

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

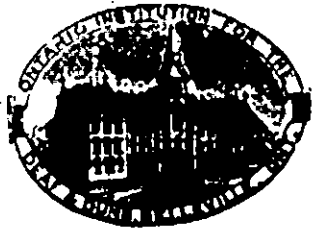
VOL. II.,

BELLEVILLE, JANUARY 1, 1894.

NO. 15.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
THE HON. J. M. GIBSON.

Government Inspector:
DR. T. P. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent.
E. M. THESON	Harmon.
E. F. KINK, M. D.	Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron.

Teachers:

D. E. COLEMAN, M. A.	Head Teacher.	Mrs. J. G. TRIBILL	Monitor.
P. DUNN		Miss M. TRIMBLETON	
H. SHIPLEY		Miss M. M. OSTROM	
AMBER HALL, B. A.		Miss MARY HULL	
J. M. KILLOP		Miss FLORENCE MAYBURN	
W. CAMPBELL		Mrs. SYLVIA J. HALLIS	
		Miss ADA JAMES	

Miss MARGHERY CHAMBERLAIN,
Teacher of Articulation.

Miss MARY HULL,
Teacher of Fancy Work
Teacher of Drawing.

Miss A. METCALVE,
Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.

J. G. SMITH,
Manager and Clerk.

Wm. DOLGANS,
Supervisor of Boys.

Miss A. HALLAGHER,
Instructor of Sewing,
and Supervisor of Girls.

MIDDLEKISS,
Engineer.

MICHAEL O'MEARA,
Farmer.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province who are on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

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 \$20 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

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

At the present time the trades of Printing, Compositing 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 in ornamental and fancy work as they be deemed desirable.

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

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. For information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., 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 go should be put in box in office door will be sent to 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 pupils



BEST.

Mother, I see you, with your nursery light,
Leading your babies, all in white,
To their sweet rest
Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine to-night,
And that is best.

I cannot help tears, when I see them twice
Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls
shine

On your warm breast
Not the saviour's is purer than yours or mine
He can love best

You tremble each hour because your arms
Are weak; your heart is wrung with alarms
And sore oppressed
My darlings are safe, out of reach of harm,
And that is best.

You know over years may hang even now
Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow
Naught can arrest;
Mine in God's gardens run to and fro
And that is best.

You know that of yours, your feeblest ones
And dearest, may live long years alone,
Unloved, unblest;
Mine are cherished of saints around God's Throne,
And that is best.

You must dread for yours the crime that sears
Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears,
And unconfessed;
Mine entered spotless on eternal years,
Oh! how much the best.

But grief is selfish, I cannot see
Always why I should so stricken be,
More than the rest,
But I know that, as well as for them, for me,
God did the best.

—Helen Hunt Jackson



The First Wrong Act.

I was in the town of B on business for the firm with which I was connected. A famous trial was in progress at the court-house, and it was the topic of conversation. William Moreton, a young man, was on trial for burglary. What attracted attention was the intelligent appearance of the prisoner, his good conduct while awaiting his trial, and his seemingly sincere repentance.

He was a stranger in the town. He had come there a day or two before the burglary, and had been caught in the act. He would not tell where he came from nor anything about his family or his past life. No one believed that he gave his true name, and this air of mystery added interest to the case.

Getting through with my business early in the afternoon, I dropped into the court-house to pass away the time, as I could not leave town until the next day. When I got a good look at the prisoner I knew him. His name was Morton Williams, and he had been a schoolmate of mine.

The case was given to the jury a few minutes after I arrived, and in half an hour they brought in a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

That evening I obtained permission and visited the prisoner. He knew me. He recognized me, he said, the moment I entered the court room. I had not seen or heard of him for fourteen years.

"I am sorry to find you in this condition," I said after shaking hands.

"I am sorry you find me in it," he said, "but it's my own fault."

"When I left Millbury, fourteen years ago," I said, "you had just commenced to clerk for DeLong, in his store."

"Yes," he replied, with a sigh, "there is where my first wrong act was committed. I want to tell you about it. If young men who are tempted could only see the end of the road they enter when they commit the first wrong act, they would never commit it."

He was silent for a while, evidently calling up events in his past life. He was the son of a farmer. His father and mother were worthy, God-fearing people,

and his only sister was a teacher in the public schools of his native town.

"I was sixteen when I entered DeLong's store as a clerk," he resumed. "I was thrown into the society of other clerks, and young men in various positions. I was constantly invited to drink beer and smoke cigars, and though I refused for some time, I at last fell. I took my first drink. It was not long until I could smoke and drink beer without thinking much about it. Then I was enticed to billiards and cards.

"All this time I kept my new accomplishments from the knowledge of my parents and my employer. I did not neglect business, and every Sunday I would spend at home.

