

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. J. H. STRATTON, Toronto.

Government Inspector:
DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, Toronto.

Officers of the Institution:
R. MATHISON, M. A. — Superintendent
WM COCHRANE, — Director
P. D. GOLDSMITH, M. D. — Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER, — Matron

Teachers:
D. H. COLKMAN, M. A. — Mrs. J. G. TERRILL
(Head Teacher) Miss R. TRIMPTON,
P. DENYS, — Miss MARY BULL,
JAMES O. HALL, D. A., — Miss SYLVIA L. HALL,
W. J. CAMPBELL, — Miss GEORGINA LINN,
GEO. P. STEWART, — Miss ADA JAMES,
T. C. FORRESTER, —
M. J. MADDEN, (Monitor Teacher)

Teachers of Articulation:
Miss IDA M. JACK, — Miss CAROLINE GIBSON.
Miss MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
T. C. FORRESTER, Teacher of Steno.

Miss L. N. METCALYN, — JOHN T. BURNS,
Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.

Wm DOUGLASS, — Wm. NURSE,
Storekeeper & Associate, Master Shoemaker.
Superintendent.

O. G. KRITH, — CHAS. J. PEPPIE,
Superintendent of Boys, etc., Engineer.

Miss M. DEMPSEY, — JOHN DOWNS,
Semi-Matron, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter.

Miss H. McNICOLL, — D. CUNNINGHAM,
Trained Hospital Nurse, Master Baker.

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering and Shoemaking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine, and such ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away if put in box in office door will be sent to city post office at noon and 4.15 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one, unless the same is in the locked bag.



Wishing and Doing.

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do,
Let a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true.
Bid your mind of selfish motives,
And the rule of love apply,
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start,
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrap-book of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly,
Live to learn, and learn to live,
If you want to give men knowledge
You must get it, ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happier?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way,
For the pleasures of many
May be oft times traced to one,
As the hand that plants an acorn
Shelters smiles from the sun.



Their First Patient.

BY SUSAN HUBBARD MARTIN.

When Elizabeth and Sarah came into a handsome fortune through the death of an eccentric uncle who had not helped them during life, there was more solemnity than exultation in their joy. For seven years they had watched together at the bedside of a sick mother who had only lately passed to her reward. They had been poor, very poor, and this beloved mother had, of necessity, been deprived of the comforts that ease and relieve such long invalidism. These two girls, strong, auburn-haired, and beautiful, gave no thought as to what might now be possible for them in the shape of lovely gowns, jewels and servants. All these formed no part or lot in their plans or aspirations.

Elizabeth was dusting the sitting-room one morning as she had always done, when the old family doctor called to congratulate them. Sarah had been busy with her flowers in the garden, and had brought him in to Elizabeth just as she was. Both girls wore gingham gowns and plain white aprons. Their rich auburn hair was drawn into simple knots behind. Elizabeth came quickly forward, and the doctor grasped both her hands in his.

"My dear girl," he cried in his genial, kindly tones, "this is good news—great news! I couldn't stay away another minute when I heard of it. How glad I am! How I do rejoice for you!"

Elizabeth pushed an easy-chair forward with a smile. What obligations were she and Sarah not under to this kindly, generous friend who had stood by them through all those years of sickness?

"Yes," she answered quickly, "Sarah and I know you would be. We are glad too. Not so much for ourselves, for our wants are few. Poverty has taught us many lessons, and we have learned the discipline she enforces, but, doctor—"

"Yes, my girl."

"We have decided, Sarah and I, to set aside a tenth of our annual income for the sick poor. You are to be the judge and dispenser, and in every case where the necessary comforts are lacking, you are to draw on this fund. This is our memorial to mother."

The doctor looked at the fair young face incredulously. He had daughters of his own, and he thought he understood girls, but he was puzzled now. Not one word of themselves or what was possible now for them!

"Do you mean it?" he asked.

"Yes," Elizabeth answered gravely.

"One tenth of our income is to be set

aside for you to use among your sick poor."

Her gray eyes suddenly filled with tears. "Doctor," she cried impulsively, "you know our past poverty better than anyone else. You know the comforts, the necessities, our own dear mother lacked. We are anxious to spare other sick and weary ones the suffering she endured. She often needed things, and we were too poor to give them to her. Now 'though dead, she yet speaketh.' We have quite decided upon this, Sarah and I. We only ask the privilege of visiting these patients."

The doctor dashed his hand against his eyes, for they were full of tears. How much this would mean to him, tried and troubled as he was by the suffering of the needy!

"You are good girls," he said huskily. "God bless you both. And I accept the trust, Elizabeth."

He came to see them a few days later. "I've found your first patient, girls," he said gravely. "A young man far from home and dying. They sent for me yesterday. Oh," he cried in a moved voice, "I wish you could have seen his room; so miserable and lacking all comforts. No one to even hand him a drink of water. The poor fellow is quite conscious, and knows he is nearing the end. What will you do?"

