

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VI.

BELLEVILLE, OCTOBER 1, 1897.

NO. 5.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.
A. MATHISON, Manager.
J. E. RAKINS, M. D. Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

D. H. COLMAN, M. A. Miss J. O. TERRILL, Head Teacher.
P. DENN, Miss M. M. TEMPLETON.
JAMES DALRYMPLE, M. A. Miss MARY HULL.
D. J. McGUIRE, Miss FLORENCE MATHIEFFY.
W. J. CAMPBELL, Miss BELVA L. HALL.
Geo. J. STEWART, Miss LIA JAMES.
Miss GEORGINA LEWIS.

Teachers of Articulation:

Miss L. M. TAYLOR, Miss CAROLINE GIBSON.

Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

Miss L. V. McIVER, JOHN F. HURNA, Clerk and Typewriter Inspector of Printing.

WM. DICKSON, WM. NUBER, Bookkeeper & Bookbinder, Master Shoemaker.

G. G. KEITH, J. MIDDLEBARK, Superintendent of Boys, etc., Engineer.

Miss M. DEMINSKY, JOHN DOWNIE, S. GIBSON, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter.

Miss S. A. HALL, D. CUNNINGHAM, Licensed Hospital Nurse, Master Baker.

JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution 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 arts and trades.

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

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of \$50 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 this amount, charges for board and tuition will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Spelling and Shoemaking are taught to boys. The female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the sewing machine, and such ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

As the Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away if put in box in office door will be sent to my post office at noon and \$15 p. m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one, unless the same is in the locked bag.



Little Words of Kindness.

Little words of kindness,
Whispered soft and low
With a thrill of gladness
To the heart they go
Lighting up its darkness
With a cheering ray
Chasing heavy sadness
To the light of day.

Little words of kindness
Do a work of love
That's own hand ferrets them
In the world above
They whose words of pity
Dry the mourner's tears,
Have the saviour's blessing
Through their earthly years.

Little words of kindness,
Heartily bestowed,
Help a faltering brother
On life's weary road.
Little words of kindness
To a wandering soul
Blessed by God may lead him
Back to Jesus' fold.

Little words of kindness
Seem of little worth
Yet we cannot buy them
With the gold of earth
Scatter them, like sunbeams
Many a word of love
And the Lord of heaven
Will bless you from above.



Janie Moore.

TAKING UP THE BURDEN OF LIFE GRACEFULLY, HOPEFULLY, BUSY.

When Janie Moore was only twelve years old, her father died, and soon after that sorrow it was discovered that their "riches had taken wings" — as, you know, riches often do. Janie grieved sorely for her father, for she had always loved him dearly, but she bravely sought in every possible way to comfort her mother. When the second blow came the young girl seemed dazed.

"We must give up everything," her mother said.

"Everything?"

"Yes, our home, our servants, horses and carriages—all these must go."

"And what will become of us?"

"I do not know, sorrowfully."

"Don't we own any place in the world, mamma?"

"Yes, I own a little cottage in Granville, but we would not want to go there."

"I would, mamma, perhaps we could do the housework in a little cottage, or perhaps I could do it all alone while you rest, mamma, dear."

"I have never been used to doing housework, my child, and what do you know about it?"

"I could learn, don't you think so, mamma?" smiling cheerfully into her mother's face.

For answer, Mrs. Moore put a hand tenderly on each of her daughter's cheeks and, kissing her fair forehead, said lovingly, "Janie, dear."

A few weeks later Mrs. Moore and her daughters were in the cottage at Granville. Besides Janie, there were three others, Marion and Mildred, twins of eight years, and Nellie, aged four. The house had not been occupied for a long time, and there was much work to be done to make it habitable. A strong woman was engaged for two days, at the end of which time she had done the rough work required. A half grown boy helped one day in cleaning the yard, tying up vines, and trimming the trees.

"Now we can paddle our own canoe, can't we, mamma?" said Janie.

"What shall we do next?" brightly.

"Oh! I don't know. I'm sure I can't plan anything while my heart aches so, and she wring her hands in a helpless way, which brought tears to Janie's eyes.

"You are all tired out, mamma, dear."

the latter said, gently, throwing her arms lovingly about her mother as she led her to the couch. "Now lie down and rest, and Millie and Marion and I will make a beginning some where; if things don't suit you the way we shall arrange them, we can do it over, don't you see?" and she smiled and kissed her mother.

Mrs. Moore cried herself to sleep. For forty eight hours she had not slept till now. Meanwhile Janie closed the door softly, and hunted up Marion and Mildred who were playing with little Nellie in the yard.

"Girls, said she, "mamma's all worn out with sorrow and care, and so I think that we three big girls looking at the twins must be the women of the house."

"Oh! won't that be fun?" exclaimed Mildred.

So the three older girls went quietly into the house, leaving Nellie perfectly happy outside, for it was very delightful to the little lass to do just as she pleased in the pleasant sunny yard with its grassy carpet and old fashioned flowers, and the birds singing in the trees.

