

Be Honest and True.

Be honest and true, boys!
Whatever you do, boys,
Let this be your motto through life,
Both now and forever,
Be this your endeavor,
When wrong with the right is at strife.

The best and the truest,
Alas! are the fewest,
But be one of these if you can
In duty ne'er fall, you
Will find 'twill avail you,
And bring its reward when a man.

Don't think life plain sailing
There's danger of falling,
Though bright seem the future to be
But honor and labor,
And truth to your neighbor,
Will bear you safe over life's sea.

Then up and be doing,
Fight only pursuing,
And take your fair part in the strife
Be honest and true, boys,
Whatever you do, boys,
Let this be your motto through life!

IN THE LAND OF SILENCE.

Deaf and Dumb of Toronto, and Their Work.

SERVICE WITHOUT NOISE.—A DEAF MUTE ARGUMENT INTERESTINGLY DESCRIBED.—FOUR HUNDRED WITHOUT SOUND.—CAUSES OF PREJUDICES AGAINST A WILLING AND TRACTABLE PEOPLE.

From the *Daily Mail and Empire*, March 20.

"Here, Brown, what do you think of this article in the last number of the *Century*—on teaching the deaf and dumb to speak? You ought to know something about it. Jones, the speaker, has the soul of a Cheerybly, he comes in with a gust of frosty air, leaving the door wide open as usual; he never remembers to shut up anything. For generous heartedness he has learned dactylography for the entertainment of an old friend stricken stone deaf some thirty years ago. We turn from our talk of illustrating the fate of a gentleman, who dreams he is turned into a plum pudding, with some interest. We do happen to know something about the writer. A short consideration of the article leads to an animated discussion. Like most benevolent people, Jones is a trifle pig-headed, when he has lit on what he conceives, a great idea for the good of humanity, and our conclusion that the gist of the question lies in a few sentences in the last paragraph, is all received. An enthusiastic expositor of the most improved methods of training the deaf and dumb, cannot assort for it more than this. "It gives to them a speech that is intelligible to their immediate friends, and in varying degrees to strangers. It enables them to understand conversation on ordinary topics whenever the lips are clearly visible. I do not claim that they are on the same footing as hearing people. They cannot be. Their speech is never perfectly natural, and they can never take part in general conversation."

With some brilliant exceptions, this statement of the case, so far as our observations go, must be taken as a *magnum opus*. The discussion of the point leads to the idea of making investigations, into what is being done in Toronto, for the afflicted dwellers in the world of silence.

The following Sunday found Jones and myself, somewhat late, ascending, with what proved altogether unnecessary stealth, the second storey of a nest of club-rooms on Spadina avenue. So silent was the room above us, that we at first imagined that we had gone astray; but from the doorway between forty and fifty people were to be seen sitting in absorbed attention to proceedings of a decidedly unique character. The stillness of a Quaker meeting is proverbial. But the voices that occasionally lift the oppressive incubus of silence from the unaccustomed visitor, gives him the familiar sense of association with his kind. Amongst the silent people, however, the stranger is conscious of the environment of a curiously new element, with which he is not in touch. In reply to a whispered enquiry of a respectably dressed citizen near the door, a genial shake of the head, and a slight touch on the ear, obviously expresses something more than a decorous desire, and concentrated attention on the service.

TALK IN SILENCE.

We came too late for the first part of the service, but a minute or two after our entry, a young man mounted a low platform, and in response to a signal from him, the whole assembly arose in a double semi-circle, and following his leadership, began to sign in unison,

what we afterwards ascertained was, the Lord's Prayer. The effect even to unaccustomed eyes, was reverential and impressive. A little gentleman, with somewhat of the clean cut outlines of a Jewish face then stepped forward and evidently meaning "business," removed a chair and small stand with a large Bible, to what might be considered a safe distance. Beginning quietly enough, he soon warmed up into animated action, of obviously more than common oratorical significance. The finger alphabet was occasionally brought into play, but the address was mainly in signs, clearly as natural and significant a form of expression to both speaker and audience, as audible delivery to an ordinary assembly. No sound broke the silence, but the fixed attention of the people evidenced their complete accord with the speaker. Every now and then some gesture of enquiry elicited responses from all parts of the meeting, and occasionally the point in hand was dwelt upon, and responses exchanged till some conclusion, mutually satisfactory to speaker and audience, was reached. The signing was at times sufficiently dramatic, for over the uninitiated, to gain some idea of a passing allusion, as to a storm at the ascent of a mountain, or the ascent of darkness, but the gist of the address was quite unattainable. The speaker's conclusion was energetic and impressive; he was evidently concentrated in the effort to convey to each in turn the purport of his message. The attention of the audience was close and rapt throughout. In the course of his vigorous action, the speaker, in spite of his preparatory precaution, inadvertently swept the large Bible from the stand to the floor, with a resounding thud the sole break to the dead silence of the place. The momentary pause and raise the fallen book, to stroke it affectionately, and exchange sympathetic smiles with his congregation, made but small break in the engrossing current of the address. A short prayer, for which all stood up, concluded the service.

