

HELPFUL THOUGHTS FOR **3**^{D.}
THREE MONTHS FOR _____

The Gesture:

The Voice of the Deaf and Dumb of Australasia

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, 1912

READ=

Companion to Owls

The Moon-Maid

Immortality

Thou that saw the Mote

Must I go This Way

Your Enemies

Infinite Power

The Loving Machine

=IN THIS NUMBER

PRICE **3**^{D.}

THE ADULT DEAF AND DUMB SOCIETY OF VICTORIA
(INCORPORATED)

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

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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



The Voice of the Deaf and Dumb of Australasia



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.

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

Oh! Thou that Saw the Mote.

Before tearing down, oh Critic, be sure that you can better up-build! An imperfect product is better than no product at all.

Perfection cometh with much striving.

When rain falls shall man sigh, saying, "Behold, the Heavens weep?" Not so; behold how the thirsty earth is refreshed by the rain. The sun is not gone, but hidden; how brightly it shineth when the rain ceaseth!

If sorrow clouds the joy of life, for a time, how much more welcome is joy when it returneth!

Man hath found light, that shineth even in dark places, and behold, it comforteth him, though night be without.

If thy neighbour be sad, cheer him;

If he be hungry, feed him;

If he be ignorant, teach him;

If he be in darkness, lead him to the light;

Then if he will not see, pray for him in silence. Do not condemn, but pity such an one.

Patience, poise, and silent purpose generate illimitable power. Patience is not resignation, but purposeful persistence, backed by a smile.

When the bonds of clay crumble, weep not, but rejoice for the soul set free. The dead body needeth no gift nor heedeth thy sorrowing.

But to the new-born soul, that appeareth on the earth, give of your pity, your love, and all good gifts, for it hath need of much kindness.

Out of the illimitable wert thou created and of the illimitable art thou. Cast out fear and go forth into the unknown with joyful anticipation.

Let no day pass without purposeful effort if you would be one of the world's workers.

Think no evil, for even the thought of evil is a sickness of the soul.

Speak no evil, for by speech is this soul sickness disseminated, even as a deadly contagion.

The soul is a flower that bloometh only in the sunshine of truth and love.

And again, like unto a flower, the sensitive soul withers at the chill of deceit and malice.

The TRUTHFUL BEING is valiant with the courage of his fearless soul;

But the LIAR is afraid even of his own shadow.

Where Truth is, Fear is not.

Purification, the First Essential to True Knowledge.

We find all real knowledge is based on experience. Man seeks truth, and desires to experience truth for himself to grasp, to realise and feel it within himself, not others' opinions, but realisation. Many great teachers have sought to instruct the world to help forward the evolution of humanity, and have voiced for the world that which they themselves had experienced in the minor consciousness, and therefore had realised. Those in the mortal who are to-day seeking to probe the intricate problems of life must have the faculty of faith developed in a measure at least to accept the statements made by others, or must get first hand experience for themselves.

Now, every science has its own methods of investigation, whether it be chemistry, geology, astronomy or astrology, and if one desires to become an astrologer he must follow certain rules and methods; first, the planetary and the principles with which the planets correspond and their bearing upon the individual must be carefully studied. Men of pure hearts and lives have sought to give out knowledge with the one desire to aid humanity. All our great teachers have declared there is one universal law, underlying all forms of science, creeds, doctrines and dogmas.

The sceptic cries out for proof, and when you call his attention to the science of self-knowledge to which the life must be consecrated if he would have that first hand consciousness born of experience, he mocks and ridicules. This is only because men of culture and education and intellect are busily engaged in noticing facts from without by the objective brain through the senses, a task comparatively easy, because the instruments needed for such work are ready at hand.

The telescope enables mankind to observe facts in nature, obscure to the unaided physical sight, but in the subjective or internal world, we have but one instrument, and that is the mind itself. The power of mind when properly guided and directed will analyse mind and see that which is back of it, but thought must be strong, steady and determined ere it can be accomplished, and most of us to-day scatter our thoughts rather than concentrate or focus them. If one wishes to see with the mind, the same method must be used, but as we look about us intelligently upon the majority, we find they seek to escape from the mind rather than to use it, or escape from thought rather than to think.

In the public schools of this day, education, so-called, is gained at the cost of concentration, and it would seem that in this age the quality of concentration is lacking. From the youth upwards the training has been chiefly in externals, so that the faculty for observing the subjective or internal side of things is almost atrophied.

Christ taught, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you," meaning from this that within ourselves, if we did only seek, forces and powers would open up and the key of knowledge be discovered. There is a science taught by all masters and teachers, but their pupils are few. In this science is the key of all sciences, but it demands more than intellectual conception. It is the truth, the harmonising power or the Yoga, the science of the soul; that soul so mighty that the soul is but its instrument, its telescope of observation on this plane.

Each must use his own telescope, for though he may gain method and direction and aid, still each man is, and must be unto himself the way, the truth, the life. The first step is, and must be, purification. The lens of the telescope must be clear to reflect truly.

Companion to Owls.

By Florens Folsom.

"I am a brother to dragons; and a companion to owls."—Job 30, 29.

I remember old days of my being.—

A bubble of protoval slime,
I rose—as far as I could!—and floated, and bided my time.
I was sea-weed; then, sea-weed that crawled: half plant, half insect
weak;

Then wings I grew through ardors new.

I flew more Life to seek.

A bird with the legs of an insect, foul and strange to see,
I found a land where Love was banned, where nothing but Fight
might be;

I was seized and crouched and swallowed until I began to learn
That I must GROW,—if I would know more Life, than a funeral
urn!

I cast my legs of an insect; I ceased to crawl and to creep;
I relied on wing-strength only. Wider, wider in sweep
My flight extended, opened. I was an Eagle bold;—
I know how gay is snatching prey, far-seen, from waters cold!

I know the rage of a lioness who hunts, her cub to feed;
I know the despair in a tiger's lair when 'tis Meat-Bringer's turn,
to bleed;—

When the cubs starve in their corner, while Death grins as they
die.—

I have been Mother, have been Cub, and well I know,—now!—why.

I have hunted, have been hunted, every death have I died,
I have followed the spoor of every Lure, every god have I tried;
I have been brother to dragons, companion was I to owls
Through nights of anguishes, delights, lusts, scourges, crowns and
cows.

I remember old days of my being.—

This death, and that, and the next,
They seem to me, looking backward, but periods in the text
Which tells the Life of my story, recounts my coming to be;
I needed them all—each slip and fall!—towards the apogee of Me.

The faults that freckle my spirit, I neither flaunt, nor hide;
Ever exposed to the Sun was I, to All-Being's pouring tide;
Some of His beams make "vices" and some make holy things;
I will cast each sin as more Life I win, as I changed legs, once, for
wings.

I recall old days of my being.—Sorrow, horror, strife,
Loves that were none of them Love, lives not yet become Life;
Infinite labors in gaining an ant-hill's vantage-height;
Constant, ceaseless, grinding effort, travail, FIGHT.

I smile 'mid my scars and stains, beneath my dust and my mire,
Through tears I smile, and 'neath writhings vile of graveworms.
Higher, higher

Through Failure, Loss, on Madness' Cross, past Malice, Scorn,
and Spite,

I strain, I mount, I gain, I count mine own true stature-height.

It is neither contempt nor indifference, my shielding aura thick,
Which blunts the thrust of Hate's poinard to no more than a rose-
thorn's prick;

It is this: Enough LIFE to be wounded sore, yet to steadfastly
onward go;

Enough Life to desire, more and more, to grow, to be, to KNOW!

* * * * *

Have a soul of your own. Be your true self. Think, realise,
reflect, until you have a measure of unborrowed conviction, which
establishes a centre of repose, and is a source of happiness and con-
tentment, a centre which yields to no outer tumult, but is ever
receptive to the Divine Self.—Horatio W. Dresser.

Not too Late.

"It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late—
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand 'Aedipus,' and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than four score years;
And Theophrastus at four score and ten
Had begun his 'Characters of Men.'
Chaucer at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the 'Canterbury Tales.'
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed 'Faust' when eighty years were past.
What then, Shall we sit idly down and say,
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
—For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress.
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day."

