

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.



Director of the Government in Charge

HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

Government Inspector:

P. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

BOON, M. A.	Superintendent
BOON	Bursar
ENB, M. D.	Physician
WEL, WALTER	Witron

Teachers:

MAN, M. A.	Miss J. G. FRIGILL
Local Teacher	Miss K. TEMPLETON
	Miss M. M. OSTRON
DAVIS, W. A.	Miss MARY HULL
	Miss LORENCE MAYHEW
ALLOP,	Miss MELVIA L. HALL
SPRELL	Miss ADA JAMES
BERWART	Miss GEORGINA LINS

Teachers of Articulation
M. JACK Miss CAROLINE GIBSON.
MARY DULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

M. MERTCALVE, JOHN T. BURNB, Typewriter Instructor of Printing

DOUGLASS, WM. NURSE, Jr. & Associate Master Shoemaker

KRITH, J. MIDDLEMAR, of Boys, etc. Engineer

DUMPHY, JOHN DOWNIE, Supervisor Master Carpenter

A. HALL, D. CUNNINGHAM, Hospital Nurse Master Baker

JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener

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

Admission between the ages of seven and 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 two months during the summer of each year.

Parents or friends who are able to defray the charges of \$20 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance furnished free.

Admission of pupils whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount of \$20 per year will be admitted on a trial. Clothing must be provided by parents or friends.

Professors teach the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking and are taught to be female pupils are instructed in domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Knitting, the use of the sewing machine, and ornamental and fancy work as may be desired.

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

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission, etc., will be given upon application 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 to the office at room and 245 p. m. of each day (excepted). The messenger is not to be sent to post letters, or parcels, or receive letters at post office for delivery, for any other purpose than to the locked bag.



Could We But Know!

Could we but know if in the great hereafter
Our loved and lost ones we should meet again
And all the broken links be reunited
That death has severed in love's golden chain
Could we but know!

Could we but know that a day we shall meet
And only hushed to hear the great ear
And all our names with all the old time
Thoughts of the past all in vain to hear
Could we but know!

Could we but know if the pale eyelids' closing
Takes to the spirit visions far more clear
And it can tell the real from the seeming
And see what worthless things we oft hold
Dear
Could we but know!

Could we but know if we still walk beside us
I heard, unseen, and life a ceaseless din
That they rejoice if we are true to duty
And grieve if vice's path we enter in
Could we but know!

Could we but know if the pale hands we've folded
So still and cold above the pulseless breast
Still keep our own but with a touch so gentle
Our hands of death feel not the light's stress
Could we but know!

But to our question comes no certain answer
We can not hope and trust, tis better so
But our fond hearts are very weak and human
And longing, waiting, all we sadly say
Could we but know!



"I Promise."

BY FANSE.

He was only ten years old, and this was his first long day away from his mother. The desire of his heart had been accomplished, and he was regularly entered as a scholar in the famous Eton school. But more than once that day his heart had failed him. Six hundred boys! Ever so many of them much older than he, and as large again, and many of them so rough in voice and manner that he felt half afraid of them. Not so much that they would hurt him in any way as that they would laugh at him. The truth is this boy would rather be struck than be laughed at, and I suspect there are boys in this country that are in full sympathy with him.

More than once during the day the little fellow had heard a suppressed giggle over some awkwardness of his, - suppressed because a teacher happened to be near at hand, but this, and several whispered remarks about his being a "mull," - whatever that meant, and the fact that he had been asked whether his mother knew that he was out, led him to understand what he might expect at their hands when the teachers were out of hearing.

Bedtime found him one of thirty boys shut into a large hall, or "dormitory," making ready for bed. In his mind was a great tumult. Certain home scenes were as vividly before him as if he had been looking at a photograph. Among them was this, his mother's room, the light burning low, his mother in her little rocking chair, he standing by her side. That was only two nights ago, his last night at home. What was that she was saying? He seemed to hear the words. "And another thing, my boy. I wish you would promise me that you will not under any circumstances neglect or omit kneeling down every night to pray. Boys at school are sometimes rude and disagreeable, and it may not always be an easy thing to do; but I know it will help you to keep this rule through life. I wonder whether you are willing to promise your mother."

There had been tears in her eyes when she spoke, and her voice had trembled. He knew it was hard for his

mother to send him away to school, he had not then known how hard it would be for him to go. But with that tremble in her voice he was ready to promise her anything, so he had unhesitatingly said, "Yes, mother, I promise."

He was a boy to be trusted. But he had not thought of being in the room with more than two or three boys, and behold, here were thirty, all a good deal older than himself, all talking and laughing, some of them talking in a way that he was sure his mother would have called coarse. If she could see and hear them, would she want him to kneel down in such a presence? It would be mere form, he thought, he could not possibly pray. Surely it would be much better to get quietly into bed, and cover his head with the bedclothes and there pray to the Father who seeth in secret. Yet there was his promise. Yes, but his mother did not know how it would be, besides, she meant that he was never to omit prayer, and he could pray much better in bed than out.