A QUIET INTERRUPTION.

On a subsequent occasion, the proceedings were, to a certain degree, more normal. A gentleman, well-known in business circles, delivered an address in the usual way, but was interpreted by a young lady in quiet and graceful signs, which received as fixed and appreciative attention as the more energetic proceedings of the previous Sunday. There was also one new and striking point in the service. At the conclusion of the address, two young girls ascended the platform, and in attractive unison, signed a hymn, which was evidently followed with keenest interest, by the congregation.

The interpreter, on this occasion, was, we found, a lady who, through the benevolent action of a Toronto business man, has been specially trained for work amongst the deaf and dumb, and devotes all her time to assist them in every practicable way. Her special sphere of usefulness is amongst the women and girls, a class often in need of the help of one who understands the special difficulties of their position, and can hold ready communication with them. The value of one who can clearly apprehend them will be readily understood. Any medical man who has been called in to such cases can testify to the comfort and value of such assistance.

There are between 70 and 80 deaf mutes in Toronto, none of whom have had the advantages of the more recent systems of training. It will take an other generation to show what are the distinct advantages of the new methods. All now living here depend upon signs, and the pencil and writing pad for communication with others. This is not the place to enter into the yet unsettled controversy amongst educationists, as to the degree in which the oral method is available, but in any case those born deaf and so speechless, enter the race of life badly handicapped. Their deprivation calls for the consideration, and kindly hand of every one with a heart, as Kingsley puts it, "To help some dogs over styles," and the help asked for is in almost all cases, only a chance to work. There are two or three in Toronto who own productive property, but the mass are engaged in various trades—shoemaking, tailoring, ironworking, carpentering, and printing, employ most. They are, as a class, good, sober, and industrious workmen and once introduced into the routine of an establishment, occasion no perceptible inconvenience, but there is a very general prejudice against trying them, against

which we desire to make an earnest protest.

THE QUALIFICATIONS.

Those who seek employment for the deaf and dumb, have also to meet not infrequently, an impression that they are all tempered. There is no good ground for such an idea; as a class, they compare favourably with others, in the same circumstances. There is no doubt sometimes a call for patience in explanation and occasional misapprehension, but scarcely more than occurs with others in full possession of their faculties, of the same standing as workers. At the best, the lot of the deaf from birth claims special consideration. It is a claim not obtrusive to the eye, and all the more appealing to the thoughtful on that account. It is too obvious to require comment, that for this class special forms of education are imperative; education that shall begin at the earliest possible moment; for in this case it means making what reparation is possible for a loss of a faculty that in varying degrees is irremediable.

The Provincial Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Belleville, is admirably equipped for this special purpose, and it is to be hoped that some of our members will see that the duty of the Government to grant the expansion needed to meet the requirements of the province be kept well in front.

The Toronto Deaf Mute Association meets for two religious services on Sunday in different parts of the city. A Bible class is held during the week, and a lecture is given once a month on some subject of general interest. Meetings are also held in the homes of the deaf mutes, and assistance is given in seeking for work, in arranging terms of engagement, and in smoothing over difficulties with employers. The sick are especially cared for, and there are frequent occasions amongst the varying occurrences of daily life, when the kindly help and counsel of a readily available hearing friend, is of most material service. Any information about the work of the society, will be gladly given to any enquiring at 163 Rose avenue.

DETROIT NEWS.

From our own Correspondent.

Thank you, Mr. Ottawa, for your kind remark about my letters. I have always had the impression that nobody cared for them and that they were not missed, but that was not the reason I have been silent so long. I have several times started a letter, but I have always sent it to the waste paper basket instead of the post box. I have so very little news and no talent at all for writing stories like our good friend, Mr. Kay. Before I go farther I will here thank him for his many interesting letters and hope we will have the pleasure of reading many more. Now, I think I will try and rattle up a little news, in case Mrs. Balis should take Ottawa's hint and give us a lecture; but as she is one of us, I should think she would understand how our time is taken up with washing, ironing, sweeping, dusting, baking, cooking and mending, and oh, dear me, how many other things we have to do, while the men, of course, they work.

