

What He Meant.

MAUDE MORRISON IN THE "OUTLOOK."

"When he claps his hands and smiles at me, with a 'google goo' and a 'google goo.' What does the baby mean?" asked she. And the fond young mother bent her head a moment over the "radical."

Then, with a wise, wise look, she said: "He very plain, now don't you see, 'His 'google goo' means 'I love you.' And 'google goo' means 'Come kiss me.' It's just as plain as plain can be. That's just what the darling meant," said she.

She asked the papa, and said he. As he trotted the youngster on his knee. "Pshaw! now, that's plain enough to see. Just 'I' ten to this, and once again. The rocking, romping ride began. And 'google goo' cried the little man. As the key horse trotted and loped and ran. "Why, 'google goo' means 'I love you.' You'd better look out, or we'll show you. What is the meaning of 'google goo'?"

FOR THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Notes During 1870-71 Session.

BY WILLIAM LAY, OIL SPRINGS,
(An Old Pupil.)

As I recollected three more events that happened during that season, I thought it well to write them down. During the spring and early summer the boys were always scattering all over, some working on the farm, some in the garden and some playing far away on the lawn and on the shore. Therefore the officials found it not easy to call them together for school or meals, and Mr. Greene got an idea of making the bell in the tower useful in some ways, so he appointed some big boys in turn to ring the bell within fifteen minutes of meal time and the school hour. One afternoon I was away down on the lawn playing with some boys and could see the bell ringing for supper.

One Sunday afternoon your school was visited by the noted lady, Miss Macpherson, and about 200 orphan boys, who occupied the whole seats of the boys' side except the front one which was reserved for that lady and her friends. The pupils sat down on the seats of the girls' side. Mr. Greene signed "Christ Stilleth the Tempest." I was asked to answer by writing on the slate a few questions in scripture. The orphan boys sang a hymn. They all wore linen coats. One day the chapel was nearly filled with a large crowd of the Catholic Sunday school children, under the charge of Father Farrelly, now Monsignor. The pupils were not present except a few, including myself, to give some exhibitions in signs and writing. Now as for the first vacation, the reason why I wish to write something about it is because there was a very interesting event which occurred during the first summer holidays, it was Mr. Greene's marriage. I always remembered well that one day in March, three ladies were in Mr. Greene's class-room, when the teacher selected me to give some exhibitions in signs in some ways. They were sisters, the Misses Howard, afterwards, Hon. Mrs. Lambert of Ottawa, the late Mrs. Wallbridge of Belleville, and Mrs. Greene. According to Mr. Greene's own story, he fell in love with that lady and sought her society in the city. It was only after Easter when he ventured to ask her to be his wife, and she promptly accepted his proposal. I understood that her people did not approve of the engagement solely on account of Mr. Greene's intemperance, but the good lady had her own way. I was surprised to learn that same story from a lady here a few years ago, who attended the Albert College at that time and heard about it. It is needless to say how the would-be couple spent their time previous to the vacation. One evening some senior boys from the classes of Messrs. Greene and Coleman went to the old Town Hall to see the wonderful pantomime entitled "Three Blind Mice." When they arrived there, they found the front seat already reserved for them, though the hall was quite full. Mr. Greene and his future wife occupied the next seat behind, and at their request I changed my seat and sat down next to them, thus giving Mr. Coleman my place. They seemed so much devoted to each other, the lady

practising in signs. I think it was on the 12th of July when the wedding took place. It was only a private one and the officiating minister was the late Canon of St. Thomas' Church, who died a few months after he having been the Canon for 28 years. I had no thought of learning his name. The bridegroom simply read the service during the ceremony. The newly married couple went on a honeymoon trip to Montreal and Quebec, and thence to the bridegroom's old home in Portland, Maine, U. S. Unfortunately a serious accident happened during the happy event which might have crippled the bridegroom for life, or cost his own life. While practising with his revolver on the sea beach, by unknown means the trigger went off and the bullet entered the palm of his right hand, inflicting a bad wound. On his way home, he felt his shirt sleeve wet, and on investigation he found it to be blood coming out below the elbow underneath. Evidently the bullet had penetrated the wrist and came out that way. He had a brother a doctor, who, being regarded one of the most skillful and reliable physicians in America, attended to the wounds to the best of his ability, so that in a few weeks the wounded part was healed and the hand restored to its normal condition once more. During the opening of the second session, the general talk was that the healing of the hand was indeed a miracle, and every body was so thankful that the good and efficient teacher was doing very well once more, as to trouble him to continue the good work at your school.

