

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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NO. 10.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,

CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. J. M. GIBSON

Government Inspector:
J. CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution:

MISS A. A. SUPERINTENDENT
MISS M. M. PHYSICIAN
MR. WALKER MATRON

Teachers:

MISS J. O. TERNILL, SUPERINTENDENT
MISS M. M. OSTRON, MATRON
MISS MARY HULL, PHYSICIAN
MISS LORENCE MAYNOR, MONITOR
MISS SYLVIA L. HALL, MONITOR
MISS ADA JAMES, MONITOR

MISS HEATH, TEACHER OF ATTENTION

MISS HEATH, TEACHER OF FANCY WORK
MISS HEATH, TEACHER OF DRAWING

JOHN T. BURNS, INSTRUCTOR OF PRINTING

FRANK FLYNN, MASTER CARPENTER

Wm. Stone, MASTER SHOEMAKER

D. CUNNINGHAM, MASTER BAKER

THOMAS WILLS, TAILOR

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The Institute is to afford education to the youth of the Province of Ontario, either partial or complete instruction in the common

between the ages of seven and fifteen years, who are born deaf or dumb in Ontario, will be a regular term of instruction with a vacation of nearly two months in the summer of each year

of friends who are able to defray the sum of \$25 per year for books and medical attendance

parents, guardians or friends of the MUTE CHILDREN FROM BELLEVILLE. Clothing must be provided for the children

the trades of Printing and Shoemaking are taught to the pupils are instructed in general falling, Dressmaking, and the use of the sewing machine and fancy work as may be

all having charge of deaf mute children themselves of the Illaral Government for their education

Annual School Term begins on Monday, in September, and continues in June of each year. The terms of admission are given upon application to the Matron

R. MATHISON, SUPERINTENDENT

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS RECEIVED AND SENT WITHOUT DELAY TO THE OFFICE OF THE INSTITUTION. Mail matter to go to the office door will be sent to the post office and 25¢ in of each letter. The messenger does not deliver letters or parcels, or receive any matter at the post office for delivery for pupils.



SOMETIME.

Sometime, when the winds are soft and the skies are clear,
And the frosts tipped flowers are everywhere,
And the birds' songs float on the lullaby air,
Perchance I'll see
O'er the troubled waters a gleam of sail
And you will know that the boatman pale
Has come for me

It may be at noon on a summer's day,
And the heat of toil I shall pass away,
And sweetly rest through the livelong day,
Forgetting all care
And the shade shall drop from the reaper's hand
And the sunbeams where the stubbles stand,
And there'll be grief in the family band
That I'll not share

Perchance when the sheaves are all gathered in
And the corn is drawn to the waiting bin,
And the golden apples are stored within
And the bright leaves fall
I shall look my last on the sunset's gold
And joyfully pass to the heavenly fold
At the Master's call

It may be at noon on a winter's night,
I'll slip from the darkness into the light
And join with the angels clothed in white
On the other shore
It matters not where the place may be
Or the time, if the Savior waits for me
At the heavenly door

Alamy Journal



Deafness and Mental Dullness.

A recent contributor to the *Medical News* brings evidence to show that a large proportion of the school children classed as "mentally dull," are affected with a degree of deafness. That deafness should have a marked effect upon the mental, and even upon the physical development of a child is easily believed, since so large a part of everyone's education is transmitted to the brain through the ear.

Doctor Sexton, an American aurist, found a distinct defect in the hearing powers of thirteen per cent. of a large number of school children whom he examined.

Doctor Well, of Stuttgart, in an examination of over six thousand school children found that thirty per cent., or nearly one third of the number examined, had defective hearing powers. He made use of the whisper test, and the test for hearing the watch tick. The hearing was considered defective only when it fell considerably below the average.

Dr. Gello, of Paris, who has made extensive experiments in regard to the percentage of deafness among school children, found that a degree of deafness was very common among "dull" pupils though often unrecognized. He found, in one case, seven children placed in seats in the rear of the school room on account of dullness and inattention. Of these, four could hear the watch tick at a distance of from two to eighteen inches only, while two were entirely deaf in one ear.

Of twelve boys whom the teacher considered poor pupils, ten were affected with loss of hearing power in one or both ears.

Cases of deafness should not be allowed to go without treatment. Even the seemingly hopeless cases should be sent to the aurist for an opinion as to the likelihood of improvement under treatment.

"Running ears" should never be neglected. Such a condition makes the child a disagreeable neighbor in a school. The disease is always a source of danger to the child itself, and may be a source of danger to its companions.

During an attack of measles or scarlet fever, ear complications should be guarded against by cleanliness of the nose and throat. If the ears discharge, they should receive treatment aiming at cleanliness of the aurial canal.

A Hard Life

Years ago Laura Bridgman astonished the world. That a person deaf and blind, and consequently dumb from infancy, could be taught to live a life of understanding, action and aspiration seemed but little short of a miracle.

Helen Keller, of whom most of our readers have heard, is more of a marvel. Without the power to see, or hear or speak, she has been taught to hold conversations, to write compositions and letters, to embroider, play the piano and to comprehend abstract thought. Her education seems almost the high-water mark of Christian civilization.

