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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.



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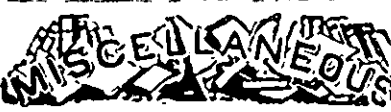


CALLING THE COWS.

I don't know why, I don't know how
But surely, 'twas no harm at all
To stop a minute at the plow
And listen to her milking call
"Co—lows—Co!"
It sounded so
Across the yellow-tasseled corn
Surely, the man was never born
Who would not leave his team and come
To help her drive the cattle home

The old folk lived across the hill,
But surely, 'twas no harm at all
To kiss her, while the fields were still
A-list'ning to her milking call
"Co—lows—Co!"
It sounded so
It made the tardy robin start,
The squirrel bent the leaves apart
To see us two a-walking down
Toward the sleepy little town

I don't know how, I don't know why
But surely, 'twas no harm at all
The stars were in the summer sky
Before the cattle reached their stall
"Co—lows—Co!"
It rings on so
The moon from off his great white shield
Has tossed it back into the field
And still the whispering echoes come
And follow me a-walking home
—Herman Rice.



Chunki-ik-Anumpolo.

A TRUE SKETCH, BY HELLÉ F. DRURY

Chunki is a little Indian boy about seven years old. He is deaf and dumb. He was forsaken by his parents when he was a baby, it is thought, on account of this affliction. There is a promise in the Bible to the effect that when they father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up. This is a true promise, but human instrumentality are always used in its fulfilment. The forlorn baby was taken by a poor old aunt, who cared for him in a meager way till he was six years old.

The outlook for Chunki was very dark. But it chanced—"Eternal God that chance did guide"—that a kind gentleman came among the Indians, and began reading the Bible to them on Sundays. The old aunt came with the rest, leading the dumb boy. He was the only case of the kind the Indians had ever seen, so they said:

"He has a mouth, why does he not talk? He has ears, why does he not hear?" And they looked on him half in anger and half in fear.

The missionary noticed the brown, pathetic face of the child, and the large, questioning black eyes, and thought, "Poor little fellow! He has no one to really sympathize with him in his sad affliction, and to help him. He will grow up without knowing that there is a God. He will never read the Bible, or learn even his own name,"—which, in the significant language of the Indians, means "One who cannot talk."

The good man went his way, but he could not forget Chunki. He knew the other Indians, in good mission schools, could be taught many things, but for the afflicted child there was no hope among his own people.

Now it chanced—Providence had something to do with this also—that once when he was on a visit to the States, his entertainer had taken him to visit a celebrated deaf-and-dumb institution. He had been impressed by the progress, these "children of silence" had made. No longer was instruction confined to the sign language, but the almost miraculous work had been done of teaching the dumb to speak. Aural work had been practised to some extent, and pupils with a slight degree of hearing had learned to distinguish sounds. One boy had thrown down his instrument, and, dancing about in an ecstasy

of joy, had declared in signs, "Birds talk! I hear birds talk!" Forever liberated by the glad notes of the merry songsters, the lad was no longer a dweller of the silent world!

As the gentleman recollected all this, and thought of the sad life of the little Indian, he determined to see if he could not get the lady whom he had visited, and who lived near the institution, to take the child to raise, and to give him the benefit of an education suited to his needs. He wrote to her, and waited anxiously for a response. Finally the reply came.

"My friends and neighbors say," she wrote, "that it would be bad enough for one to undertake to raise an Indian child, but to take one who is also deaf and dumb,—why, surely I cannot be in earnest to think of it! But I am in earnest, and you may bring the boy to me."

The old aunt was glad to give the child up, to be sent where he might, perhaps, learn to talk, and, at any rate, where he would be far better cared for than with herself. His hair had never been cut, so it hung long about his shoulders. He wore only a shirt, and had never had a suit of clothes or a pair of shoes and stockings on in all his life.

When his hair was cut, and he had been bathed and dressed in a blue suit, with brass buttons, and a blue cap, he was as proud a little fellow as one could wish to see. He walked very awkwardly at first, on account of his shoes. Then came a long ride on the cars, where everything was so wonderful to him that he looked as amazed as it is possible for an Indian to look.

Whenever he saw any person he was afraid of, he would pretend to draw a bow and arrow in self defence. He was very cautious regarding everything in the strange, new world about him.

When the two travelers stopped at a hotel to stay all night, his companion tried to undress Chunki. But he fought for his clothes with all his little might, and began to cry with a sound like as of some wounded wild creature of the forest,—a pitiful, pleading wail. So the clothes were allowed to remain, as he could not be made to understand that he would have them again in the morning.

He could not be persuaded to get into bed, as he had never slept in one; so he rolled himself up in a rug, and slept on the floor.

After he reached the place which was to be his future home, it was not until the second night that the lady could get his clothes off; but at last it was done while he slept. When he found he was to have them again in the morning, he suffered himself to be undressed; but always put his suit under his head, as if he feared he might lose it.

On no account, for several weeks, could he be induced to sleep in a bed; but by putting him in bed after he was asleep, this part of his education was at last accomplished, but not until he had thrown himself out of bed, on awakening, several times.

The boy seemed naturally reverential. Nobody bowed lower than he when grace was said at meals. One morning he came down stairs late. Every one had left the table except a little four-year-old visitor, the grandson of a minister. Chunki refused to eat his breakfast, and this was a surprise, as he was a very hearty eater. At last he made the little white boy understand that he wanted a blessing asked. Thus the little "four-year-old" proceeded to do. And then Chunki ate his breakfast with great relish.

He seemed to venerate the piano. He loved to stand near enough to it to feel the vibrations when any one was playing; and yet he would not touch it. One day a visitor in the house heard a peculiar noise in the parlor. She went quietly to the door, and saw Chunki standing before the piano, at some little distance. He was bowing to it, turning around and making various gestures,

saluting it with curious little noises, and all the time with a very serious, earnest look on his little brown face. The lady said it seemed to her as if he was trying to go through with some kind of religious or other ceremony, of which he had a recollection. He took refuge under a tree one day when it was raining, and acted in much the same way, looking up at the sky and falling rain as if he held them in veneration.

In personal appearance, Chunki has small hands and feet, a smooth, velvety skin, very black hair and eyes, and an exceedingly big mouth. The first time he ate ice-cream he took a large spoonful, then dropped the spoon and opened his mouth to the widest extent. When he noticed that all the others went on eating the cream, he picked up his spoon, filled it, and sat blowing it. He evidently thought he had been burned.

It was considered desirable to have his picture taken, in order to send one to the old aunt who had shared her hut with him and befriended him when no one else would do so. He was very much afraid of the camera, and hid in a corner, but attracted at last by a canary, he assumed a most natural graceful posture, with cap in hand and expectant face.

One day he was out-doors, playing with the little boy. An observer heard a wild scream, and saw Chunki seize the baby and drag him away from the grass plot where they had been playing. On examination, it was found that a large snake was coiled ready for a spring upon the children. Not every white child, possessed of all its senses, would have acted in so brave and self-forgetful a manner.

Good Words for Boys.

Be gentle, boys. It is high praise to have it said of you "He is as gentle as a woman to his mother." It is in fashion to think if you ignore mother and make a little sister cry whenever she comes near you, that people will think you belong to the upper stratum of society. Remember that, as a rule gentle boys make gentle men (gentlemen.)

Be manly, boys. A frank, straightforward manner always gains friends. If you have committed a fault, step forward and confess it. Concealed faults are always found out sooner or later. Never do anything which afterward may cause a blush of shame to come to your face.

Be courteous, boys. It is just as easy to acquire a genteel, courteous manner, as an ungracious, don't care style, and it will help you materially if you have to make your own way through life. Other things being equal, the boy who knows the use of "I beg your pardon," and "I thank you," will be chosen for a position, three to one, in preference to a boy to whom such sentences are strangers.

Be prompt, boys. It is far better to be ahead of than behind time. Business men do not like tardiness. They realize that time is valuable. Five minutes every morning amounts to half an hour at the end of the week. Many things can be done in half an hour. Besides, disastrous results often follow lack of punctuality.

Be thorough, boys. Black the heels as well as the toes of your shoes, and be sure that both shine. Pull out the roots of the weed in the flower bed. Don't break them off and leave them to spring up again when the first shower comes. Understand your lesson. Don't think that all that is necessary is to get through a recitation and receive a good mark.—American Youth.

"Trust God. You can honor Him by showing how you believe His promises. Trust truth. Truth is of God, and those who trust it are always safe. Trust yourself. But you cannot do it unless your life is conformed to the law of God in every thing. Trust to the Saviour. He saves all who trust in His name."

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

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