

Empire First.

BY JOHN TALON LESTERHANSY

Shall we break the plight of youth,
And pledge us to an alien love?
Not we! We hold our faith and truth,
Trusting to the God above.
Stand Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of fatherland!

Britain took us in her flank,
Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain reared us to our task,
And the nations of the earth
Stand Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of fatherland!

In the hour of pain and dread,
In the gathering of the storm,
Britain raised above our head
Her broad shield and sheltering arm,
Stand Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of fatherland!

O truest kingdom of the brave!
O sea-girt island of the free!
O Empire of the land and way!
Our hearts, our hands, are all for thee,
Stand Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of fatherland!

Home vs. Institution Life.

A discussion started by the "Telephone Man" in the *Mt. Airy World*, over the advantages and disadvantages of Institution life, has attracted considerable attention and provoked a great deal of comment from the other papers. We incline to the belief that boarding schools of all sorts, whether they be our Institutions for the deaf and the blind, or those established for children of normal sight and hearing, have many objectionable features about them, but unfortunately these features cannot be remedied. It cannot be gainsaid that home is the best place for any child, provided it is such a place as we understand it to be from that name. But this ideal home exists in comparatively few cases. In the ideal home there is at least a sufficiency of the world's goods to permit of some leisure. The parents are educated if not highly cultured. They are familiar with the current events of the day and have at least a superficial acquaintance with science and art. Their conversation is carried on in correct if not elegant English, and the mere fact of living in the house and associating with them is an education for a child. But in addition to this, they exert themselves to develop the mind of their child. Social calls, business, pleasure, nothing is allowed to interfere with this. In such circumstances, who will say that the child would be better off in a boarding school than at home. But unfortunately the homes of the vast majority are not of this description. Even when all of the other favorable conditions exist (and they do not exist in most cases) there is one primo requisite which many parents do not possess: the disposition and the ability to teach.

This being true, it becomes necessary to employ persons who make a study, a profession of the art of imparting instruction and of educating (drawing out or developing the mental powers of) the learner. In the case of deaf children, scattered all over the state as they are, the establishment of some central school where they may be cared for and taught appears to be the best plan. That this system is open to serious objections on many accounts is admitted, but it is not without its good features. The regular life, the habits of obedience to those in authority, and last but not least the association with those who can communicate readily with the pupil, are strong arguments in favor of Institution life. In this connection a point occurs to us which we have never seen mentioned, so far as can be recalled at present: In four different schools for the deaf, that we know of personally, there have been children of deaf-mute parents, parents who had themselves been educated in such schools. And in every instance these children were among the best and the most industrious in both class room and work-shop. It is reasonable to infer that they had been trained by their parents into the same respect for law, the same general habits of life that prevail in our Institution. — *California News.*

Charlie Holton entertained a number of the pupils at his home on Friday evening. They had a good time.

The other day those in the class rooms in the east wing enjoyed, as it were, a sniff of the perfume from California orange groves, but it was only Mr. McIllopp treating his class to a supply of the luscious fruit as a reward for the good examination they had just passed through. Several of the other teachers also kindly remembered their pupils and gave them a parting treat.

THE MACKAY INSTITUTION.

From our own Correspondent

The annual examinations of the Mackay Institution—the particulars of which have appeared before—took place on May the eleventh, under favourable circumstances, as mother nature had excelled herself in providing a most beautifully sunny day.

Again, who bestowed this blessing upon us on the Queen's birthday and we felt not only patriotic to our Sovereign and country, but to a Higher Power, for such a day. A number of our former pupils spent the holiday with their old friends, among others being Mrs. Outerson, of Athelstan, Mr. Frank Wiggott and Harold Haldane, of the Printing Bureau, Ottawa. The teachers are indebted to Mr. Charles Wickens, also an ex-pupil, for his valuable assistance in making the day pass off successfully. In the afternoon bicycling, tennis, football and base-ball appeared to be the chief amusements, while the evening was devoted to games, both out of doors and in, succeeded by refreshments. The verdict, in voting this one of the jolliest days, passed unanimously. Our Union Jack, waving in the breeze, told loyal hearts in our midst.

How rapidly this year has flown! Only a few short months ago, it seems, since we started upon another year and ere we realize the fact, time has crept on apace, bringing us to where we now stand upon the eve of parting. In two weeks, one and all will have scattered to their different homes—each falling into his own, or her own, sphere of interest, there to remain until the majority meet again in September, in this little world of our own.