And now a pitiful yet inspiring story of another unfortunate child comes to us. She was born in Texas, and when fifteen months old had learned only two words—mamma and papa. Then she had a serious illness, by which she lost eyesight and hearing, and was doomed to a life of imprisonment, into which no sound or ray of light could penetrate. She soon forgot the two words she had learned and uttered only inarticulate sounds. As she had never experienced pleasure, she did not know how to laugh, but she exhibited terrible freaks of passion and terror, and hated the presence of all living things.

In the meantime she had learned two signs—one to put her fingers into her mouth when she was hungry, the other to cross her arms over her breast when she was thirsty. The only thing that deeply interested her was wiping her mother's dishes, and this she did, the mother says, "until they cracked."

At six years, when most children are happy and gay, she was blind, speechless and deaf, knowing nothing, hearing nothing, caring for nothing, groping in blackness and silence, and consumed by passionate fits of animal temper.

One day a newspaper brought to the house some account of Helen Keller and her successful education. After a little correspondence Wilho Elizabeth—for that was her name—was taken to a kindergarten for the blind in the East.

When she first arrived she kicked and bit and savagely pushed any one who came near her. Her dull eyes were expressionless. Her face wore a look of despair. Her mother stayed with her for a week, and then left her with the lady who was to be her teacher. The child had to be tamed as one tames a wild creature.

At last the day came for the first lesson. She was playing with a shallow basket, which she put upon her head. This gave her teacher the idea of selecting the word hat to convey to the mind of the child the first glimmer of thought. After many attempts to use the language of the fingers upon the palm of the hand, the teacher succeeded in making the unfortunate girl understand that she was signaling the name of the object that she held in her hand. This was the first ray of light that penetrated the darkness in which the child had lived.

To day she has learned the names and comprehends the shapes of four hundred objects. More than this, she understands the meaning of about a hundred verbs. In all she commands a vocabulary of about six hundred words. She has become alert, sweet-tempered and affectionate. Her greatest delight is to take a book of raised letters to bed with her to read, where, of course, she can read as well as in daylight.

What a struggle for an education is this! It is difficult fully to comprehend it. We take eye-sight as a matter of course. We hear the sound of the winds, the ringing of bells and laughter, the ripple of dear voices, and who stops to thank God for it? What we have been taught at home or at school has been given under the pleasantest and most favorable conditions. What if we had to get our diploma by the tip of a finger on the palm of the hand? *The Youth's Companion.*

The Human Hand.

A DEAF MUTE GIRL'S THOUGHTS ABOUT IT.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," came up in my reading this evening, and how many thoughts it gives rise to. Dr. G. Wilson says, of the powers of the hand: In many respects, the organ of touch, as embraced in the hand, is the most wonderful of the senses. The organs of the other senses are passive; the organ of touch alone is active. The eye, the ear, and the nostril, stand simply open; light, sound, and fragrance enter, and we are compelled to see, to hear, and to smell; but the hand selects what it shall touch, and touches what it pleases. It puts away from it the things which it hates, and beckons towards it the things which it desires.

The hand cares not only for its own wants but, when the other organs of the senses are rendered useless, take their duties upon it. The hand of the blind man goes with him as an eye through the streets, and safely threads for him all the dangerous ways. It looks for him at the faces of his friend, and tell him whose kindly features are gazing on him. It peruses books for him and quickens the long tedious hours by its silent readings. And we who are deaf know how well and willingly the hand administers to us, and how eloquently its fingers speak for, and listen for us, thus discharging the unwonted offices of ear and tongue.

The organs of all the other senses, also, even in their greatest perfection, are beholden to the hand for the enhancement and the exaltation of their powers. It plucks for the nostril the flower whose odors it delights to inhale and distills for it the fragrance which it covets.

As for the tongue, if it had not the hand to serve it, it might abdicate its throne as the lord of taste. In short, the organ of touch is the minister of its sister senses, and is the hand-maid of them all. And the hand not only thus munificently serves the body, but not less amply does it give expression to the genius and wit, the courage, and the affection, the will, and the power of man. Put a sword into it and it will fight for him, a plow and it will till for him, a harp and it will play for him, a pen and it will speak for him, plead for him, pray for him. What will it not do? What has it not done?

A steam-engine is but a larger hand, made to extend its powers by the little hand of man. An electric telegraph is but a long pen for the little hand to write with.

What moreover, is a ship, a railway, a lighthouse, or a palace—what, indeed, is a whole city, a whole continent of cities, all the cities of the globe, nay the very globe itself, in so far as man has changed it, but the work of that giant wonder-working hand, with which the human race, acting as one mighty man, has executed its will!

When I think of all that man and woman's hand has wrought, from the day when Eve put forth her erring hand to pluck the fruit of the forbidden tree, the dark hour when the pierced hands of the Savior of the world were nailed to the precatory tree of shame, and of all that human hands have done of good and evil since, I lift up my hand and gaze at it with wonder and awe. What an instrument for good it is! What an instrument for evil! and all the day long it is never idle. There is no implement which cannot wield, and it should never, in working hours, be without one. —*Scotch Girl (Jlagga Hutten.)*

Clootness is contagious when it comes close enough to touch.

Baron Liebig, the German chemist, says that as much flour as will lie on the point of a table knife contains as much nutritive constituents as eight pints of the best beer.