FOR THE CANADIAN MUTE.

At Hamilton Institution for the Deaf during Fenian Raid.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

During the time the writer of this article was at the Institution for the Deaf in Hamilton, Ont., some 33 years ago, there were rumors of a contemplated Fenian raid into Canada from the United States, somewhere near Fort Erie, but as no raid took place for some time after the rumors were first circulated it was looked upon as mere news paper bluff and very little was thought of it, although a sharp look out was taken for anything alarming. It will be remembered by those who were at that institution that we had what may be termed "walking holidays" on Thursday afternoons to different places of interest, led by one or two of the teachers or officers in turns. Well, on one particular Thursday afternoon, some time after the above rumors had been going the rounds of the newspapers, Mr. Edward McGinn, brother of Mrs. Terrill, of Belleville Institution, had charge of the procession, and he made up his mind to pay a visit to the barracks the being a volunteer at that time. The writer happened not to be in this "walk" for some reason not remembered. After an absence of perhaps three or four hours the boys returned in high spirits over what they had seen and of course with whetted appetites. After supper was over the boys assembled in the study-room, as was the custom, but that night they were in a more than ordinary talkative mood and discussed the day's experiences with great animation, the writer being an interested "listener." They were describing what they had seen and what they had been told as it was always the rule that those in charge should explain the why and wherefore of the things they were taken out to see. They were also telling what they saw the men doing at the barracks, how some were cleaning their rifles, some repairing anything out of order, and every man at his post, as if ready to march at a moment's notice, although there was no immediate danger so far as the town from the front would seem to indicate. At last we were ordered to retire for the night, and were soon fast asleep, calm and serene. Some time during the small hours of that night the Fenians crossed the border into Canada and the electric wire flashed the news all over the country. Before we had breakfast that morning the troops we were talking about the previous night had gone to the front in full fighting order, while others, amongst whom was Mr. McGinn, were gathered in the street at almost every corner in groups with rifles over their shoulders, and some were to be seen at their doors taking leave of relatives and alarmed relations and weeping and lamentations as if they were parting for ever. Before noon, however, the armed men were almost all gone from

the city. The excitement that morning can be better imagined than described. There was no school that day, so far as the writer can remember. We were small boys at the time and were asking everyone who the "Fenians" were. I can remember being told something like this by, I think, Mrs. Terill, who was my teacher. "Fenians are bad Irishmen who hate our good Queen and want to take Canada from her." We were also told that they wore green uniforms or clothes. Later in the day it was learned that the troops from Toronto, London and other points would pass through Hamilton some time about noon, and we were given permission to go to the depot to see them, which we did in groups of five or six. Those in our group were Chas. and Alex. McLaren, Jas. Black and Edwin Pingle. On arriving at the depot we found an immense crowd assembled already. We could not get near enough to satisfy our curiosity, so we dodged our way through the crowd and after waiting a while the train came in from London with a dozen or more cars attached, laden with troops. It was greeted with great cheering as we could understand from the waving of hats. After a short interval they were off to the front, amidst a scene of wild enthusiasm, which the writer can never forget. It looked as if the people imagined that the whole army of the United States was up against Canada, rather than a few hundred renegade Irishmen. Shortly after we got home another group of small boys came in great haste to tell that they had seen some Fenians. On being asked why they thought so, they replied it was because they were dressed in green, evidently having mistaken some of the troops for Fenians, owing to the color of their garb, probably having mistaken blue for green. This caused a good deal of laughter at their expense, they not knowing the true state of affairs, although this was not a time for merry-making when it was believed that the lives of thousands of Canada's brave sons were at stake. After a day or two of painful anxiety, the happy intelligence was received that the Fenians were defeated and many prisoners taken. The news caused immense relief everywhere. We were too young to comprehend much about the matter and could enter into little more than the passing excitement of what we saw around us, but on the public mind a heavy cloud of apprehension rested.

Good Motto.

More than one boy has made his way at the start by the exhibition of a bright mind and a sturdy purpose. There was the case, for instance, of a boy whom we will call Martin Flint.

Martin, thrown on his own resources at the age of fourteen, went around a big city looking for work. Nobody seemed to have any for him, but the oftener he was rebuffed the more confident and high-spirited he seemed to become, there is nothing like a good big obstacle or bafflement to call out the healthy snap in some natures.

By and by Martin came to a merchant's door which had simply the word "Push" on it, so he pushed the door and went in, his hat in his hand. An elderly man in spectacles sat at a desk.

