

Don't Wait Till Her Lips Have Grown Cold, My Boy.

MRS. J. H. ORRIS

You may grieve your mother's fond heart
You may silver her hair to gray
You may blast her hopes like the winter's frost
You may turn from her love away
You may scorn her homely advice my boy
You may burden her life with care
But her thoughts turn back to her guileless child,
As she knelt at her feet in prayer

You may roam over this earth at will, my boy
You may sit in both renown and gold
You may drink till the dregs of pleasure's cup
You may live till the world grows old
You may know the sweet faith of wife, my boy
And your friends may prove staunch to you
But never again that careless love
That mother-love, constant and true

Then cherish her fondly and well, my boy
The manly such love to bestow
Affection to parents should be my boy
The Lord, he has promised, you know
Blessed is, you will not, I'm sure, my boy
When cometh that last long sleep
And over those patient, those folded hands
You kiss those cold lips as you weep

May your grief be untinged with remorse, my boy
When you kneel where the dust lies
If you love your mother, don't wait, my boy
Just kiss her—and tell her so

The Columbian Exposition.

FOR THE CANADIAN MUTE

"All the world and his wife" have been to view the great Fair, named in dedication to his honor. Some of his neighbors, ho sever, also, either too lean of purse, lacking in enterprise, or for reasons of their own, have chosen to stay at home, are now being regaled with stories of Uncle Sam's great Columbian Exposition and the adventures that befel the narrator at the same.

We have had our quota of these episodes; have tramped around through, and all over those big buildings and the grounds adjacent, until our feet were swollen to the fabulous size of the normal Chicago pedal extremities, our head in a whirl and aching ready to split, from continuous gazing at the magnificent pictures, by all the greatest artists of the age, which were housed in the superb Art Palace by the lake; our back dislocated time and again through poring over the cases in the ethnological exhibit, which contain specimens of all that is known of those Pre-historic inhabitants of Colorado, called the Cave-dwellers, who had been resting undisturbed in their last long sleep, hundreds, if not more than several thousand years before Columbus was born.

Between these extremes, which may be accepted either literally or figuratively, the whole history of mankind can be traced, with all the progress he has made from the rude beginnings of social life, to the latest developments of the refining influence of the present high state of civilization. The improvements in the education of the people, which have been constant and uninterrupted during the present century, have materially assisted in the advancement of the human race.

There may be some few people who have not appreciated it, but to the thoughtful, the whole Exposition was nothing but a vast educational exhibit, where something could be learned and studied in every branch of human knowledge. What will most interest the readers of our little paper, is to know whether the art of teaching, and the methods of instructing the deaf are advancing equally with the benefits their hearing-speaking brothers and sisters are receiving. The question is one somewhat difficult to answer. We had Congresses of teachers of the Deaf; and of the Deaf themselves, the most interesting subjects were discussed by the most progressive and able minds, many improvements were suggested in the study of language, the presentation of artistic and manual training, in School Hygiene, in the relations between teachers and pupils and in many other matters, all with the object of aiding in the welfare of the deaf. In some schools, happily situated, the theories of the skilled and noble educators can readily be carried into practical effect, at others, considerations, pecuniary or political, somewhat retard the realizations of the wishes and demands of the enthusiastic instructors.

But all things considered, the deaf have good reason to feel grateful both to God, and to those who rule the affairs of state, for the great benefits they have received and are receiving. They may be assured that the best is being done for them, according to the general enlightenment of the time, further developments will follow in due sequence, though there will always be more or less of struggle to keep up with the race.

Most of the schools for the deaf in the

various States were represented by exhibits of their work. Some of them showed quite a variety of handicrafts, — carving, turning, cabinet-making, tailoring and shoe-making, working in brass and iron, needlework and other branches of housewifely industry, art-work in different materials and methods, painting in oil and in water colors, china painting and that on satins and silks. All these appeal to the eye and show the versatility of the deaf and how under proper and fostering care they may develop into producers of things useful and artistic, and also as respected citizens of a free country.

Nevertheless, the chief result of the education of the deaf in schools, does not appeal to the eye but to the mind. Turn over those volumes on the tables, they are bound in plain cloth, their titles simply "Class Exercises of Deaf-mute Children," graded "A B C" etc. They are generally neglected by the casual visitor, but what a history they contain! The infinite patience and painstaking effort of a whole brigade of teachers for years. Six, seven, eight, perhaps nine or ten seasons have come and gone, while the pupil slowly, but surely has been gaining an insight into the power and grandeur of his mother tongue, which alas! he may never have heard, nor ever will hear in this life.

