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# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. II.,

BELLEVILLE, JANUARY 1, 1894.

NO. 15.

## INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,  
CANADA.



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

Government Inspector:  
DR T. Y. CHAMBERLAIN

### Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A.,	Superintendent.
E. M. THESON,	Harmon.
E. J. KIRK, M. D.	Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron.

### Teachers:

D. J. COLEMAN, M. A.,	Head Teacher.	Mrs. J. G. TRIBILL,	Monitor.
P. DUNN,		Miss M. TRIMLTON,	
H. SHIPLEY,		Miss M. M. OSTROM,	
AMANDA HALL, B. A.,		Miss MARY HULL,	
J. M. KILLOP,		Miss FLORENCE MAYBANK,	
W. CAMPBELL,		Mrs. SYLVIA J. HALL,	
		Miss ADA JAMES,	

Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work  
Teacher of Drawing.

Miss A. METCALVE, JOHN T. HURNO,  
Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.

I. G. SMITH, FRANK FLYNN,  
Manager and Clerk, Master Carpenter

Wm. DOLGANS, Wm. NURSE,  
Supervisor of Boys, Master Shoemaker.

Miss A. GALLAGHER, D. CUNNINGHAM,  
Instructor of Sewing, and Supervisor of Girls, Master Baker.

MIDDLEKISS, THOMAS WILLS,  
Engineer, Undertaker.

MICHAEL O'MEARA, Farmer.

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 born free 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 \$20 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 will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Compositing and Shoemaking are taught to boys. The female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine and in ornamental and fancy work as they 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 for pupils etc., will be given upon application to the Superintendent by letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,  
Superintendent

### INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DISTRIBUTED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. Mail matter to go should be put in box in office door will be sent to post office at noon and \$15 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 pupils



### BEST.

Mother, I see you, with your nursery light,  
Leading your babies, all in white,  
To their sweet rest  
Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine to-night,  
And that is best.

I cannot help tears, when I see them twice  
Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls  
shine  
On your warm breast  
But the saviour's is purer than yours or mine  
He can love best

You tremble each hour because your arms  
Are weak; your heart is wrung with alarms  
And sore oppressed  
My darlings are safe, out of reach of harm,  
And that is best.

You know over years may hang even now  
Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow  
Naught can arrest;  
Mine in God's gardens run to and fro  
And that is best.

You know that of yours, your feeblest ones  
And dearest, may live long years alone,  
Unloved, unblest;  
Mine are cherished of saints around God's Throne,  
And that is best.

You must dread for yours the crime that sears  
Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears,  
And unconfessed;  
Mine entered spotless on eternal years,  
Oh! how much the best.

But grief is selfish, I cannot see  
Always why I should so stricken be,  
More than the rest,  
But I know that, as well as for them, for me,  
God did the best.

— Helen Hunt Jackson



### The First Wrong Act.

I was in the town of B on business for the firm with which I was connected. A famous trial was in progress at the court-house, and it was the topic of conversation. William Moreton, a young man, was on trial for burglary. What attracted attention was the intelligent appearance of the prisoner, his good conduct while awaiting his trial, and his seemingly sincere repentance.

He was a stranger in the town. He had come there a day or two before the burglary, and had been caught in the act. He would not tell where he came from nor anything about his family or his past life. No one believed that he gave his true name, and this air of mystery added interest to the case.

Getting through with my business early in the afternoon, I dropped into the court-house to pass away the time, as I could not leave town until the next day. When I got a good look at the prisoner I knew him. His name was Morton Williams, and he had been a schoolmate of mine.

The case was given to the jury a few minutes after I arrived, and in half an hour they brought in a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

That evening I obtained permission and visited the prisoner. He knew me. He recognized me, he said, the moment I entered the court room. I had not seen or heard of him for fourteen years.

"I am sorry to find you in this condition," I said after shaking hands.

"I am sorry you find me in it," he said, "but it's my own fault."

"When I left Millbury, fourteen years ago," I said, "you had just commenced to clerk for DeLong, in his store."

