

THE PRETTY GIRL AND THE NEWSBOY.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDNEY

A little urchin pale and thin,
A newsboy, with an old young face,
Climbed to an elevated car,
And in a cross-seat took his place.

His cap and coat were ragged things
His hair was tangled—feet were bare.
He looked as if he never had known
A tender mother's loving care.

He sat down with a grateful sigh,
A childishish that was not deep,
And leaning on the window frame,
The weary boy fell fast asleep.

Just then a fair girl entered in,
In rich attire, with inclosed mien,
And took a seat beside the lad,
With pitying eye it could be seen

She scanned his clothes, his poor bare feet,
His tangled locks of golden red,
Then raised him softly, gently up,
And placed her mitt beneath his head

Still he slept on! 'Oh! did he dream
Just then of angels bright and fair,
Who sometimes come to our poor world
To comfort mortals unaware?

'Twas but a trifling act, but like
A pebble cast within the stream
Its silent influence was not lost
Upon the hearts that careless seem

One looker on gave her a dime
That she, this much might help the lad,
Another and another still,
Until a shower of coins she had!

And searching then the tattered clothes
That seemed of every comfort bare,
She found the pocket, old and thin,
And dropped the gathered silver there.

The boy awoke with sudden start,
The gray muff slipping to the floor,
Stretch'd his young limbs as if refreshed,
Unmindful of his hidden store.

Her muff regained, the maid went out,
With parting looks of tenderness,
At that poor boy, while many a heart
Was moved to thank her and to bless!

The Ideal Institution Newspaper.

BY PAUL DENYS, BELLEVILLE.

Presented to the Congress of Instructors
of the Deaf, Chicago, July, 1893.

Gentlemen of the Fourth Estate, I salute you. This I do not without trembling. My faith in you is limitless. Were I your lord instead of your client, I should give you not fourth but second place in the realm, your power being subordinate only to that of the nation itself. Your mission is universal: religion, letters, arts, government, law, history, men, all give themselves rendezvous at your door looking to you for support, encouragement, guidance, interest, defence, action. No sooner has an idea been conceived than you are called upon to grapple with it, unfold it, clear it of mystery, pronounce upon it, prune, dissect, kill, approve, exalt, battle for, carry! Here sorrows and joys reveal their depths side by side. Love comes to weep, fortune to smile. The little truant cherub that lands on our shores is not content to fill a mother's heart and a babe's cradle but must forthwith crave space with you, crowding perhaps its hoary sire whose fate may be mourned beneath. Kings know your power, and fear. Subjects, from under your pen, drink inspiration, fealty, emancipation, love, revenge. Your mission is indeed great; your privilege proud! . . . To respond to such a calling but in the worthiest manner should certainly be the earnest aim, the one ambition of him who, favored, sits down to instruct mankind! . . . Nor does this apply to the leading organs of the nation only. Every periodical, journal, review, magazine, paper great or small can, each in its way—whether the vehicle of wealth or the cry of want, whether speaking to crowns or peasants—become a Golconda replete with gems if knowledge be not divorced from rectitude and the word from principle. . . . Yes, truth, wisdom, charity, justice, right shall soon voice your fame, proclaim you afar. . . . To distribute mental gold, to light up the dim aisles of imperfection, to lead public sentiment to the right, to lift man up from himself, to make the world better and happier; such, we believe, is your vocation,

such are the enviable prerogatives of the true public press.

And now having said this much, let us see how far the Institution paper, in its own sphere, can go or has gone towards that "Ideal" for which the most fervent among us may have prayed. I confess I do not approach my task without misgivings. Charles Dana's advice "never to sail under false colors" has just rushed to us and made us dubious. We know we are not the man Diogenes was looking for, nor, we are sure, a relation, yet we are asked to attempt judgment on our betters. And again, the peculiar circumstances that surround institution journalism hedge the question at so many points that, to get at your standard, you must know well the ground you are treading. To start cavalierly up the steep ascent would not only savor of presumption but surely land you in the gaping abyss below. Humanly speaking, there always will be a wide gulf between design and execution. To daguerreotype a paragon, an Apollo Belvedere of the press might be easy enough if fancy were the optical instrument. But to have practicality, expediency, achievement enter into your plans, then must you halt before every barrier on the road you pursue and consider how, if at all, the obstacles can be overcome. Having attained, even to a limited extent, the object of your foundation is, we take it so far as you are concerned, to have walked in the path of our ideal. And here we would like to ask what that particular object was . . . whom you profess to address . . . if it is parents you wish to enlighten on certain duties too often neglected (unintentionally no doubt) towards their afflicted offspring, or the state you desire to quicken into espousing a dream dear to your heart? Is your aim to throw more light on the work or simply to entertain your pupils? Has the paper you redact authority to speak for your Institution, or is it merely the voice of the children? Are you teaching printing only, or is encouraging the reading habit a cognate purpose? Are you for latest local news alone, or general lasting theories as well? In fine, is your table modestly set for the family circle only or do you intend the feast to be sumptuous, princely and like Cimon's gardens, open to all? . . . Tell me what you are and I will tell you what you want. . . . But no—each of you must have laid out for himself a particular task and towards that task is, we feel assured, earnestly tending. Speed on, then, faithful, firm and fervent *Labor omnia vincit*. With uplifted heart and the sun of hope brightly shining, success must be with you or nowhere.

