

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.



Director of the Government in Charge
THE HON. J. M. GIBSON

Government Inspector:
DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution:

GIBSON, M. A. Superintendent.
GIBSON, J. M. Director.
KING, M. D. Physician.
WALKER, M. A. Matron.

Teachers:

GIBSON, M. A. Mrs. J. G. TENNILL, Head Teacher.
GIBSON, J. M. Miss M. M. OSTRUM, Miss MARY BULL, Miss FLORENCE MAYROR, Miss SYLVIA L. BAKER, Miss ADA JAMES, Monitor.
MURPHY, C. W. Teacher of Attention.

WALKER, M. A. Teacher of Fancy Work.
WALKER, M. A. Teacher of Drawing.

WALKER, M. A. JOHN T. HURK, Superintendent Instructor of Printing.

WALKER, M. A. FRANK FLYNN, Master Carpenter.

WALKER, M. A. WM. NUBBY, Master Shoemaker.

WALKER, M. A. D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker.

WALKER, M. A. THOMAS WILK, Gardener.

WALKER, M. A. MICHAEL O'SHEA, Farmer.

WALKER, M. A. The Province in founding and

WALKER, M. A. of this Institute is to afford education

WALKER, M. A. to all the youth of the Province

WALKER, M. A. who are deaf, either partial or

WALKER, M. A. total, by instruction in the common

WALKER, M. A. branches of the ages of seven and

WALKER, M. A. eight, and in the Province of Ontario,

WALKER, M. A. the regular term of instruction

WALKER, M. A. is three years, with a vacation of nearly

WALKER, M. A. six months during the summer of each year.

WALKER, M. A. Guardians or friends who are able to

WALKER, M. A. furnish the sum of \$50 per year for

WALKER, M. A. tuition, books and medical attendance

WALKER, M. A. are admitted free. Clothing must

WALKER, M. A. be provided by parents or friends.

WALKER, M. A. At present time the trades of Printing

WALKER, M. A. and Shoemaking are taught to



A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long
Why should one that thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
Fly its humble, pleading tone
Join it. Do not let the seker
How before his God alone
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling,
From a brother's eyes,
Share them and by sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silver laugh is rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying
For both grief and joy a place
There a health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veils the land
Should a brother work you dear,
Falter for a word of cheer.

Scatter thus your seed of kindness,
All enriching as you go.
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver.
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.



I Forgot It.

A successful business man says, there are two things which he learned when he was eighteen which were ever afterwards of great use to him—namely, "Never to lose anything, and never forget anything."

An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it.

"But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it; what shall I do then?"

"You must not lose it."

"I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should?"

"But I say you must not. I shall make no provision for such an occurrence. You must not lose it!"

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay. He used to say, "When a man tells me that he forgot to do something, I tell him he might as well have said, 'I do not care enough about your business to take the trouble to think about it again.'"

Once he had an intelligent young man in my employment who deemed it sufficient excuse for neglecting any important task to say, "I forgot it." I told him that it would not answer. If he was sufficiently interested he would be careful to remember.

It was because he did not care enough that he forgot it. I drilled him with this truth. He worked for me three years, and during the last of the three he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget a thing. His forgetting, he found was a lazy, careless habit of the mind, which he cured.—*R.*

Four young women of the Kansas school have entered the *Star* printing office to learn type setting.

Spreading Sunshine.

BLIND JENNIE'S PATHETIC STORY OF WAYS OF DOING GOOD.

In a little east side tenement she lives, a woman "sore afflicted unto God," yet who knows not the nature of repining. Ah, no! If you ask any child of the neighborhood to tell you the happiest, sweetest, most tranquil person in it, I wager they'll shout with unanimity, "Blind Jennie!"

And it is true as true can be. The light has gone forever from the eyes, a blight rests on the feeble body, but on the peaceful soul and the mind illumined are lights no doctor's or magician's skill could conjure up, and Jennie, "Blind Jennie," everybody's friend in Lewis street, basks in eternal sunshine.

A simple little story is Jennie's, a story that I might fill full of tears, I suppose, and much sentimentality. But what is the use of weeping if Jennie smiles? Is it not better to rejoice that the little heroine has found so much good to do in the world which has so little good to offer her?

She was struck by lightning many years ago—at least that is the cause her mother gives of her blindness. This mother, with whom she lives, is a little flighty at times, and that is one of Jennie's crosses, but it is her unlagging industry, going about the streets peddling soap, matches and firecrackers, which pays the rent and brings bread to the poor tenement which the two call home. The bad boys often chase the old woman, taking advantage of her feeble mind, and harass her greatly. There is no crueler beast in the jungles of Asia than the bad boy, and he has not the beast's excuse for cruelty.

