothes, and yet my clothes express me. I would not be the same 'I' with other father or mother or wife or children, nor without my associates. I could not be the same 'I' if I were of another nation or race. My nation and my race are a part of me. My planet is a part of me, and so is my universe and my cosmos. I am a universal being. I cannot fully express myself until I fill full the vastness of space. I am eternal, infinite, spiritual."

The Easterner says we arrive at realisation by a profound trust, the Westerner by an illimitable love. Both are true, and one without the other shall not be made perfect.

The Easterner tells of a sensual and a spiritually-minded man who said to a great teacher: "Sir, we would see God." The guru replied. "Find it out for Thyself. Thou art THAT." The sensual man went away and said to himself: "He means I am one with my body," and so gave himself up to sowing to the flesh until he reaped corruption.

The other thought: "He cannot mean that I am my body; he must mean I am one with my mind," and so, returning, he said: "Teacher, did you mean that I was one with my mind?" The other replied: "Find it out for thyself. Thou art THAT." He went away for the second time, and as he thought on the feebleness of his mind he said: "He cannot mean my mind; he must mean I am my soul." Returning, he said: "Teacher, did you mean I was my soul?" and the other answered: "Find it out for thyself. Thou art THAT." For the third time he gave himself to meditation, and it was revealed to him that the soul of his soul was God.

The Westerner says: "God is love, and he that abideth in love abideth in God and God in him." "Beloved, let us love one another:

for love is of God, and everyone that loveth is born of God and knoweth God."

Absolute Trust and Perfect Love are the keys by which man opens the doors of his kingdom—and herein it is that these ideas are new.

The Eastern and Western teachers have joined to tell of the glories of "the latter days," "the millennium," "the golden age," when men should manifest their divinity. But the Great Voice now echoes through the halls of the present hour, saying: "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." The modern command is "Demonstrate! Demonstrate!" Even the Presbyterian professor, Henry Drummond, says: "Henceforth man is to take charge of the process of evolution, even as until now he has been the one charge of it."

We believe the hour has now come when man with trust and love may attain such self-realisation that he may gain knowledge by intuition, wisdom by inspiration, character by regeneration, joy by illumination, and power by self-reliance, as he casts himself on his divinest impulses and sees the whole world come round to him.

* * * * *

The Descent of Man.

If we really have descended from apes, we could not have inherited the tendency to cruelty to our fellows from them. There is no struggle for existence between apes. They do not murder and oppress each other. There is no war of extermination going on between different members of any other breed of animals like that which goes on between human beings. In this respect we are *lower* than all other animals.

Yet the universal desire of humanity is for harmony and happiness. But we have fallen from the normal trend, and lost our way. We have, however, the power to get back into the right path through a rational knowledge of normal forces.

—W. E. Brokaw.

To *what* are you alive? Is it merely to a daily routine, a conventional worldly round? Is it only to a gratification of the senses, a specialised intellectual activity, or technical beaten path.

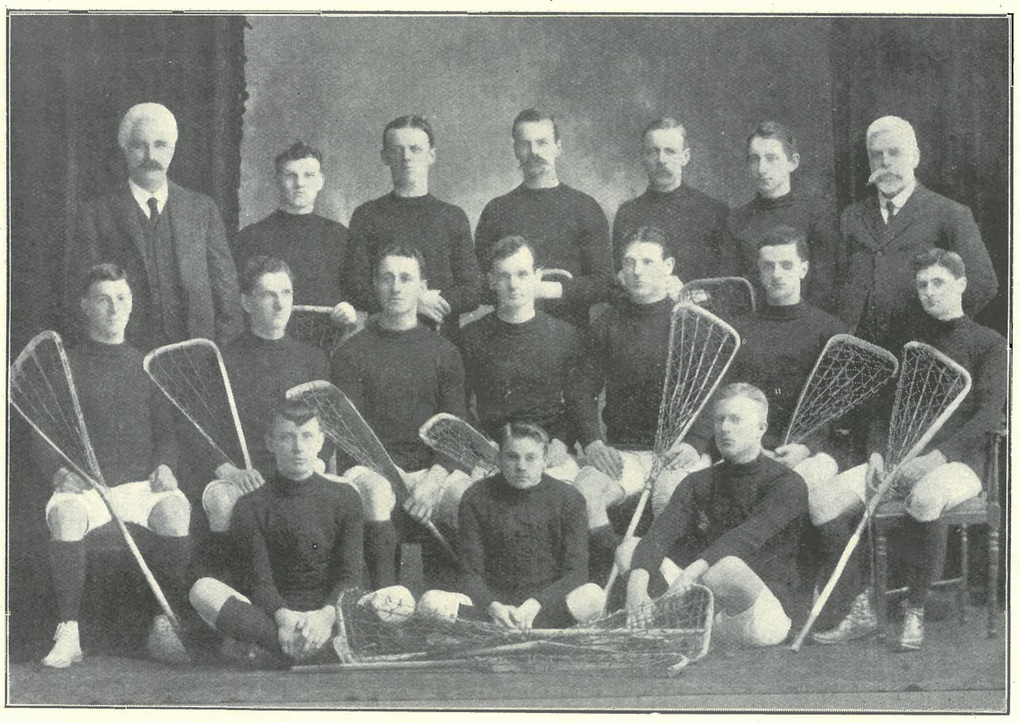
Are we alive to love, power, beauty, grandeur, health and harmony? Are we alive to ideals and the higher consciousness, and in vital touch with the Unseen? Are we using our rightful share of the universal stream of energy?

