

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. II.,

BELLEVILLE, FEBRUARY 1, 1894.

NO. 17.

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:

MADISON M. A. Superintendent
MADISON M. A. Director
E. J. M. D. Physician
ROBERT WALKER Matron.

Teachers:

MADISON M. A. Miss J. G. FERRILL
Miss M. D. TRIMPTON
Miss M. M. DUDMAN
Miss MARY BULL
Miss ELIZABETH MATHYER
Miss SYDNEY L. BULLIS
Miss ADA JAMES
Miss MARY ANN CARLETTE
Teacher of Articulation

MADISON M. A. Teacher of Fancy Work

MADISON M. A. JOHN T. BURKE
Instructor of Printing

MADISON M. A. FRANK FLYNN
Master Carpenter

MADISON M. A. WM. NURVE
Master Shoemaker

MADISON M. A. D. CUNNINGHAM
Master Baker

MADISON M. A. THOMAS WILK
Gardener

MADISON M. A. MICHAEL O. MEARA
Fitter.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education and training 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 and being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide pupils of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted to the Institution. The regular term of instruction is twelve years, with a vacation of nearly six months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to do so, are charged the sum of \$25 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance to be furnished free.

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

At the same time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the male pupils are instructed in general education, work, tailoring, Dressmaking, and the use of the sewing machine, and of ornamental and fancy work, as may be required.

It is the duty of all having charge of deaf mutes to send them to this Institution for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins on the first day of September, and continues until the end of June of each year. The terms of admission will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

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 be sent in boxes in office door will be sent to the office at noon and 2:45 p.m. of each day. Post letters or parcels, or receive letters at post office for delivery, for pupils



THE OLD HORSE.

Ay, sell the old horse if you will,
For he is broken down
And weak with years, why care for that?
There's plenty in the town
To take his place, to do his work
To go his pace he went
By day or night, in rain or shine,
Until his strength was spent.

He never stopped to reason why
To ask that this be done,
Or that he know his duty
And did it on the run.
He served his master as he best
Knew how to serve, and now
To sell him, he is loyal and
Will ask not, why or how.

A horse is not a sentiment
He cannot think or speak
Or vote; then why protect him when
He is worthless, old and weak?
For him no stony launer floats
On every breeze that blows
For him no pension comforts come
When years his labors close.

Ay, sell the old horse if you will,
He will not ask you why
Nor make complaint, when he is turned
Adrift to starve or die
But faithful in his labor still,
As when they were begun,
He will not care, he is content
With duty bravely done.



THE ANSWERED PRAYER

The exterior of the house was extremely shabby. It was one of a row of small tenement houses in Chicago. Within was evidence that the hands of a thrifty housewife was never idle. A doll, lying face downward on one of the chairs, and a few other childish toys in a little box in one corner of the room gave evidence that a child lived in the house. A bright-faced little woman was busily making a child's garment. A glance into a small side room showed a crib. In it a little girl about three years old slept sweetly and soundly. Near by stood a little girl with a sweet pathetic face who possibly may have seen seven summers.

The fact that on the table by which she was sitting was spread an evening meal, which, although plain and humble, was tastily arranged, gave evidence that the wife was awaiting the return of her husband. A quick step was heard at the door, and a man, in the garb of a mechanic entered the room. The wife looked up as her husband entered. There was a look of anxious expectancy on her face.

"The same old story; nothing for you to-day." This was the answer made by the husband to the unasked question of his wife.

"Oh, Frank, I am so disappointed; I felt sure you would find something to do to-day. Don't you get any encouragement at all?"

"Not much; I visited at least a dozen places, and at each was told they had been compelled to lay off some of their men."

"Why did we leave our own little home and come to this great city. There at least you always had plenty to do and we were among friends."

"Come, little wife," he said, "don't worry and become despondent. This can't last always."

They ate their frugal meal and sat talking until far into the night, and when they finally retired to rest it was to dream of their country home, with visions of comfort and happiness and work in abundance.

The following day was Sunday. They did not go to church, but they were represented at the Sunday-school, however, by little golden-haired Helen.

This child, although only seven years of age, was a little philosopher. All the long winter she knew, from the troubled

expression on the faces of her parents, that something was wrong. And on that Saturday night, Helen had gone to bed fully determined, if possible, to find out what troubled her papa and mamma. The parents, supposing she was asleep, had talked over their gloomy prospects unreservedly during the evening, while the child listened attentively. As she lay there a sudden resolution came into her mind, and she said to herself:

"Miss Huntington said last Sunday that if we would only ask God for anything, and believe that he would give it to us, he would. Now, I am going to ask her to-morrow if she thinks that if I should ask him to help papa get work he will do it." Having settled this in her mind, the child closed her eyes and was soon fast asleep.

After Sunday school that day Helen asked her teacher if she could see her alone just a few moments. Wondering what the child could want, Miss Huntington took her kindly by the hand and led her into the corner of the room.