—Longfellow.

My Thoughts for Thee.

God keep my soul from every vengeful thought,
Yea, rather would I wish thee every good,
Dear foe, that wilt not be my friend,
Altho' no word across the weary space be heard,
Good will's more potent than the spoken word;
So I do speed all kindly thoughts to thee,
For blessings on the days I do invoke
The great All-Power of Love.
Like morning mists shall flee
Unjust resentment and false-founded scorn,
Anew shall faith arise to find thy friend in me;
Then to the heights shall thy true self be raised,
And all ignoble aims shall meet thy surer scorn;
What thou, thyself, dost know 'gainst evil vapors weighed
Shall wake unerring justice yet leave thee unafraid,
With each new morning dawn, good will and peace I send.
Canst thou still be my foe? I am thy friend.

Eventide.

Is it an evil to be drawing near
The time when I shall know as I am known?
Is it an evil that the sky grows clear,
That sunset light upon my path is thrown,
That Truth grows fairer, that temptations cease,
And that I see, afar, a path that leads to peace?
Is it not joy to feel the lapsing years
Calm down the spirit? As at eventide,
After long storm, the far horizon clears,
The skies shine golden, and the clouds subside;
Stern outlines soften in the sunlit air,
And still as day declines the restful earth grows fair.
And so I drop the roses from my hand,
And let the thorn pricks heal, and take my way
Down hill, across a fair and peaceful land,
Lapped in the golden calm of dying day;
Glad that the night is near, and glad to know,
That rough or smooth the way, I have not far to go.

When God lets loose a thinker on this earth, then beware, all things are at risk! It is like a great conflagration breaking out in a forest or city and no man knows where it will end.

The Moon-Maid.

"This class is a distinct and recognised variety of the human race, for it 'breeds true' and reappears generation after generation.—Dr. Robert Jones.

She never knew her mother, although she once saw her in the street, sodden with drink and spotted with disease: but they did not recognise each other, and would have felt no pleasure if they had.

Other girls had fathers who gave them pennies; it would be nice to have a father to give one pennies, and in her dull mind she vaguely wondered why she had none. Once she asked the people at the "Home," where she was brought up, about it, but they were silent; and when she repeated the question they chid her as though she had said something bad. It was very perplexing, so she did not bother about it any more.

She was such a dull girl, she could never remember things, They tried both kindness and severity, but it was of no use, she never learnt to do anything properly, and the other children called her "Dilly." She wasn't exactly miserable, and she wasn't really happy, she was just stupid and her feelings were opaque: best of all she loved her mealtimes and her bed. No one took much notice of her, and there were several others like her in the "Home."

When she was fourteen they sent her out to service; she was to act as scullery-maid in a large house. But she was too slow, and she made so many mistakes, that she had to be sent away very soon.

After that she served eleven different mistresses, and they all gave her excellent characters:—she was honest and she was truthful—but they would not keep her, oh, dear no! She was too insufferably slow.

At last she got to a place where there was very little to do, and where she could go out into the streets every night. It was nice to see the gaslamps, and to wear one's best hat; and the boys weren't rude now, they behaved quite differently. They even called her "Daisy," and one in particular was very kind. He used to give her glass jewellery, and money, and sometimes treat her to drinks.

By and by she was to become a mother. She did not understand it much herself, but her mistress sent her away, and she was received into a different kind of "Home." There she remained six months, and when she went away she left her baby behind.

It was very difficult to get anything but temporary work now, so she was more in the streets than ever. During the next twenty years she was often in prison for drunkenness, and she went into various Maternity Homes eleven times. Her children, when they grew up at all, were very much like herself.

This common little character has not been described that we may point at the Moon-maid the finger of scorn. Indeed, she was too dull to be held responsible, too stupid to be blamed.

The people to be blamed are those who let these things go on, and they who, being responsible for our laws, have yet made no provision for the permanent care of the feeble-minded, nor any effort to check their propagation.

A Bill dealing with the feeble-minded is now before the English Parliament. Why does Australia do nothing?—"Modernist."

—"Modernist."

"Speak! Speak!
Who says that I am ill?
I am not ill! I am not weak!
The trance, the swoon, the dream is o'er!
I feel the chill of death no more!
At length,
I stand renewed in my strength!
Beneath me I can feel
The great earth stagger and reel,
As if the feet of a descending god
Upon its surface trod,
And, like a pebble, it rolled beneath his heel!"

The Ascetics and Mystic of India.

By Dr. Heinrich Hensholdt.

"I have never known a sanyasi to accept money, either before or after a performance.

"I myself have repeatedly tried to tempt them with as much as five rupees at a time (which is more than a wealthy native would ever dream of offering, as a present on such occasions), but the money was always refused, kindly but firmly. How, then, do they manage to exist? They live principally on rice, which they obtain in precisely the same manner as the religious mendicants, viz., by begging. They are, in fact, travelling teachers, at least the greater part of them, while the rest are hermits, who live in the jungle or in the hill-country, in solitary huts and caverns, which they quit comparatively seldom, to carry some mysterious message to the outer world.

"These quiet, unobtrusive men, with their fine, intelligent faces—foreheads which reflect the wisdom of a thousand years—actually obtain their food by begging. This may seem incredible, but it is true. The reader may be naturally inclined to ask: 'Why don't some of them go to Europe or the United States, and by exhibiting their powers make fortunes?' He might as well ask why the Old Testament prophets, or the apostles of Christ, did not turn their peculiar gifts into a money-making business. These men are beyond the desire of making fortunes—something which it may be difficult for Europeans or Americans to realise. They look upon the brief span of life which separates us from eternity with altogether different eyes, and their contempt of wealth is only equalled by their pity for those who are incessantly engaged in its pursuit. Thus they would not do for our peculiar civilisation. Besides, imagine one of these philosophers exhibiting his marvels in one of our theatres, with handbills or posters printed advertising the same, and all the paraphernalia of our sensational booming. The idea is simply preposterous!

"These men have a mission to perform in their own country, and, like the prophets of old, they work miracles in order to arrest the attention of the people. The miracles, in fact, are their credentials. Miracles were the credentials of the prophets of old, and it is to be doubted whether Christ Himself could have produced much of an impression upon the Jews of Palestine if He had not worked His miracles. This the Gospel explicitly tells us, for we usually find the record of the performance of a miracle followed by the word, 'and he (or they) believed in Him.' It would thus appear that Christ's miracles were largely intended to demonstrate His divine character, and to open the eyes of the multitude."

Not Submission, but Conquest.

Madame Du Bois.

The general idea of overcoming environment seems to be to stick to it, love it, and camp down in it; whereas, it should be used as a stepping-stone to other things—otherwise there is no progression.

If one is placed "on the dump," that is one's environment; and the way to conquer it is to put it under foot and climb out.

To master your environment, whether physical or mental, tunnel your way out, before it masters you.

We may be obliged to remain in a certain place physically for a while, for the sake of others; we are not always free to go and come as we may elect; but the mind is always free, and there is no limit to its possibilities. "Where there's a will, there's a way."

We can so cultivate our mental powers that physical environment will cease to hamper and annoy; we may realise a freedom that we have not dreamed existed. There are ways and means at our doors—at our command—if we will but waken and use them. We may become veritable giants of mental strength, towering over a dwarfed, unpleasant position in life, thus climbing out and putting it under foot.

A woman tells me that "God" tells her every day that He does not want her to go to the poor house. She makes herself a burden to her friends and the public by begging. There are many well-kept, pleasant poor houses where there is good food, warmth and comfort, including excellent care of the sick. (The writer has investigated

them.) It is far better for a poor, lonely cripple to be in one of them than to surround herself with the mental environment of a common beggar. Another cannot work because "her back is so lame," but she can walk miles and miles to beg and excite pity for her home life. She keeps her environment what it is by her love for pity and lack of self-respect.

As soon as one turns "right about face" and tries to better one's condition, invisible forces are ready to help. They cannot do it all; we must help ourselves out and up. We would not be given the ability to do it if we were not meant to use it. We not only have invisible help, but humans are always ready to help us if we start vibrations that attract it to us. When we want them and look for them, opportunities spring up on every side—opportunities that are perfectly plain and tangible.

