

The Miso

Will my brother be... the other folks y' see... hear, nor he can't say...

PUPILS' LOCALS.

Conducted by Pupils of Mr. Denys' Class.

Want little folks... to say skating in night... knowledge is the sun... We are the rising stars...

William Lott, Hester Woodley, Ida Babcock and Marion Waters of this class were among those confirmed on the 18th ult., by His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Mills.

We have read of so many sudden deaths lately. We feel for the friends and should endeavor to shape our lives so as not to be found unprepared ourselves.

Miss Walker always manages to have a few rose buds or some other dainty flower on the officers table which together with the usual good things provided makes it a pleasure to go in.

Lord Roberts, commander in chief of the British forces in South Africa, is returning home to take the post of commander in chief of the army. Lord Kitchener succeeds him in South Africa.

The good old double windows are on once more, and together with the fine, new boiler and every other preparation, we care not how soon or how often the mercury lets itself down into its little cellar.

We have been handed a copy of Taylor's "Cardinal Facts of Canadian History" and consider it a valuable book. Fronts of interest are condensed from the best authors and presented in a most comprehensive form.

CHATHAM CHATS.

Geo. Henry, who has been working on Mr. Chris. White's farm since he left school, a couple of years ago, has resigned his position, to accept a better job in Detroit, hence our deaf mute population is "lighter," numerically and other-wise.

Miss Laura Elliott, who had been visiting friends in this city for a week, has returned home.

The Banner office, where Mr. William Liddy has been employed for the past two years, failed, and was sold by public auction for the benefit of the creditors. The new proprietor hails from Chicago and in future is going to have it conducted on the American plan.

Gilbert Leguille is still working for Mr. A. Conrad White and is doing very well.

Mario Leguille, who has been working for Mrs. A. C. White during the summer months, has returned home and is now employed picking beans for one of our large shipping firms.

Mr. Kihlle, who is a "jack of all trades, and tricks," or rather who thinks he is, felt he was incomplete and behind the times, without being able to master a bike, so while his wife and son were away on a visit east, he took it upon himself to master one, defying ridicule and not giving the toss of a button what the consequences would be.

He found it up hill work, but after much perseverance he managed to get his machine under control, and then he felt so proud of his great achievement, which he informed your scribe was equal to, if not surpassing, the task accomplished by Gen. Baden Powell; he took a spin up to the writer's place which is one mile away and called your scribe out to see him ride his wheel.

We consented. Mr. K. mounts and sends his wheel flying at breakneck speed, that would put an ordinary scotchier to the blush, but after the rider had gone a long way and then tried to stop his wheel the wheel refused and both landed in the ditch. "I will leave it to the reader to imagine the consequences. However, when Mrs. K. returned home she was somewhat horrified to find that her dear hubby, whom she had left in the best of health and spirits, had an attack of mumps and lumbago!

Mr. Wm. Pake, who had been working in this city all summer as a brick mason, left for Delhi, Ont., where he will spend the winter.

A class was being examined in spelling the other day at school in Mainchester, when the teacher questioned a little girl as follows: "Ethel, spell kitten." "K, double t, double t, o, n," replied Ethel. "Kitten has two t's then, has it?" said the teacher. "Yes ma'am," answered Ethel, confidently, "ours has."

If pride loads the van, beggary brings up the rear.

Little Kindnesses.

It comes to help up a weary hill... We weigh and measure and define in vain... A look a word a light responsive touch...

There is no little and there is no much... We weigh and measure and define in vain... A look a word a light responsive touch...

Mistaken Philanthropy.

Mr. Berg's letter from Indianapolis, in the issue of Our Week of May 10th, cites one of those pathetic cases where the natural instinct of a youthful deaf person's heart for human sympathy and companionship is repressed by a mistaken philanthropy. A charming deaf girl, sixteen years old, has been trained on oral lines. By some means she has become acquainted with a girl educated by the combined system.

At the St. Paul convention last summer there was a deaf young lady, one of the brightest exponents of the pure-oral method in this country. She had just begun to learn signs and to associate among the deaf. She assured the writer of this that she was never so happy in her life before, and she characterized her former prejudice against the sign language as foolish.

These are all facts, not theories, and they could be multiplied to a great extent. But what avail facts when philanthropy sets up a theory?

The editor of this paper believes strongly in oral teaching. He practices oralism at every opportunity among the hearing. He values his speech, but he values some things above speech. Were it a question of abandoning speech or association with his kind, he would cheerfully sacrifice his speech.