Our thinking is usually in conventional and materialistic ruts. This becomes so much a matter of habit that it holds the consciousness down to a barren and unprofitable level. Numerous limitations are absorbed from the surrounding atmosphere, and we carelessly become their subjects in mind and body. The body manifests the erroneous and false thinking of the past, and also the depressions of the race consciousness in general.

Habit is a most useful mental servant, but a hard master. Thought-habit is character. You are now, in mind, body, and estate, just what previous thinking has made you. Habit is a force to be harnessed!

Nothing happens! There is no chance. Everything has its cause, and in turn becomes the cause of something else. Divine law, whether on the natural, psychical or spiritual plane, enforces itself. While its violation always brings penalty—which often seems harsh—it is never vindictive, but rather corrective, educational, and even kindly. It shows us our mistakes, and powerfully appeals to us to turn about and get into the right path. If you pinch your finger, it is the law that it hurts. It is a good law. Were it painless you would grow careless, and might soon have no finger left.

The common warning of the past was: "Prepare to die." Theology, hymnology, sermon, and precept combined to press home that solemn injunction. Not very much was said about more love, greater faith, and a more spiritual life and consciousness. "*Prepare to live!*" is the present inspiration. What a wonderful change this will soon bring to the world.



The Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of Victoria—Lacrosse Club.

A Group of the youngest Girl Members of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of Victoria.
(Reproduced from Photo presented by them to the Superintendent.)

A Fellow's Mother.

A fellow's mother, said Fred, the wise,
With his rosy cheeks and merry blue eyes,
Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
By a thump or bruise or fall in the dirt.

She does not care—not much, I mean—
If a fellow's face is not quite clean;
And if your trousers are torn at the knee
She can put in a patch you'd never see.

A fellow's mother is never mad,
And only sorry if you are bad;
And I'll tell you this, if you are only true,
She'll always forgive you, whatever you do.

A fellow's mean who would never try
To keep the tear from her loving eye;
And the fellow's worse that sees it not
That his mother's the truest friend he's got.

In the springtime of life she lived. He remembers her so well now. She is not dead, though the grass above that tear-strewn mound is growing green once again. She lives a life eternal within his heart.

From that moment when he lay upon her breast, and his heart began its beating next her own—a moment when the depths of human feeling are touched and awakened and the heights of human possibilities disclosed—she loved him, lived for him, toiled for him, felt for him, saw for him, went hungry for him—and died for him.

He did not understand—then—the great, almost superhuman, task asked of her by the Creator; nor could he see—then—that the heart-breaking load she carried would have crushed the strongest of men; he only knew—then—that she was both father and mother to him.

And yet she bore her burden with a saintly smile and a patient soul that makes her now appear as a heavenly angel temporarily placed here by the Divine Maker to guide through the terrible meshes of an earthly life the being she had crossed the darkened valley of death to bring into existence.

He sees her now. With eyes of memory he watches her pass to and fro by his darkened bed, smoothing his aching brow, holding his feeble hand, murmuring "My boy!"

He sees her with frail, tired arms and worn-out body bending over her daily tasks, while he, unmindful and unheeding, romped in the mud in childish play.

He sees her toiling, toiling, throughout her never-ending days, and he didn't understand.

Her wan face greeted him when he tumbled from slumber's arm, and he remembers now that mother gave him the choicest bits from their scanty loaf. He sees her from his little bed sewing and darning and ironing "for my boy."

And then there grew a time when she was too weak to longer struggle with the burden that wrote the deep wrinkles upon her face and marked her body with wearied seams of pain and lifelessness.

Then when her work was done—when that tiny baby had been led hour by hour, day by day, week after week, through all these long days—her only ray of sunshine, "My boy!"—into the world of manhood, a strong, God-fearing and man-loving man—she lay down the life she had lived for him, and went to her glorious reward.

What though her hands were shapeless and rent with the disfigurations of toil?

To him they always were and always will be softest and whitest and best.

What though her body was bent and faltering?

To him she is still the most beautiful of all.

Therefore, on Mother's day, when so many have the blessed privilege of laying at living mothers' feet the flowers of love, other multitudes will with him live over sweet memories of days when mothers walked by their side, and he will wear the white flower for her—for her to whom he owes his being, his life, manliness, and hope of meeting her in the great hereafter.

So upon the threshold of this dear day, which the fragrance of the unpicked flower links itself to his tender memories, he writes these lines for the mother awaiting him upon the other shore.—"Columbus Citizen."

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Upholding the Dignity of our State School.

By Supt. C. E. White.