"Yes," he replied, with a sigh, "there is where my first wrong act was committed. I want to tell you about it. If young men who are tempted could only see the end of the road they enter when they commit the first wrong act, they would never commit it."

He was silent for a while, evidently calling up events in his past life. He was the son of a farmer. His father and mother were worthy, God-fearing people,

and his only sister was a teacher in the public schools of his native town.

"I was sixteen when I entered DeLong's store as a clerk," he resumed. "I was thrown into the society of other clerks, and young men in various positions. I was constantly invited to drink beer and smoke cigars, and though I refused for some time, I at last fell. I took my first drink. It was not long until I could smoke and drink beer without thinking much about it. Then I was enticed to billiards and cards.

"All this time I kept my new accomplishments from the knowledge of my parents and my employer. I did not neglect business, and every Sunday I would spend at home.

"We had a kind of a club, composed of a dozen young fellows about my age. We rented a room where we met at night to play cards, drink, smoke, sing, and enjoy ourselves, as we termed it.

"My salary was not large enough to stand all this expense, and I got into debt. I owed a hundred dollars that I lost in gambling. I did not dare to ask father for money, and my debts must be paid. It was my duty to deposit the day's surplus cash into the bank. One day the cash amounted to just \$1,200. I kept \$120 and deposited the thousand. I had a fountain pen, and after getting back to the store I went into a private room, erased the necessary figures, and made them correspond to the amount I received. I knew the false record would be discovered, and that night I left Millbury. I had become acquainted with two or three travelling men in C—, and I went there.

"Father settled the matter with DeLong and there was no fuss made. I got off easy, and it encouraged me in the downward course. I could not get employment in C—for some time, but finally secured a place behind a bar. A month before this I would have considered it an insult to be told that I would ever drop so low as to attend bar. But I was 'hard up' and besides, my conscience was becoming calloused. A year before I would have resented the thought even that I could ever become a drinker and a gambler. But it is easy to go down. All you need to do is to let go.

"A bartender is thrown with men of the worst classes, and in their company I soon found myself without any anchor. I was adrift on the sea of sinful pleasures and pursuits.

"I drifted from one thing to another for years. I often resolved to abandon the life I was leading and go back home. But the memory of my first crime kept me back. Two months ago I became a 'tramp,' and begged my way to this place, sleeping in barns and out-houses or under haystacks. You have heard of the burglary here, and I need not repeat that part of my story.

"I have been in this cell a month, and have had time to reflect. My punishment is just. I shall serve out my sentence, and then, with the help of the Almighty, I shall lead a better life. If I ever can win character and station, I shall go back to my father and mother, and try to make some amends for the pain and sorrow I have caused them.

"I changed my name when I left Millbury. My parents believe I am dead. Don't deceive them. Promise that you will let no one know who I really am until I give you liberty to do so."

I gave the promise and left him bowed down with remorse but animated by a desire to become a better man. Alas, it was too late! A year later I saw the announcement of his death in the prison.

Boys, beware of the first wrong act. Preserve your innocence. If you never take the first drink you will never acquire the accursed habit, and will never be a drunkard. Drink leads to all crimes. It destroys character, conscience, manhood, health, and the soul itself. Preserve your innocence. It will be worth more to you some day than all else besides. Keep away from places where drink is sold. Shun all immoral places. Avoid companionship that will pull you

down, and choose that which will lift you up and will help you to an upright, honest, clean, noble, Christian manhood. Keep your souls clean. You can never get rid of the effects of sin. Every wrong act leaves a scar that will always remain, even though by repentance the wound is healed.

### Somebody Loves Me.

Two or three years ago, the superintendent of the "Little Wanderer's Home," in a distant city, received one morning a request from the judge that he would come up to the court-house. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, dirty, ragged, and forlorn beyond what even he was accustomed to see. The judge, pointing to them, utterly friendless and homeless, said: "Mr. T., can you take any of these children?"

"Certainly; I can take them all," was Mr. T.'s prompt reply.

"Ah! what in the world can you do with them all?" asked the judge.

"I'll make women of them."

The judge singled out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again: "What can you do with that one?"