Nine o'clock, ten o'clock, eleven o'clock came, and mamma was still sleeping.

"Now let's get lunch ready, shall we, girls?" Janie said.

"Why, there's no fire, is there?" asked Marion, in surprise.

"Yes, it's only checked down, old Dinah showed me how to keep the fire all day. The dampers are shut, now I'll open them. See! Let's set the table while the fire is waking up."

So the three little "women of the house" set the table daintily, in the centre arranging a glass dish of sweet old fashioned flowers. By their mother's place they laid a bunch of lovely rosebuds. By this time the fire was bright, and to Mildred's great delight she was allowed to help fry the potatoes, while Janie fried some eggs, and made a pot of coffee as she had seen old Dinah make it.

"I wish mamma would wake up now," observed Marion when all was ready.

"Mamma is awake," said a voice behind the three little women, and there stood mamma right beside them.

"Who has been helping you?" she asked in wondering surprise.

"No one, we did everything our selves," answered Marion. "See, mamma, the dishes are all arranged so prettily in the china closet. And just look at the dining-room, will you, mamma?"

The mother looked around her with a full heart. There were curtains hung at the windows, and dear home pictures on the old wall hooks. There were rugs on the floors, and treasured dishes on the table. Janie brought in the eggs, potatoes, and coffee to keep company with the rolls and butter, pickles, jam, and cutlers. They all sat down, and the mother tried to ask a blessing, but all she said was,

"Dear Lord, I thank thee for my many mercies. I thank thee for my dear, dear children."

After that hour she took up the burden of life gracefully, hopefully, trustfully.

Months rolled by. Marion, Mildred, and little Nellie were attending the Granville college school, but Janie remained at home "to help mamma."

One day, as she sat mending a thin place in a worn table cloth, she was wondering if the way would ever be open for her to go to school. She was only thirteen now, but she looked a little older, for her face grew serious with the burden of thought upon her, and she had rolled up her golden hair into a coil to keep it from bothering her while she was at work. Her thoughts ran after this fashion: "I wonder how far Florence Howe is in Latin, and if Eva Stone can talk French like a Frenchwoman, as her papa wanted her

to learn to do. I wonder if God wants me to be a scholar. I'd like to be one; oh! how I'd like to get out my books, and go on with my studies! But I can trust God to do what's best, I've asked him so many times if I could study again. He'll let me, I believe sometime," and then a smile chased the sober look from her face, and her voice broke forth in song "the Lord will provide." Her mother heard her and with a smile and tear she said to herself in a tender accent, "Janie, dear."

The "way" was soon "opened" for Janie. An old lady, a maiden aunt of her father's, wrote a letter to her mother inviting the whole family to spend the winter with her. She was very wealthy, and lived in a beautiful city-home with luxurious surroundings. They accepted the invitation, not only spending the winter but making the old lady's home their own home henceforth.

"I have heard of all your love and devotion, Janie dear," the old lady said, lovingly, "and I cannot let such a treasure slip out of my hands."

And so Janie became a scholar, and to day ranks among our brightest and best women. The old lady has had her reward, for as the years rolled by, in sickness or trouble or weariness, no one else could comfort her like Janie. A short time ago God called the old lady home. She died in Janie's arms, her last words being, "the Lord bless you forever, Janie dear."—Ernest Gilmore in S. S. Visitor.

The Ideal Teacher.

She possesseth that subtle and mysterious gift called sympathy. She knoweth the names and conditions of her scholars, and in all she taketh a tender interest. She understandeth their dispositions; she hath no contempt for any. Therefore she draweth all toward her, and all place their confidence in her.

She is slow to wrath. She remembereth that she is also human, and therefore liable to err.

She is gentle and gracious in her bearing, for she forgetteth herself in her endeavors to set at ease them that come to her.

Her voice thrilleth as the tones of a sweet instrument—now persuasive, now high, now low, yet ever gentle and firm.

To dwell in her company is an inspiration, for she unconsciously demandeth from her scholars their best.

She is humble because she knoweth no more.

She hath an infinite patience with the dullard and the backslider. She is a mother confessor to every anxious heart. From her confessional-box the downcast go away cheered, thoughtful, inspired, the rebellious subdued.

She is a born ruler, for she is of them who have learned to obey in their youth.

She loveth little children. No duty to her is trivial or beneath her to do well. She loveth her work, since not for what she getteth, but for what she giveth doth she toil.

Yet is she cheerful of spirit. The sound of laughter often issueth from her lips and calleth forth that of her scholars. That which she doeth she doeth with zest, under her teaching the burden of learning groweth lighter.

She liveth over, for in the years to come her memory will be green and emit a sweet fragrance in the hearts of those she taught and loved.—Light and Leading.

There is no work of genius which has not been the delight of mankind; no word of genius to which the human heart and soul have not, sooner or later, responded.—Lowell.

Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all others for him to bear, but they are so simply because they are the very ones he most needs.