Since the friends of the deaf of our State have taken sufficient interest in the welfare of the deaf to enact legislation—first, removing the stigma of asylum from the name of the school where deaf children are educated, and, later, such an objectionable term as dumb—it is really surprising how many people in Olathe and vicinity still refer to the State School as "The Asylum," "The Deaf and Dumb," or "The D. & D."

Some of our citizens may not know that the legal name of the institution in Olathe is "Kansas School for the Deaf," which may easily be abbreviated to "School for the Deaf," "Deaf School," or simply "State School," without jarring upon the sensibilities of any of our deaf friends.

All bad habits are hard to break; so are habits in the use of language, which, it may be argued, are not incorrect in themselves because of long and continued usage, but which are nevertheless objectionable, and for that reason your State School should not be referred to as an asylum, a deaf and dumb institute, or even as the D. & D. The question may arise, why are these terms objectionable? The answers are simple. The definition of the word asylum, as given in the Standard dictionary, is as follows: An institution, charitable or otherwise, for the care of some class of afflicted, unfortunate or destitute persons; a retreat; as, asylums for the aged, an orphan asylum, a private insane asylum. (The name has been erroneously applied also to purely educational institutions, as for the deaf and the blind.)

The sentence in parenthesis is quoted from the same authority. It is quite evident, from the above definition, that the School for the Deaf is not an institution for the care of afflicted, unfortunate or destitute persons, and therefore is not an asylum, for it was not established for the CARE of any class of persons. The institution was established and is maintained for the EDUCATION of the deaf of the State, and has no other excuse for its existence.

Why is it objectionable to refer to our school as "The Deaf and Dumb," or as "The D. & D.?" For the reason that our pupils are not dumb in any sense of the word, and it is nothing short of an insult to refer to them as "Dummies." There is not a dumb pupil in the school. There is nothing whatever the matter with their vocal organs. The only reason they do not speak intelligibly is that they do not have their hearing to guide their articulation and speech is, therefore, mechanical with them. The majority of our pupils, however, lost their hearing from sickness of some kind, and, of course, had normal hearing before such serious illness occurred. Many of those, who have never heard, are being taught to articulate in a very intelligent manner. How unreasonable, then, to refer to deaf children as "dumb" or "dummies" when they are in no worse condition than any of the rest of us would be had we been afflicted with some serious illness in infancy or during childhood that had paralysed our auditory nerves and had left us unable to hear.

Instead of looking upon them as freaks of nature, and being interested in them merely out of curiosity, as a great many of our visitors from away seem to regard them, the greatest boon that could come to these unfortunate children would be for all of our local people to have these progressive ideas in mind, and all work together to the end that your School for the Deaf belongs to the great educational system of the State, and should be so recognised by proper legislation.—"Olathe Independent."

To all in Difficulties.

"To all in difficulties" was the way in which a gentleman, of whom James Payn, the novelist, once told me incautiously headed an advertisement which he inserted in various newspapers. He was a money-lender, and he imagined that heading would attract customers. He found out later that it might have been better worded. His eyes probably sparkled with anticipation of good business in the shape of inquiry fees and huge interest when he found his letter-box wholly inadequate to hold the replies he received; but he was doomed to considerable disappointment when he opened his correspondence and discovered that, as he had not said "monetary difficulties," some hundreds of people had written to him for advice on difficulties of every description. The only difficulties that had occurred to him were monetary ones. He was to learn that there were a good many others in the world, and he gnashed his teeth with rage and disgust as he found himself appealed to as a person anxious to advise an inquirer who was in a love difficulty, another who wanted advice as to a suitable occupation for a deaf and dumb boy, another on jam-making, and so on.

Difficulties are of all kinds, and as soon as the ordinary mortal is out of one he or she has to face another. Life is a struggle, and the struggle is with difficulties in one shape or another. There may be times of rest when one has settled some difficulty comfortably, and one gets a kind of breathing space. But new difficulties come along to be grappled with. If they do not come along quickly one goes out to find them. Life itself means meeting difficulties and overcoming them. People would not be happy without them, though they don't believe it.

A few weeks since Burgess swam the Channel. Hundreds of people had attempted the feat since the days of Captain Webb, and had failed. The Channel remained a terrible swimming nut to be cracked, and it was just the difficulty that made the swimmer's blood flow faster as he thought how he might manage to overcome it. The difficulty was the attraction. Find out something that people cannot do, and you stir up hundreds to "have a go" at it. Some time ago there appeared an advertisement in one of the newspapers, inserted by a gentleman who wanted to be told of some mountain that no one had ever yet climbed. If he ever heard of that mountain I have no doubt he is either trying to crawl up it now or is lying broken up at the foot of some crag or in some crevice on it.

Put a man or woman in a good situation, and they will either begin to seek something better, or, if they won't worry about that, they will worry about something else. Don't men fall in love with just the girls most difficult to win? People give up difficulties with their last gasp.