"I'll make a woman of her!" Mr. T. replied, firmly and hopefully.

They were washed and supplied with good supper and beds. The next morning they went into the school-room with the other children. Mary was the little one whose chance for better things the judge thought small. During the forenoon, the teacher said to Mr. T. in reference to her:—

"I never saw a child like that. I have tried my best to get a smile, but failed."

Mr. T. said afterward, himself, that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression, yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.

After school, he called her into his office, and said pleasantly: "Mary, I have lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl that would wait on me, and would sit on my knee, and I loved her very much. A kind gentleman and lady have adopted her, and I would like you to take her place, and be my pet. Will you?"

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face as she began to understand him. He gave her a penny and told her she might go to a shop and buy some candy. While she was out, he took two or three newspapers, tore them into pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned in a few minutes, he said to her,—

"Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me? Will you pick up these papers, and make it look nice?"

She went to work with a will. A little more of this sort of management—in fact treating her as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the school-room after dinner with so changed a look and bearing, that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant, and half-fearful of mental wandering, he went to her and said, "Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

"Oh, I've got someone to love me! somebody to love me!" the child answered earnestly, as if it were heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate, she lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was the certainty that some one loved her, and desired her affection, that so lighted the child's soul and glorified her face.

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people, and now lives in a beautiful home; but more than all its beauty and comfort, running like a golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her adopted father and mother.—*Journal and Messenger.*



# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Four, six or eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb,  
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

R. MATHISON, Associate Editor.  
J. B. ASHLEY, Associate Editor.

## OUR MISSION:

- First*—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.
- Second*—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf-mute subscribers.
- Third*—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents and friends of pupils, now in the Institution, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

## SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance.

## ADVERTISING

A very limited amount of advertising, subject to approval, will be inserted at 20 cents a line for each insertion.

ROY V. BOMERVILLE, 105 Times Building, New York, is our agent for United States advertising.

Address all communications and subscriptions to  
**THE CANADIAN MUTE,**  
BELLEVILLE,  
ONTARIO.



MONDAY, JANUARY 1, 1894.

## TO OUR READERS.

We wish all our readers  
**"A Happy New Year."**

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

This is the first day of a new year. The pendulum of time swings to and fro with a monotonous tick, tick, tick, that marks the flight of ages. To-day we enter upon another cycle of time as measured to us by minutes, hours, days, and years. We are growing older. It will not be long ere those who are now strong and active, with hope as a beacon of inspiration, will begin to feel the burden of life, and being weary want to rest. To-day they are happy with memories of a brief past and the buoyant anticipations of the immediate future. We do not want them to anticipate much, nor try to unvail the coming years. To them,—the young and happy boys and lasses, and the vigorous, hopeful men and women,—we especially address these words. They can supply the true melody that gives such a charm to the New Year's greeting. "Let the dead past bury its dead." We should remember the things that are pure, and true, and noble,—the things that have made us better, and wiser, and brought us nearer heaven. We should forget all that was sordid and selfish,—all that cast a shadow over our hearts and convicted us of sin. Or, if we recall such events, it should be only to learn wisdom from past follies, and gain strength to shun the very appearance of evil. God has been merciful towards us. He has multiplied our joys, and mitigated our sorrows. We greet the New Year with joyous hearts. The clouds that gathered when sickness came, and when anxiety shut out the sunshine, have rolled by and left us with a clear horizon, upon which the light and hope of the New Year are pictured in brilliant hues. The angel of death has not entered our school since we came from our homes three months ago. Some of our number have been afflicted, but God has "temper-

ed the wind to the shorn lamb," and loving care, coupled with skillful treatment and nursing, has warded off the grim visitor's thrusts. Wonderful to-day because we live and have so much to make us happy. And now, as we step upon the threshold of 1894 let us pause, and resolve to do better work, to be more patient and forgiving, and to try in all things to live nearer God. We know our weakness, and how often we have failed in doing our duty. This is the time to "turn over a new leaf" in the book of life, and promise to keep it clean and unspotted. We all have some work to do. Let us try to do it well.

"Deeds of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footsteps on the sands of time.

