

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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## INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

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### Speak Gently.

Speak gently! It is better far  
To rule by love than fear  
Speak gently! Let not harsh words mar  
The good we might do here

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low  
The voice that true hearts bind  
And gently friendship's accents flow  
Affection's voice is kind

Speak gently to the little child,  
His love be sure to gain  
Teach it in accents soft and mild  
It may not long remain

Speak gently to the aged one  
Grieve not the care worn heart  
The sands of life are nearly run  
Let such in peace depart

Speak gently to the poor,  
Let no harsh tones be heard  
They have enough they must endure  
Without an unkind word

Speak gently to the erring knave  
They may have sinned in vain  
Perchance unkindness made them so  
Oh! win them back again

Speak gently! 'Tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart a deep well  
The good, the joy that it may bring  
Eternity shall tell



### Her Gift.

The minister's eyes swept with intense searching the apathetic faces of his stylish, worldly congregation. He had made an impassioned appeal for help in the support of a little mission church among the mountains—a section where rough men and women know scarcely anything of God and the religion of Christ. He had hoped to inspire the people with the spirit of giving, to make them feel that it was a sweet, blessed privilege, and—he had failed. A sense of desolation crept over him.

"God help me," his lips murmured mutely. He could not see the bent figure of little crippled Maggie in the rear of the church—a figure that was trembling under the fire of his appeal.

"Lord Jesus," the little one was saying brokenly, "I ain't got nothin' ter give. I want the people in the mountains ter hear 'bout my Saviour. O, Lord, I ain't got nothin' ter—"

What was it that made that child catch her breath as though a cold hand had taken hold of her heart? "Yes you have, Maggie," whispered a voice from somewhere, "you've got your crutch, your beautiful crutch what's give ter you, an' it's worth a lot o' shinin' dollars. You kin give up your best friend what helps you ter git into the park where the birds sing, an' takes you ter preachin', and makes your life happy."

"O, no, Lord," sobbed the child, choking and shivering. "Yes, you I will! He give up more'n that fer me."

Blindly she extended the polished crutch and placed it in the hand of the deacon who was taking up the scanty collection. For a moment the man was puzzled, then comprehending her meaning, he carried the crutch to the front of the pulpit. The minister stepped down from the rostrum and held up the crutch with shaking hand. The sublimity of the renunciation unworded him so that he could not speak for a moment.

"Do you see it my people," he faltered at last; "little crippled Maggie's crutch—all that she has to make life comfortable? She has given it to the Lord, and you—"

There was a moment of silence. The people flushed and moved restlessly in their cushioned pews.

"Does any one want to contribute to the mission cause the amount of money this crutch would bring, and give it back

to the child who is helpless without?" the minister asked gravely.

"Fifty dollars," came in husky tones from the banker.

"Twenty-five."

"One hundred."

And so the subscribing went on, until papers equivalent to six hundred dollars were lightly piled over the crutch on the table.

"Ah, you have found your hearts—thank God! Let us receive the benediction," almost whispered the minister as he suddenly extended his hands which were trembling with emotion. Little Maggie, absorbed in the magnitude of her offering and the love that had promoted it, comprehended nothing that had taken place. She had no thought of the future, of how she would reach her humble home, or of the days in which she would sit helpless in her chair as she had once done. Christ had demanded her all, and she had given it, with the blind unquestioning faith of an Abraham. She understood no better when a woman's arms drew her into a close embrace, and soft lips whispered in her ear: "Maggie, dear, your crutch has made six hundred dollars for the mission church among the mountains, and has come back to stay with you again. Take it, little one."

Like a flash of light there came a consciousness that in some mysterious way her gift had been accepted of God, and returned to her, and with a cry of joy the child caught the beloved crutch to her lonely little heart; then, smiling through her tears at the kind faces and reverent eyes, she hobbled out of the sanctuary.—*Gertrude M. Jones, in Christian Observer.*

### A Double Dinner.

A distinguished American judge has a habit which is not altogether unknown on this side of the "horning pond"—he frequently brings friends home to dinner quite unexpectedly. This habit is certainly hospitable, but it is not popular with wives.

One court day the genial judge invited a number of his legal brethren to dine with him, serenely oblivious of the fact that his wife was totally unprepared for such an incursion. The lady, however, was equal to the occasion. She did not fuss and frown and make things unpleasant all round. On the contrary, she accepted the situation with a good grace, and made the best of it.

The modest meal was served as promptly as possible; and though it was not a sumptuous banquet, it was at least agreeable to guests and host. When dinner was over, just before leaving the gentlemen to their wine and cigars, the lady rose and said—

"Gentlemen, I wish to say one word. You have dined to-day with the judge; will you do me the honor of dining to-morrow with me?"

A chorus of applause greeted this speech, and next day the lady welcomed her husband's friends to a dinner worthy of such an accomplished hostess.—*Tid-Bits*

An exchange tells us of a man who desired to learn what employment his son should enter. He shut him up in a room with a Bible, a dollar bill, and an apple. If he found him reading the Bible, he would make a minister of him, if handling the money, a banker, if eating the apple, a farmer. But the youth sat upon the Bible, put the money in his pocket, and began eating the apple. So his father made a politician of him. We should try to discover the trend of a boy's talent before assigning him to learn a trade or profession, and in a case where he manifests no particular aptitude for one over another, he should be allowed an option in the selection, if intelligent enough to judge for himself. He will make very little progress in what he dislikes.

### Fearless and Honest.

A Scotch lad landed at Castle Garden, the brightest, yet the loneliest, passenger of an emigrant ship. He was barely fourteen, and had not a friend in America and only a sovereign in his pocket.

"Well, Sandy," said a fellow-passenger who had befriended him during the voyage from Glasgow, "don't you wish that you were safe now with your mother in the old country?"

"No," said the boy, "I promised her when I left that I would be fearless and honest. I have her fortune to make as well as my own, and I must have good courage."

"Well, laddie, what can you do?" asked a kind voice behind him.

"I can be loyal and true to anybody who will give me something to do," was the quick response.

A well-known lawyer, whose experience with applicants for clerkship in his office had been unfavorable, had taken a stroll down Broadway to ascertain whether he could find a boy to his liking.

A canny Scotchman himself, he had noticed the arrival of the Glasgow steamer, and had fancied that he might be able to get a trustworthy clerk from his own country.

Sandy's fearless face caught his eye. The honest manly ring in Sandy's voice touched his faithful Scotch heart.

"Tell me your story," he said kindly. It was soon told. Sandy's mother had been left a widow with little money and a child to bring up. She had worked for him as long as she could, but when her health failed she had bought his passage to America, and given to him what little money she could spare.

"Go and make your fortune," she had said. "Be fearless and honest, and don't forget your mother who cannot work for you any longer."

Sandy's patron engaged him as an office boy.

"I'll give you a chance," he said, "to show what there is in you. Write to your mother to-day that you have found a friend who will stand by you as long as you are fearless and honest."

Sandy became a favorite at once in the office. Clients seldom left the office without pausing to have a word with him.

He attended night school and became an expert penman and accountant. He was rapidly promoted until he was his patron's confidential clerk.

After sharing his earnings with his mother, he went to Scotland and brought her back with him.

"You have made my fortune," he said, "and I cannot have luck without you."

He was right. When he had studied law and began to practise at the bar, his fearlessness commanded respect and his honesty inspired confidence. Jurors liked to hear him speak. They instinctively trusted him.

His mother had impressed her high courage and sincerity upon him. His success was mainly her work.—*The Household.*

We believe the day is beginning to dawn upon the friends of every school for the deaf in the country, that it requires specialists to teach the deaf, and, indeed, to make a success in the general work in schools for the deaf. We have heard it said, and by people who ought to have known better, that one need not be very well educated to teach the deaf. One can teach the deaf about as well as another after a few months' association with them. Indeed, some members of Boards of Managers say as much. But we are very thankful that our Board recognizes the importance of trained teachers, and show their recognition. We presume every Institution has applicants who want "something to do," and indeed, some of these applicants would be admirable to make specialists out of. But training must precede service.—*E. E.*

### POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND sent without delay to the parties to be addressed. Mail matter to go into office door will be sent to post at noon, and 2 1/2 p. m. of each day (excepted). The messenger is not to take letters or parcels, or receive mail at post office for delivery, for any other reason than the locked bag.