"Difficulties!" exclaimed de Lesseps, the great engineer, to whom we owe the Suez Canal. "You say your business is full of difficulties. What I want you to remember is that difficulties are not things to be lamented over, unless they are quite extraordinary ones, but merely the usual tests of endurance and ability. People are too apt to look upon them as bad luck, mere personal misfortunes. Not at all. They are perfectly natural. Doing anything has a certain amount of exertion attached to it. Doing anything well is a bigger test—a difficulty. The more you can do the more you will—if you are healthy in body and mind—want to do. That is, you will meet more difficulties. People vary in the spirit in which they encounter difficulties, however. They will always meet them better if they face them as ordinary and necessary tests of their strength and ability—not as bad fortune, but as challenges."

That is just it. The difficulty comes along and says: "Look here! You are not good enough to do this. Try it. My dear sir, you haven't got it in you to beat me. I am too much for such as you."

That is how H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, said a difficulty used to taunt him. And he would scratch his head and shut his teeth tight and "go for" it.

If you don't take a difficulty as "beastly bad luck," or as something which never happens to anybody else, but as a common test, you will not lose your strength in a useless fashion, which will enable you to overcome it. It is wonderful how some people spend the energy they need to win their way in fearful anticipation of difficulties they imagine may arise, and never do, and in just wringing their hands at their bad luck.

When the great Duke of Wellington was one day, during one of his campaigns against the great Napoleon, in a fearful strait, he confessed to an officer with him that he could not see what the next morning might bring. It might come with terrible disaster. One part of his army was in danger of being overcome.

"I have done all I can," he declared, "and now I am going to sleep."

In a few moments he was "fast," while his companion sat down beside him and passed some horrible hours. No sleep came to him. He confessed he had not slept a wink when Wellington awoke and asked him how he had spent the night.

"And now," exclaimed Wellington, with a shrug of his shoulders, "you are exhausted and fit for nothing, and I am 'as fit as a fiddle.'"

It was a good thing for Britain that Wellington was that day "as fit as a fiddle." He proved himself so. He accepted terrible difficulties as what he was there to meet—did his best—and left the rest to Providence. There was no unnecessary exhaustion of brain or body about the Iron Duke.

Many difficulties—most, in fact—are "niggling" ones—small things. They become serious in the end through one's not concentrating one's forces on them and getting rid of them once and for all. They become little plagues which one hopes will get rid of themselves without our going out of the way to get rid of them. I have known people worried by little difficulties for years, because they would not worry at them once and for all and brush them aside. They have remained with them—like a little stone in a shoe that the shoe wearer is too lazy to take off to turn the worry out. That kind of thing does not pay. It does not do to go limping on one's way when a little energy will make one able to walk firmly. Nine-tenths of the worries, as people call them, of life are little difficulties which they have never really set themselves seriously to get quit of. In time the sufferers persuade themselves that, as they have been there so long, they are incurable. They accept them as their "lot."

"How is it," asked Dan Leno, the comedian, "that when a person begins to talk of his 'lot' he always means a bad lot?"

People with teeth troubles often describe their affliction as a "lot." They have "come" to them from ancestors or somehow. They never admit they are the result of neglecting the tooth-brush.

Difficulties, then, are not ordinarily bad luck, but things that no one escapes, and that others, who have been similarly favoured, have somehow found a way to overcome. It is a mistake to suppose they furnish one with a good excuse for giving things up, on the ground that no one else has "to put up with such things." There are plenty of people who do that very readily. They are of what Toole used to call the "soft soap" sort—folk who have no courage or energy in them. That spirit, or lack of spirit, can be cultivated to grow. In time it becomes a habit.

And the eye for difficulties can be cultivated till it becomes remarkably keen. It can be made so acute that in the end it can see nothing else. One of the oldest writers of the East described some of the people he knew as crying out to every would-be tryer, "There is a lion in the path." That imaginary lion was a damper to anyone who thought of venturing out to do something. So the criers did nothing themselves, and kept others also in the same condition. They went to sleep then. That was what they liked. There are plenty of lion-seers to-day. The lion is some imaginary difficulty that bars everything. These lions get on persons' nerves till they are thrown into a panic by the bleat of a sheep.

Don't become a victim of the difficulty habit. But the only way to avoid that is to fight them one by one, and find, by familiarity with them, that they are "nothing like so bad as they look."—Sir Fortune Free.

Social Transformation by Suggestive Ideals.

A most interesting field of research for the student of social problems is that connected with the influence upon the characteristics and conditions of a community of specific Ideals when continually presented to the public mind. Object lessons concerning the almost magic transforming power of suggestive thought when thus applied may easily be found, and they indicate great possibilities.

An elementary illustration can be witnessed by visiting Oberammergau. One is soon convinced that the Passion Play enacted there so seriously every ten years has cast a subtle spell over the inhabitants of the village. They seem to move in the mental atmosphere of Nazareth and Judea, and their lives are unmistakably moulded by contemplation of the sacred drama in which they repeatedly take part.