Some of our greatest men have become such in spite of early environment. If Elihu Burritt had not mastered all those languages he would have been a blacksmith, possibly, all his life; and there would have been no laurel wreath placed on his grave in May, 1910.

If Alexander Irvine had not mastered his environment, he might still be living in a stone hut in Ireland, instead of having occupied one of the finest Episcopal pulpits in New York city. His writing is a study in English prose.

Environment is no excuse for poor attainment. Though we may be baulked in one direction, or many directions, there is always some way to turn, if we have pluck, ambition, will-power, integrity, optimism, and perseverance in our mental house.

The Day of Judgment.

By Dr. George W. Carey.

Even in the concept material thought, or the belief in separateness, many gods, many forces emanating from different powers, man strives for facts or knowledge before passing judgment or judging. A judge in our courts, if a true judge, must exhaust every effort to obtain the exact truth in any case of law that comes before him, in order that he may judge correctly. But our so-called courts of justice can only judge of exoteric appearances. No civil authority can help one to judge esoterically or to judge the real motives of another. The soul has a solitary chamber, a holy of holies, where motive dwells and where the causeless Cause sits alone and speaks the word of action. From this awful realm of absolute darkness and eternal silence comes the word that not only says, "Let there be light," but the words that cause every blade of grass and flower and vine that garland the earth to assume forms of beauty. The words are spoken in this silent chamber of the soul that keep the whirling orbs in their appointed paths and hurl them on their way. And shall this Judge, into whose presence no one can approach, be judged by another? "Judge not that ye be not judged" is a statement uttered by the Eternal Principle, and refers especially to judgment in dual concept, or judgment of one for another—another in appearance only, for in Truth there is but One.

When a soul, lost in flesh for a season, at last realises its oneness with the Oversoul, it ceases to judge appearances, many of which seem evil, and only realises or judges for and of itself. Soul can only do this after knowing the Truth of Being. Therefore, the Day of Judgment is the day in which a soul in flesh realises the truth that it must be *its own judge and not the judge of another*.

Again, let us consider an assayer of ore. He does not judge the value of the ore nor the percentage of certain metals it contains until after a careful analysis has been made, and then his opinion, or judgment, is rendered, but his judgment is based upon his own knowledge (or Gnosis) and not upon the opinion of another. The day of judgment comes to the assayer when he receives correct information in regard to the constituents of a certain ore or mineral substance. When the chemist analyses a substance, he is able to pass judgment upon the qualities of the substance; so, in the affairs of life, one must know the facts before they can judge correctly.

When Soul knows its relation to the universal Cause, it is no longer a lost soul, but has found its Father's house in Cause. Soul

then fully realises its divinity, and judges accordingly. Thus the day of judgment is the day one recognises the truth of Being. All along the journey the soul must travel to reach the promised land of happiness, it meets and must overcome obstacles that prevent it from obtaining evidence that will enable it to arrive at correct conclusions or judgment. "Appearances of evil" confront the soul at every step. It seems an apparently broken and disjointed world, literally a world in ruins. All seems to be broken and scattered pieces, instead of mosaics in a perfect whole, causing the soul to dwell in the concept of separateness. Here the appearance of accident or mistakes, there the appearance of competition, war, and death, while seeming injustice, dishonesty, and crime are everywhere present. Then the spirit of investigation stirs within the soul, and it longs to reconcile the seeming paradoxes and inconsistencies that mock reason and love.

Infinite Power.

Any person, in any walk of life, who puts jealousy, hate and fear out of his life will be distinguished.

All good things shall be his. They will flow to him.

Power gravitates to the man who can use it; and love is the highest form of power that exists.

If ever a man shall live who has infinite power he will be found to be one who has infinite love. And the way to free yourself from discord is not to take a grip on yourself and strive to be kind—not that.

Just don't think much about it, but lose yourself in your work. If your intent is right, your actions will be, also. Hell and Heaven are not localities—they are states of mind.

Once we thought work a curse; then it came to us that it was a necessary evil; and yesterday the truth dawned upon us that it is a precious privilege.

There is more joy in useful effort than in the painstaking avoidance of it.

Creeping into the lives of men everywhere is the thought that co-operation is better than competition. We need each other, and by giving much we will receive much. Believe me, that old maxim, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," is a stern psychological law. Everything we give out comes back to us. Give out love, and love returns. To grasp and grab and seize is to lose.

We are reaching enlightened self-interest. And so there is a strong setting of the social tide toward useful effort, and the elimination of the parasite—this through the knowledge that we can thrive through service and not through exploitation.

Everywhere, schools and colleges are doing things, not merely talking about them. The education de luxe—the education for show—will soon be consigned to limbus. Already we say, "That man is the best educated who is the most useful." And the true test of education will lie in its possessor's ability to serve. Do not go out of your way to do good, but do good whenever it comes your way. Men who make a business of doing good to others are apt to hate others engaged in the same occupation. Sacrifice and self-abnegation are not needed.

Simply be filled with the thought of good, and it will radiate. You do not have to bother about it, any more than you need to trouble about your digestion.

Do not be disturbed about saving your soul. It will certainly be saved if you make it worth saving.

Do your work. Think the good. And the evil, which is a negative condition, shall be swallowed up by the good.

"Peace, peace, peace!" In these three words begins every chapter of the Veda, the Bible of the Hindoos, and every chapter is ended with "Peace, peace, peace!" For the goal of life is peace. It is the nurse of all civilisation, parent of all human blessings.

Benefit of Clergy.

In England and France during the Twelfth Century it was the custom to remit the punishment of death to every criminal who could read. They called it Benefit of the Clergy—beneficium clericorum aut clericorum.

When a prisoner demanded this benefit of the clergy, the Chaplain would hand the prisoner a book. "Does he read?" demanded the Judge of the Chaplain. "He reads like a Clergyman," was the answer—and the fellow's neck was saved. Just why favour was thus shown I do not know, but the inference seemed to be that a man who could read was a superior person and could ill be spared.

We, too, place honours at the feet of accomplished people. Men who can write books are great men, except in their own homes. And yet I'm sure that the men who write fluently are often cheap wits. The men who write best do not necessarily think best. I've seen men who could not read who yet had a good mental grip on many a sublime thought. I've known men who could jabber in four languages, and yet had no thought to express in any. And as for memory it is becoming an extinct faculty, so prone are we to fill our pockets with note-books. Whenever a fellow who is clever with the pen fails to pay his debts, or does this, that or the other that a man should not do, there goes up a pretty cry, "Oh, he's a genius—he's exempt!" Bless my soul! let's do away with Benefits of the Clergy and mete out the same rules of justice to all—men and women alike.

Your Enemies.

By Herbert Kaufman.

You can't make a real success without making real enemies. You can't hold a strong position without strong opposition.

You won't seem right to any if you don't seem wrong to many.

Viewpoints aren't uniform. Standards of morals and ethics—means of livelihood—sources of happiness and prosperity—vary with individual habits of mind and life.

Men aren't ants. Humans aren't born with standardised impulses and predestined ways of working.

There are a thousand grades and types of proficiency and intellect—untold variations of intelligence. There isn't a living soul with whom you entirely agree on every subject. All minds, like all thumbprints, are original and unique.

Even if you tried, it's impossible for you to accept every issue and regard every situation in the same light of reason as a fellow-creature. So how can you hope, even under the most favorable of auspices, to have everybody like you or like you?

You must think for yourself—you must respond to your own intuitions—you must reason your own way ahead.

Your career can be guided by only your personal observations and convictions.

The greater your force of character, the more you'll force others to demonstrate their differing characteristics.

If you're upright and just and sane and clean and capable, it isn't a matter with your own volition to gain indorsement of warped and erratic and mean and criminal and brutal men. You must take sides in society; and even among your chosen associates, you must stand prepared for constant disagreement.

You must stub your advancing feet against jealousy and bigotry and rascality. And the more decidedly you progress, the more vehemently you'll conflict with those who dislike you.

You can't attain without pain—you can't secure your rights without hundreds of others believing that you have interfered with their rights.

A useful life can't be entirely peaceful and care-free. You must do your duty as you see it.

Every earnest man in every generation has paid the price of individuality.

You can't dodge.

