

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. M. THOMSON.

Government Inspector:
H. E. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

M. J. M. A.	Superintendent.
M. J. M. S.	Director.
E. J. M. M. D.	Physician.
M. J. M. W.	Matron.

Teachers:

M. J. M. A.	Miss J. C. TEMPLETON.
M. J. M. S.	Miss M. M. OSTROM.
E. J. M. M. D.	Miss MARY HULL.
M. J. M. W.	Miss LUCY M. JAMES.
M. J. M. A.	Miss MELVIA L. HALL.
M. J. M. S.	Miss ADA JAMES.
M. J. M. W.	Miss ADA JAMES.

Teacher of Articulation:
M. J. M. A.

Teacher of Fancy Work:
M. J. M. S.

Superintendent of Printing:
M. J. M. W.

Master Carpenter:
M. J. M. A.

Master Shoemaker:
M. J. M. S.

Master Baker:
M. J. M. W.

Farmer:
M. J. M. A.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education to all the youth of the Province who are afflicted with deafness, either partial or total, in order to receive instruction in the common...

All children between the ages of seven and ten, being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide pupils of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted to the regular term of instruction...

Guardians or friends who are able to charge the sum of \$50 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance furnished free.

Those whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for tuition, books and medical attendance must be admitted free. Clothing must be provided by the parents or friends.

On time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to male pupils are instructed in general work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, the use of the Sewing Machine, Ornamental and fancy work, as may be desired.

That all having charge of deaf mute children avail themselves of the liberal facilities afforded by the Government for their educational improvement.

Regular Annual School Term begins on Wednesday in September, and continues until Wednesday in June of each year, subject to the terms of admission as will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DELIVERED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. Mail matter to go in box in office door will be sent to office at noon and 2 1/2 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not to receive letters or parcels, or receive mail at post office for delivery, for pupils...



BORN DUMB.

My little love! my speechless child!
Can I forget my woman's heart and life
Forever mate to grief forever child!

Is it not hard to bear the falling feet
When such an ailment for those baby lips
Distinctly suits the policy of God?

The lambs that play too long at table-end
Have tongues that ask for mothers there. I know
Learn lovely meanings when the children speak

The mother comes from far across the field
And calls assurance to her anxious child
As if had answered had my lamb appeared!

So with unfeathered blue wings, so with things
Whose tones are pitched too low for mortal ears,
They plead and nature sends them breast and wings.

But I shall never hear that storied speech
That lovely language whose expression is
Defiance of all rules that man may teach

Nor hear against my heart a son's content
When for his mouth the willing milk is kind
And for his lips my fountain is well spent

I have brought silence to my husband's knee
And he (Oh, baby, baby, try to speak!)
So greatly counted on thy mimicry

Of words his wit prepared to plague thy lips
Ready to kiss that rosebud impudence,
Thy mouth, and garner all thy precious slips.

"Mother," he used to say, "when I am worn
In days to come with writing you shall bring
This bud of April on your shoulder borne

And he shall chatter to my chain, or tear
My latest lyric, or shall cry to touch
The raining splendora of your ravished hair

Until he dwindle and his eyes grow dim
And we can worship him before the fire
And kiss each other many thanks for him

"We will undress him in your cradling lap
And spy upon his beauty, praying God
To bless his life with fruit of teacher nap

Then I will have him to my heart awhile
(Oh, baby, baby, try to speak!)
And watch the falling of his sleepy smile

All dimples cannot follow kisses pressed
Upon the youthful slumber of his mouth
And I restore his beauty to thy breast

Oh, husband, husband, and the child is dumb!
The lamb outspoke him and the day-old thrush:
How shall I break this news when that you come!

My travail was for silence and my dove
Can only watch his mother's moving lips
And never give her back a word of love!

Father of his upon the ocean, come!
Thy wife desires thy head upon her breast.
The child of our enchantment is born dumb!

—Louisa Spectator



Is It the Lord's Way.

"I'm quite discouraged—that I am," said Aunt Hannah. "I work early and late, day in and day out, year in and year out, and I never find a place to rest. Seems to me the work grows harder and more of it as the years go by." And the overworked woman dropped into a chair and put her apron to her eyes.

"What do you mean, Aunt Hannah? Has anything happened?" questioned a young girl who has just come into the tidy kitchen from the fresh sunshine, looking so hopeful and bright that the sight of her had called forth this outburst of despair. She saw in Janet a picture of her own girlhood, and caught a backward glimpse of the home and the hopes of her early years.

"Well, Janet, to tell the truth, I doubt if the Lord has much to do with all this slaying. I know he couldn't intend to make drudges of us. The time was when I felt as you do. Life was full of sunshine."

"O auntie, you don't mean that," exclaimed Janet. "You don't mean that you doubt the Lord?"

"Well, dear, it amounts to about that. I don't want to bring a cloud into your clear sky. But if you could see a I do, you would say the Lord must have forgotten to set somebody to work who is idle. Some have more'n their share,

I think it sounds bad it does, but why should I work so and some others do nothing from morning till night?"

"Auntie, dear," said Janet, as she put her cheek against the hot cheek of Aunt Hannah, "I guess the Lord sent me to see you, this morning, if he don't mind about folks working. I've been thinking of this very thing—the why one is rich and another poor, one working and another doing nothing. Why is it? I asked myself. And I came to ask you. And here you have taken my questions away from me, and thrown them back again. May I tell you something, and will you promise not to feel troubled about it?"