On a larger scale one can trace the permanent effects of the idealisation of Art in Florence, of Civic Christianity and high endeavour in Venice, of Health and Beauty in ancient Greece, of Imperialism in Rome, of Militarism in Prussia, and of unlimited Compassion in countries where Buddhism prevails. These and many similar illustrations bear witness to the fact that as people are made to *think* so they *become;* and the lesson that may be learned by studying history with this thought in view is that the surest way to uplift a race or to bring about better conditions is by exalting ideals that tend to promote higher conceptions of life and to awaken finer sentiment concerning things that need amendment.

In artistic Florence a large percentage of the working classes are "artisans" in the higher sense of the word—they labour to produce beautiful objects rather than to earn a mere wage. Sculptors are almost as numerous as bricklayers; the very tone of the people suggests Culture; the shop windows are subtly educative, pictures of the Madonna and reproductions of great paintings being more numerous than the portraits of actresses, so ubiquitous in London and Paris; and even the cabmen seem dignified and enlightened. And this is the result of having Art in some of its best forms continually presented to the Florentine people.

In Venice, though she has fallen from her high position as the chief exemplar of Civic Christianity and Chivalry, can still be seen the permanent effects of the great ideals that were once her glory and the source of her power, and are still kept in remembrance of her works of art. The people are well governed and law-abiding; police are scarce because not much needed; the poorer districts are clean and self-respecting, no squalor being visible; the moral tone ot the city is undoubtedly good; cruelty is conspicuously absent, animals and birds being kindly treated; and the provision shops are chiefly stocked with pure aesthetic and humane food, such as fruits, nuts, cereals, legumes, and cheese in endless variety. Her wonderful artistic creations are treasured and maintained, and the latest monument erected in her Piazzas is a memorial in honour of certain soldiers who risked their lives in rescuing women and children from drowning in a flood that inundated their homes.

These Venetians, although at first an insignificant community existing by manual toil, became in a few centuries masters of one-fourth of the Roman Empire. They rose to greatness by exalting in their midst the ideals of Justice, practical Christianity, chivalrous Endeavour, and Spiritual Transcendence.

Their great *chef d'œuvre*—the Shrine of St. Mark—a masterpiece that has no equal in any land, and acts as a veritable magnet to all artistic souls, still stands in the centre of their marvellous streetless city, exhorting them by its symbolic pictures, sculpture, and inscriptions, wrought in exquisite tinted marble and mosaic, to aspire to the higher life. The whole of the interior walls and domes of this Cathedral are covered with a gold background, on which are portraved in richest colour the life and gospel of the Christ as taught by Mark.

In the Cupola are presented the Venetian virtues—Temperance, Prudence, Humility, Kindness, Compassion, Chastity, Modesty, Constancy, Charity, Hope, Faith, Justice and Fortitude. And their earliest public inscription reads:—

"Around this Temple let the merchant's law be just, his weights true, and his covenants faithful;"

whilst over St. Mark's resting place is written:—

"Brave be the living, who live unto the Lord;
For blessed are the dead that die in Him."

And in the central dome, above the mosaic picture of Christ, enthroned on a rainbow, supported by Angels, and surrounded by the Apostles and the Madonna, is inscribed:—

"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye and gaze? This Son of God, Jesus, so taken from you, departs that He may be the Arbiter of the Earth; in charge of Judgment He comes, and to give the Laws that ought to be."

Into this sacred edifice, which can be studied for weeks before all its beauty and high teaching are fully comprehended, their elected Leader, the Doge, went barefooted to consecrate himself to the public service when he took office; and he was entirely conscious that he was regarded only as the earthly deputy of their elected spiritual Leader, St. Mark, whose bones lay beneath their high altar, but whose spirit watched over and guarded the Venetian Commonwealth. When they took Constantinople, in order to teach its Emperor that he could not with impunity ravage the Venetian seaports, it was the banner of their Saint that was first planted on the ramparts, for they believed that their righteous war was waged under his protection and with his powerful aid. And the trophies they brought home from their victories—Byzantine and other works of art—were used to decorate his shrine.

Need we be surprised that a people whose faith and public sentiment were of this sort in the barbarous fourteenth century, and who erected on their chief monumental column a figure representing the triumph of spiritual manhood over materialism and the lower self, should compare favourably with those of other cities of Christendom, where public ideals have been less noble?

Take Naples, for instance. Though favoured with a glorious climate and scenery, the people are misgoverned, and the streets are badly paved. Certain districts, especially near the abattoirs, are so malodorous as to be uninhabitable by ordinary human beings; the dwellers in the poorer quarters are steeped in dirt, degradation and wretchedness; and it is dangerous for any respectable person to walk in any but the main and well-lighted streets after dusk; while cruelty is everywhere painfully apparent.

The degenerate and pagan ideals of decadent Rome and Pompeii still mould the conception of the Neapolitans concerning what is beautiful, their art shops chiefly containing replicas of dancing satyrs, bacchanals and gladiators. Their chief source of inspiration is the great Museum, which exhibits the relics of the two wicked cities that were destroyed by fire two thousands years ago (like Sodom and Gomorrah), and many of these relics are indescribable in a public journal. Pictures of the Madonna, the Christ, or of heroic men or women, are conspicuously scarce. Their provision shops are liberally stocked with the flesh and entrails of animals—thus revealing the fact that their feeding is as coarse and barbaric as are their conceptions concerning art and religion.