The greater you are, the greater the penalty of your progress. The further you go, the wider you range, the more you increase the points of contact with which you must reckon, and, therefore, you multiply your battles against misconception and slander and envy and malice.

You can't avoid or evade your allotted destiny—you can only hold down your share of trouble by holding back.

In every sphere men gibe and sneer—even the peace of the ditch-digger is threatened by the unemployed laborer who covets his job.

So long as you aspire, others will conspire—so long as you try, others will vie.

You'll have hostility to face in every place and at every pace.

Go straight on to your goal.

So long as your conscience isn't ashamed to acknowledge you as a friend, don't you give a rap for your enemies.

A Thought for To-day.

By C. W. Govier.

If you meet a fallen "feller"
Help him up,
If he's tired, sore and hungry
Let him sup;
Even if he's good for nothing,
And to you is only "bluffing,"
You have something; he has nothing,
Help him up.

Pain's Purpose.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

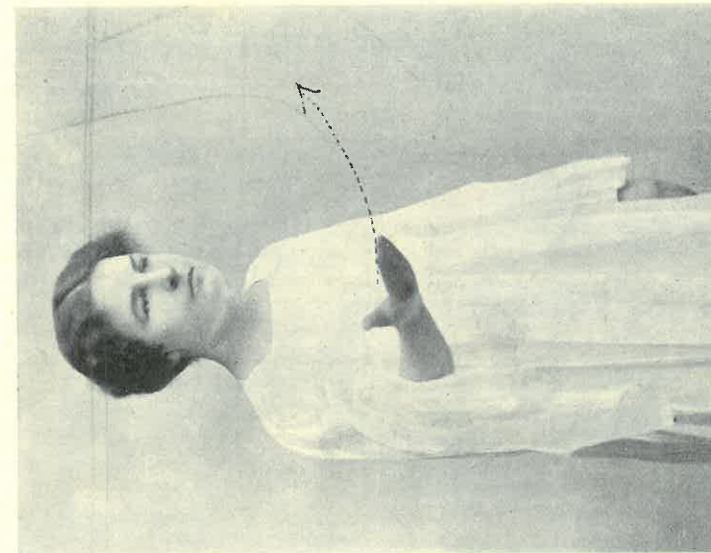
How blind is he who prays that God will send
All pain from earth. Pain has its use and place;
Its ministry of holiness and grace.
The darker tones upon the canvas blend
With light and colour; and their shadows lend
The painting half its dignity. Efface
The sombre background, and you lose all trace
Of that perfection which is true arts' trend.

Life is an artist, seeking to reveal
God's Majesty and Beauty in each soul.
If from the palette mortal man could steal
The precious pigment pain, why then the scroll
Would glare with colours, meaningless, and bright,
Or show an empty canvas blurred with light.

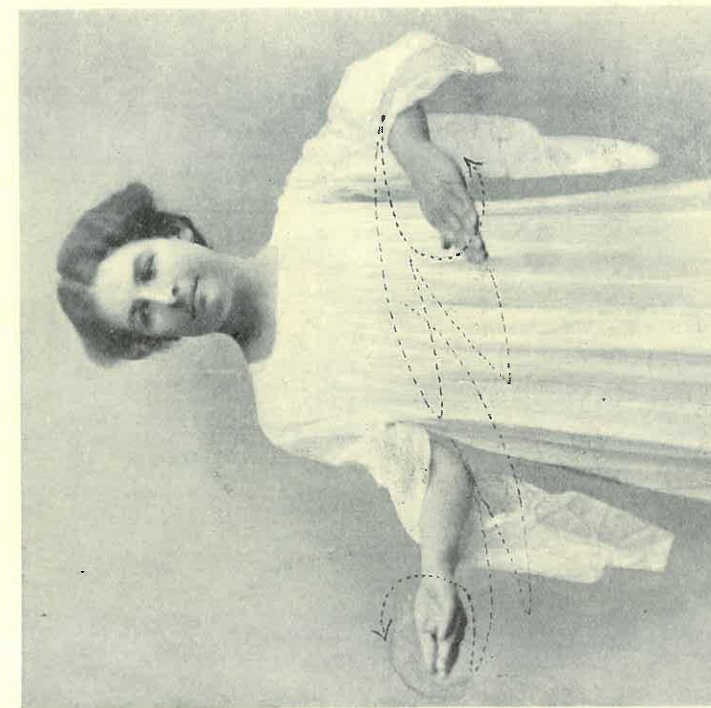
The Lord's Prayer in the Language of Gesture

In response to the wish of many readers we have pleasure in giving a further series of signs illustrating the Lord's Prayer. The words in ordinary type below have already been given in previous issues of the "Gesture." Those given in this number are shown in italics.

"Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come, Thy *WILL* be *DONE* on earth as it is in Heaven. *GIVE* us this day our daily *BREAD*, and *FORGIVE* us our trespasses, as we forgive them that *TRESPASS AGAINST* us. And *LEAD* us not into *TEMPTATION*, but *DELIVER* us *FROM EVIL*."



