

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 3.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

Government Inspector:

H. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.
W. J. CHURCH, Nurse.
E. J. AKINS, M. D. Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

M. J. GORMAN, M. A. Miss J. O. TRIMMILL, Head Teacher.
MISS H. TRIMMILL, Miss MARY HULL, Miss SYLVIA L. BALIS, Miss SYLVIA L. BALIS, Miss GEORGINA LINN, Miss ADA JAMES, Miss ADA JAMES, Miss J. MADDOX, Miss J. MADDOX, Assistant Teacher.

Teachers of Articulation:

MISS IDA M. JACK, Miss CAROLINE GIBSON, Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

Miss L. N. METCALFE, JOHN T. HURNA, Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.

WM. DUNGLAS, WM. NUNDE, Forekeeper & Associate Supervisor, Master Shoemaker.

H. C. KEITH, CHAS. J. FERRIN, Supervisor of Boys, etc., Engineer.

Miss M. DEMPSEY, JOHN DOWNIE, Matron, Superintendent of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter.

Miss B. McNICOLL, D. CUNNINGHAM, Matron Hospital Nurse, Master Baker.

JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener.

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 \$50 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 and will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to 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.

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 or pupils, etc., will be given upon application to the Superintendent by letter or otherwise.

M. 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 is put in box in office door will be sent to post office at noon and 2 1/2 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 fee, unless the same is in the locked bag.



Hymn Before Action.

The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath,
The Nations in their haine
Go up against our path.
Fret not we loose the legions,
For yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the thunders,
Lord God of battles, aid!

High lust and forward bearing,
Proud heart, rebellious brow,
Deaf ear and soul deafening,
We seek Thy mercy now!
The slinger that forswore Thee,
The fool that passed Thee by,
Our times are known before Thee,
Lord, grant us strength to die!

For those who kneel beside us
At altars not Thine own,
Who lack the lights that guide us,
Lord, let their faith alone
If wrong we did to call them,
Thy honor bound they came,
Let not Thy wrath befall them,
But deal to us the blame!

From pride, pride and terror,
From reverence that knows no pain,
Light hearts and lawless error,
Protect us yet again,
Cloak Thou our undeserving,
Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and answering,
To taste Thy lesser death!

Even now their banners gather,
Even now we face the fray,
As Thou didst help our fathers,
Help Thou our best to-day!
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
In life in death made clear,
Jehovah of the Thunderers,
Lord God of battles, hear!

—RUDYARD KIPLING



The Bear and the Old Gun.

"Want to hear the story of that old gun?" said great-grandmother Martin, as we gathered around the crackling wood fire one stormy winter evening. "Well, wait till I get my knitting work fixed and I'll see if I can remember it."

"Well, after Silas and I were married, and when Enoch, our first baby, was little more than a year and a half old, Silas took a notion to strike out for himself. And so it happened that our few worldly possessions were packed, and the yoke of red oxen that my father gave us on our wedding day drew us and our household goods more than 300 miles into the interior of Maine, where there were very few settlements, and little cleared land.

"It was a slow, long journey, but the weather was fine. I was young and happy, and my baby was in my arms. It was a rude log hut which welcomed us at our journey's end, but the big fire on the hearth filled all the gloomy interior with sunny light, and through the pines which skirted the clearing we got a glimpse of a lake set like a diamond among the hills, and away in the misty distance the White mountains of New Hampshire rose like a wall against the sky.

"All that summer we worked hard. Silas plowed and planted, and we had a cow and some sheep and hens, and when my housework was done I used to take Enoch and go out into the field where Silas was at work. Besides, I made myself useful with the hoe and rake, and I can see just how your great-grandfather looked when he lifted his hat and wiped his forehead and smiled at me and said in his cheery voice: 'It beats everything, Martha, how handy you do work in! Why your almost equal to a hired hand.'

"One day, it was the 1st of October, and such a bright day, with all the hills flaming out in gold and crimson and a purplish haze over everything, I went down to the lower clearing where Silas was gathering the ripe corn from the stalks. I had Enoch with me, and I put him down at the edge of the lot beneath

two sugar maples, and gave him a tin basin and a string of buttons to play with. Enoch was a little fellow, but he had been early taught to obey, and he understood me perfectly when I told him he must sit right there and not cry while I helped his father. I turned back to look at him as I went down the long row of rustling corn stalks, and I thought how golden his hair was where the sunshine fell on his head, and how sad and wistful were the eyes with which he watched me going away from him.

"Silas's old gun, the queen arm, that his father carried in the war of the revolution stood leaning against a shock of corn, for wild game was plenty, and it was not often that Silas went into the fields without his gun. That year the bears had been bolder than ever before, so the scattered neighboring settlers said, owing to the scarcity of blueberries on the mountains. For bears live on the berries in the season of them and get very fat and lazy on the luscious diet.

"I went to helping Silas with the corn, which was very large and ripened finely, and of which we felt very proud. 'If father could see this corn,' said Silas, 'he'd be satisfied that it pays to emigrate into a new country! Tell you what, Martha, if the neighbors weren't so scarce we'd have a regular old-fashioned husking bee, with pumpkin pie and baked beans and pandowdy. And I've found a dozen red ears already.'

