

# 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  
MR. HON. J. M. GIBSON

Government Inspector  
MR. E. CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution:

B. MATHISON	Superintendent
A. WILKINSON	Barber
J. C. KENNEDY	Physician
MRS. SARAH WALKER	Matron

### Teachers:

D. J. THOMAS	Mr. J. L. TERNILL
J. W. SMITH	Miss N. TEMPLETON
J. W. SMITH	Miss M. M. OGDON
J. W. SMITH	Miss MARY HULL
J. W. SMITH	Miss FLORENCE HAYAKA
J. W. SMITH	Mrs. W. L. HALL
J. W. SMITH	Miss A. JAMES
Mrs. M. B. CURRIE	Monitor
Mrs. M. B. CURRIE	Teacher of Literature
Mrs. M. B. CURRIE	Teacher of Fancy Work
Mrs. M. B. CURRIE	Teacher of Drawing
M. H. HARRIS	JOHN T. HERRA
M. H. HARRIS	Instructor of Printing
M. H. HARRIS	FRANK ELYN
M. H. HARRIS	Master Carpenter
M. H. HARRIS	WM. STURGE
M. H. HARRIS	Master Shoemaker
M. H. HARRIS	D. CUNNINGHAM
M. H. HARRIS	Master Baker
M. H. HARRIS	THOMAS WILLY
M. H. HARRIS	Star Layer
M. H. HARRIS	Mrs. M. B. CURRIE
M. H. HARRIS	Former

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this institution is to afford education to all the youth of the Province who are unable to receive either partial or complete instruction in the common schools.

For pupils between the ages of seven and nine, and those deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide pupils of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted without charge, the regular term of instruction being four years, with a vacation of nearly two months during the summer of each year.

For pupils who are able to read and write, the sum of \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance is charged.

For pupils whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged, the sum of \$100 per year is granted, clothing must be provided by the parents or friends.

For pupils who are able to read and write, and who are instructed in general work, tailoring, dressmaking, bookbinding, and the use of the sewing machine, and other trades, as may be required.

All having charge of deaf mute pupils, should call on themselves of the liberal assistance of the Government for their education.

The Ontario Normal School Term begins on the first Monday in September, and continues for one year, the term of admission being given upon application to the Superintendent.

**R. MATHISON**  
Superintendent

### INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS RECEIVED AND DELIVERED IN THE INSTITUTION. Mail matter to go to the office door will be sent to the office and \$3 per month of each month. The messenger is not responsible for parcels, or receive any other matter for delivery, for pupils.



### HEREAFTER.

Canst picture, said a friend to me  
The joy of what is yet to be?  
Canst thou describe eternity?

Best thou believe that when we talk  
That last long sleep a day shall break  
The dreamless night? "Shall we awake?"

Tell me, with reason in thy throng  
Doest thou think there'll be no end of tin' e'  
Nor end of bliss in that blest clime?"

I do not know for sure, I said  
I know not those whose light feet tread  
Yon shore. I know the dead are dead.

I've seen the summer birds take wing  
When winter came and in the spring  
Come back again to soar and sing.

I've seen the red rose in the glen  
Bleed 'neath the bear frost die and then  
In brighter moments bloom again.

I've seen the soul freed from the clay  
That held it here, reach far away  
Take up its harp and start to play.

I've seen a mother die and she  
When came to her what must to me  
Looked laughing toward eternity.

And I can see, while roses bloom,  
Where roses fade, through life's long gloom  
A gleam of hope beyond the tomb.

But whatsoever the future be,  
If there's a life for you and me  
To last through all eternity.

There will to keep this print in view  
Do unto that your whole life through  
As you would have him do to you.

And then when you are o'er the range  
Where all the good through many strange  
You may not feel too great the change.



### Stephen Allen's Pocket-piece.

Among the victims of the Henry Clay disaster, over twenty years ago, was Stephen Allen Esq., an aged man of the purest character, formerly mayor of New York. In his pocket-book was found a printed slip, apparently cut from a newspaper, of which the following is a copy:

Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If you can not be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Your character can not be essentially injured, except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him.

Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.

Ever live within your income.

When you retire to bed, think what you have been doing during the day.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competence with tranquility of mind.

Never play at any game of chance.

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

Earn money before you spend it.

Never run into debt unless you see plainly a way to get out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

### A Girl's Act of Kindness.

It was frightfully hot weather. The mercury stood high in the nineties and people everywhere were dropping by the score under the fierce heat, says a Western journal. In the cities the hot air quivered as the sun's rays were reflected and refracted from the heated brick and stone in the country the fields were scorched and dry and the roads deep with white dust.

Along the railroad tracks were miles and miles of blackened stubble where the tinder-like grass had taken fire from the engine sparks and burned like so much paper and across this burnt tract the through train from the west came panting along over heated rails and blistered ties. The travellers were a distressed lot. Women with their bonnets and collars averted men unshaven and unshorn with dirty linen and messy clothes, grimy, cinders faces everywhere. Fortunately there were but few children and babies on board. In one of the cars sat a pale, tired woman, shabbily dressed in rusty black. In her arms she held a puny, sick child of about three years. She had come a long, long way, and the little fellow was tired and restless, but patient.