GIVE



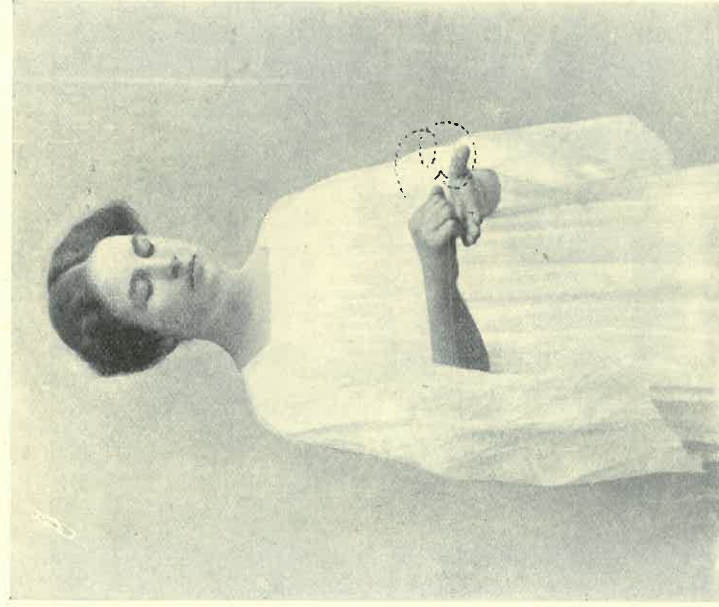
DONE



WILL



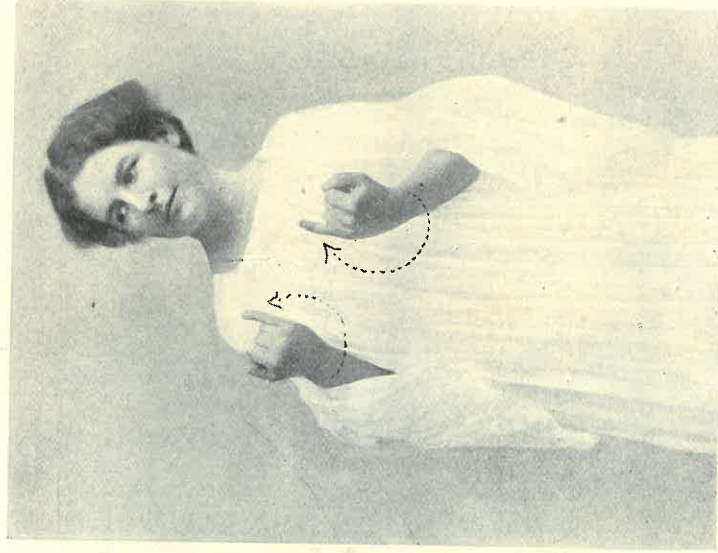
BREAD



FORGIVE



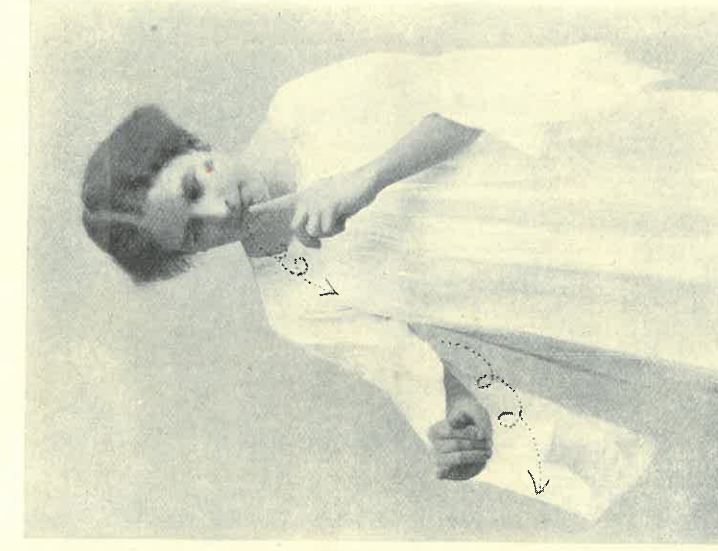
TRESPASS



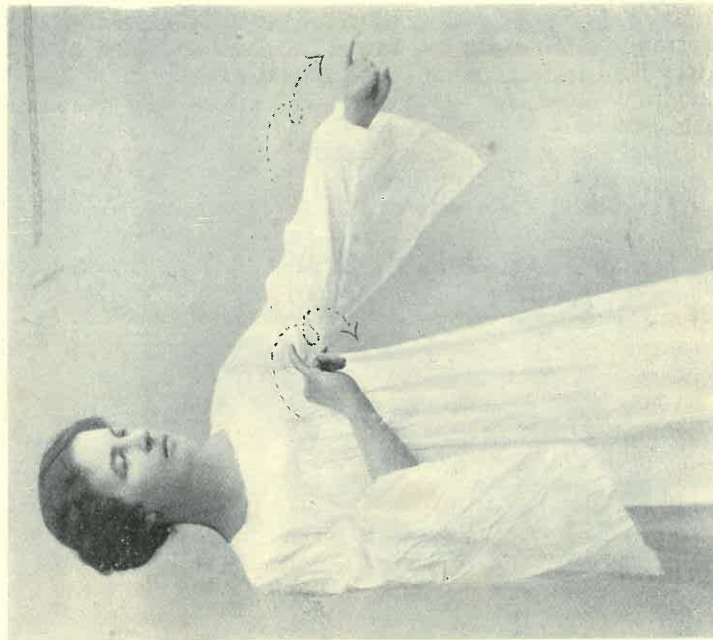
AGAINST



LEAD



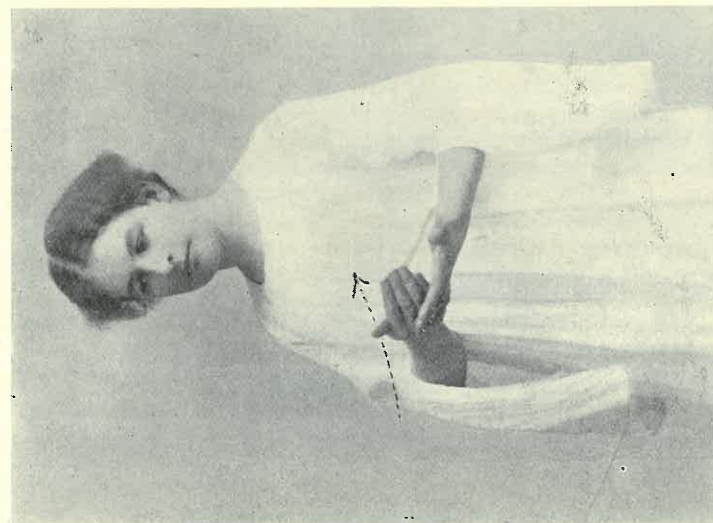
TEMPTATION



EVIL



FROM



DELIVER

A Loving Machine.

I found my soul lying neglected; I picked it up and wondered what the strange mechanism was for.
I went to school to learn what use to make of my soul.
They taught me to think with it; but it strained and creaked, and nearly gave way under the ordeal.
They showed me how to amuse myself with it; but it speedily got out of order and refused to work.
Then they trained me to hate with my soul; but it broke down utterly and nearly fell to pieces.
I came back from school disgusted with my soul and my teachers.
It was long after alone, lying on my bed in the night watches, that it flashed upon me what my soul was for.
Why did none of them tell me that my soul was a loving machine?
—Ernest Crosby.

Must I Go This Way.

Into the Silence of Meditation, whither I had gone for communion, taking with me a heart filled with unhappiness and discontent, and rebelling at what I considered the unfitness of my environment, I cried out:

“Oh, God, must I walk this path! The path is so steep and hard, and I am so weary of it!”

And softly and gently the answer came to me: “Go thou My way, and I will show thee footholds in the path!”

My unrest was stilled, and I waited in the silence for instruction.

Then came the Voice from within—the Real I, vibrating from contact with the Infinite, saying:

“My Creator wills that I shall do the work which He has sent me to do. He has sent me to this, His house. In it are my loved ones; mine to care for, to love, and to serve. For this purpose He has sent Me, His divine messenger and servant. This is my place now.

“Will I shirk this service, and betray His trust, saying, ‘I cannot do this thing,’ when God says that I can, else He would not have sent me?”

“Rather let me thank Him for His infinite wisdom in placing me just where I am, for He knows my need. Let me thank Him for this work, and for the love of my loved ones; for the opportunities He has given me in sending me pain and suffering. These have been privileges, not punishments. They were sent to strengthen my soul, that I might become worthy of the trust reposed in me.”

And I left the Silence of Meditation filled with the Spirit of Humility and Peace, resolving that instead of discontent and its kindred evils, my motto henceforth should be: “Love and Service.”

The Brotherhood of Man.

By Eleanore See Inslee.

The brotherhood of man is no fond dream;
Of some far distant hope, a fitful gleam;
No Holy Grail is this for Galahad;
No charity; no whim; no foolish fad;
It lives to-day to make the whole world kin,
But we are blind to that which dwells within,
And greed of gold, ambition, lust of fame.
Too often hide the pure and holy flame.
But let some great calamity befall;
Some dreadful woe fling down its horrid pall;
Then watch and you shall see that Holy Light,
The Brotherhood of Man, a blessed sight;
No difference now in kind or in degree,
One mind, one heart, one soul there seems to be,
And love, which fills the heart for other's woe,
Fans up the flame into a mighty glow.

Philosophic Affirmations.

We can all of us go straight forward and do our duty.
—Wellington.

Always laugh when you can; it is a cheap medicine.
—Byron.

Man and Woman are the two notes without which the human chord is not possible.
—Mazzini.

Conquer your foe by force and you add to his enmity—by love and you reap no after-sorrow.
—Buddha.

Only the man of worth can recognise worth in men.
—Carlyle.

The man who stands in his own light imagines the whole world is dark.
—T. Haines.

From the Love of the beautiful has sprung every good in heaven and earth.
—Plato.

The greater men are, the humbler they are, because they conceive of a greatness beyond attainment.
—Gibson.

To be beautiful and to be calm, without mental fear, is the ideal of Nature.
—Jefferies.

Sincerity, a deep, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic.
—Carlyle.

Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have had a striving great enough to be called a failure.
—George Eliot.

What can a man do more than die for his countrymen? Live for them. It is a longer work, and therefore a more difficult and nobler one.
—Kingsley.

Great deeds are great legacies, and work with wondrous usury. By what man has done, we learn what man can do; and gauge the power and prospects of our race.
—Benjamin Disraeli.

You will do the greatest service to the State if you raise, not the roofs of the houses, but the souls of the citizens; for it is better for great souls to dwell in small houses than for mean souls to dwell in great houses.
—Anon.

You cannot run away from a weakness; you must some time fight it out or perish; and if that be so, why not now, and where you stand?
—R. L. Stevenson.

No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion.
—Ruskin.

Be sure that to have found the key to one heart is to have found the key to all; that truly to love is truly to know; and truly to love one is the first step towards truly loving all who bear the same flesh and blood with the beloved.
—Kingsley.

Depression and Worry.

By Eustace H. Miles, M.A.

The duty of a depressed and worried person is to learn what depression and worry are, and what they do; and then to decide to cure himself sensibly.