"We had a kind of a club, composed of a dozen young fellows about my age. We rented a room where we met at night to play cards, drink, smoke, sing, and enjoy ourselves," as we termed it.

"My salary was not large enough to stand all this expense, and I got into debt. I owed a hundred dollars that I lost in gambling. I did not dare to ask father for money, and my debts must be paid. It was my duty to deposit the day's surplus cash into the bank. One day the cash amounted to just \$1,120. I kept \$120 and deposited the thousand.

I had a fountain pen, and after getting back to the store I went into a private room, erased the necessary figures, and made them correspond to the amount I received. I knew the false record would be discovered, and that night I left Millbury. I had become acquainted with two or three travelling men in C—, and I went there.

"Father settled the matter with DeLong and there was no fuss made. I got off easy, and it encouraged me in the downward course. I could not get employment in C—for some time, but finally secured a place behind a bar. A month before this I would have considered it an insult to be told that I would ever drop so low as to attend bar. But I was 'hard up' and besides, my conscience was becoming calloused. A year before I would have resented the thought even that I could ever become a drinker and a gambler. But it is easy to go down. All you need to do is to let go.

"A bartender is thrown with men of the worst classes, and in their company I soon found myself without any anchor. I was adrift on the sea of sinful pleasures and pursuits.

"I drifted from one thing to another for years. I often resolved to abandon the life I was leading and go back home. But the memory of my first crime kept me back. Two months ago I became a 'tramp,' and begged my way to this place, sleeping in barns and out-houses or under haystacks. You have heard of the burglary here, and I need not repeat that part of my story.

"I have been in this cell a month, and have had time to reflect. My punishment is just. I shall serve out my sentence, and then, with the help of the Almighty, I shall lead a better life. If I ever can win character and station, I shall go back to my father and mother, and try to make some amends for the pain and sorrow I have caused them.

"I changed my name when I left Millbury. My parents believe I am dead. Don't deceive them. Promise that you will let no one know who I really am until I give you liberty to do so."

I gave the promise and left him bowed down with remorse but animated by a desire to become a better man. Alas, it was too late! A year later I saw the announcement of his death in the prison.

Boys, beware of the first wrong act. Preserve your innocence. If you never take the first drink you will never acquire the accursed habit, and will never be a drunkard. Drink leads to all crimes. It destroys character, conscience, manhood, health, and the soul itself. Preserve your innocence. It will be worth more to you some day than all else besides. Keep away from places where drink is sold. Shun all immoral places. Avoid companionship that will pull you

down, and choose that which will lift you up and will help you to an upright, honest, clean, noble, Christian manhood. Keep your souls clean. You can never get rid of the effects of sin. Every wrong act leaves a scar that will always remain, even though by repentance the wound is healed.

Somebody Loves Me.

Two or three years ago, the superintendent of the "Little Wanderer's Home," in a distant city, received one morning a request from the judge that he would come up to the court-house. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, dirty, ragged, and forlorn beyond what even he was accustomed to see. The judge, pointing to them, utterly friendless and homeless, said: "Mr. T., can you take any of these children?"

"Certainly; I can take them all," was Mr. T.'s prompt reply.

"Ah! what in the world can you do with them all?" asked the judge.

"I'll make women of them." The judge singled out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again: "What can you do with that one?"

"I'll make a woman of her!" Mr. T. replied, firmly and hopefully.

They were washed and supplied with good supper and beds. The next morning they went into the school-room with the older children. Mary was the little one whose chance for better things the judge thought small. During the forenoon, the teacher said to Mr. T. in reference to her:—

"I never saw a child like that. I have tried my best to get a smile, but failed."

Mr. T. said afterward, himself, that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression, yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.

After school, he called her into his office, and said pleasantly: "Mary, I have lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl that would wait on me, and would sit on my knee, and I loved her very much. A kind gentleman and lady have adopted her, and I would like you to take her place, and be my pet. Will you?"

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face as she began to understand him. He gave her a penny and told her she might go to a shop and buy some candy. While she was out, he took two or three newspapers, tore them into pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned in a few minutes, he said to her:—

"Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me? Will you pick up these papers, and make it look nice?"

She went to work with a will. A little more of this sort of management—in fact treating her as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the school-room after dinner with so changed a look and bearing, that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant, and half-fearful of mental wandering, he went to her and said, "Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

"Oh, I've got someone to love me! somebody to love me!" the child answered earnestly, as if it were heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate, she lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was the certainty that some one loved her, and desired her affection, that so lighted the child's soul and glorified her face.

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people, and now lives in a beautiful home; but more than all its beauty and comfort, running like a golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her adopted father and mother.—*Journal and Messenger.*