Footsteps, that perhaps another,  
Hailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A foeman and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."

We most sincerely wish all here at school, and all their friends, a very happy and prosperous New Year.

"Free Lance" of the *Journal* says it is impossible to educate the deaf without signs, reasonably and properly used. It appears that, in our school for the deaf in the United States, the objection to signs has been carried so far as to even exclude them from the chapel services. Lectures are delivered there with the manual alphabet only, and any experienced person can determine the slow, wearisome process of a lengthy discourse. The results must be unsatisfactory. These innovations, manually and orally, induce "Free Lance" to remark: "The strain on the eyes is hurtful enough, and that on the mind dangerous, but the majority of the pupils save themselves from going crazy by not trying to comprehend the lecture. The institutions which attempt to use either the oral or manual system in all its purity, will soon be turned into lunatic asylums." This is not a reckless assertion.

Our genial friend, Mr. A. R. Spear, of the North Dakota School, cannot excuse the presumption of a deaf person who attempts to address an audience orally. He insists that it only requires two minutes by the clock for such orators to make "real chattering monkeys" of themselves. It still puzzles us to understand how Mr. Spear, who is a deaf man, can so authoritatively condemn the oral efforts of the deaf. There are deaf persons, we are aware, whose articulation and compass of voice are defective, and who make indifferent efforts orally even when addressing a few auditors near by. Such persons should not attempt a prolonged oral discourse at a place and under circumstances requiring strength and modulation of voice. There are however not a few deaf persons who can articulate well, and whose oral efforts do not expose them to any adverse comparisons with hearing people.

The *Missouri Record* employs some striking metaphors when eulogising the uniforms worn by the girls of that school. Here are a few: "The monologue of the universe is unity. The essential element of beauty en masse is uniformity. There has been no prettier sight on the streets this fall than our long line of girls in their neat uniforms of gray with navy blue trimmings." All of which is true, no doubt; but when the teachers and officers of the New Jersey School don their uniforms and are marshalled into line, there will be an "essential element of beauty en masse" such as seldom materialises on this mundane sphere. The pupils, similarly attired and marching in the rear of the officers, will demon-

strate fully that "the monologue of the universe is unity." Does not the *Record* endorse this view of the subject?

The editor of the *Albert College Times* will not allow the word "dummies," as applied to our boys, to appear in his journal again. He says in the last issue:—"Had the editor known the term would have given offence it would never have appeared in the columns of the *Times*." This is quite satisfactory and we are friends again.

Our foreman of the printing department, not to be outdone by others in his work of imparting instruction to his pupils in the "art preservative," has with much care compiled and is now printing a little book, suitable for the vest pocket, consisting of an exhaustive collection of punctuation rules with examples, and other directions and suggestions for beginners. We hope to more fully notice it when it is out. —*Harkyke.*

Would it not be better to instil the information into their heads instead of putting it in vest pockets?

## PERSONALITIES.

—Mr. Scrimshaw, of Big Springs, drove in twenty miles to see James on Monday last.

—Mrs. Pinder, of Davenport, County of York, visited her little boy Clarence on Christmas.

—Mr. and Mrs. Sager, of Napanee, came to see how their four children were getting along on Christmas Day.

—Mrs. F. Major, and her little granddaughter, from Hamilton, came down to see Edith on Christmas Day.

—Mr. A. M. Soule, of Niagara Falls, attended a party of the deaf on Christmas evening and seemed to enjoy the occasion very much. It was a new experience for him.

—Mr. Robert Millen, of Muskegon, Michigan, cousin of Supt. Mathison, came over to enjoy Christmas in Canada once more. He spent a couple of days here very pleasantly.

—Miss White, of Woodstock, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Burner Mathison. She has favored the Institution with several visits since her arrival and she always brings brightness with her.

—George A. Kelly, of Glen Moyer, County of Norfolk, will have a fine farm of 100 acres in three years from now. He and Robert McKenzie visited the deaf mutes in Brantford on Christmas Day, and purposes, if all goes well, joining the throng at the Convention next summer.