Thus have the Neapolitans suffered vital, social and spiritual loss, because they have lacked the incentive furnished by noble ideals and by inspiration of the higher sort; and similar phenomena, similar illustrations of such operation of the Law of Cause and Effect, may be seen in most of the great cities of the world.

In Chicago—the city of blood and massacre—where Moloch is enshrined and worshipped, deeds of violence toward mankind are very frequent, murder by dexterous use of the knife being specially common; and it is whispered that entertainments which recall the days of Nero are secret pastimes among the wealthy and unscrupulous. The condition of the poor is only too graphically described in that world-famous book, *The Jungle*, by Upton Sinclair. And these facts remind one of the story told in an American newspaper of a small boy whose parents were removing to this city, which he had heard was

a "God-forsaken place"—just before leaving home he knelt down by his bedside, and said, "Good-bye, God; we're going to Chicago!"

But just as communities have been degraded by low ideals and evil inspiration, and *vice versa,* so can they still be uplifted by suggestive conceptions of the right sort. The Grecians became strong, healthy and beautiful because they were led to reverence, and to aspire to the attainment of these qualities and gifts; being taught that such were their natural birthright if they lived in harmony with natural Law and the conditions that make strength, wisdom and beauty possible.

By discipline, exercise, pure diet, culture of the body and mind, and wise marital selection, they became the most beautiful and gifted race the world has yet seen. And if these same ideals are faithfully exalted before the eyes of the disease-laden, doctor-ridden, and much-operated-upon multitudes of our modern Western Nations, a great change for the better will be witnessed, and an incalculable amount of suffering prevented.

The tide of physical deterioration which has set in—causing National weakness and loss, handicapped lives, limitation of happiness, premature bereavement, and widespread poverty, pain, and sorrow—can be checked; and the social transformation that is so urgently needed in connection with our physical conditions can be brought about. It is only a matter of inspiration and education.

The people of certain eastern countries have by millions been made instinctively humane and kind because they have been taught that it is a religious duty and a sign of spiritual attainment to be compassionate and to refrain from inflicting injury upon one's less favoured fellow-creatures. These people do not need Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to Women and Children) to prosecute them or confiscate their instruments of torture. They do not set up Vivisection Laboratories in their midst; and do not tolerate them when set up by foreigners without strenuous protest.

Humane ideals have made them gentle, and a bloodless dietary has made them disinclined to be cruel or blood-guilty. And, consequently, they inherit the blessing that is promised to the merciful, and escape much of the penalty that in the form of malignant disease and surgical operation afflicts the more sanguinary and ruthless multitudes of the West, who have been left by their teachers of religion uninstructed concerning the obligation that rests upon all who aspire to enter the spiritual spheres, to be harmless, sympathetic and considerate.

The proclamation of similar ideals in these lands of ours will have the same effect and produce the same results. And there is no form of philanthropic work so practically beneficent and so far-reaching in its consequences as that of educating the people around us concerning the advantage and beauty of living a healthy, artistic, humane, progressive and spiritual life in harmony with the Divine Will and divinely ordained Law.

In like manner the idealisation of patriotic duty, and of individual responsibility regarding service of the State, labour for its amelioration and welfare, the promotion of Reform and real advancement, the exemplification of true patriotism, and the obligation which rests upon all to help the less fortunate, the ignorant and the fallen, will produce a higher type of Citizenship and religious endeavour of a more practical sort than now prevails.

We can all share the great task of uplifting public thought, and of emphasising the spiritual significance of life and its opportunities; and such service on our part will prove the surest way of promoting our own highest welfare and spiritual progress. This is the true path to attainment and illumination, and to the life radiant. For "they who turn many towards Righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

—Sidney H. Beard.

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Be a live wire and you won't get stepped on. It is only the dead ones that are used for doormats.—"The Caxton."

The Speech of the World.

The English language contains about 600,000 words. But there are dead words, just as there are dead books in every library and dead men in every cemetery. Also there are words that are dying. All living languages are in a state of flux—words being born, words obsolescent or dying, and words obsolete or dead. New-born words are called "slang." This is their infancy. Like children who run the gauntlet of teething, measles, mumps and other ills, words may make their calling good, cease to be "slang," and win for themselves a dictionary place. Usage makes language, and terms used by classical authors themselves become classic. One-half of the 600,000 words in the English language might be dropped,and the average man speaking, reading and writing would be conscious of no loss. This large percentage of unfamiliar terms is made up of scientific or technical words never met outside of text-books, and of archaic words that have lost their vitality or outlived their usefulness. As merchants from time to time unload their dead stock, making room upon their shelves for fresh goods, it might be well for each language now and again to retire its load of dead lumber. Again, there are whole languages, as well as words, that are dead. Of living tongues, counting dialects as well, the number is 3424—a veritable Babel of speech. America, the youngest of all lands, strange to say, leads the world in dialects, having no less than 1624. Asia comes next with 937 dialects. Europe and Africa follow with 587 and 276 respectively. Of all spoken languages the world over English is by far at present the most popular. The people who use it number 150,000,000. No speech approaches English in use, or comes anywhere near it, except the German, which is spoken by 120,000,000 people. The Portuguese is lowest numerically in the scale, with but 30,000,000. The Italian is used by 40,000,000, the Spanish by 55,000,000, the French by 60,000,000, and the Russian by 90,000,000 human beings. In derivation the English tongue is chiefly indebted to the Teutonic family. Of 100,000 words taken at random 60,000 will be of Teutonic origin, and half that number from the Greek or Latin; while the remaining 10,000 will have come from miscellaneous sources, like the Arabic, Hebrew and Indian.