"Oh, Miss Huntington, I want to ask you if it is really true that God will give us just what we ask for if we only believe that he will do it? You know you told us so last Sunday."

"Yes, my dear, I said God was always ready to listen to prayers of those who prayed to him earnestly and who believed he was able to give them what they asked for. But what do you wish to ask him for now?"

"You know my papa is a carpenter, and I heard my mamma and him talking last night, and I heard him say that he had tried all winter to get something to do, but he could find nothing, and he was afraid that if he could find no work soon that he and mamma and baby and I would have to go hungry and cold. Do you think that if I should ask God to help my papa find work, and was just as earnest as I could be, and believed that he would answer me, that he would help him?"

Miss Grace Huntington was the daughter of a wealthy contractor. She was a noble, kind-hearted Christian young lady, and when this eager, confiding question was asked her, and she realized what effect her answer would have on the little child asking it, her heart ached for the unfortunate parents.

"Yes, you blessed little darling," she answered, "I know God will answer your prayer. He could not do otherwise. I will also ask him to help your papa to find work."

Little Helen's heart was glad when she returned home that day, and the sober, serious look on the faces of her father and mother had no effect on her happy spirits when the time arrived for her to retire for the night, and she knelt by the bedside and repeated the little prayer taught her by her mother, she added: "Please, God, won't you help my papa to find some work, so that my mamma and little sister Hazel and papa and I shall not have to go hungry and cold? Please do, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

The following morning Frank Jennings prepared to resume his daily rounds of hunting for work. Just as he reached the street a boy came hurriedly along, looking at a note he held in his hand, and occasionally glancing at the numbers on the houses. The boy asked, "Does Mr. Jennings live in this house?"

"That is my name. What can I do for you?" asked Mr. Jennings.

"Here is a letter for you," said the boy, and before Mr. Jennings could question him further, the lad had disappeared down the street.

Wondering who could be sending him a letter, Jennings broke the seal and read the following:

If Mr. Jennings will call at — street at 8 o'clock this morning, he will hear something to his advantage.

The expression of wonder on Jennings' face gives way to one of pleased expectancy as the thought flashed through his mind that, perhaps, through this note, he might be able to obtain

employment. As it was then after 7 o'clock, he concluded not to go back into the house and tell his wife, but at once hurried away, with a new hope.

When Helen arose that morning, and saw the sad expression of her mother's face, she went up and put her little arms tenderly around her mother's neck, and said:

"Oh, mamma, don't feel so bad, I feel sure that papa will find something to do pretty soon. I know he will."

"Why, my little daughter, what do you mean?" asked the astonished mother.

"My Sunday-school teacher, Miss Huntington, told us that if we would ask God for anything, and believed that He would give it to us, that he would. I asked her yesterday if she supposed He would help papa to find work if I asked Him to, and she said she believed He would; so last night I asked Him to help papa to get work, and I know He will help him."

That evening when her husband returned home, Mrs. Jennings knew by the look on his face that he had some pleasant news, even before he exclaimed:

"Good news, Carrie, I have found employment," and then he proceeded to tell her of the note he had received in the morning, and how he had found that it was from the contracting firm of Huntington & Co. The foreman said that Mr. Huntington had given orders to employ him. "And now, dear wife," continued Mr. Jennings, "I hope your troubles are over, as the foreman told me that my job would be permanent if I did satisfactory work. But I can't understand who interested themselves in my behalf; can you?"

Tears that could not be suppressed came in Mrs. Jennings' eyes and coursed down her cheeks, as she gently took her husband by the hand and led him into the little bedroom up to the bed in which little Helen lay. As they stood silently watching the face of the innocent little sleeper, Mrs. Jennings laid her head on the shoulder of her husband, and whispered:

"Ask her who did it; she can tell you better than I."

The child's prayer had been answered.

Soft and Easy Places.

The Oregon Sign tersely remarks:—"The above positions in schools for the deaf are no sinecures. The man or woman in search of a soft seat must travel somewhere else to find one. There is a more or less intense nervous strain in every department of duty connected with an institution for the deaf. The duties of the teachers exhaust brain and body, but relief comes after school. The tension is most severe on the superintendent for the reason that in his case it is continual. In the smaller institutions, especially the superintendent has to serve largely as "hands and feet as well as head." His attention is called to everything, from a broken window and a leaky wash tub to plans for new buildings.

He is adviser to the board and oracle to the pupils; teacher to-day, and drill instructor to-morrow. He must guard the physical and moral welfare of each child as the apple of his eye. He furnishes statistics and reports to newspaper men, government officials and cranks innumerable. He is a prey to sore heads and office-seekers who "can do anything" about a state institution, but are qualified for nothing in particular. If he has not a balm for every wound, and a caress for each tiny ruffled feeling, he must needs be a buffer for everybody's abuse. But he can have no kick himself, for he knows that all these things and many more are expected of him, and the wrinkles of care that furrow his brow may even dissolve into a smile when he meets the next door neighbor's small boy, who sums it all up by describing him as "the man who don't do nothing."