—Dr. Noyce, of the Minnesota Institution, who on account of ill health was granted leave of absence by the authorities of the school, is we are glad to say rapidly recovering his old-time health and strength at Kenosha in Minnesota. He feels confident he will be able to resume his duties next fall and in the meantime will spend a few months in California.

—Edwin Chute is still in Worcester Mass. Trade has been dull, but he has now commenced work in the piano factory again, and he hopes for steady work after the holidays. On Thanksgiving Day he was in Boston, where he met Mr. H. Achison and many other deaf mute friends. He sends his kind remembrances to his old school mates, and says that it gives him great pleasure to hear of them through *THE CANADIAN MUTE*.

—J. T. Taylor is still at his home in Stoughton. He divides his time between shoe-making and farming and finds plenty to do. His father owns over 500 acres, and they go largely into the pork and beef raising business. They have built a new sugar house in the woods, and expect to draw considerable maple syrup next spring. John did not go to the World's Fair with his father, but will come to our Convention next summer instead.

## About the Deaf.

About one half of all the deaf-mutes in Louisville, Ky., are out of work.

The officers and teachers of the Arkansas School will wear uniforms made of the same goods that the pupils' suits are made.

The boys of the carpenter shop of the Western Pennsylvania School have made twenty-five oak bedsteads and a nice roller closet for the printing office. They are now making some new tables for the girls' industrial building.

## THE NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

(By J. B. ASHLEY.)

Come to me, ye happy children  
With the good-bud on your faces,  
With your songs and joyous laughter,  
Leave the tasks that must be done,  
Leave the games that give you pleasure,  
Cease your social talk and chatter,  
Listen to this New Year's greeting,  
Bleak and chilly from the northern  
Wind and storm, and icy fetters,  
Make us shiver, wrapped and muffled,  
Winter's blasts with drifting snow,  
Lifting frosts and frozen waters,  
Warn us seek the warmth and comfort  
Loving care and wise provision,  
Of this noble institution.  
Here we've shelter from the winter,  
Food abundant, care paternal,  
Friends who love us most sincerely,  
Teachers kind, industrious, patient,  
Lessons showing how to gather  
Precious pearls from Wisdom's treasure.  
"Feed my lambs," said Christ the Shepherd,  
Gather them within the safe fold,  
Guard them from the world's temptation,  
Point them to the Cross of Jesus,  
Teach them the great plan—Redemption,  
For of such, He has assured us,  
Is the kingdom we call Heaven.

Come to me, ye happy children  
List the warning that I give you,  
Wise heed the words I tell you,  
As you enter on the duties,  
Enter into all the pleasures  
Of the year that's just now dawning,  
Show your gratitude for blessings  
Freely given, kindly offered.  
For this home, this school, and favor,  
For the care that's always shown you,  
For the love that never falters,  
Be obedient to your teachers,  
Be attentive to your lessons,  
Study every task assigned you,  
Treat your comrades with forbearance,  
Soon remove a fancied grievance,  
Keep your secrets, do no tattling,  
Till no falsehood, think no evil,  
Honor those who govern wisely,  
Give them love and prompt obedience,  
Show your faith in all their actions,  
Feel assured that they know better  
What you need to make you happy.

Friends and patrons, thus I greet you  
With you health and many blessings,  
Offer you my choicest treasures,  
Freely give my benediction,  
On this day that dawns so brightly  
On the first day of my reign,  
May your joys be great and many,  
May your griefs be few and easy,  
May God's smile be always on you,  
And his loving arms about you,  
May the light divine, essential,  
Radiant from the throne of Wisdom,  
Shine upon your pathway early,  
Lead you safely through the shadow,  
Guard you from the ways of evil,  
Guide you in the paths of virtue,  
Make your life serenely happy,  
And at last, when time is eaded,  
When the shot of death comes to you,  
And you sleep, but know no waking,  
Rest within the narrow portals  
Of the low, green tent spectral,  
May that light shine o'er the river  
That divides the here—hereafter,  
Cheer you as you gladly enter  
Into mansion holy,—holy,  
There to sing and praise forever  
Where the years are never numbered,  
Where no night shuts out the beauty,  
Where no sorrow ever enters.

