

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:
THE HON. J. M. GIBSON.

Government Inspector:
MR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

J. MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent.
A. MCHESON.	Director.
F. LAKINS, M. D.	Physician.
MISS SAHEL WALKER.	Matron.

Teachers:

D. R. SEAMAN, M. A.	Head Teacher.	MR. J. O. TERRILL.
P. DILLON.		MISS M. TEMPLETON.
J. H. SHIPLEY.		MISS M. M. OSTRON.
JAMES DALRYMPLE, B. A.		MISS MARY BULL.
D. J. McKillop.		MISS FLORENCE MAYBEE.
		MISS MYRTLE L. HALL.
		MISS ADA JAMES.

MISS MARGERY CURLETTE, Teacher of Articulation.

MISS MARY BELL, Teacher of Fancy Work & Teacher of Drawing.

MISS M. McALEER, JOHN T. BURKE, Chief Superintendent of Printing.

MISS J. SMITH, FRANK FLYNN, Shop Foreman & Clerk, Master Carpenter.

W. M. THOMPSON, W. M. NUNN, Supervisor of Boys, Master Shoemaker.

MISS A. McLAUGHLIN, D. CUNNINGHAM, Instructor of Sewing and Supervisor of Girls, Master Baker.

MISS MIDDLEMAN, THOMAS WELLS, Engineer, Tailor.

MR. HALL, O. MIZARA, Carpenter.

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

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, shall be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is each year, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay shall be charged the sum of \$20 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance, which will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board, tuition, books and medical attendance, shall be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

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

It is expected that all having charge of deaf mutes will avail themselves of the liberal facilities offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and the third Wednesday in June of each year. Admission as to the terms of admission for the year will be given upon application to the Superintendent or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go by post in box in office door will be sent to the office at noon and 2:45 p. m. of each day, Sundays excepted. The messenger is not to be sent to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery for pupils.



PITY, O GOD!

Pity thy deaf, O God! thy helpless deaf,
Only whose ears perceive the music's birth
The fair glad, infantile melodies of earth
Or sea, or wind, or forest trees in forest dim
Life's morning anthem, nature's vesper hymn,
The hum of bees about a bursting flower,
The blithe down-patter of a summer shower,
The rush of water and the lip of wave,
The rust of sea foam from a sea loutal cave,
The wail of breeze whose alle-Follan
Mournfully rise and murmurous die again
The tender cry of bird which shines the light
For joy, not dole!

Or the beloved's voice on moonlit night
At great dead hearts rise who!
Who hear these sounds, but only with the ear
Whose souls are deaf make them O God to hear!

Pity thy dumb ones, God! thy speechless ones
Only whose tongues free and unlettered are!
Whose lips the secret of the morning star
Shall never unlock, no winged word of fire,
No fancy and no freedom, no desire
Thrill from the throat in song steal from the
fingers
In subtle speech which burns and glows and
lingers
Through thousand forms whereth divinely
wright
Into divinest life divinest thought
Stains fashioned, whom the Pentecostal flame
Hath never touched, in whom no joy nor shame
Nor liberty, nor truth's self clearest shown
Hath utterance stirred!
Nor the beloved a heart upon their own
Wood forth one whispered word!
Speechless whose tongues speak only in ke
them whole
God! unseal the dumb lips of their soul!

(Lionel K. Channing)



HELEN KELLER.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL OF A AND BLIND GIRL.

Washington has just had a visit from wonderful Helen Keller, who has been the guest, much petted and loved, of Dr. A. Graham Bell. The promise of Helen's childhood has been abundantly fulfilled, and now, at the age of 13, her birthday came on the 26th of June, she is a well grown girl, lovely in face and character, and possessed of such mental attainments as make it difficult to believe that she has been totally blind and deaf from babyhood. Helen converses through the manual alphabet with the greatest ease at the rate of eighty words a minute upon all possible subjects, and expresses herself with an elegance and originality which most adults would envy.

She is an omnivorous reader, and is constantly drawing upon Tennyson, Holmes, Whittier and other poets, whom she quotes by the page. She devotes much time to writing, her characters being formed in square-shaped style and upright, the whole being almost as legible as print. Several of her stories have been published and their merit may be inferred from the fact that a publishing house which is run strictly on business principles recently sent her a check for \$150 for a single article. Dr. A. Graham Bell believes that his girl is destined to make her mark in English literature.

Within the past two years Helen has mastered oral language, and now speaks easily and so that any one would understand her. She is even able herself to understand what others are saying, if the speaker will allow her soft fingers to rest upon his lips. Not content with her proficiency in English, which is far greater than that of the ordinary man or woman who has grown up with both sight and hearing, Helen has recently taken up French, and Dr. Bell showed me a letter written by her in that language, which was absolutely free from faults. This girl at once so afflicted and so happy, seems to possess the towering ambition and the unswerving purpose of a Napoleon. She does whatever she

sets out to do, and she sets out to do most things that come within the scope of human powers.

IDEAL EXQUISITE FAITH.

Her last idea is to become a singer. Fancy that a girl who has never heard a sound nor seen a note, learning to sing. When her teacher tried to explain to Helen that the gift of song was something which must always be denied her, the brave child answered in her strange way:

"God wants us to be happy, I think. He wants you to teach me to speak because He knew how much I wished to speak like other people. He did not want his child to be dumb, and when I go to Him He will let his angels teach me to sing."