"I was just going to answer him about the red ears, for our acquaintance began at one of these same huskings, where he and Tom Jones were going around kissing all the girls, with red ears of corn of authority, but the bantering words were silenced on my lips by the shrill cry that reached my ear through the still air. Silas heard it, too, and dropped the basket of corn he was shouldering to empty into the cart. Without a word we both rushed from the shadow of the corn stalks and looked for Enoch.

"If I live to be a hundred years old I shall never forget the sight I beheld, and even now I can feel the cold wave of despair that seemed to swallow me up and blot out the sky and landscape from my vision! A great black bear, gaunt and hungry, had stolen down from the moss-skirted mountains and seized on my little blue-eyed, golden-haired baby and was bearing him away up the craggy hill, where her hungry cubs were waiting. I saw those golden curls lying bright as sunshine against the shaggy coat of the bear, and I heard my poor baby's cries of fear and distress as the clutch of his cruel captor tightened on his tender little body.

"With a face white and rigid as marble, Silas leaped past me and snatched the old queen's arm from the corn shock. Crashing through the bushes and the rank undergrowth he went, and though the bear had a good start on him I saw that Silas was gaining in the race. A bear walks fast on the sole of the foot and cannot move very rapidly, and the hind legs and forelegs being nearly of an equal length, leaping is practically out of the question.

"On a flat projecting cliff well up on the side of the mountain the bear stopped and faced her pursuer. She sat on her haunches and held my baby with her forelegs close against her breast. She was resting a moment to gain breath for the nearly perpendicular ascent, at the summit of which, amid the broken rocks, her den was probably situated. Enoch lifted his head, and, seeing Silas, called out in his shrill, childish treble, 'Papa! papa!'

"Silas was within twenty paces of the bear when I saw him halt and bring the gun to his shoulder, and run his eye along the glistering barrel, there was no better marksmen in the county than Silas. I had seen him many times shoot the wary chicken hawks on the wing and admired his precision, but this, oh, this was different and my heart stood still with terror. I have said that our little child had been taught

very early to obey, and to this fact Silas trusted as he spoke loudly and distinctly, 'Enoch, my boy, drop your head. Drop it as low as you can and keep still. Papa is going to fire the gun, listen and see if you can hear it.'

My little boy caught the steady and controlled command, and let his head fall down across the black arms of his captor. There was one second of awful suspense, and then sharp and clear the queen's arm rang out, and through the smoke I saw for an instant the golden curls of my child red with blood, and then I closed my eyes and knew nothing more.

"When I came to myself Silas was beside me chafing my hands, and Enoch, with his trock torn and his face dabbled in blood, was lustily calling for mamma to wake up and see the 'pitty red paint on baby's hands.'

"Why, my dear little woman; my poor Martha," said Silas, as I burst into a hysterical fit of weeping, 'I didn't think you would give way so! Come, sit up and soothe your boy, none the worse for what he has gone through. He shall ride under a fine bearskin robe when we go sleighing this winter. The old gun did its work well, and put a dozen shots right into Mr. Bruin's brain. Why, Martha, you're not going to cry again! Well, if that isn't just like a woman!'

"Yes, that is the very gun there in the corner. Margaret has got a yellow ribbon tied around it to hold the lock on. Your great grandfather set a store by that gun, and well he might—yes, yes, my dear, well he might!"—Clara Augusta, in Atlanta Constitution.

Measure of a Teacher's Success.

BY MARIE J. GILLESPIE, IN NEW ERA.

How easy it is, and how pleasant, to teach the bright children. They are so responsive. Their eyes kindle with enthusiasm while they grasp the thought even ahead of the teacher's explanation. They often in the most orderly school cry out, "I know, I know." They say it with their mouths, eyes and fingers.

Sometimes a teacher is led to believe that she is peculiarly adapted to her work, because a large number of her pupils learn so fast. They are far ahead of their grade. This is well, but how about the dull pupils? Have we not all heard that a teacher's success is measured by the progress, not of the average, but of the dull pupils?

We often forget that many children learn in spite of their teacher. But when we consider the fact to be used, the varied means to awaken the slow intellect, the patient trials of this way and that, to induce a slow child to think, when we consider the hard work and cheerful manner of the teacher who gets the dull child wakened up and interested, then we know where the good teaching comes in.

To be sure, all teachers work for money. Very few work without salary. They must support themselves. Money can never pay the one who devotes her life to teaching the children. The conscientious person, whose education and environments have fitted her for this sacred trust, is more than worthy of her hire.

All honor to a teacher of the deaf, who knows how to instruct them, and does it well. Very few there be in this life, who can fill her place. When but a child, I saw Dr. Gillett tell of the death of Miss Trask, the first speech teacher in this school, and about the first in the United States. She was a fine teacher and a noble woman. Dr. Gillett told the convention, which met with him here, of his great loss in the death of this teacher. Tears were in his eyes, as he spoke of untiring zeal, and unlimited success. This is why I remembered it so well, for like all children I loved Dr. Gillett, and it hurt me to see the tears. I am sure every superior talent appreciates a good teacher of the deaf.