THE NEW YEAR

## The Fame-Deserving

The *Washingtonian* states that President Cleveland was at one time a teacher of the blind in New York, and that the late J. G. Blaine followed that calling for a while in Pennsylvania, and our temporary in the far north west now wants some person to discover some one with a national reputation who was once a teacher of the deaf, Dr. Bell, we pure oralist, being barred. We do not believe such an individual as the *Washingtonian* is looking for is to be found. It does not seem that men of ability use this profession as a stepping-stone to fame in other directions. There are plenty of famous men in the profession, men of ability who might have won a "national reputation" in politics or otherwise if duty had pointed in a different direction. We have been told by a many years intimate friend of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet that the opportunity came in the way of that gentleman in his younger years of accepting a calling which would have given him every chance of rising in fame in national reputation, if you will and no one who knows the Doctor well can doubt that he would have made the most of every chance. But he chose to remain in his first-chosen profession, a teacher of the deaf. Without doubt much the same can be said of many others who are laboring with and for the deaf. Let us not lose sleep andiling for erstwhile teachers of the deaf, now known to fame, but appreciate the fame deserving ones who have remained with us.—*Mississippi Voice*

An Ottawa dispatch dated Dec. 14th, says:—A man named Roy, who built from Three Rivers, was walking on the Gatineau Valley Railway track and being deaf did not hear a approaching engine. He was struck and one of his feet cut off at the ankle. Roy was conveyed to the Water-street Hospital.

## DIED.

JANESON—On Saturday, Dec. 16th, at 144 George Street, Ottawa, Isabella M. wife of W. A. Janeson.

**SPEAK KINDLY.**

Our days are all too few  
To live in any angry strife,  
Meaning, if we only know,  
Our brief life.  
Reason can be ours, if we  
Strive to stay  
From such of tears we see,  
To drive one away.  
Spiracious words, God sent,  
Never lost,  
Agree with the breath of heaven,  
Nothing cut  
Like kind acts, they steal along  
In hidden spring,  
Marked storms some little song  
In sad hearts sing.  
Gladly, for all around  
Pains and smart  
Full of moans and sound  
Breaking hearts,  
And built up as once did he,  
The glorious Lord  
With his hand bestow on thee  
Bright reward.  
R. THURTON FRANCIS.

**No Royal Road.**

The found Capt. S. T. Doyle, Prin-  
cipal of the West Virginia Institution,  
always has a thoughtful article in each  
issue of the *Hoodson Gazette*. This is  
the latest. A child of fifteen months,  
as a rule begins to talk. By the time it  
is three years old it has a vocabulary  
and a knowledge of the use of language  
that is surprising to one who considers it.  
We wish that some one who has the op-  
portunity would sit down and make out  
the vocabulary of some three year old  
child of his acquaintance and publish it  
in the *Little Papers*. Such a list  
would be most interesting and instructive  
to those who are engaged in the work  
of teaching the deaf. We would like  
to see a "double column" comparison of  
the vocabulary of an ordinary bright  
child of five years with that of a  
deaf child that had been at school for  
three years. Such a comparison  
would we think, give some idea of the  
immense difficulties that lie in the way  
of those who teach the deaf. Still more  
interesting would be a comparison of the  
vocabulary and the power of practical  
verbal expression of a hearing child of  
ten years with those of the brightest  
congenitally deaf child of, say, fourteen  
years that had been at school for seven  
years. Things like these must be con-  
sidered before we can fully comprehend  
how great are the difficulties that the  
deaf child has to surmount in acquiring  
language and being considered, they go  
far toward giving a reason why it is  
necessary that the deaf child needs, and  
should have, many more years of school-  
ing than his hearing brothers and sisters.  
To educate the deaf requires time and  
patience, time and patience, time and  
patience, and there is nothing else that  
can or will take the place of these two  
things. If there be a royal road for  
them to education it has not yet been  
discovered or invented. The old proverb  
says there is no such road, and yet men  
have been searching for it through all  
the ages with as much diligence as did  
the alchemists strive after the secret of  
gold, and with as little success. After  
all the work of the alchemists, gold has  
still to be dug out of the bowels of the  
earth, and after all the theories and  
short cuts of the seekers after a royal  
road to learning, we have to fall back  
on time and patience and diligent edu-  
cation on by hard work."