Elizabeth went up to the doctor and took his hand.

"Have him moved to a comfortable room," she answered earnestly, "at once. Get him a nurse and see that he lacks for nothing."

"Very well," replied the doctor briefly, "I will see that it is done."

Elizabeth made her first visit two days later. It was a large, cool, airy room she entered, and there, stretched before her upon a white bed, lay a young man, not much over twenty; a boy in fact. A vase of flowers stood on a little draped table, some fruit was near it, and a white gowned nurse hovered near, alert and attentive.

He looked up at her and smiled. Such a pitiful, touching smile! "My benefactress," he whispered slowly. "Oh, you are so good, so kind! I want to thank you but I cannot."

Elizabeth went up to him and took his hand. "Do not try," she said gently. "We love to do this for you, my sister and I. Are you sure you have everything you want?" she added earnestly.

"Everything," the boy cried. "Oh, it seems like heaven lying here in this cool sweet bed. I've been so sick, and it has all been so miserable."

Large tears rolled down his wasted cheeks. Elizabeth saw them and wiped them gently away, then after a few more comforting words, she left him.

She went again in a day or two. This time Sarah accompanied her. That evening she looked across at Sarah. They were sitting on the porch and it was very still and sweet.

"Sarah," she began suddenly, "tomorrow I am going to ask that young man if he is a Christian. I can't see him do without knowing. I can't, indeed, Sarah."

She took her Bible with her the next time. The youth was gradually growing weaker and weaker. Elizabeth took his hand, kneeling down suddenly by his bed.

"I've come to ask you," she said bravely, "if you are a Christian?"

The boy looked at her with almost fear.

"A Christian? No," he whispered feebly. "I haven't been good. I ran away from home. I met temptation and it conquered me. But now—" He grasped Elizabeth's hand imploringly. "You are good," he gasped; "you tell me— you teach me—you lead me."

So sitting there, with the white-gowned nurse in the background, Elizabeth told the old, old story. How Jesus died for all; how he was able and willing to forgive sin. "Only believe in his love and accept him," she pleaded, her eyes

filling with tears. "His arms are out stretched to receive you—take him as your Saviour. He died that you might live."

The lad gazed at her, drinking in every word, then he turned his face to the wall and wept.

After a short silence he looked up at Elizabeth. "Pray for me. Pray that I may see the way."

When next Elizabeth visited her patient a wonderful calm seemed to have taken possession of him. He lay among his pillows faintly smiling. The doctor coming in, the boy looked up at him and his face was beautiful to behold.

"Doctor, it's all right. You've done your best for me—but it's all right—Miss Elizabeth will tell you." And he turned his face to the wall, evidently weary beyond expression. But there was a look of great gladness in his eyes.

The day wore on. Night fell, and still the sufferer lay upon his pillows gasping for breath, but with a glad light in his eyes. "It's all right," he would murmur.

Ten, eleven o'clock passed, then midnight came. At three minutes past twelve the nurse went to him. He was lying back upon his pillows, his hands folded over his breast. There was a smile on his lips. Indeed, indeed it was all right. The smile still wreathing the face told that, although Death had laid his impress there.

"That's What I'm Here For."

It was the uniformed young porter who said it, as he smiled pleasantly on the woman whose bundles he had started to carry for her. The station was full of travelers, hurrying to and from their trains, but the porter was not in the least hurried. He was quiet, ready, helpful, and he found a seat for the woman in the right car, and repeated, as she thanked him for his trouble, "That's what I'm here for, madam, all day long; just to see that people get aboard all right." Then he went back to the gate, and promptly helped somebody else to another train. Choery and pleasant, he carried babies, lifted heavy bags, reassured nervous people who were afraid the train would start without them, and made himself generally helpful, hour after hour.

"That's what I'm here for." The cheerful words carried an unconscious message. The porter's lot was not a very pleasant one. Perhaps he, too, longed to travel away from the hot city to the sea or the woods, yet all the year round he was shut within the crowded station, with its tracks and platforms. Few thanked him for helping them, and he could hardly have been blamed if he had been a trifling cross over his work. But he had no such thought; he was there to be helpful, and his heart was in his work.

The woman who had been helped to her seat by him thought it over as the train rolled away. She was one who had carried many burdens for other people, and had had few thanks. She scolded to herself to have spent her life in starting other people off where they wanted to go, and staying behind herself, and lately, she had felt rebellious about it. But the young porter's words started a new line of thought. "That's what I'm here for," she said to herself, "and it isn't my business to complain or to question. If he can do his day's work in that hearty spirit, I guess I can, too," and she felt her heart lighter than for many a day. The porter did not know it, but he had preached a whole sermon in five words that afternoon.—*Wellspring.*

The wasted mental forces would do all the work of the world.—*Itan's Horn.*

It is the crushed grape that gives out the blood-red wine. It is the suffering soul that breathes out the sweetest melodies.