The mother was taking her baby for a visit to her girlhood home, and she was trying to amuse him by telling him about his grandma, whom he had never seen and about dear grandfather, with his white hair and glasses, who would take Willie on his knee and trot, trot to Boston, just as he had trotted many years before. The child rolled his great eyes away from his mother to the scorched fields, then wearily turned his gaze back to the careworn face, "Are we there ma'ma?" he would ask at each stop of the train. That was all he ever said, just the one question, but it was pathetic to hear it over and over again, and a lump rose in more than one throat as the mother replied, always hopefully.

Most there, dear. The train had stopped at a little station and the engine was slaking its thirst at the round tub-like tank.

The passenger, hot, tired and dusty, looked up with languid interest to see who from the little town was unfortunate enough to have to travel in such sweltering weather. Only one person got on—a young girl, dressed in the coolest and freshest of gray gowns, with a hat to match and carrying a great bunch of water lilies. She was so fresh, so fair, so cool and restful to look at she seemed really to bring new life in the stuffy car. People began to straighten the necks up and to think that perhaps it wasn't so hot after all. Just to see something that looked clean and cool was physically refreshing to them. Little Willie's eyes turned to the girl and her flowers.

For the first time he had seemed to notice anything on the journey. He stretched out his tiny hands toward her, and she saw it and came to him. With a smile and pretty little gesture of command she took the child and bade his mother curl up and take a nap. The poor woman's arms, relieved of their long time burden dropped heavily into her lap; she leaned against a shawl which a gentleman rolled and placed comfortably for her, and in a moment was fast asleep.

The baby nestled down with a little sigh in the pretty girl's arms, digging his little covered fingers into the cool yellow heart of a water lily. Soon the heavy blue lids began to flutter, then they dropped over the big eyes and he lay perfectly still. "Mawty," roared the brakeman, as the train steamed into the little town of Malta. The mother roused herself. "Yes, dear we're here now, we're home," she said, half awake, as the old man who called her "daughter" kissed her and asked for the baby. The pretty girl still held him tenderly, the livid had slipped from his hand and he was sleeping sweetly. "Come Willie, darling wake up here's grandpa," whispered the mother, softly. Oh

then we are there!" cried the baby joyfully clasping his arms around the old man's neck. As the happy trio hurried from the car Willie looked back over his grandfather's shoulder and threw a kiss to his new friend, and she leaned from the window and waved her handkerchief in reply until the car carried her out of sight.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

### A Deaf-Mute Saved

There came a man into the tent at Maplewood, one evening last fall, who, I found, upon attempting to speak with him, was a deaf-mute. My first impulse was to give up the attempt, but immediately the thought came to me that I could deal with him as easily as anybody ever could that he could never hear the message of salvation, and he should not be left to struggle along through an unhappy existence here to a still more unhappy existence hereafter, if there was any way in which the Gospel could be made known to him. I found he could read and write well. He seemed glad to be spoken with, telling me that as he expressed it, no one had tried to do him any good for years. I found he was a printer by trade and that he was a slave to drink. He thought it would be useless for him to attempt a Christian life, but seemed under conviction and promised to read and pray over certain passages in a Testament I loaned him. It was several weeks before I saw him again and then he appeared less thoughtful than before. I prayed for him constantly and God finally gave me another opportunity of conversation with him at his boarding place, and he promised to meet me at the mission the following Sunday, a promise he failed to keep. I prayed for him, but in a rather discouraged and faithless way, and finally ceased altogether.

Lately I called at the place where he boarded, but not expecting to see him. I had been told on two occasions before this that he had been rapidly going from bad to worse. To my surprise, he was sitting there when I entered, and I felt moved to speak to him. I wrote, "Have you found forgiveness for your sins through faith in Christ yet?" No sir, not yet." Further questioning drew out that he had attended a religious service at some deaf-mute church a few nights before and had been much moved. That he had prayed for forgiveness the night before but had felt no better since. After some hesitation he said he was willing to accept God as his personal Saviour and confess him, and we knelt in prayer. I prayed God to receive him and speak to his very heart, as I could not, and by the strong working of his features, I could see that he was praying earnestly. How glad I was that God knew what he meant if I did not. After rising I showed him several passages of Scripture, and he himself spoke of baptism. I left him with a heart full of joy and praise. His landlady has since told me that he had been on the verge of despair for some days previous and had told her that week that he thought he should end his troubles by ending his life. It is an example of God's goodness, which follows the wanderer out even though man forget him.—*Record of C. W.*

Hay, the famous base ball player, recently applied to the Secretary of Treasury Foster for advice how best to "invest some of his savings." The Secretary decided to take time to consider the matter when Hay showed him a roll of bills amounting to \$22,500. This is a good story, as we found it in an exchange.

A correspondent of the *Silent World*, writing from Chicago, says:—"There is a deaf resident of Chicago by the name of Allan, who has been all over the world. He was educated in England, and came to the United States by way of Australia and Canada, learning the American alphabet in the latter country. He is a clerk, and seems to be quite an intelligent man."