**What Do These Mean?**

- Illustrate the meaning of each of the  
following proverbs by applying its teach-  
ing to your day life:--
1. A rolling stone gathers no moss.
  2. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
  3. Fine feathers do not make fine birds.
  4. Birds of a feather flock together.
  5. Beggers must not be choosers.
  6. Trees at oaks from little acorns grow.
  7. Try to hit the nail on the head.
  8. Never cross a bridge until you come to it.
  9. Paddle your own canoe.
  10. The early bird catches the worm.
  11. Where there's a will, there's a way.
  12. Don't cry for spilt milk.
  13. It is a long road that has no turning.
  14. May day while the sun shines.
  15. Let it all travel and good at none.
  16. No city is the mother of invention.
  17. Steam while the iron is hot.
  18. It is no royal road to learning.
  19. Rome was not built in a day.
  20. The more cooks spoil the broth.
- Popular Educator.

**The Strain of Our Work.**

*From The Educator.*  
A series of recent events demonstrates  
the great strain under which the teach-  
ers and officers of our schools for the deaf  
are obliged to labor. Late in the last  
school year, Principal Johnson, of Ala-  
bama, died, worn out in the work.  
During the Chicago Congress we were  
shocked by the tragic death of Miss  
Emma Garret, whose over-wrought  
brain and nerves had finally impelled  
her to self-destruction; the new school  
year had just opened when news  
reached us of the mental prostration of  
one of our most prominent and highly  
honored associates, Dr. Noyes, of Min-  
nesota, whose affliction is directly trace-  
able to the heavy burden he had been  
bearing; Principal Westervelt, of Roch-  
ester, N. Y., was for a part of last year  
incapacitated from the active discharge  
of his duties; and now we are informed  
that Superintendents Argo, of Kentucky,  
and Kendall, of Texas, have been obliged  
to drop their work for a season, so that  
they may have an opportunity to recu-  
perate. When we consider how small a  
number there is of men and women in  
the country occupying similar positions  
the record is startling. And this is not  
all, for no one who attended the Chicago  
Congress could fail to notice that there  
were many others among the heads of  
our schools whose faces exhibited  
decided traces of bodily suffering and  
mental exhaustion. The same might  
be said of the teachers who were there.  
Among the latter the destruction has  
not been so great, in proportion to their  
numbers, as among the principals and  
superintendents, still it has been suffi-  
cient to deserve attention. One can  
hardly pick up a school paper without  
learning of some teacher who has been  
forced to retire, temporarily or per-  
manently, because of ill health, and  
there are doubtless many more who  
would follow them, were they not depend-  
ent upon their positions for the means  
of subsistence.  
The question arises, what can be done  
to relieve our officers and teachers of  
the too great pressure under which they  
are labouring; in justice to their pupils  
they dare not relax their efforts, yet  
justice to themselves and to those de-  
pendent upon them for support demands  
that they should not sacrifice themselves  
in the cause. At first sight it appears  
impossible to escape both horns of the  
dilemma; still we are convinced that  
much might be done.  
Principals and Superintendents should  
be allowed all the clerical and other as-  
sistance that may be necessary to the  
easy discharge of their duties. They  
should not be required to serve as hands  
and feet as well as head of the school.  
And it should be remembered that they  
do not have the two or three months  
vacation in summer that falls to the  
teachers, the erection of new buildings  
or alterations in old ones, and the plan-  
ning of the work for the next term often  
making this the busiest season to them.  
Provision should therefore be made by  
which they can enjoy an occasional  
period of relief from duty during the  
school year.  
Subordinates can do much to relieve  
the head by refraining from troubling  
him about little matters they might  
attend to themselves or pass over. The  
teacher who insists that little Johnny  
Smith shall be disciplined for sticking  
out his tongue at her, and reproof be  
administered to Tommy Jones for fail-  
ing to lift his cap as she passed by,  
that Hannah, who has come to school  
with soiled hands, torn apron, or unlaced  
shoes, shall be made to see the error of  
her ways, and the matrons, the super-  
visors, the seamstresses, the porters,  
the scrub-women, and others who are  
continually running to headquarters to  
relate their petty annoyances, or ask  
assistance to surmount obstacles that a  
little thought would enable them to over-  
come of themselves, are a weariness to  
the flesh and a drain upon the nervous  
forces that few men or women can  
endure for any length of time. They  
should not only seek to avoid troubling  
their chief themselves, but also stand  
between him and the pupils, saving him  
as much as possible from the trivial com-  
plaints, requests, etc., that they are  
likely to shower upon him.  
We believe it is the practice in the  
public schools of some large cities to  
allow teachers one year in every seven  
for rest, travel or study, as they prefer,  
with sufficient pay to afford a comfort-  
able support. The plan might with  
more reason and equal benefit be tried  
in schools for the deaf. At all events,