As is common in Institution life, there will be one or two changes during the coming year, amongst them being the loss of our special teacher of Articulation, Miss Shello de Forest King, who, although only a few years connected with the Mackay Institution, has won the hearts of all. Mrs. Ashcroft sincerely regrets her departure, but home duties imperatively call her. Miss King hopes to resume her duties here at some future time. A second and serious loss is that of Miss Bolger, our house-keeper, who, owing to the demise of her sister-in-law, is compelled to resign her position here to take up her home in Kingston. We shall miss her from her accustomed place. The two hope to return again.

The time has come to bid you good bye for this year, and we all join in wishing you, our friends of the Belleville School, a very happy summer and may the coming year be crowned with success and happiness as in the past.

DETROIT NEWS.

From our own Correspondent.

We shall miss your little paper very much during the next three months.

Rev. Mr. Mann was here on the 9th of May and gave two very impressive addresses.

Mr. C. A. W. Gustin who graduated from the Detroit Barber College some time ago, has a shoe shop of his own now. What was said before about him not talking his customers to death, that's true!

Mr. Thomas Clark, a teacher at the Flint School, and brother of Supt. Clark, came to Detroit April 24th, accompanied by his wife. He gave a very interesting lecture that evening and held a service the next day, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustin's eldest daughter, Alice, is making fast acquaintance with the mutes as well as her own kind both in Detroit and Canada and she hopes to make many friends at the next Convention if all proves well.

Your writer expects to spend a month or so in Berlin, Ont., and hopes to have the pleasure of meeting a number of old friends. Was very sorry not to see Mr. McIntosh while he was here. I seem to be unfortunate in regard to meeting old friends when they come this way. I trust you and all your readers will have a very pleasant vacation, get nicely rested and have a real good time, without any tumbles into the water, off a wheel, down a hill or any any other unpleasant mishap.

Owing to press of matter we are sorry to cut our correspondent's interesting letter short. — (Ed.)

It is a poor and disgraceful thing not to reply, with some degree of certainty, to the simple questions, "What will you be? What will you do?" — *John Foster.*

WINDSOR NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

For a real good time when you have money to burn, go to Windsor. I've been there, and know all about it.

The military celebration drew a large crowd from surrounding towns, cities and villages. To give even a brief sketch of the fun, would be too much for me, but it was splendid in every sense of the word, particularly the fire-works. The Calothumpians parade in the evening was truly laughable. I never saw such a big crowd in any one place in my life, but then Windsor is noted for its hospitality.

Remarkably funny, the scarcity of customs officers at the Windsor Ferry when I landed. I have a vague recollection of a pair of stout legs clad in the regulation custom officer's suit, and some brass buttons flying through a door way, but perhaps he was after a smuggler.

Mr. Justice Henderson, of London, landed in our midst on the twenty-fourth, to our no small surprise. I hadn't the pleasure of meeting him, but one of the girls assured me that he was "out of sight," and she ought to know.

Miss Mabel Ball was agreeably surprised by a visit from her grand-parents, from Newbury. The mutes who passed there, on their way to and from school, will have kindly recollections of a nice old lady who distributed posies among them on the cars.

Messrs. Mike Lysnight and Fred Wilcox, of Detroit, visited in Windsor almost all day on the 21th. They called on the Misses Lafferty and spent a pleasant time.

This is the last issue of our welcome semi-monthly visitor, I suppose. Say, couldn't we have a mid-summer edition about July or August? I don't suppose Mr. Burns will call down a blessing on me for suggesting it, though I wouldn't mind coming down and singing type if I had nice company.

We have it on good authority that Detroit is about to lose one of her charming ladies, in the person of Miss L. McMurray. She is about to leave for Berlin to take a position in the Cotton Mills there, with the other young mute ladies.

Thanks awfully much for that compliment about the photos. Of course, I looked nice, how could I help it? Only you needn't have mentioned that about my nose—fact is that photographer's perspective was all wrong, and he had to make a smash somewhere, and of course it was on me as usual. Once a scape-goat, always a scape-goat, you know.

My native town, Chatham, according to our local daily, is to commemorate the Jubilee by the laying of a cedar block pavement on our principal street, and I have had a private hint that they are looking for the worst kid in town to read the dedication. Please, somebody invite me somewhere for that day, I am so bashful.