Depression and worry are ugly. The person who worries is unpleasant to look at.

Depression and worry are not only ugly, but also unpleasant and objectionable. The person who is depressed is unpleasant to be with. One would rather not be with depressed and worried

people. Among other undeniable features, they seem to suck out one's vital power and to deplete one's energies and spirits.

Depression and worry are wasteful. They use up force which might be turned to good account. It is more wasteful to worry than it is to take a handful of money and drop it into the deep sea.

Depression and worry are cowardly. They cannot exist without a strong element of fear. No courageous person can be depressed and worried.

Depression and worry are poisonous and paralysing, they upset the breathing, the heart-beat, the circulation, the digestion and in fact every part of everybody. The very word "depression" suggests a heavy and crushing influence. On the other hand, happiness and hope have a tonic effect on the blood, and on every organ of the body and every function of the body.

Depression and worry are quite as poisonous as any poison in a chemist's shop, and, just as bottles which contain poison are labelled "Poison," so people who are depressed and worried are marked in a special way; they have a particular attitude, manner and expression.

Depression and worry are worse than mere poisons; they are infectious diseases. Those who are depressed and worried tend to make others depressed and worried, just as one person who hurries and hustles can put others in the same state of mind and body.

Worry and depression are not effective in any respect whatsoever, nor can the least good be traced to them throughout history.

For these further reasons, which we should fully understand and realise, we must decide once for all that we will not be guilty of these two sins. For sins they are. They violate clear Commandments of Health and social and moral well being, as truly as actual murder and theft do.

They rob us and others of that which is more precious than money; namely, vitality and happiness.

Anyone who has grasped a little of what they mean must agree that depression and worry are physical and moral offences; they are among the greatest mistakes one can make.

Depression and worry are not prevented and cured until the person is unaffected by circumstances and by other people . . . and can go among those who are depressed and worried, and not only keep cheerful himself, but make them cheerful, simply by the power of radiation.

The Education De Luxe.

It was once the general custom of writers to introduce into their papers various quotations from foreign languages. This was done, for the most part, to convince the reader that the author was a learned person, and one eminently fitted to give counsel, the superstition being abroad that wisdom lurked in a strange tongue.

There has recently, however, fallen a very just suspicion that well-thumbed dictionaries of quotations have played their parts long enough among the properties of the ink-stained fraternity. And further than this, we have discovered that a man may be able to speak two, three or four languages, and still have no thoughts worth recording in any.

Linguists are seldom thinkers. You give your time and energy—both limited, as I trust no one will deny—to remembering words, sounds, accents, throat contortions and nares acrobatics, and you have no time or energy left for conjuring forth the thinks.

My opinion is that to master the language of Shakespeare is quite ambition enough for the average man. If you speak several languages, you will probably speak none of them well. When I last visited the Louvre, a polite gentleman outside the entrance accosted me thus: "Sir, I am ze license guide. I speak Anglais in perfect flu-en-cee—ros-bif, goddam!"

Then I had to explain that I was not an Englishman, as my friend supposed, and further I needed no guide. Later, I learned that the gentleman could speak five languages, and I also discovered that although he acted as guide to an art-gallery he knew

nothing about art or its history, and nothing trustworthy could be gathered from him on any subject.

This man was a very good type of the Continental courier, to be found everywhere in Europe. Six hundred words of a language with which to do business is all that is required for a courier, and this is a little more than the average boarding-school Miss has in her possession when she graduates; and yet her Aunts and Uncles often point her out with awe, as one who speaks French with perfect flu-en-cee. When we hear too much about a man's speaking several tongues, we are reminded of Doctor Johnson's exclamation upon another subject: "Sir," said Ursa Major, "a woman's preaching is like a dog walking on its hind legs. It is never done well, but we are surprised that it can be done at all."

New Standards

There was a time when the value of an education lay in being able to use it for flashing on the unsophisticated. Happily, things are gradually changing. The pulpit is no longer regarded as the heir of the tripod. To weigh, decide and think are no longer daring crimes on part of the layman; and we rightfully say that if writers are inspired, readers must be also. The guff that goes in the future must be of a different mixture than has been ladled out to us in the past.

The so-called "learned men" have stayed the onward march of progress more than words can tell; and so, too, have the "learned professions" often been stumbling-blocks and rocks of offence to the good and true.

I make no criticism of men whose hobby is languages, dead or living; but I modestly protest that manual efficiency, truthfulness, self-reliance and health shall not be left out of the accounting when we make our formula for a Man.

Look Within.

If thou would'st right the world
And banish all its evils and its woes,
Make its wild places bloom,
And its drear deserts blossom as the rose,—
Then right thyself.

If thou would'st turn the world
From its long, lone captivity in sin,
Restore all broken hearts,
Slay grief, and let sweet consolation in,—
Turn thou thyself.

If thou would'st cure the world
Of its long sickness, end its griefs and pain,
Bring in all-healing joy,
And give to the afflicted rest again,—
Then cure thyself.

If thou would'st wake the world
Out of its dream of death and dark'ning strife,
Bring it to Love and Peace,
And Light and brightness of immortal Life,—
Wake thou thyself.

Let your thought into Action to-day:
Or it may spoil to-morrow,
And spoil you the day after.

—Elizabeth Towne.

Sincerity, a deep, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic.—Carlyle.

News of the Victorian Deaf.

By "Boronia."

The most important social event of the season at the Deaf Mute Centre was the 29th congregational rally held on September 5th (Show day) under the auspices of the Women's Guild. It was an unqualified success, and proved a very jolly entertainment, over 100 being present, though it was a very stormy night. The hall had an effective and admirable decorative scheme carried out with daffodils, narcissi, and golden wattle. The walls were attractively arranged with our lovely national flower, whose delicious odor floated in the air, and the tables and the floor of the platform were gloriously massed with daffodils and narcissi. The artistic fingers of Miss Empson were responsible for their fashioning. The programme of the evening was quite out of the ordinary. The roll-call was, as usual, read and followed by the addresses of the President of the Women's Guild and the Chaplain, then the real fun of the entertainment began with four humorous competitions, viz:—Afternoon Tea, Doll Dressing (by men), Who's Who, and Human Fishing, all of which caused many an outburst of laughter.

The fortunate winners were happy recipients of handsome gifts. Then refreshments, which were of the daintiest description, were handed around. Thus a most enjoyable evening was spent, everyone being in loud praises of the manner in which the committee carried out the arrangements. Before dispersing, permission was, as usual, given to those who desired to take some of the flowers home, and the hall was speedily bared of the decorations. We are indeed very fortunate in looking to the Farm and Home to supply us with flowers on special occasions.

* * * * *

The 11th annual meeting of the Deaf Women's Guild, which took place at the Deaf Mute Centre last winter, was certainly one of the most successful meetings ever held in the history of the Guild. There was a large assemblage, notwithstanding the very heavy rain. The annual report, showing that the Guild has, during the past year, been very popular and successful, and the balance sheet revealing a healthy banking account, were submitted and adopted. The election of office bearers resulted as follows:—President, Mrs. J. E. Muir; Vice-President, Mrs. Boortz; Hon. Secretary, Miss R. Dow; Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. A. Williamson; Committee, Mrs. Abraham, Mrs. A. Wilson, Misses Graham, Empson, and A. Foster. Supper, provided by the Committee, brought the pleasant meeting to a close.

Mrs. Boortz has been Hon. Treasurer of the Guild for the past three years, and discharged her duties very admirably. Miss Empson has also rendered excellent services as Hon. Secretary, and filled the position in a tactful and painstaking manner. Cordial thanks are due to these ladies, also to Mrs. J. E. Muir and Mrs. A. Wilson for conducting successful educational and Bible classes respectively; and to Mrs. A. Williamson, Mrs. Crookford, Misses Connell, R. Dow, D. Hickey, D. Davis and L. Fletcher for preparing and reading interesting papers. Mrs. A. Wilson and Miss Empson are among our most popular and valued hearing friends.

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Splendid progress is reported at the Deaf Mutes' Flower Farm. The daffodils, jonquils, golden wattle and violets are very fine and greatly admired; there are several acres of them. The pickers are kept busy all day long. The sales during the month of September realised as much as £67. Applications for terms for catering for picnic parties during the summer months are beginning to come in.