Philanthropy is an admirable thing. It has accomplished, and is still accomplishing, great good in the world. But it is not omniscient or omnipotent. It is fallible, and it always errs when it runs counter to Nature. Philanthropy can put a duck's egg under a hen, and hatch out a brood of ducklings, far from any possible pond in which the web-footed little things can exercise their natural propensity for getting in the swim. These ducklings will waddle around on land, and quack in all apparent contentment.

What if they are a trifle ungraceful? So far, philanthropy has triumphed. But there is a limit. Philanthropy cannot make those ducklings crow and cackle; cannot metamorphose that boat-shaped body and those webbed feet. And if, by any inadvertency, mother hen should lead her waddling and quacking brood far afield, and they came to a pool of water, Nature would assert herself in short order, leaving philanthropy standing on the shore scolding.

What is there so awful in allowing that lonely young girl to associate with the deaf, or to attend such a fine school as that at Indianapolis? Will it corrupt or deteriorate her intellectually? To those questions every honest opponent of the combined system must answer: "No." Will it injure her ability to speak and to read the lips? The oralists say so. What if it does? Are a few spoken words and sentences to be weighed against the happiness of a human being?

There are among the oralists a number whom we know well, personally, and for whom we entertain the sincerest friendship. Their error lies in concentrating nearly all their energies upon the lingual and intellectual in education. The natural feelings and sympathies of deaf children are not given that consideration they should receive.

The extreme oralists have established a rigid theory—that all deaf children can and must be taught speech and by speech. They would allow no alternative, make no concession, grant no consideration to natural instincts and feelings. And in this very fact lies the weakness of oralism. Its uncompromising attitude will alienate many who would be its warmest supporters otherwise. If they would concede the use of the sign language under certain circumstances, after speech had been well-established, and if they would not demand the isolation of the deaf from their own kind, they would oralism gain enthusiastic converts, and American methods of instructing the deaf would advance still further toward perfection.

Turrill - McKenzie Homestead.

From our own Correspondent

Mrs. Turrill, one of your teachers, meeting with Miss Longfellow in Portland, Maine, last summer recalls the pleasant fact that in 1878, on the occasion of Mr. Coleman's birthday, his pupils made him a gift of a handsome white bound volume, ornamented with gilt, containing the poems by that lady's brother, Henry Wadsworth, the illustrious American poet.

Mr. John Showers, brother of Misses Showers of your school, had a narrow escape from death when out moon hunting one evening lately. Finding two crows on a tree he climbed up to the height of about 70 feet, when the limb broke and he fell to the ground. Some fifteen minutes elapsed before he recovered consciousness, but fortunately he was not seriously hurt, as he was able to go home with both the prizes.

Our foot ball team, the Dawn Beavers, defeated the Dawn Centro, by 1 to 0. The boys here were among the former players. A concert followed in the school house by talent from Oil Springs, among whom were Mr. David Whitehead, uncle of Mr. Wm. Corbett, of Owen Sound, and Rev. W. J. Jamieson, cousin of Mr. Wm. Gray, of Toronto.

Two weeks later, on the 20th of Oct., in compliance with a challenge of the Dawn Centro team, our team faced them on their ground and convinced them that they were still invincible, by a score of 3 to 0, two of which were scored by Mr. Turrill, who cleverly made the only goal in the previous game.

Our new and commodious house will have received its finishing touches by this time. It is the first two story dwelling house erected here, between two side roads one mile apart. We have converted our old shanty into a granary.

Not satisfied with their small domain, the boys here have bought another forty acres of land adjoining, and with their usual energies they are putting the land in shape for next year's crops. Their first fall wheat crop last summer realized about 350 bushels from 12 acres.

Miss Maggie Summers, of Sarnia, only sister of Wilho, has returned home from Buffalo, after a prolonged visit to her uncle, Mr. Wm. Summers, who is one of the leading contractors in the work of constructing the Pan American exposition buildings there.

When home in Florence, Mr. Turrill ran across an atom in the Florence Quill, copied from an exchange, about Mr. Roderick McKenzie's bad accident while out wheeling one dark night lately. He collided with a buggy the tongue of which struck his breast, knocking him down and tearing some of his clothes.

Mrs. Jessie Duncan, of Stratford, Ont., sister of Mr. Jas. Duncan, of Carman, Man., after 18 months rest with her father, left for Bombay in company with two new lady workers and three new missionaries, on their way to Central India to resume mission work.

We all were at old Mr. Turrill's place lately to witness the wonderful and quick self-corn husking machine, which now practically puts an end to the slow and laborious process by hand.—W. K.