One of the most extraordinary features in Helen's case is the marvelous development of her memory. It is doubtful if a girl ever lived with such powers of remembering as Helen possesses. Dr. A. Graham Bell realizes this so fully that in a letter on Helen Keller, read in Washington several weeks ago before the National Academy of Sciences, he devoted some time to explaining the phenomenon of unconscious plagiarism which is constantly presenting itself, not only in what Helen writes, but in what she says. Everything that she reads and everything that is read to her, poetry, fact, fiction, no matter what, her mind retains with automatic precision and with no conscious effort. As books have been constantly read to Helen, read in her hand, of course, by means of the

MANUAL ALPHABET.

for the past two years, and only the best books, it is easy to see what an immense storehouse she has to draw upon when she comes to express her own thoughts either in word or writing. The fact is there is no way of determining where her thoughts end and the thoughts of others begin. Her daily speech is interwoven with beautiful similes and descriptions, the basis of which must have come from some great author, but are so turned and blended by her own rich fancy as to be difficult of recognition. Every page Helen reads becomes a vivid picture in her mind, and from the elements of these countless pictures she makes combinations of her own without end, many of them possessed of startling force and beauty. One day in Alabama, for instance, while gathering wild flowers near some springs on the hillsides, she exclaimed: "The mountains are crowding round the springs to look at their own beautiful reflections." At another time, speaking of a visit she had made in Lexington, Mass., she wrote: "As we rode along we could see the forest monarchs bend their proud forms to listen to the little children of the woodlands whispering their secrets. The anemone, the wild violet, the hepatica and the funny little curled up ferns all peeped out at us from beneath their brown leaves." This same letter she closed thus: "I must go to bed, for Morpheus has touched my eyelids with his golden wand."

Remember, this is the language of a little girl not twelve years old, who has never seen a flower or a tree nor heard the murmur of a brook. And these are only average specimens of what Helen Keller is thinking, saying and writing every day of her life. She says she remembers her own thoughts perfectly.

DAY AND MERRY NATURE.

Although it is thus true that Helen has absorbed countless thoughts and fancies from the authors she has read and can talk to you by the hour in the words of her favorite books, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Dickens' Christmas Carols," "Evangeline," "Swiss Family Robinson," "Tanglewood Tales," "Little Women" and scores of others, yet it would be a great injustice to the wonderful child to consider her merely an imitator or dilution of others. Helen Keller is in the highest degree original, she is herself and no one else. Strange,

indeed, it would be if a soul whose growth has been in darkness and without any sound from the world about her should not be different from other souls. And yet there is nothing morbid or gloomy about Helen. Her laugh rings gaily and she lives merry days. In her ordinary talk she is like other children, except that she is brighter and more full of fancies. She is also more affectionate.

One day during her visit Dr. Bell thought to tease her by asking her puzzling questions. "Helen," he said "tell me what is the wind."

Helen thought a moment, and then answered confidently, "The wind must be wild air."

"And what is beauty?"

"Why, I should think beauty is a kind of goodness." Presently Helen turned the tables on her friend by asking him to tell where the first chicken came from.

"Why, out of an egg," answered the doctor.

"Well, then, where did that egg come from?" persisted Helen, and she laughed heartily at having got the best of her questioner.

It may be interesting to those who have followed Helen's development to know that the original intention to keeping her mind free from religious speculations has not been carried out. Guard her as they would from the usual subjects of Sunday-school instruction, Helen's restless thoughts seized upon many clues here and there and finally one day in great perplexity she made the following appeal to her teacher, whom she believed possessed of all knowledge:

"I wish to write about things I do not understand. Who made the earth and the sea and everything? What makes the sun hot? Where was I before I came to mother? I know that plants grow from seeds which are in the ground, but I am sure people do not grow that way. I never saw a child plant. Why does not the earth fall, it is so very large and heavy? Tell me something that Father Nature does. May I read the book called the Bible? Please tell your little pupil many things when you have much time."

About this time Helen talked with another person who gave her some of the orthodox ideas about the Creator. These amused Helen greatly, and she wrote in her diary:

"A. says God made me and every one out of sand; but it must be a joke—I am made of flesh and blood and bone, am I not? A. says God is everywhere and that He is all love, but I do not think a person can be made out of love. Love is only something in our hearts. Then A. said another comical thing. He says He (meaning God) is my dear father. It made me laugh quite hard, for I know my father is Arthur Keller."

PHILLIPS BROOKS TAUGHT HER.

Helen's religious doubts were not set at rest until she was taken to Dr. Phillips Brooks, who, with rare tact and sympathy, was able to furnish answers to her deluge of questions which satisfied the little girl. Since then her love and admiration for Bishop Brooks have known no bounds, and she grieved much at his death. Her little brother, born two years ago on the Fourth of July, was named Phillips Brooks Keller.

Another great friend of Helen's is her favorite poet, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. When she was scarcely ten years old, Miss Sarah Fuller, the lady who taught her oral speech, took her to see Dr. Holmes. This was only a few weeks after Helen had taken her first lesson in producing articulate sounds, and yet such marvelous progress had she made in that time and so great was her determination to be understood that she actually carried on quite a conversation with the eminent writer. It was in the same year that Helen wrote a long letter to the poet Whittier on his eight-third birthday, sending him many kind

(Continued on last page.)