

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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## INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

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CANADA.



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### COME HOME.

A little child, fair-haired, with wondering eyes,  
Passed through an open door into the street,  
She wandered on, lost in a land of sighs,  
And wept "Is there no rest for weary feet?"  
Deep in the dark a door stood open wide,  
A light streamed from it brighter than the day,  
A mother's voice kept calling "Here! Ah! here!  
Come home, my little one! Come home!"

A wretched man, forlorn, with matted hair,  
Stood in a crowd of sots, more beasts than men,  
Deep curses rent the air, and dull despair  
Supremely reigned in that accursed den,  
But high above its revel rang one sound  
Clearer than the seabird's over foaming sea—  
The voice of wife and woman! "Lost but found!  
Come home, my husband! Come! Oh, follow me!  
Come home!"

A poor lost soul cast down with wretchedness,  
Pale death was slinging out his fatal knell  
No one to pity, no one there to bless,  
The parting hour of one who loved too well,  
Then suddenly a voice—"Oh! which is best,  
To live or die?" Ever lasting or sigh  
His voice eternally whispering, "Come and rest,  
Come home, sad soul, and rest eternally!"

Clement Scott



### He Died Rich.

People said this everywhere, when the morning papers announced the death of John Russell, President of the Bank. They said it on Wall street, where they count wealth by hundreds of thousands, and they said it in elegant parlors, and by luxurious breakfast tables, all over the squares and avenues of the great city. They said so, too, in dark alleys, and in squalid homes where all his thousands could not buy back to the millionaire one hour of life that was to them a burden and a misery. Everywhere it was the same story. "He died rich."

His family and friends thought so, as they gathered around the bedside of the dying man and you, reader, would have thought it too if you could have looked around that chamber, into which death was entering with his dumb foot balls and his ghastly presence. Oh, it was a princely room! Rare pictures flushed the walls that Winter day, with the glory of Aeschian Summer, the fairest blossoms of southern Mays were piled thick upon the costly carpet, and the daintily embroidered drapery fell in soft crinkled clouds from the massive bedstead. And the owner of all this magnificence lay there dying, and through all his life of more than threescore years, he had toiled and struggled for this—to die rich! He had bought lands, and sold them, he sent richly freighted ships to foreign ports, he had owned shares in railroads, and stock in banks, and now!

Ah! there was an angel who stood at the bedside of John Russell in that dying hour, and the man had nothing out of all his life to give him, no generous, noble self-sacrificing deeds which would have been pearls, and gold, and all precious jewels in the hand of the angels; so he wrote down at the close of the last chapter of John Russell's life, "He died poor."

And John Russell saw the words as his soul followed the angel on that journey which sooner or later we must all take, and he knew then for the first time that all the labour and toil, and struggling of his life on earth, had only brought him this verdict at the bar of the kingdom of heaven, "He died poor."

"He died poor." A very few persons said this of an old man, who lay in a back chamber of a small dilapidated building, whose solitary window looked out on the back garden of John Russell's residence. The floor was bare, and there were only a few chairs, a table, and a low bed in the room. By its side stood an old black woman, whom the

dying man had occasionally furnished with an armful of wood or a loaf of bread. She moistened his cold lips with water, held the tallow candle close to his dim eyes, so that he might see once more the light of this world. He had not a dollar upon earth, his fortune had taken wings and flown away, his wife and children had gone before him, and now none remained to watch with the old man till death called him, but the grateful old black woman whom he had saved from starvation.

But the angel with the book stood there, too, and looking over that old man's life, he saw how many good and gentle and generous deeds brightened every year, how he had been kind to the suffering, and forgiven such wrong as make men fiends, and striven through all the trials of his long, sad life to be true to God and himself. So the angel wrote under the last chapter of this old man's life, and every letter shone like some rare setting of diamonds, "He died rich."

And the old man knew it, too, when he stood at the silver gates of the Eternal city, and they led him in, and showed him the inheritance to which he was heir.

There was the house not made with hands, with its column of pearl and its ceilings of jasper with its pleasant rooms, and its lofty halls, and mighty organs from which peal forever the notes of praise to our God! There, too, was the pleasant landscape, with its green avenues, its golden pavilion, its trees waving in the joy of eternal leaves, and its silver meadow lands sloping down to the river of eternal waters. He was heir to all these things, and he took their title deeds from the hands of God's angels, and entered into their possession, while they were saying pityingly on earth, "He died poor."