The exhibit sent by our own school was somewhat marred by the short notice given us. It is our custom when the pupils are returning home for the vacation, to let them take the results of their artistic work, and such other examples of their skill as can be spared, in order that the parents may have evidence of their industry and progress.

The writer of this notice had no official connection with the school at the time of his visit to the Fair; he therefore considers himself an unprejudiced witness, and can affirm that his opinions were in sympathy with, and in admiration of the work that was done, particularly in the teaching of language. The result will be found in those volumes of examination papers already referred to. The essays of the senior classes on Canadian History, in Geography, and in fact in all the branches of study pursued in a first-rate common school, are very interesting. It seems somewhat invidious to single out one or more for special praise when all are good, but we consider Miss Flora McGregor's description of Canada should be mentioned, both on account of its refined diction and excellent writing. Miss Henry's essay on "School" was treated in a didactical manner, and would serve for the encouragement and edification of the junior pupils. South Labelle's essay on "Man" borrowed nothing from Pope, but all the same was interesting and is worth preserving in print; this also applies to a "Cattle" subject by Eli Corbiero.

In the fine arts section, Miss Ada James had two pretty water colors, Miss Henry was also represented by two pictures, Miss Herrington and Miss Annie McPhail one each, respectively,—"An Autumn Landscape" and "An Arab Chief." Mrs. Balis, the art teacher, is to be congratulated on the ability of her pupils.

The examples of sewing were very neat and all were articles of utility.

The display of work from the shoe-making department is highly creditable to Mr. Nuro and his assistants. J. Baizana's work should readily find him remunerative employment whenever he wants it.

To mention what has been done in the printing office, under the energetic Mr. Burns, is needless. There were two neatly bound volumes of THE CANADIAN MUTE, and the latest evidence of his skill, and that of his young helpers in the "art-preserved," is now before you.

R. E. BRAY

A Well-Aimed Prayer.

A 4-year-old Detroit girl had been very naughty, and her mother took her upstairs to punish her. The little girl had been there before, and knew what was coming. On the way up she knelt down, put her little hands together, and lifted them in supplication. "O Lord," she said, "I'm going to catch it. If you ever do anything for little girls, please, Lord, now is the time." Then she arose and followed her mother, who, in order to increase her little daughter's faith in the efficacy of prayer, let her off that time.

They are raising an alligator in the fountain on the grounds of the Ohio School. There is no danger of the boys going swimming in that fountain.

Letters from Pupils.

PAROO, Oct. 18th, 1893.

DEAR MR. MATTHEWSON. It may interest you to hear from an old pupil who is pretty well-known around the Institution. I have received two copies of the MITE up to the present, and am eagerly looking forward for the next. I saw the pupils from this town off, and I must say that very few of them showed a regret at leaving home. I have been enjoying myself very much this summer, and must content myself with hard work during the winter months. I have been spending two weeks on the farm of Mr. Thos. Mosey, who has a little girl, Nellie Mosey in your school. They miss their little girl, who is the youngest of a very large family. They are much interested in every thing pertaining to the welfare and education of the deaf. They have tried in every possible way to make my visit a pleasant one, and I must say that I never enjoyed a visit so much. Of all the animals, with which the farm is well stocked I am most interested in the horses, and am becoming quite an expert driver. I have not forgotten how to run races, and earned off a first prize of a nice gold ring at the public games in July last. We had a few mute visitors here this summer. Miss L. Mc Murray, Mr. McKillop and Mr. Walter Larkin. I had not the pleasure of meeting the latter gentleman, but had a nice chat with Mr. McKillop. I still write poetry, though the city surroundings offer very little to write about. I feel an uncontrollable desire to write some poetry on my old school mates, which to say the least is very comical. I am curious to know how I will enjoy a winter in town. It is so long since I experienced anything of the sort. I suppose you are glad to have your family around you again. I was greatly surprised at the number of old pupils who have not returned to school. I belong to two societies, and have also joined the School and Free Libraries. I have plenty of books to read, which is a blessing, as it keeps me out of scrapes. I shall never forget your great kindness to me while at school, and how many times you let me off when I deserved punishment, but then it is so hard to be good when there are so many children. That's my excuse. Well, I must not take up any more room in your paper. I know how valuable it is.

With regards to my old friends, not forgetting yourself.

Believe me, yours truly,

MARY LASCHE.

Extracts from Letters.