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It is Time to be True.

It is time to be brave, it is time to be true,
It is time to be finding the thing you can do.
It is time to put by the dream and the sigh
And plead for the cause that is holy and high.

It is time to be kind, it is time to be sweet,
To be scattering roses for somebody's feet;
It is time to be sowing, it is time to be growing,
It is time for the flowers of life to be blowing.

It is time to be lowly and humble of heart,
It is time for the lilies of meekness to start;
For the heart to be white and the steps to be right,
The hands to be weaving a garment of light.

Then gird on the armour of Love and Light,
Dispel every shadow of darkness and night;
Step forth in the glory of Truth's noonday sun;
The Victory is yours—Life's battle is won.

* * * * *

United yet Free

The centuries are teaching this truth. One harmonious family shall the people of the earth become, united in a high purpose which shall elevate all classes—the poor above their poverty, the rich above their greed—which shall value thought power above brute force and soul powers above mind. Such is the coming millennium on earth.

Laughter as Medicine.

Merriopathy is the science of the healing laugh. Merriopathy is better than homœopathy or allopathy for curing all the gloom diseases and grouch complaints that make life miserable. Some illnesses need drugs, some need the surgeon's knife, some can be cured with a good laugh, some can be smiled away, but neither you nor I ever knew of a sickness that was cured by a frown.

The wise physician well understands the therapeutic value of fun and a cheerful spirit. Medicine may be a necessary and powerful agent in the treatment of illness, but it may fail where fear and melancholy join hands with the disease. Laughter is one of the best medicines in the world, and lengthens life as well as brightens it. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," said the wise man; consequently we may employ it in many chronic cases without fear. Set the gloomy, discouraged, neurasthenic invalid to laughing. Study constantly how to provoke smiles. Cause a few thrills of humour to run, however weakly, through the veins and tickle the risibles. The hostile forces of disease and worry and discouragement can be driven back by the benevolent microbes of mirth.

Practise merriopathy. Much of the sickness that baffles medicine is in the mind. Still more of it is in the heart. The merriopathist will find patients everywhere, and his cures will be sure and speedy. He needs no diploma from a college, nor any licence from the State before he can begin active practice. Even the boys and girls may add the degree "M.D."—Doctor of Merriopathy—to their names, and they may be among the most successful of all practitioners. Happy is the home that has a merriopathist in the family circle. There cannot be too many in the community. No rivalry will hurt their practice. The more there are the merrier we shall be, and the better fitted for the strain and the struggle of earnest, purposeful living.—Eugene Thwing.

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Successful Deaf Chemist.

Dr. G. T. Dougherty is one of the most eminent deaf men in America, and is one to whom all the deaf can point with pride as an example of the height to which one so handicapped can rise. He is a chemist of high rank, and is at present employed as chemist and metallurgist by the American Steel Works Co. at Indiana Harbour, near Chicago. He has written articles on chemical analysis for scientific journals, and one such article was of such merit that it was copied in European journals.—"Companion."

* * * * *

Time.

Oh, cruel Time! We love, we hate,
And joys are here and joys are gone;
And lo! we love and cry out "Wait!"
To Time; but, in their sombre state,
The heedless days fly on, fly on,
The golden days fly on.

Hate's torrents through our bosoms flow,
And all our joys and loves are gone;
We shriek to Time, "Go faster, go!"
But yet with leaden wing-beats slow
The weary years creep slowly on,
The painful years creep on.

Oh! cruel Time. All drearily
The gold sun dies which once had shone;
And as the fleeting years go by,
As one by one we fall to die;
Cruel Time, unmoved, creeps on and on,
The reaping years creep on.

—Frank L. T. Wilmot.

Thinklettes.

After losses and crosses men and women grow humbler and wiser.

Don't dawdle in the hope that inspiration will strike you. Inspiration is more likely to strike a busy man than an idle one.

We should remember that the happiness of life is made up of small duties, little kindnesses, and courtesies, friendly letters, pleasant words, genial smiles, good wishes, and good deeds.

The greatest men accept the greatest risks.

Unto Love is given all power both in Heaven and on Earth.

It pays to be happy; we cannot afford to be otherwise.

You have no comic perception, unless you can see yourself somewhat ridiculous in clear eyes, and, laughing, accept the correction.

The history of civilisation is strewn with creeds and institutions that were invaluable once and putrescent afterwards.

