

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

V.

BELLEVILLE, MAY 1, 1896.

NO. 1.

FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
VILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.



Government in Charge

J. M. GIBSON TORONTO

Government Inspector:

RAMBERLAIN TORONTO

of the Institution:

Superintendent
Director
Physician
Matron

Teachers:

Mrs. J. G. TRILL
Miss S. TENDLETON
Miss M. M. OSTRUM
Miss MARY HULL
Miss FLORENCE WATSON
Miss SYLVIA E. HALL
Miss ADA JAMES
Miss GEORGINA LANN

Teacher of Articulation

Teacher of Fancy Work

Teacher of Drawing

JOHN T. BURNS,
Printer, Instructor of Printing

J. HINDLEMAN,
Engineer

JOHN DOWD,
Master Carpenter

D. CUNNINGHAM,
Master Baker

THOMAS WILSON,
Gardener

O'MARA, Farmer

The Province in founding and
Institute is to afford education
all the youth of the Province
of deafness, either partial or
total, instruction in the common
between the ages of seven and
deficient in intellect, and free
diseases, who are born in the
Province of Ontario, will be ad-
The regular term of instruc-
tion, with a vacation of nearly
the summer of each year
and friends who are able to
of the sum of \$20 per year for
books and medical attendance

parents, guardians or friends
THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR
FITTED FIVE. Clothing must
beats or friends.

the trade of Printing,
Shoemaking are taught to
pupils are instructed in gen-
eral, Tailoring, Dressmaking,
the use of the Sewing machine,
and fancy work, as may be

Having charge of deaf mute
themselves of the liberal
Government, for their edu-
cation.

Annual School Term begins
Monday in September, and
Monday in June of each year.
to the terms of admission
be given upon application to

MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE ONT.

ARRANGEMENTS

PATERN RECEIVED AND
out delay to the parties to
need. Mail matter to go
door will be sent to
and 2:45 p.m. of each
The messenger is not
or parcels, or receive
for delivery, for any
in the locked bag.



Over the River.

Over the river they beckon to me
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the dashing
tide.

There's one with ringlets of shining gold
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.

We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river, the boatman pale
Carried another - the household pet
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
Our darling Nautilus I see her yet.

She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearfully entered the phantom bark
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.

We know she is safe on the other side
Where all the ransomed and angels be
Over the river, over the river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the lamplight cold and pale
We hear the dip of the golden oars
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail.

And lo! they have passed from our yearning
heart
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye
We may not under the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of the day.

We only know that their bark no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water's side
And list for sound of the boatman's oar.

I shall watch for a gleam of the dappled sail
I shall hear the boat as it cuts the strand
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.

I shall know the loved who have gone before
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be
When over the river, the peaceful river
The Angel of Death shall carry me.



A Little Deaf Boy.

One day more than seventy years ago,
a mason named Kitto was engaged in
slating the roof of a house in the town
of Plymouth, England. He had his little
son helping him. The father was more
fond of drinking than he was of working,
and more desirous that the child should
help him to earn money to spend than
that he should go to school and get an
education, and so he gave the little
John the work of a man to do.

On this day in Plymouth then, the
little boy might have been found carry-
ing loads of slates up the steep ladder,
and so to his slates on the roof. Once
his last trip as it proved - the child had
just reached the top of the ladder, when
his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground,
a distance of nearly forty feet.

He was taken up unconscious, and
lay for two weeks in a state of continued
unconsciousness. Four months passed
before he was able to leave his bed, and
four more months went by before he
had regained his usual health. The
father thus lost the son's assistance,
and other from mability or neglect, he
failed to provide for the child, so the
little fellow led a homeless, unclothed,
uncared for, half-starved existence for a
while. His life was the more helpless
as well as the more pitiable, because
his accident had made him deaf. He
had so completely lost his hearing that
he never, so long as he lived, was able
to hear anything again.

Through his deafness, and probably
also to the added effect of his lonely
existence he forgot how to talk, so that
for a number of years he was both deaf
and dumb.

After a couple of years of vagabond

life he was placed in the work house
and was there taught the shoemaker's
trade. After he had learned how to
make shoes he was apprenticed to a shoe
maker in the town. But the shoe maker
treated the boy so unkindly that the
authorities interfered and he was return-
ed to the work house, where he remain-
ed plying his trade for four years.

In his soundless and speechless life
he was, however, steadily and uncon-
sciously developing an active mentality.
He loved, when he had the opportunity,
to wander off and study all the varied
phenomena of the myriad forms of life
in the fields and woods, all the wonder-
ful changes and phenomena of the earth
and air. He loved, too, dearly to stand
before the windows of the print sellers,
and on holidays frequently made excu-
sions to neighbouring towns in order to
look into the windows there, standing
quietly sometimes for hours thus engag-
ed.

Every penny he could possibly get
and save was spent for books. He read
everything he could get hold of. Two
of the "poor law guardians," who had
a few books of their own, seeing his
love for reading, lent him all they pos-
sessed.