Ah, reader! how unlike it is with the things here, and the things there! All the wealth of this world cannot buy one acre of the soil "on the other side of the river," nor one title deed to its pleasant homes or its fountains of sweet waters, but only live so that when you sail out on the great sea of death you shall bear with you to the golden port those blessed words of the angel, "He died rich," and you shall be satisfied with your inheritance in the "kingdom of Heaven."—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

### Farming for the Deaf.

We have frequently been asked as to what occupation in our opinion was preferable for the deaf. We have long been convinced that for the great majority there is nothing so well suited as farming where a man is able to own his own farm. The returns are not so large as in some other occupations but they are more sure, and there is a freedom and independence in the life that is found in no other vocation. Loss of hearing does not interfere, as it does in so many other pursuits, with successful farming, and it is probable that the loneliness and isolation of which other farmers complain fall more lightly upon the deaf than their hearing neighbors since there was never yet a deaf person so thoroughly "restored to society" that they did not have to get used to a greater or less degree of loneliness, and the knowledge that such would be their fate wherever their lot might be cast serves to reconcile them to this drawback.

In view of the great advantages of this occupation for the deaf it is rather surprising that so few of them make the effort to become owners of farms. There seems indeed to exist something of a prejudice on their part against this manner of gaining a livelihood. Some of our pupils are so constituted physically and mentally that a trade suits them best but we think it would be better for the deaf if more of them aimed to become farmers, stock raisers and fruit growers.—*Kentucky Deaf Mute.*

### A Gentle Princess.

A lady in waiting to the Princess of Wales told to a friend a touching little incident which took place soon after the death of her son, the Duke of Clarence.

The Princess with her usual gentle reticence tried to hide her grief for her first born. It was shown only in her failing health, and increased tender consideration for all around her.

One day while walking with one of her ladies in the quiet lanes near Sandringham, she met an old woman weeping bitterly and tottering under a load of packages. On inquiry it appeared that she was a carrier, and made her living by shopping, and doing errands in the market town for the country people.

"But the weight is too heavy at your age," said the Princess.

"Yes, You're right ma'am. I'll have to give it up, and if I give it up I'll starve. Jack carried them for me—my boy, ma'am."

"And where is he now?"

"Jack! He's dead! Oh, he's dead!" the old woman cried wildly.

The Princess without a word, hurried on, drawing her veil over her face, to hide her tears. A few days later a neat little cart with a stout donkey were brought to the old carrier's door. She now travels with them to and fro, making a comfortable living, and never has been told the rank of the friend who has tried to make her life easier for the sake of her dead boy.

The quiet, even life of the Princess is filled with many kindly, thoughtful acts. "She is probably the most feminine woman in England," a well known Englishman said, lately:

She has, with all her good sense, her own little womanish whims, too, which only endear her more to the people. She always steadily refuses to follow fashion to extremes. "The Princess," other women say with affectionate amusement, "is years behind the mode!"

Another peculiarity is her dislike of mannish articles of dress when worn by women. Her own costume is always soft and flowing. She has never worn the coats, vests, nor jaunty men's hats which women affect, and even has rejected the comfortable ulster as a coachman's garment."

King Christian of Denmark, before a strange series of events brought him to the throne, lived obscurely on a narrow income. It may have been this early experience in her father's family which has given to the Princess her sincere, earnest character, and her disregard for pomp and ceremonies. She lives her own quiet, gentle life, keeping as far as possible in the shadows of that "hazy light which beats upon" the high position she holds.

Other ladies standing where she does have sought to dazzle the world by the trappings of royalty. But she modestly and unconsciously has shown to it a finer sight—that of a good woman.

### For Teachers of the Deaf.

There is one fact in the education of the deaf that cannot be too strongly impressed upon the mind of every teacher of them. And that fact is, that the most important thing of all for their pupils is a good, working knowledge of the English language. This must be the foundation of everything else. In comparison with it everything else should be but a side issue. Of course it is important to understand arithmetic, to know geography and history—especially those of our own country—and a knowledge of natural science and other things comes in very nicely, but the important thing, before all, is a knowledge of our own tongue. That knowledge once acquired the other things will come, more or less easily, according to the capacity of the pupil. English must come first. The teaching of it must command the best endeavour of the best teacher.—*Goodson & Zelle.*

### INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go out in box in office door will be sent to the office at noon and 2:15 p. m. of each day, excepted. The messenger is not to be sent for post letters or parcels, or receive matter at post office for delivery, for pupils