"Well, boy, what do you want?" asked the merchant.

"Work, sir," said Martin.

"What kind of work?"

"Any kind of work, sir."

"Well," said the merchant, laughing, "you've got a large specialty. What's your motto?"

"Same as yours, sir," said Martin.

"Same as mine? How do you know what my motto is?"

"You've got it on your door—it's 'Push, sir.'"

The merchant put him to work on the spot, and it was the beginning of a very successful business career.

Alphabets of the World.

The letters in the alphabets of the different nations vary in number of letters from 12 to 202. The Sandwich islanders have the first named number, the Burmese 19, Italians 20, Bengalese 21; Hebrew, Syrian, Chaldean and Samaritan, 22 each, Latin 28; Greek 24; German, Dutch, and English, 26 each; Spanish and Slavonic, 27 each, Armenian, 38, Russian, 41; Old Muscovite, 48; Sanscrit and many other Oriental languages have 50 each; Ethiopian and Tartarian have 202 each.—*Journal of Education.*

A Toronto Letter.

While at the Belleville School, the writer visited the Gibson Hospital, which is published the CANADIAN MUTE (a bright paper fortnightly welcome to the fireside of every one who takes which bears at once the appearance of a tidy and well-regulated job of printing for everything and everything in its place, and scrupulously clean. About half a dozen of apprentices composed into typical sorts of articles written on the paper; that is, they do all the composition. Well so far, but in view of the same work now usurped by all the invented machines, they must learn more in order to succeed in life after school. Intricate work or matter requiring taste and skill, such as tables, fancy or job work, is what she is taught. It requires close application by the pupils and virtuous patience by their instructor in mastering the intricacies of fine typography. Some men are valuable except for plain, solid composition. None but competent all round artists are in demand today.

What a change has been made since the introduction of machinery? The world advances, and we have to move along with it. Changes—although beneficial in some ways—bring a tinge of regret. Before the introduction of machinery there was a glory about the composing room. The compositors did their best to "rush" their copy to lengthen the "strings," and were happy when the composing time ceased and the distributor's work commenced. Now the machines have come to take their places, and as the old conditions have gone forever. The future presents a problem difficult to solve, but we must struggle along as best we can in this shifting world.

During Christmas week the ice on the Bay of Quinte was in a capital condition for skating and ice-boating. You in Winnipeg would have ice-boats in rather ice-yachts, if your school were within view, just as the Belleville School is, of a sheet of water as large as this bay. Like yachting, ice-boating affords the delightful sensation of rapid transit through the air. Mr. McKillop, with his usual kindness, took your humble servant for a sail over the bay to visit the cemetery. We steered for a point around the broken shore line, which required a good deal of "tacking" to reach, but did not take long as we fairly flew over the glassy surface of the ice. The pleasure experienced will not soon be forgotten. Among the graves seen were those of our old friends, Prof. J. B. McGinn, Prof. S. T. Greene, Prof. H. Ashley and Mr. D. S. Caniff. A visit to the institution would be incomplete without paying a tribute of gratitude and love to the memory of those in that cemetery who consecrated their lives to the education of the deaf. It may serve as a fitting remembrance to record in this letter, the inscriptions on the stones erected to the memory of those our never-to-be forgotten teachers. Here they are:

"Sacred to the memory of John Barrett McGinn, pioneer of deaf mute education in Ontario, died Jan. 24, 1860, in his 70th year. Erected by the deaf and dumb and friends of deaf mute education in this province."

"For so He giveth His beloved sleep."

"In memory of Manuel Thomas Greene, B. A. died Feb. 17, 1862, aged 45 years, 8 months and 10 days. Erected by his mate and hearing friends."

"James B. Ashley, died April 21, 1861, aged 30 years."

"In memory of D. Stevenson, son of James Margaret Caniff, died at his father's residence in London, Ont., June 25, 1860, aged 31 years."

On the monuments of Mr. McGinn and Mr. Greene their names are engraved in the deaf mute alphabet.

In concluding an account of this visit it may be added that one and all are united with the blessed institution, and over kind and obliging, making even those naturally timid feel at home. We seem inspired by the spirit contained in the motto of the institution, "The greatest happiness is in making others happy."—McIntosh, in *Winnipeg Echo.*

Hope is like the sun, which as it journeys toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.—*L. Smith.*

Nature is an Aeolian harp, a musical instrument, whose tones are the result of higher strings within us.—*Nora.*