Man works from sun to sun
But woman's work is never done

Have you lost your pens, Pansy? If so, let me know and I'll send you a box full.

The deaf of Detroit have a lecture once a month, the said lectures are given by one of the teachers from the school at Flint. The first, by Mr. Hubbard, on Niagara Falls—its past, present and future, was a most interesting lecture, Jan. 23rd. Mr. Buchanan came next. Subject—The Merchant of Venice. Probably many of your readers have read that charming Fable story. It was more interesting by the manner in which it was signed. The signs were so expressive that even people not acquainted with our language could not have failed to understand it. On March 6th we had a visit from Mr. Thomas Brown, a former class mate of our late Mr. Greene. The lecture was about life in the South, before and after the war. After which the lecturer told a love story called The Fool's Errand. We will probably have another before long, but at present the writer don't know who will come or what the subject will be.

Rev. Mr. Mann came to Detroit on the 13th, and gave us a lecture that

evening on confirmation. We had service with Holy Communion the morning and in the afternoon. Bishop came to the chapel and conducted a class of four. Those confirmed were Mr. and Mrs. Gustin, formerly Forest, Ont., Mr. Edward Ball, Wood Ont., and a young lady, a former pupil at Flint. Our Bishop is a very tall man and takes a great interest in his work. He can talk quite well with a single-hand alphabet.

The Misses Lafferty and M. Ball, regular attendants at our lectures, are enjoying the best of health and having a good time. On the 7th the writer went over and took tea with Mrs. and on the 14th Mabel came over and took dinner with the writer.

Miss Bessie Ball is still busy in the gallery where she has been for a number of years.

Miss Marion Campbell, of Belleville, Ont., spent a couple of days with her friend, Mabel Ball, the beginning of January. Hope the next time she comes there she will come over and see a friend who has in Detroit.

Times are very hard here, many of work and many are suffering and obliged to ask public charity. Those who a year or two ago were considered very comfortable. Now I would like to advise all my friends in Canada not to think of coming to Detroit, expecting to find employment when they get here, they do I am afraid they will be greatly disappointed. Of course anyone can come and pay to learn a trade and be promised a situation when they have finished their time, but it is one chance out of a hundred if you will succeed in getting it. I would be very happy to see any of my Canadian friends, by knowing times to be what they are and knowing how many skilled and experienced men are out of employment and in actual want and have been for months, I feel it my duty to advise you not to come here to look for work. If all I would say, stay where you are, be contented and thankful for what you have got, for you can not better yourselves by coming here, at least not at present. Of course you might be a member of the very few fortunate ones, but there is more chance of you being disappointed and having to go back wiser and poorer than you are now.

Well, Mr. Ottawa, I think I hear the Editor saying thank goodness, Detroit don't write often. Well I can have the satisfaction of saying Mrs. Balis could not lecture me as I wrote enough to satisfy any reasonable person.

Why She Didn't Marry.

"Would I marry?" laughed a lovely young lady of five-and-twenty, dependent on her own income as teacher for support. "Well, no. When I consider the lot of my married friends, I am thankful for common sense enough to remain single; I thoroughly enjoy my free and fettered life. To be sure I go to my work in the school-room each day, but my married friends have household cares as unperpetuating as mine with far greater chances of failing to give satisfaction. I have no husband to find fault with the coffee or the state of my wardrobe, no eld to worry my peaceful hours, no servants to cater to. I have not to plan for three times three-hundred and sixty-five meals each year, and no hungry family coming in to devour in one brief hour the result of my hard morning's toil in the kitchen. No stern tyrant of a husband deals out with grudging hand bank bills to supply my needs and those of his children. I am engulfed in a whirlpool of extravagance, and purchase a lovely gown, a pair of delectable evening boots, or a morsel of a French bonnet, I can endure the reproaches of my own conscience with some equanimity, but the scowls of an angry spouse would wither my soul. When the blessed summer vacation comes around, there is a whole continent at my disposal, and amounting as I have been economical or frugal I may choose my summer outing. Old age? Yes, it may come to me, but will come to my married friend, I may find them widows with a half dozen children to work for. But the worst comes, and I cannot work or be a snug corner in an old ladies home. Fancy I could win some gray-haired man who would offer me a home. They are generally some one around, you know. And the coldhearted little beauty who is set off around the corner, leaving a married friend to reflect that perhaps all the advantages were not with the matrimonial state, as she had been taught to believe.