After Jennie had been blind sometime, the disfiguring disease attacked her face. It ate away her mouth and nose and compelled her to wear a thick veil whenever she went out to church or Sunday school. Doctors said it was a cancer, and attempts were made by kind friends to get Jennie admitted to the Cancer hospital, but the physicians there said it was no cancer. And so, with that cruelty which sometimes marks the conduct of our hospital attendants, sworn to mercy and kindness, poor Jennie was driven from one institution to another, and none would have her. None would have her! Shame be it on the name of every one!

And so she retreated to the poor little tenement behind another tenement and prepared to live out her life as best she might.

And then began her Sunday school. She did not seek for scholars. They came to her as the sparrows did to look for crumbs upon the window-sill. They were the children of the very poor. Some of them were of Hebrew birth like Jennie, others were Roman Catholics. Others did not know if they had been born to any creed, unless it were the creed of poverty and anguish.

How they crowded into that little room! What comfort they found there under the spell of the blind girl, who seemed to them to talk with the tongue of angels! How they awakened the echoes of a region which usually resounded to the songs and curses of the drunken and the vile!

Two Sundays in Jennie's week—Saturday for the Jews and Sunday for the Gentiles.

One day a little girl came up to the room.

"I want to come to Sunday school," she said.

"But there is no Sunday school till after dinner."

"Well, I ain't going to have no dinner to day, so I guess I'll stay and wait."

You may be sure that she was made welcome, and that she did have dinner that day with Jennie and her mother.

And that is the kind of children who belong to Jennie's Sunday school. There are fully 50 who belong to it, and who attend either one day or the other.

Jennie's knowledge of the Scriptures

and of the hymns sung in the mission and at her home is marvellous. If the words of a hymn whose music attracts her are read to her several times, she remembers them forever after. The singing is one of the great attractions to the little ones.

The members of Jennie's class do not meet at stated hours, but run in whenever they desire.

Ah, what a glorious thing it was that the hospitals turned Jennie from the inhospitable doors! She would have been senseless in those warm and cheerful rooms—a recipient of their alms and nothing else, whereas she has turned her tenement into a temple and filled one of the darkest corners of the city with the light and grace of God.

Hope Mission Chapel keeps its eye on Jennie and her mother, and keeps the wolf from entering the door, as it would do sometimes if they were left absolutely unaided. The good people, who are not over rich themselves, help them out with the rent and the coal man.

A few days ago the missionary went shopping for Jennie, and this is what he bought after paying out \$5 for the rent: Quilt, \$1.60; cot, \$1.25; underclothing, \$1.75; pillow, 74 cts.; sheets, 68 cts.; two cups and saucers and two knives and forks, 34 cts., and washboard, 18 cts.

"The fund from which we drew these little purchases," said Pastor John B. Devins to me, "was only \$87, but we found that Jennie absolutely needed them, and that settled the matter with us."

There was a great time when Jennie's Sunday school celebrated Christmas. Such songs, such games, such recitations! And then there was a collection taken up to build a Presbyterian church in Pratt, Minn., and when Jennie counted out the largess of her little ones there was one whole dollar to go to that worthy fund!

I wonder if any millionaire in New York gave so largely of his store as did "Blind Jennie's" children.—*New York Herald.*

He Was Satisfied.

Country boys who are inclined to think that life in cities is easy and comfortable compared with their daily toil in the country, are apt to find themselves mistaken when they come to town and subject themselves to the high pressure system of business establishments. An amusing example of this sort is related by a country exchange.

A farmer's boy went to the city, finding the work at home rather tiresome, and obtained a situation in a large "family supply" store where a "rushing business" was carried on. He "took hold" very well and his employers liked him.

They were surprised, however, when he came to them before he had been two months in the store and said:

"Well, Mr. A—, I guess I'll have to get through here next Saturday night."

"Get through?" said his employer.

"Oh, what's gone wrong?"

"No, nothing particular."

"Aren't you treated well?"

"First-rate, but I'll tell you just how it strikes me. Up on the farm we used to have the threshing machine come once a year, and then we threshed for three days, and you'd better believe we worked hard, but I tell you what, I've been here now seven weeks and you've threshed every day! I guess I've got enough of it."

He went back to the farm convinced that a farmer's life has its compensations.—*Youth's Companion.*

A pupil of the Rome, New York School, was milking a cow at his home on August 27th when lightning struck the barn, killed the cow, and passed down his leg and out through the sole of his shoe. His foot was burned, but he was otherwise hurt.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND sent without delay to the parties to whom addressed. Mail matter to go in boxes in office door will be sent to the office at noon and 2 1/2 p.m. of each day excepted. The messenger is not to be sent for letters or parcels, or receipts at post office for delivery, for pupils.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent