

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

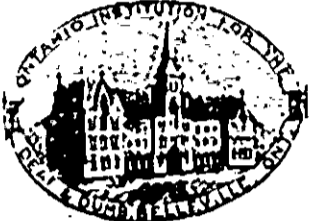
VOL. III.

BELLEVILLE, JUNE 13, 1894.

NO. 6.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



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

Government Inspector:
MR. F. F. CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution:

M. J. HENSON, M. A.	Superintendent.
M. J. HENSON	Director.
E. J. KENNEDY, M. D.	Physician.
ESR. - H. J. WALKER, B.	Matron.

Teachers:

H. J. HENSON, M. A.	MRS. J. G. TERHILL
Head Teacher	Miss M. TEMPLETON
Dr. J. HENSON	Miss M. M. O'NEILL
MRS. J. HENSON	Miss MARY HILL
J. M. KELLOGG	Miss LOUISE MAYNOR
J. J. GIBSON	Mrs. SYLVIA L. HALL
M. J. HENSON	Miss ADA JAMES

Mrs. M. J. HENSON, Teacher in Retention

Mrs. M. J. HENSON, Teacher of Lined Work

Mrs. S. M. GALEY, JOHN F. BURNS, Ink and Paper Inspector, Instructor of Printing

Mrs. J. HENSON, FRANK FLYNN, Book Binder and Clerk, Master Carpenter

W. J. HENSON, WM. NURSE, Rep. of Boys, Master Shoemaker

Mrs. J. HENSON, H. J. HENSON, Rep. of Girls, Master Baker

J. M. GIBSON, THOMAS WILSON, Treasurer, Gardener

MICHAEL O'NEILL, Farmer

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education and advantages to all the youth of the Province who are afflicted with deafness, either partial or total, and to receive instruction in the common school.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, and 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 one year, with a vacation of nearly two months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to do so, will be charged the sum of \$20 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance, all to 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, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking and Knitting. The use of the Sewing Machine and of ornamental and fancy work, as may be required.

It is required that all having charge of deaf mute children will send themselves of the liberal assistance of the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September and ends on the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission and conditions will be given upon application to the Institute or otherwise.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DELIVERED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE OFFICE OF THE INSTITUTION. Mail matter to be sent to the office at noon and 4 o'clock of each day, Sunday excepted. The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels of receive mail matter at post office for delivery for pupils.



At Mother's Feet.

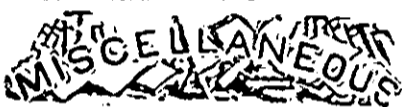
Nothing songs they were and sweet
That I heard at Mother's feet
When the bright day stole away
In the twilight calm and gray
Came like music low and sweet
Tales I heard at Mother's feet

Oh those tales at Mother's feet,
Toid ere time had grown so fleet
Tales of fairies bright and gay
Wiled the evening hour away

With her dear hand on my head
Softly fell the words she said
Telling me of Him who died
On the cross for me
Oh, the hours pure and sweet
That I spent at Mother's feet

Evening prayers, whispered low
In the dear dim twilight
Was there ever prayer so sweet
As that learned at Mother's feet

Mary Ellen



Earnestness.

A young clerk in a large mercantile house was conspicuous for the intense interest which he took in his work. His associates ridiculed his earnestness and enthusiasm and told him that there was no sentiment in ordinary business. "It did not pay."

"A man is paid for his time and labor," they would say, "and he considers no obligations to make his employer's interests an absorbing passion. You will get nothing by it."

"I shall give my employer," he replied, "the best work that is in my power whatever they may do for me."

He was right and they were wrong. The ardor with which he served the business house that employed him inspired confidence. He was very soon promoted, and offered every chance of showing what he could do. Several years passed and then he was taken into partnership, and the management of one of the largest business houses in the country was entrusted to him.

"The fact is," said the senior member of the firm when the co-partnership papers were signed, "you have been one of us from the day you came to us an office boy. You have shown the same enthusiasm for our service that a soldier displays in fighting for his flag."

Horace Greely used to say that the best product of labor was the high-minded workman with an enthusiasm for his work. The successful men are those who have this habit of working with all their energies in a white heat.

Enthusiasm-like this creates enthusiasm.

Mr. Disraeli in one of his political novels, "Coningsby," described the power of exciting enthusiasm as an incomparable faculty, a divine gift, which enabled a statesman to command the world.

He lacked it himself, for he never succeeded in convincing Englishmen that he was in earnest, even when he was strongly entrenched in power and returned from Berlin to London bearing "Peace with honor."

His great rival Mr. Gladstone has always been in earnest about everything. That has been the distinguishing characteristic of his political and intellectual life. He has concentrated all the forces of mind and heart upon his work. His first administration was known as a working government, which surpassed all records of legislative activity.

Mr. Gladstone was so intense in his enthusiasm for work that he inspired all his associates and followers with something of his own irrepressible ardor. It was his earnestness that made his will for nearly two generations the greatest individual force in England.

Clouds.

The chariot of the day approaches
The low rumbling of its wheels break in
upon our slumbers, and we unclose our
eyes upon a world of beauty. The early
birds, keenly sensitive to the influence
of the hour begin to stir upon the swaying
branches of the tree-tops, greeting
each other with a cheery good morning
and a challenge to song. As, one by
one they join in the chorus the air be-
comes laden with sweet, enchanting
music.

The insects, darting here and there
among the grasses at our feet, add a
monotonous but cheerful accompani-
ment "as the first faint tokens of the
lawn show in the east."

The eulch's rays of sunlight, falling
upon the trembling dew drops over
spreading grass, and shrub and tree,
bedeck them with a glittering robe of
rainbow hues.

The new day, in its full glory of pres-
ence and promise, has come, and we
greet it with light heart and pleasant
anticipation.

As the fleet footed hours roll by light
clouds float through the azure and,
mayhap for a brief time obscure the
sunlight, but if we look up we see them
small and transient and enhancing even
the beauty of the sky.

Bye and bye they become more nu-
merous and assume a darker hue their
speed is accelerated and, gathering in a
solid phalanx they roll heavily above us.

A hush pervades the air and all living
things seek shelter. Darker and more
dense the shadows grow. The breeze
freshens and arouses the listless trees
till under the influence of its accelerat-
ing speed they wildly wave their
branches in the fierce but unavailing
protest.

Vivid shafts of light flash through the
darkness to herald the roar of distant
thunder, nearer and still nearer comes
the flash and roar of Heaven's artillery,
piercing the frail fabric of the over-
charged clouds, until they yield their
burden, and the storm is upon us.

So, in life's morning, we are surround-
ed by beauty and all things have, to our
ears, a musical clime, while all paths
are made pleasant and smooth to our
tender feet. As we go on, the clouds of
disappointment cast shadows upon our
way, through which we fear to pass,
but they are transitory and, as we look
back upon them from the eminence of
later life, they prove to be like the light
and unsubstantial mists of morning.

In youth we go forth with light heart
to enter the world's broad battlefield
and win as we confidently hope, fair
victories, but again the shadows lie
across our way and our brightest hopes
are dimmed. We struggle on, perchance
with lagging steps but trustful hearts,
that the future with its larger opportuni-
ties, will bring lighter burdens to be
lifted by stronger hands.

The years come and go, each with its
share of sunshine and of storm, its mes-
sage of peace or calls to battle.

Advancing life brings greater respon-
sibilities and trials harder to be borne,
but if we still "look up," with trust in
Supreme love and willingness to be
guided by Supreme intelligence, we may
see that all is needed discipline to en-
hance the beauty and usefulness of our
lives, and come to realize that each
trial and each sorrow will have its just
compensation for.

The storm and sweet the sunshine when its
pass
Let the clouds roll by they break they fly,
And like the glorious light of summer east
On the wide landscape from the outbracing sky
On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven
shall lie.

Give self control and you give the
essence of all well doing in mind, body
and estate. Morality, learning, thought,
business success, the master of him-
self can master these. *Buaton*

The New Teacher.

The new teacher knows nothing about
teaching, and knows that he doesn't.
For a few months he despairs of ever
making a teacher at all. After a while
he picks up. He outstrips the old
stand by, and sits down to think while
the tortoise is plodding along with his
slow freight. The principal has mapped
out the year's work. The other teachers
have not done all their allotted tasks,
whereas he wound up with a grand
flourish on the 26th day of November.
Something is wrong. The principal
with all his experience does not know
the capacity of deaf pupils—under a
good teacher. The plan of instruction
is wrong, clearly so. The other teach-
ers—no likes them—but he is forced
to say they are hild bound. They stick
to their old poky ways, regardless of
what is being done in the next room.
He ventures occasionally to say deaf
children are hard to teach, of course,
but we can do far more than we are
doing. The others do not answer. They
smile and say, "You have not taught
many years." He gets tired waiting for
the ones he has out-run. As there is
nothing else to do, why not kill the
time with a review? Good idea, that.
There is plenty of time, so he will go
back to the first, and clench every nail
he has driven.

The very first day's work convinces
him that it was eminently proper to
start at the first. Unfortunately, the
pupils seem to have forgotten every
thing they knew. Determine that what
is done must be done thoroughly, he
goes slowly very slowly indeed. It did
not take quite three months to complete
the year's work, but it will take at least
six months to review it. By this time
the tortoise train is up. He takes off
his hat. The train is out of sight.—
Lone Star Weekly.

Doing Things Well.

"There," said Harry, throwing down
the shoe brush, "that'll do. My shoes
don't look very bright, but no matter.
Who cares?"

"Whatever is worth while doing at all
is worth doing well," said his father,
who had heard the boy's careless speech.

Harry blushed while his father con-
tinued.

"My boy, your shoes look wretchedly.
Pick up the brush and make your shoes
shiny, when you have finished come
into the house."

As soon as Harry appeared with his
well polished shoes his father said.

"I have a little story to tell you. I
once knew a poor boy whose mother
taught him the proverb which I repeated
to you a few minutes ago. This boy
went out to service in a gentleman's
family and he took pains to do every
thing well, no matter how unimportant
it seemed. His employer was pleased
and took him into his shop. He did his
work well there, and when sent on
errands he went quickly and was soon
back in his place. So he advanced from
step to step until he became clerk, and
then a partner in the business. He is a
rich man now and anxious that his son
Harry should practice the rule which
made him prosper.

"Why, papa, were you a poor boy
once?" asked Harry.

"Yes, my son, so poor that I had to go
out to service and black boots and wait
at table and do any service that was
required of me. By doing things well I
was soon trusted with more important
ones.—Selected

If the teacher has the consummation
of tact that makes the pupils to any de-
gree in love with the work so as to make
them submit with cheerful and willing
minds to all the needful restraints, and
to render them on the whole well dis-
posed to himself and to each other, he is
a moral instructor of a high order,
whether he means it or not.—*Hann.*