No, that would not do. His conscience was too well trained for such reasoning. Had she not said, "I wish you would promise me that you will not under any circumstances neglect or omit kneeling down every night to pray?" and he had said, "Mother, I promise." "And I'll keep my word," he said resolutely.

Down on his knees went the small boy, with his face buried in the pillow. There was an instant's astonished hush, then the babel of tongues commenced. They shouted, they cheered, they groaned, they roared. Finding him unmoved, they threw books at his head, and, gathering about him, shouted, "Hello! Muffy has fainted, help! help! let's get him out of this!"

Several of the larger ones, seizing him by the shoulders, began pulling him across the room toward the window.

Suddenly the uproar about him ceased. He was in the middle of the long hall, and still on his knees, but the boys had dodged each toward his own bed, for one of the teachers had unceremoniously opened the door and looked in. Not a word was said, but the face of the teacher was enough without words. Every boy there knew that it would be for his advantage to go to bed as quietly and quickly as possible. There was no more trouble about praying that night. But there was no more "bullying." The next morning, after prayers, the attention of the entire school was called as the head master arose. After a moment of ominous silence he said: "Every boy listen. Hereafter, when the second bell sounds at night, every boy in this school is to kneel by his bed side, and to remain there in utter silence for five minutes. Whether you pray or not depends upon your own hearts and consciences. But you are to take this attitude, and thus show outward respect for the boys that have moral principle enough to desire to pray. Remember, this is a law. You are dismissed."

All that was years ago. The little ten year old Eton boy has been preaching the gospel in England for several years, but he tells this story now, on occasion, and speaks of the experience as one that has been helpful to him all his life, because it increased his determination to show his colors in an comfortable as well as in safe places.

We need more boys to day who, while they are not afraid of a knock or a tumble, or any such thing, are also not afraid of a laugh or a sneer.

Love is the charm of life wherever found, whether in cottage or mansion.

That is our true birthday, my friends, not when we are born into the world, but when we are born into a mission.

Dr. Boardman
You have no right to go for entertainment into a place that you would not invite your Lord and Savior to enter with you. — Anthony Comstock

Only A Cup of Tea.

A group of bright-faced young women were chatting together in the parlor over their afternoon tea, when a distant knocking caught the ear of the pretty girl hostess. "Excuse me a minute, please," she exclaimed, springing to her feet. "I mustn't leave that knock unanswered, for I suspect it's mamma's washerwoman bringing home our clean clothes."

The surmise was quite right. Mrs. Knott, the washerwoman, stood at the back door with a heavy willow basket in her arms. She was a slight little woman who always looked too frail for the hard work she was obliged to do. This afternoon her lips were almost colorless, and there were blue rings under her eyes. She was almost breathless from her long walk with the burden, and her chest heaved spasmodically.

"Come in and sit down while I get the money," said the girl sweetly.

She stepped into the adjoining room for her purse, and as she came back the face of the woman at the door stirred her sympathetic heart to a sudden quick pity.

"How tired you look!" she cried.

"Wait and I will get you a cup of tea." She had flashed out of sight in an instant, and was back again before Mrs. Knott had recovered from her surprise. On a dainty tray she carried a cup of delicate china, from which rose a tempting fragrance.

"Drink this," she said, "I'm sure you'll feel better."

The woman's hardened hand trembled as she took the cup and hastily drank its contents. The warmth seemed to spread through her chilled, exhausted body.

Yes, her heart, too, felt the comfortable glow. A minute before she had been worn out, discouraged, hopeless. Now a new courage stirred within her. As she had climbed the steps she had thought how sadly insufficient for her needs the pay for her work would be. Now she thought of the necessities it would purchase for her children and her face grew bright. She went out into the dusk and the late afternoon with a step that was no longer hopeless.

Only a cup of tea! Such a trifle to give, and yet carrying such comfort! Surely there must have gone with it the blessing of Him who multiplied the loaves and the fishes according to the needs of the multitude. — Selected.

Per Capita Cost.

It being about the time of year for our professional brethren to show up their economical management by exhibiting small per capita, we would suggest that, before they put themselves on record, they consider carefully, whether a saving has been effected by crowding a large number of pupils into a class, or by employing cheap teachers, or by shortening the session, or by diminishing the school hours so that one teacher may handle two classes, or by skimping in the quantity or quality of the food, or neglecting the oral instruction of the pupils, or by failing to provide art and industrial training, or by allowing the premises to fall into decay. If a low per capita has been secured by any of these expedients, it is a matter to be ashamed of rather than one to boast of. It is legitimate, of course, to cut expenses to the bone, if necessary to keep within the income, even if the advantages to the pupils are curtailed. At the same time it is safe to say that there are few localities in the United States where a prudent management could not spend profitably \$300 per capita and still have improvements on the list that could not be reached. — D. in Colorado Index.

The sin we are slowest to forgive is often the one we are most apt to commit.