In a late issue of the *Animals*, I read something which struck me very forcibly. It is Dr. E. M. Gallaudet who speaks. I give his words the importance his high position commands. Recalling his earlier days and the work done by the Mother of American Institutions, he goes on to say with emphasis and without reservation, had the Hartford School with its 250 children given articulation a little more scope, it could, even in those days, have served as a model, an ideal in the endeavor of educating the deaf. A noble tribute to a noble work! All hail, therefore, men, women who, gifted, labor with heart and mind and will and joy in the great humane cause! Dr. Gallaudet saw a good man at the helm and good men all around to manage the gallant ship and hence the rapid time, smooth sailing and happy remembrance of his scholastic voyage. And here we are reminded that perfection is not the plant of any particular clime nor the fruit of any particular age or season. Neither does it apply to

any special line of industry. The secret is largely in determination. If I were a boot black, my endeavor should be to out-line every other fellow in polish. The girl who only knew how to make toast realized a fortune when her novel art was once revealed. If my profession is to teach the deaf I am in the wrong place if full of everything but it. Were I born to the prodigality, the munificence of a gifted pen, I would ask no greater privilege, no prouder distinction than that of daily communing with my fellow-men through the printed page of an honest, discreet journal.

But if the Institution of to-day with its broad principles, improved methods, eminent results, has so far progressed as to almost claim perfection, cannot the same, in a general sense, be said of its progeny—its press. A good tree produces not bad fruit. That we owe much to its suggestions, comparisons, timely hints, admonitions and encouragement, will not be disputed. It is they who quite often put the irons in the fire, getting them ready for beating. They are little Warwicks in their way making and marring many things. Nemesis is not my divinity. Yet whilst deprecating rashness, truculence and all unfair thrusts at friend or foe, I own I like a ready lance. An occasional tilt sharpens wit and out of the sparks comes light. Long-winded, drawing, dreaming dissertations no matter how finely spun are out of date. The first parts of them are old by the time you get to the end. They might have been all right in the days of Mathusalem but in this fast closing century, ponderous edgings should be exclusively reserved for literary or scientific reviews. Charles Dana, the prince of journalists, will have none of them. Give us, then, brief caustic paragraphs. They will be found more savoury, more digestible. Remember the world is in a hurry. You must fly to win. People not only live but die fast. To string a man up is now tedious and no longer fashionable. You simply ask your *patient* to take the chair. The voltaic flash does the rest. This is quicker, more elegant. And since everything has become "instantaneous," serve us the pith. Let the husks go. He who in three strokes of his pen has the question put, probed and pronounced upon, is the man for this period.

Cultivate the art of simple expression. Large words will not make a small thought look big. The hat should fit the head. From the nature of things, we have to come down to the child's level. To be able to so clothe an abstract idea as to render it comparatively intelligible to the young is the attribute of genius. No man, in fact, but of intellectual parts, erudition, prudence and judgment should be allowed to cater for the reading appetite. An editor, like Fouche's police, must be omniscient. We look to him for information, direction advice. That newspaper men as a class fully sustain the high opinion we have of them, it is our pleasure to believe. The profession boasts scores of miniature journals whose intellectual nerve makes little giants of them. They are bright and fresh and witty and can get right on their muscle if needs be. We could mention those we know were not fearful of overlooking others equally deserving, but the discriminating eye has them all counted. They know not gossip, eschew politics, disdain personalities and like the goddess Ops, always abound with good things. And whilst we have mentioned no names, we trust a passing allusion to our publication the Benjamin of the flock—will not be deemed egotistical.

I was asked to give an opinion of what an "Ideal Institution newspaper" should be. I have called for strictures. You might turn round and doos he not make it nearer home. It is *THE CANADIAN MIRROR* from blemish that I have among the candidates merit and enviable. I say this all the more as I can claim no share in Eminent experience. Unlike most younglings its first rock a little blood, somehow, does not. It springs from along our great lakes and some of our action. And if modest distinguishing trait, we have faith in our cause whatever we can do shall do unsparingly, and with God's help our place in the race and honor on this wide continent.

And now, Gentlemen of the Fourth Estate, I beg to take my leave. This paper, like Achilles, has, I fear, missed its purpose may count for something in favor may not be completely held. Carlyle has said the greatest ornament of a nation is one which in the past can have a grand promising future. The starry land of liberty and her progress have immutation of the older world. The press is first and foremost high omnipotent. Your wealth, strength and spirit of hour. We Canadians, brothers, sit not by our merits commendation. Our young Dominion has majestic proportions of ship, nor perhaps her sails she is a solid, trim little masted man-sail has not as yet unfurled and whose log shows catch the breeze.

But enough. All of us to stay. The smile of Hope to our continent. Let us shoulder to shoulder. Let our wisdom, honor, be treated standards and our progress of a conquering host steady march on to freedom!

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Fretting.

There is one sin which it seems to me is everywhere and by everybody underestimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting; so common that almost it rises above its usual monotony and do not observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and so many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes a most uncomplaining statement of something or other, which most probably occurs in the room, or in the car, or on a street corner, it may be, know how and which probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is not hot, it is wet, it is dry, somebody has broken an appointment or dropped a meal; stupidity or bad faith has resulted in discomfort. How many times it will be before you are simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of a living, even at the simplest of things. Even Holy Writ says: "Keep a sharp eye out on the things." Even Holy Writ says: "But even to the sparks flying in the blackest of smoke, there is a spark above, and the less time on the road the sooner they reach it. Fretting is all time waste on the road.—Helen Hunt.