"Yes, Janet, say anything you wish to. I guess it'll do me good to think of somebody besides myself."

"Well, auntie, I have been very anxious to go to school. In fact I've been quite set about it. I've planned and saved my best clothes, and worked in the kitchen to save me the expense of a hired girl, and I am all ready, and you know, I was going next Saturday."

"Well, Janet, I don't see how that has anything to do with what I said."

"Possibly not, auntie, but—Here Janet sobbed and could not go on."

"Land sakes, child, what is the matter?"

"Auntie, I'm not going."

"Not going, Janet? Why not?"

"Papa has some trouble with his business. I don't know what, and he told me he really could not afford to send me to school this year. Oh, Aunt Hannah, I feel so disappointed!"

It was Aunt Hannah's turn to comfort now, and she put up her hand and patted the fair cheek of her niece and said very gently, "Don't feel so about it, dear. I guess it'll come out all right by and by. Perhaps it'll be ever so much better to wait till next year."

For a few minutes the two were silent. Then Janet laughed a soft, rippling laugh with a tinge of sadness in it—as the brooklet a song often seems glad and sorrowful too.

"Auntie! It is too funny for anything! I came to tell you of my trouble, and you took up my story in a different way and told me your worries. Your trouble is like mine, isn't it? Disappointment! Isn't that true, auntie?"

"Yes, that is it. In one way or another, disappointment comes to us all. God knows all about it anyway, and knows when to let us have our way and when to have his way. You're helping me wonderful, Janet. I work harder than I need to, because I want things my way. It is not necessary for me to make pies and cake the same day, and get all tired out, and then blame the Lord. Nor is it necessary for me to dust and scrub, when I have already done enough. It's because I wish to do it, tired or not. I am proud of my house-keeping, Janet. I never saw it so plain before. The Lord lets me get pretty tired, but I keep right on, till all my work is done as I want it. Now dear, how does this apply to your going to school or not going to school? Well, it don't directly but the Lord has a way of his own about all these things. You have led me to see it and to see that I have been trying to have my way instead of waiting to see what he will do for me. I'm dreadful cross sometimes, when John comes home, just because I'm tired. I guess I can mend in that direction, anyway."

"Auntie, I wanted my way as much as you have wished for your way. You worked harder, because you were set upon having your own way. I see the light, I guess. And I thank you a darling auntie, to tell me about your trials. I'll go home and make papa and ma happy as I can, and help them over this hard place by working. And, auntie, I'll wait. W. B. Rich, in Morning Star.

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.

About the One Method.

Superintendent Kendall, of Texas, sagely remarks.—With all due respect for those who differ with us we cannot refrain from a little criticism of what is known as the pure oral method. To a certain class of the deaf this method may be properly applied, and if its advocates would confine themselves to that class alone, then we could bid them God-speed in a noble effort to aid in an important work. But when they assume to dictate a policy in accordance with their views, and attempt to carry into practice a method by which all deaf should be taught, independent of signs, they contradict the wisdom of the past and make the education of a large percentage of the deaf an impossibility. We do not advocate any one method to the exclusion of others but most positively assert that no one method can be made to apply to all classes of deaf-mutes. To the congenitally deaf, signs are as natural as the use of the feet in walking, as natural as the wings of a bird in flying. In fact it is the only suggestion which nature gives to the mind as to how to make itself understood, and to attempt to thwart nature's design by an effort to educate them, or at least many of them by other methods is as absurd as to exchange the natural elements of birds and fishes. When will the friends of the deaf learn that when all of the methods in use are applied to their various conditions, their education is difficult and tedious in the extreme, and not attempt to disparage others, but work together for the common good of this unfortunate class of our race? Sensational advertisements of methods by which communication is made easy between parents and children, other than the slow but sure methods now in use, are doing much to keep deaf children out of school by creating hopes that their children can be taught to articulate, —hopes that can only in exceptional cases be realized; and creating prejudice against other methods, relying on the one until too late to get the advantage of the other, when by charitably conceding to each method its share in securing the best results, the deaf could be gathered into schools suited to the peculiar conditions of such, then all could be educated and humanity benefited."

An Insulting Epithet.

The term 'dummy' was no doubt originally bestowed on an uneducated deaf and dumb person, to signify that he could not speak. The word soon came to express not only speechlessness but also the wider idea of inferior mental power and incapacity to undertake the responsibilities and perform the functions of citizenship. With this added meaning, also, it only too well expressed the forlorn condition of the uneducated deaf mute; and it was an easy step in the evolution of language to apply the word 'dummy' to a dolt or thickwitted person who had not lost the power of speech at all. As a matter of fact the uneducated deaf, as a class, are as bright and intelligent as people who can hear. They own property, transact business, pay taxes and perform all the functions of citizenship, and the term 'dummies' as applied to them, is a misnomer and an insulting epithet.—Ez.

In all the arrangement of a home the ease and comfort of the mother should be considered before all things. This is her right. Nor is it less the interest of the family.

Pleasure is seldom found where it is sought; our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks. The flowers which scatter their odors from time to time in the path of life grow up without culture, from seeds scattered by chance.