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The newly-formed Adult Deaf Lacrosse Club made a good show. Their record for the season is 10 matches won, 5 lost, 1 drawn.

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It is with great pleasure that we learn of Mr. G. Newnham's success in winning the second prize for best artistic lithographic show card offered by the International School of Correspondence, of which he is a member. His deep and enthusiastic interest in this

special line of work gives indication of his becoming a very clever lithographic artist. He made several girls of our society happy by presenting them with cartoons of themselves, which shows that he possesses powers of originality and adaptability.

The June number of "The Silent Worker," published at Trenton, N.Y., U.S.A., contains a very interesting article on Mr. Abraham and his work in Australia. It is entitled "The Man of the Day in Australia," and was written by "Unity." The Chaplain shyly hid the copy from us, and we would have never had the opportunity of reading of the kind things "Unity" said of him if one of us had not received a similar copy from a thoughtful friend in France. What a fine paper "The Silent Worker" is! It has many good writers.

Master Theo. Frewin (son of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Frewin, who are both deaf), is to be congratulated upon winning the first prize for an essay on "Australia," offered by the Management of the Glenferrie Picture Theatre. There were some 130 competitors.

Mr. A. Stokes recently arrived in Melbourne from New Zealand. He attended the congress here last Xmas, and was much impressed with the social life of the deaf in this city. He went back to New Zealand vowing to return in a few months and become a Melbournian. And he has kept his word.

Mr. Abraham's sister, Stella, and her husband, the new Assistant Matron and Gardener for the Farm and Home, have just arrived in Melbourne from England with their child. His brother Tom, his wife and family came out to Australia some years ago, and also another sister, so half his family are now united in this grand country.

The Deaf International Correspondence Club, whose object is to obtain new ideas and interests and establish friendship between the deaf in distant lands, was launched out a short time ago. Well-known deaf correspondents in England, France, Scotland, Canada, the United States and Australia have joined the club. It is decided to have not more than one or two representatives from each country. If the readers of "The Gesture" know of deaf correspondents in Ireland, Africa, South America, or any other countries not mentioned above, who might like to join and write good letters to make the club interesting and helpful to the members, they will kindly communicate with the organiser, Mrs. J. E. Muir, Deaf Mute Centre, Flinders-street, Melbourne, Australia. It is anticipated that the club will be a great success.

Excellent lectures have been delivered at the Deaf Mute Centre during the last few months. To mixed audiences Mr. Abraham lectured on "Idols and Images" and "Random Thoughts." To the members of the Women's Guild, Mrs. A. Williamson, "The Lives of Missionaries in Tropical Countries"; Miss D. Hickey, "Precious Stones"; Mrs. J. E. Muir, "God in Nature"; Mrs. Boortz, "Strange Marriage Customs." To the members of the Men's Guild, Mr. J. Cariss, "Mechanical Dentistry"; Mr. S. Turnley, "The Conquest of Briton by the Romans"; Mr. C. Robertson, "Try"; Mr. T. Nelson, "Iron" and "Various Items"; Mr. H. McKenzie, "The Life of the Duke of Wellington"; Mr. Abraham, "Thoughts on Sydney"; Mr. G. Newnham, "Lithography"; Mr. M. L. Miller, "Grimm"; Mr. J. E. Muir, "Weather Facts" and "The Federal Capital." At both the Guilds the junior members recite in rotation, and they all do it well.

All nature is the face of God.—Novalis.

Kind words are worth much, and they cost little.

Science is a great civiliser.

Say as you think, and speak it from your soul.—Shakespeare.

The Musings of Unity.

Dear Tramp,—

Greeting. Where have you got to? Have you hitched your waggon to a star and left this prosy old earth? I got anxious, not hearing, and asked the Editor your whereabouts. He was busy just then, and could only say, "I'll tell you next time," but next time has not come yet, and I can't wait. Things have annoyed me lately. I suppose you have observed sometimes the tremendous fuss an old mother-hen makes when her brood of ducks take to the water; it happens often enough to be common; but did you ever see a bird so lacking in horse-sense that she tied her foster-children by the leg to her own—I had nearly said apron-string—that is what has happened next door, and the ducks, naturally rebellious, make such clamour that I want to take a knife and set them free to seek their own salvation, but hesitate to trespass. What would you do? Putting parables aside, there are two important factors in the life of the deaf mute, factors which make, or mar, him, viz., the School and the Adult Society. They make him if they are working in perfect harmony (as they ought), or mar him if discord is present; inasmuch as the Society without the School is hampered and handicapped in its operations, so also the School, where there is no Society to finish its work, leaves things half-done, and the after development of the deaf mute is slow and unsatisfactory, and in many cases retrogressive.

It is not in the natural order of things that the School should retain its influence and continue its care of the adult deaf mute. Would it not be preposterous if we all expected our parents to continue taking care of us after we have become men and women? And it is doubly so in the case of Schools. The parents of a family, when their boys and girls grow up, do not start to raise another family, but the School has the care and up-bringing of generation after generation of children. How, then, can it expect to look after the adults in a way that will not do injustice to either party?

To do full justice—educationally—to the children will take up all the time and brains available on any School staff or committee, or ought to, **most emphatically ought to**, and if any measure of that time and brain-power is diverted to other sources they are in danger of robbing the children of their rights.

This principle is so well recognised in all parts of the enlightened world that the natural outcome has been the founding of Societies for the Adult Deaf. Under the care of such societies the boy or girl on leaving School will continue the development begun there, will gather wider experience, and gain a clearer outlook on life, will develop in practice the moral and spiritual lessons learnt in theory at School, and become a good workman and desirable citizen. Without the Society he is adrift on the sea of life; on leaving School, in a way, he is well equipped for the voyage, he has oars, rudder, provisions, etc, but **he has not yet learnt to use them to the best advantage**. The first squall he encounters may easily leave him derelict and useless.

What's your philosophy on the subject, dear friend? Let's have some of it, and believe me,

Yours as usual,

Sept., 1912.

"UNITY."

A day will come when a cannon ball will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and people will be amazed that such a thing could ever have been.

A day will come when these two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, will be seen placed in the presence of each other, extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean, exchanging their produce, their industries, their arts, their genius, clearing the earth, peopling the desert * * * and uniting, for the good of all these two irresistible and infinite facts, the fraternity of men and the power of God.

—Victor Hugo in 1849.

Pharisees and Hypocrites.

Miss Ada Ward Speaks.

"I have come out from a life and from a people whom I know absolutely to be pharisees and hypocrites." This was one of the stinging utterances by Miss Ada Ward, the former Evangelist, in addresses given at the Town Hall, Sydney, recently, in connection with her first reappearance on the stage. Miss Ada Ward's remarks were greeted by long and loud applause.

The Town Hall was filled. The platform was fitted up as a small stage, and here Miss Ward spoke, afterwards utilising it to give a recitation, and to enact scenes of a religio-melodramatic character from "East Lynne" and "Leah the Forsaken." "People have asked me," said Miss Ward, after describing how she had left the stage for mission work, and how she had been treated therein, "if I felt no scruples in giving out what I did in Dr. Dill Macky's Church? I say no. I had none; absolutely none. I felt as though the whole weight of the world's sorrow had been taken from my shoulders. I believe it was God's will that I should get out of it. When I went home I seemed a different woman. I have since received a letter from one of the Army people, saying, 'Miss Ward, you are a backslider.' That is not true. I want to tell you I want to deny to the whole world that I am a backslider. (Applause.) I was never nearer the throne of Grace than I am at this moment. I have broken bonds that bound me to a most unhappy life. I am not attacking the Church as a Church; only those individuals who have these tremendous missions throughout the world, and call themselves the head of them. They live in pomp and power, with their servants and luxury. (Cheers.) But we know that it is the poor workers and evangelists who are bringing in money to these men, and getting nothing but sneers and snubs and starvation wages in return. No; I tell you I have not gone back. I am willing to do the work at any time; but I will not be made use of any longer, only to make money. I will do the Lord's work. Have no fear for me. I will go to the sick and lead them to salvation, but in future it will be with a bright and joyous heart." Miss Ward also said that in all her ten years' work as an evangelist she had never once met a minister's wife, the reason being that she was an actress. She never received the slightest sympathy or consideration, and frequently suffered from serious discomfort, illness, privation, and overwork. In New Zealand she held 56 meetings for the Salvation Army in the space of two months.