"We think our daughter made remarkable advancement last year, both in her studies and conduct, for which many thanks are due to you and those under you. I hope the term of '93-4 will be successful in every way.

Edward Marchand, now in the Christian Brothers College, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A., writes: "I have the happiest memories of many a gone-by school day. The boys and girls in after years forget much that was eventful in life's early years, but the old school never. I wish you many years of health.

A parent writes: "I take this opportunity of sending you my heartfelt thanks for the care you have taken of my boy and for the improvement in him since he left home a year ago. I hope he will be a good boy throughout this term and give you no trouble. I pray that God's blessing may always rest upon you and all connected with the Institution.

We are sorry to notice in the Colorado *Indice* that our old pupil Willie Sparling took French leave of the school one day lately and started home on foot. He arrived at Denver hungry, weary and foot sore from his 75 mile tramp. Boys are punished very severely in the Colorado Institution for running away and Willie is likely to be suspended for a year, during which time he will have ample opportunity to meditate upon his folly. We expected better things of Willie Sparling.

Among the many conventions, congresses, unions, &c., held this summer was that of "the Silent Army" composed of soldiers of the Rebellion who had become deaf. Not understanding the sign language, unable to hear or to read the lips, no business could be transacted. The addresses were written on the blackboards in the chapel of the Indiana Institution where the "Army" met.

PUPILS LOCALS

From the Boys' Side of the Staff

BY DAVID LUDG

Stephen Lett returned from school on the 11th ult.

John Patrick and John ... working in the printing shop ... this term.

James Chantler is employed in the shoe shop in Woodstock, and ... John is working on a farm.

Mr. Ponton's flock of turkeys ... seen on the Institution grounds ... that a sign of Thanksgiving.

Charles Holton's father's house ... which was damaged by fire ... has been rebuilt and is doing well now.

John Fisher, a pupil in our printing office, worked in the ... Chatham, from June 22nd to July 22nd. John will make a good printer.

Jean Baizana, who worked in the shoe shop here all day last week, has got a job in Ottawa, as a harness-maker. His boss said he was a splendid worker.

Gustavo Yack, a former pupil of the school, went to Traverse City, Michigan on Sept. 20th, to work. He formerly lived on a farm about two miles from Cargill, in Bruce County.

Out of nine printers last season returned, and there has been an addition to the staff—Willie Watt is now the Printer's Devil. He commenced work on the 6th ult., and is getting along nicely.

Percy Allen, a former pupil of the school, came down here from Toronto with the pupils on the evening train when we were returning to school. He stayed here a few days, and then went to Deseronto.

On the 7th ult., about 22 of the senior boys, with Mr. Bray our new teacher, and Mr. McKillop, went to West photo gallery in the city, and had their pictures taken in a group. We think it is a very nice one.

John Shilton's parents, who formerly resided in Clinton, live in Walkerton now. They moved there last summer. John's father is a minister and is at present pastor of the Methodist Church in Walkerton. They expect to come here and see us on New Year's Day. We remember they were here on a New Year's Day before.

John Labister and Percy Allen came here from Napanee on the 2nd ult. John had been working on a farm and Percy visiting friends. They both intended to go home on the 23rd, but John was tempted to stay and help our senior Eleven play the rest of the league matches during this fall. He will work in the shoe-shop. On the 22nd ult. another former pupil, John Earl, of Brockville, visited the Institution and went home again in the evening. Percy Allen accompanied him.

Post-graduate Courses

It has been noticed that de-mutes coming to the United States from foreign countries have little or no difficulty in securing work, while the graduates of our own Institutions often have great trouble in finding employment. The explanation is not far to seek. In Europe upon graduation, the deaf mutes are apprenticed to a trade by the management of the Institutions and in time become a skilled workman, and this too in an early age. In this country owing to trade-unionism, there is no system of apprenticeship, and the deaf mutes have to depend upon the scanty knowledge of a trade acquired during pupilage upon the good offices of friends after graduation. The usual result is that upon leaving school he is at a loss for employment. The remedy for this is to establish post-graduate courses in trades at all our Institutions where during two or three years the graduates may acquire a thorough knowledge of their handicrafts, of equal importance, also, that our Institutions provide instruction in such a variety of trades to meet the different capabilities of their pupils.

Mr. Martin Gill, the deaf mute, is working in that capacity on the steamship "Lucania." This is the new one and on its last trip made the quickest run on record between New York and Sandy Hook. The trip lasted five days, fourteen hours and minutes.