In dealing with ourselves, after we have killed the ape and the tiger, we then have to deal with the donkey; and this is apt to be a much more enduring and intractable beast than the others.

Happy people are the pleasantest, and there is no doubt that many a man owes his good fortune in life to the circumstance that he has a pleasant way of smiling, and so wins the heart in his favour.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt that his life belongs to his Race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind.

The best that is in a man is never seen save by the one heart that really loves him.

Marriage is the bloom or blight of all men's happiness.

The very word Love awakens in the average man or woman a dull aching of emotional hunger.

Whenever a woman has captivated a man with a life-long fascination, the secret has been that he has never exhausted her; that she has not been one but a hundred women. We weary of what we have got to the end of and wholly understand.

The ideas of racial morality upheld by the religions and laws of the Western nations are at the present time undergoing a radical transformation. We begin to realise that marriage was made for Man, not Man for marriage.

Fear, hatred, and deceit reproduce their kind. To separate the unhappily married is absolutely scientific and a duty we owe to the unborn.

There is no beautifier of complexion, or form or behaviour, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—Emerson.

Everyone likes to feel that he is well thought of; therefore, if we wish to please and to be liked, no chance should be lost of saying an approving word, or of showing appreciation.—Watson.

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The Dream of Life.

Life is a dream, and death is the awakening?
But, even so, shall we not choose our dream,
Whether it be of joy or pain, of love or hate?
Are we not free to say what Life shall seem?

Then will I dream of love and ecstasy,
Warm love that brightens all the dream of life
And triumphs over all the seeming strife.
And, choosing thus, does life seem wholly fair,
And I were willing e'en to dream for e'er.

—Vera Dewitt Rowell.

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Each child born into the world should find the fullest opportunity and the largest measure of assistance awaiting it in order to develop properly the qualities latent in its nature as completely and harmoniously as possible. This knowledge must be based on correct apprehension of the unalterable laws governing the universe and man as a past, and has control over the future.

Blindness v. Deafness.

An interesting contribution to the question as to whether deafness or blindness is to be preferred came to us recently from the Rev. Mr. Hasenstab.

He told us of the case of a young man who was blind, but who later recovered his sight but became deaf again. Still later his hearing returned and his sight left him. Thus he had experienced both deafness and blindness at different times. When asked which he would prefer if he was forced to choose, he said he would rather be blind than deaf.

So there you are: an opinion worth something. But we are not yet persuaded that we would be better off blind than deaf.—" Hawk-eye."

England has a fully qualified practising solicitor who is deaf. This gentleman, Mr. Gerald Smith, of the firm of Beaumont, Smith and Beaumont, Wykefield, has been deaf from childhood. He was educated at the Doncaster Institution. He passed his examination to the roll of solicitors with singular success, and now enjoys a large and lucrative practice. The only thing that his deafness prevents him undertaking personally is Police Court advocacy.

Principal J. F. Banerji, of the Calcutta (India) School for the Deaf, has been awarded a first-class gold medal by the Dhurbi Exhibition for his efficient management of the Calcutta School.

In a crowded audience room in New York City, where Mr. Jay C. Howard, on his "triumphal tour of the East," spoke before a deaf assemblage about two weeks ago, a vote was taken as to the use of the sign-language. Although three-quarters of those present had been educated by the pure oral method, all favoured signs and the Combined system.

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Deafness Extraordinary.

A story of extraordinary deafness was unfolded at a recent meeting of a medical society. An elderly woman, exceedingly hard of hearing, lived near the river. One afternoon a warship fired a salute of ten guns. The woman, alone in her little house, waited until the booming ceased. Then she smoothed her dress, brushed her hair back in a quaint manner, and said sweetly " Come in."—" Everybody's Story Magazine."

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Ere Night Cometh.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that Death had left me almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed those very hands had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside—
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way
For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay:
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—
The way is lonely—let me feel them *now!*
Think gently of me, I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn,
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
And give the tenderness which *now* I need.

—" The Mentalist."

The Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of Victoria

(INCORPORATED).

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Sir John M. F. Fuller, Bart.

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Headquarters:

Deaf Mute Centre,
FLINDERS ST., MELBOURNE
Open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

The Deaf Mute Centre, Flinders Street, Melbourne, is the rendezvous of the Deaf Mute population of **all** sects and nationalities in Victoria.

Here **all their needs are Catered for,** providing Library, Reading Room and Club Accommodation for both sexes.

Public Worship, Lectures, and Classes in their own language.

Youths on leaving school are helped into situations. Employment obtained for adults.

Relief given to those out of work, sick, or in temporary difficulties.

Pensions granted to aged and infirm deaf mutes.

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Home for Aged and Infirm, and Farm for Feeble-Minded Deaf Mutes

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Provides training and employment for that section of the deaf and dumb who, by reason of mental or physical defects, are unable to follow ordinary occupations, and a home for aged infirm and blind deaf mutes.

This Society is **not connected** with the residential school for deaf mute children, known as the Victorian Deaf and Dumb Institution (St. Kilda Road Prahran).