The mutes in Windsor, and also the visitors, want to know where Bert Sepper was on the twenty-fourth? He didn't keep any of his engagements for that day. If the earth had swallowed him up, he couldn't have disappeared more completely. However, we will not press the point, for he may have been tending those precious chickens of his.

The mutes in and around Detroit are talking of going to Chatham for the big bicycle meet, on July 1st. Hope they will. Of course, I expect to see nearly every one of the teachers who ride wheels, and Mr. Mathison also, there.

Mr. Michael Madden was visiting in Windsor lately, during my stay, too, and I never saw him. Just my luck!

It is reported that Mrs. Brooks, sister of Fred Wilcox, is to sell her household effects and move to Detroit. The mutes here will miss her a good deal, but Windsor's loss is Detroit's gain.

Some of the boys were wondering why I didn't stay where they could see me? It was impossible to call on every one, as I only got in town at noon Monday, and left Wednesday, so how could I flourish all over. The dis-appointment was mutual.

As this is the last issue for this term, I will wish you all, both teachers and officers, a happy vacation. Congratulations to Mr. Mathison and assis ants on such a successful term. I shall look out for the train to see the mutes when school closes. M. L.

God Save the Queen.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen,
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall,
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign,
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent

Great preparations are being made here for the Queen's Jubilee. Many hundreds of children in the senior classes I've for some weeks been practicing singing under several musical directors and they will carry little flags and souvenir badges.

Mrs. F. G. Jefferson, (nee Miss Lizzie Beamish) has returned to live with her people here. Her husband is seriously ill in a Chicago hospital.

The month of May has been a pretty cold month this year, now we expect a fine June month and a good time on Jubilee day.

Miss Fraser has expressed herself as highly pleased with her visit and with all she saw in the Institution. She stopped at Peterboro a few days on her way home.

Mr. Philip Fraser has started a repairing shop on his own account, where he is occupied evenings and finds it very successful.

Mr. Noll McGillivray has lately exchanged his old bicycle for a handsome new Gemron. We hope he will have grand times visiting.

Miss Alice Muir, only child of Principal Muir, author of the now Canadian song, "The Maple Leaf," is so paralyzed in the throat as to render her powerless of speech though her hearing is good. She attended the Belleville Institution a couple of years.

We are happy to say that Miss Bertha Bridgen has quite recovered from a mild attack of scarlet fever.

Mrs. Kate Ogilvie would be thankful to hear from any of the deaf who know of the whereabouts of her husband, Alexander Ogilvie, whom she has not seen for a year. Address a card in care of A. W. Mason, 1 Garden Avenue, Toronto.

From Rev. Canon Burke.

To my dear pupils at the Deaf and Dumb Institution who presented me with an address on my Birthday, 21th May, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—I received, with great pleasure, the very nice address you sent me on my birthday, and I thank you very warmly for it. You write too highly of the little efforts I have made for your benefit, and I assure you, my best reward is the hope that you will profit by the instruction I have given you. You are now soon to return home for the summer holidays, and I am sure you look forward to seeing your homes again with great pleasure. Some of you may not return, and at the age of seventy-two years my life is quite uncertain; however, I commit you to God, and pray that He may ever keep and guard you and I cling us all to His everlasting rest. Through you, I would say to all my pupils, boys and girls, that bless you I thank you all for your regular attendance at my classes, and hope you may all increase in the knowledge and love of God and in holiness of life. I am sure, you and I desire to offer our cordial thanks to Mr. Coleman for his constant kindness in taking us his most valuable assistant. And now, with all good wishes, I remain, Your affectionate friend,
J. W. BURKE, Canon.

Rector, Belleville, June 7, 1897.

PERSONALITIES.

—Dr. Robert Mathison has been admitted to the Dental Association of British Columbia.

—Mr. and Mrs. Moore, of Toronto, have been spending the past week or two in Belleville, the guests of Mrs. Moore's parents.

—The Reverend Monseigneur Farrelly favored the Roman Catholic children with a visit on Wednesday last. They were glad to see him.

—Miss Linn has received bad news from her brother, who lives in Montana. Some time ago he had the misfortune to break his leg near the ankle. It had apparently begun to knit all right, but on Thursday she got word that another operation had been found necessary and that his condition was serious. As we go to press we learn that there are no hopes of his recovery. Miss Linn has the warmest sympathy of all in her great trouble.