One day when he entered a bookstore
and communicated with the bookseller
by means of paper and pencil, as was
his wont, he attracted the attention of
a gentleman who was standing beside
the counter. The gentleman, making
some inquiries, felt very much interested
in the boy, and immediately began to
try and plan some way by which he
might be helped.

The gentleman a Mr. Harvy, a
member of the Society of Friends, was
a book lover and student himself, and
could appreciate the desire of the unfor-
tunate youth, and understand the boon
that the love of reading and of know-
ledge might be to one so shut away from
all ordinary associations. He secured,
in a little while, a position for John
Kitto as an assistant in a public library,
and there the boy found himself sur-
rounded by the book friends in which
he had found such inestimable comfort
and delight.

Even before this appointment, how-
ever, the youth had made a slight entry
into the world of print. For some of
his articles embodying gleanings from his
studies, and their suggested thought
had been published in the local papers.
About the time of his entering on the
library work some of his interested
friends made a collection from these
publications and had them published in
collated form for his benefit.

After his entrance into the library his
progress in the studies was very rapid,
for he was able to pursue them with
all the eager ardour and devotion which
a love for them inspired. Among other
things he acquired the Latin, Greek, and
even the Persian languages.

After a time he became a tutor, and
travelled extensively with pupils, thus
adding to his knowledge the personal
acquaintance with the scenes, habits,
customs of other countries and peoples.
He visited in this way Malta, Bagdad,
and other places in the Orient, as well
as the more frequented countries of
Europe and the Bible lands, and he
wrote delightful books describing his
travels.

His facility and skill as a literateur
became such that he was able to support
himself wholly by the products of his
pen. He became widely known in liter-
ary circles for his scholarly acquirements,
for his Biblical studies.

To him his travels in the Holy Land
meant a great deal, for though deaf to
the usual sounds of ordinary life, he
heard in his soul "the wonderful music"
of the spiritual and divine life. He loved
intensely all humanity as God's child-
ren, and in everything, through every-
thing he felt and trusted in God's provi-
dence for had not the Divine Power
lifted him from darkness, led him into
the light, and given him rare gifts, and
also the power to use them under

circumstances especially trying, difficult,
and unimproving?

He was the founder and the editor of
"The Journal of School Literature,"
and he wrote among other things a
"Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature," a
"Pictorial Bible," and "Daily Bible
Illustrations."

He sought escape from his physical
imprisonment, unconsciously sought it
at first, perhaps by studying first nature
and life in their various phases; then
followed the study of books, and by
gradual and steady advancement he
came to seek knowledge and wisdom,
that he might advance the conditions of
humanity. And through it all he strove
to be a channel for the dissemination
of the holiness of the Divine love and
wisdom. A minister of our day says:
"To no one man are we more indebted
for the immense progress in Scriptural
study and the popularising of Biblical
knowledge than to John Kitto, the son
of a drunken mechanic, and the deaf
and solitary workhouse boy."

His life was not long, for he was but
fifty when he died; but the thought of
the trials and limitations under which
it was commenced, limitations which in
some degree lasted throughout its con-
tinuance, and its remarkable conquests,
requirements, and achievements should
induce all to do their utmost with cour-
age, unflinching diligence, and faith,
knowing that "with God all things are
possible." - *H. J.*

Do Your Best.

Say, Ben, let's pitch in and tidy up
the shop before one o'clock and give the
boss a surprise when he comes back."

"Did he say so?"

"No, but the shop needs cleaning up,
and I'll bet he would like to have it
done."

"Well, if you are green enough to go
to putting in your noon hour working for
old Markham without extra pay, go
ahead, but not any of it for me. You'll
never get any thanks for it, Tom, and if
you begin working over time that way,
you'll have to keep it up;" and the
speaker, a lad of some eighteen years,
stretched himself out on the work-bench
for a noon-time nap.

"All right," good-naturedly replied his
companion, a boy some two years
younger, "I'll do it myself then, for I
don't like to work in a place littered up
like this, and there won't be time after
the men get back, with all those frames
to get out this afternoon."

So saying he went briskly to work,
and by the time the one o'clock whistle
sounded, the carpenter shop was neatly
cleaned.

That was fifteen years ago. Those
two apprentice boys are men now. The
older one, who refused to help clean up
the shop for fear of doing something for
which he was not specially paid, is still
a journeyman carpenter in his native
village, barely able to keep his family
supplied with the necessaries of life.

The other boy lost nothing by his
willingness and the interest he took in
his employer's business. Mr. Markham
noted his disposition and gave him an
extra opportunity to master the trade.
Soon he was given the superintendence
of small contracts, and his absolute
reliability caused him in a few years to
be made foreman of the little shop.
Then came those larger opportunities
and increased advantages that so often
fall in the way of men who can be trusted.
To-day, Tom Archer is one of the
wealthiest and most reliable contractors
and builders of a large Western city.

When will our boys all learn that it
pays to be faithful in little things, and to
take a personal interest in their em-
ployer's business.

It is the boys who do this that climb
to the top in every line of business,
while the sulkers and growlers, who are
always afraid of doing too much, are
pretty certain to remain well down to
ward the bottom of the ladder. - *Selected.*