Cheerfulness.

The way to git cheerful is to smile when you feel bad, to think about somebody else's headache when yer own is 'most bustin', to keep on believin' the sun is a-shining when the clouds is thick enough to cut. Nothin' helps you to it like thinkin' more 'bout other folks than about yerself.—Alice Kegan Rice.

A cheerful heart is great wealth; and it has great influence over others. Cheerful people, with happiness beaming from their faces, are a great blessing to society. They bring sunshine into many weary hearts, and joy into many dismal homes; and they are great public benefactors. One joyous guest is as good as at least four ordinary people on a festive occasion, or at a social gathering. We should greatly esteem the mirthful children, the jocund youths, the laughing girls, the jolly middle-aged people, and the merry old souls of our acquaintance, for they are very scarce, and life would indeed be dull without them. All honour be to the people who can tell funny stories and make merry jests which produce peals of laughter from sad mortals.—W. S. Hutton.

Immortality.

Two caterpillars crawling on a leaf,
By some strange accident in contact came;
Their conversation, passing all belief,
Was that same argument, the very same,
That has been "proed and conned," from man to man;
Yea, ever since this wondrous world began.

The ugly creatures,
Deaf and dumb and blind,
Devoid of features

That adorn mankind,

Were vain enough, in dull and wordy strife,
To speculate upon a future life.

The first was optimistic, full of hope—

The second, quite dyspeptic, seemed to mope,
Said number one, "I'm sure of our salvation."
Said number two, "I'm sure of our damnation."

Our ugly forms alone would seal our fates,
And bar our entrance through the golden gates.

Suppose that death should take us unawares,
How could we climb the golden stairs?

If maidens shun as they pass by,

Would angels bid us welcome to the sky?

I wonder what great crimes we have committed,
That leave us so forlorn, so unpitied?

Perhaps we've been ungrateful, unforgiving.
'Tis plain to me, life is not worth the living."

"Come, come, cheer up," the jovial one replied—
"Let's take a look upon the other side:

Suppose we can not fly like moths and millers,
Are we to blame for being caterpillars?

Will that same God that doomed us crawl the earth,
A prey to every bird that's given birth,

Forgive our captor as he eats and sings,

And damn poor us because we have no wings?

If we can't skim the air, like owl or bat,

The worm will turn for a' that."

They argued through the Summer—Autumn nigh;

The ugly things composed themselves to die—

And so, to make their funeral quite complete,

Each wrapped him in his little winding-sheet.

The tangled web encompassed them full soon—

Each for his coffin made him a cocoon.

All through the Winter's chilling blasts they lay.

Dead to the world, aye, dead as any human clay.

Lo! Spring comes forth with all her warmth and love;

She brings sweet justice from the realms above—

She breaks the chrysalis—she resurrects the dead—

Two butterflies ascend, encircling her head.

And so, this emblem shall forever be

A sign of Immortality.

Wanted—Ability!

"Every successful concern," says Hubbard, "is the result of a One-Man Power," i.e., the man of ability. But when you find this man "his weary eyes will look into yours, and the cry of his heart shall echo in your ears, 'O, for someone to help me to bear this burden!'" Workmen, who will meander over their tasks, and then strike for higher wages, he can get by the gross. Clerks, who will waste his stationery and abuse him behind his back, he can pick up in abundance. Of assistants, whose carelessness will drive his customers elsewhere, he finds no lack. But able men and loyal, who will throw themselves heart and soul into their work—ah! these are rarer than rubies, they are more precious than gold. Ability is the one crying need of the hour. "The world," he declares, "reserves its big prizes for but one thing, and that is initiative; in other words, doing the right thing without being told. Next to doing the thing without being told, is to do it when you are told once." Hubbard writes of the conditions of work in the States.

The Heavenly Vision and the Earthly Duty.

There is a beautiful legend of a monastery life that contains a lesson we do well to ponder. One day a monk, at his devotions, sees the glorified form of his redeemer. As he gazes entranced the bell rings that calls him to feed the beggars at the gate. How he longs to continue in the divine presence, but the voice of duty calls to service and he obeys. When he returns his Lord is waiting for him, and greets him with the words, "If you had stayed, I should have gone."

Would we have the Heavenly Vision abide with us we must make the spiritual work our work;—we must heed the need of others.

Sometimes individuals failing to catch the spirit of the religion which they profess, try to live each unto himself alone. They may be sound in doctrine and take great satisfaction in their own convictions. Yet is their fate bound to be that of Narcissus in the myth. Narcissus, so the story runs, was a youth who saw himself reflected in the waters of the stream. He was so struck with his own beauty that he gazed upon it until he became a flower; a thing of grace and joy, but only for a moment. It soon withered and dried up, and the winds came and passed it into nothingness. The non-missionary being is doomed, because he is false to the law that called him into being.

The prophets on the mountain-top of inspiration, with vision purified by the Holy Spirit, see the "Kingdom of Heaven" embracing the "whole of the world." A characteristic passage is found in Isaiah 19: 23-25, "In that day shall there be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria, and the Assyrians shall come into Egypt, and the Egyptian into Assyria; and the Egyptians shall worship with the Assyrians. In that day shall Israel be the third with Egypt and with Assyria, a blessing in the midst of the earth for that Jehovah of hosts hath blessed them saying Blessed be Egypt, my people, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel my inheritance." When we consider what these three nations meant, for the hearers of the prophet, all the earth, we have in his words a picture of Love that is Universal, and of a Goodwill that is Universal; and the suggestion that All People alike may share with the Seer his Heavenly Vision.

As Man Thinks, Etc.

Man thinks and acts as he does because he has advanced no further in evolution. His conduct is the exact result of what he is. Change him, and you shall see him living a better life. Do not frighten him into a belief which is to save him from some hypothetical hell. Help him to understand himself, teach him the laws of growth and elevate his standards. Explain and emphasise the laws of character-building, and show him that his mistakes and failures are due not to wilfulness, but to ignorance of self and lack of self-control. Encourage him by pointing out the method of conquering our unruly selves through moderation, poise and thoughtfulness, in the deep inner world where all our activity originates. Insist upon no theories, and do not impose your methods upon him, but inspire him to look at the facts of life for himself, the possibilities it contains, and the hope it offers. Here is the way out of the nether world into the superior. Here is true sympathy, charity and love. Be as fair with all men as with yourself. Offer them the same encouragement, and give them the benefits of your own struggles. The problem of evil is not wholly dark when viewed in this light. It is not wholly solved. But hope is still boundless; and out of these patient endeavours to lift our fellowmen shall come, little by little, the joy and beauty of a nobler life.

HORATIO W. DRESSER.

South Australian

ADULT

DEAF and DUMB MISSION

and

ANGAS HOME

for

Aged and Infirm Deaf Mutes

(Incorporated.)

CHURCH and INSTITUTE,

Corner of
Wright and Market Streets, **ADELAIDE.**

Missionary—MR. J. McDONALD.

ANGAS HOME and FARM,
Parafield, **SOUTH AUSTRALIA.**

Manager—MR. A. G. H. COX.

Hon. Secretary—MR. A. C. W. COX.

OBJECT:

TAKES the oversight of Deaf Mutes after they leave school. It finds work for the unemployed, ministers to the sick, relieves the distressed. It provides a Home for the Aged and Infirm. In short, it does for the Deaf and Dumb what the Churches and various charitable agencies do for those who can hear and speak.

The Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of Victoria

(INCORPORATED).

Patron :

His Excellency the Governor,
Sir John M. F. Fuller, Bart.

President :

Mr. W. H. Felstead.

Chairman :

Mr. E. R. Peacock, J.P.

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Hon. Assistant Treasurer :

Mr. M. L. Miller.

Supt. and Manager :

Mr. Ernest J. D. Abraham.

Headquarters :



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.

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

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.

... THE ...

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

at Lake Park, BLACKBURN

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.



MR. E. J. D. ABRAHAM

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).