when a teacher's health is known to be  
in danger from faithful and self-sacrific-  
ing devotion to duty, there can be no  
question of the propriety of the school  
providing relief in some such manner.  
Much can be done to conserve the  
health and strength by a proper observ-  
ance of the rules of hygiene. Where  
the officers and teachers reside in the  
school, the authorities should see that  
they are properly housed, that their  
rooms are warm, well ventilated, and  
without draughts, that their food is of  
the best quality, properly prepared, and  
daintily served. There is often a senti-  
ment that they can take care of them-  
selves and all the school should concern  
itself with its pupils. This is mis-  
take, even so far as the welfare of the  
pupils is concerned, for their progress is  
directly dependent upon the condition  
of their teachers' health, and the latter  
are, in our large institutions, as helpless  
as the former to correct any fault in the  
arrangements referred to.  
Everyone of us should make it a rule  
to have a couple of hours exercise in the  
open air daily. A run into the open  
country on one's bicycle, a rattling game  
of tennis, or, in lieu of anything else, a  
brisk walk, will do wonders in the way  
of relaxing the tension on the nerves,  
purifying the blood, and exalting the  
depressed spirit.  
Another thing we need is variety in  
our work. It is the level road that kills.  
We have heard it said that one who  
teaches the deaf should have no other  
interest than this particular work, but  
believe it can be shown that the best  
service has been given by men devoted,  
though in an inferior degree, to other  
things as well.  
We need amusement too, and the  
price of an occasional ticket to the  
theatre or concert will be money well  
spent. We should enter into the social  
life of the place in which we may be,  
join a dancing class; if we fancy that  
sort of thing anything that will keep  
the heart young and spirits elastic.  
Above all, we should avoid worry and  
fret. If pupils do not progress satis-  
factorily, if methods fail to produce the  
results expected, don't scold or get into  
the dolldrums, but go quietly to work to  
find where the fault is and remedy it.  
We succeed better and quicker for  
keeping a calm and cheerful mind. Some  
teachers carry all the troubles of the  
day to bed with them, dream over them,  
and have them as a foundation on which  
to build the troubles of the morrow. It  
is not strange they grow thin and  
nervous.  
In almost every set of is the back-  
biting, quarrelsome, altogether hateful  
person, whose delight it is to lacerate  
the feelings and injure the reputations  
of others. If such an one crosses your  
path, ignore him, don't allow him the  
satisfaction of hurting you, do your duty  
and rest assured that your reward will  
come in due time.  
President Lincoln's receipt for pro-  
serving the health was: "Don't worry,  
eat three square meals a day, and say  
your prayers. Try it."  
**Training the Boys.**  
We believe a boy will grow up to be a  
better man and in-land if he is taught  
that some little duties fall to his share  
in keeping the home tidy. We call to  
mind a little boy of six or seven years of  
age who will put the furniture all on one  
side of the room, take the carpet sweep-  
er and brush up the sitting room as well  
as his mother can, and is often a great  
help to her. A boy's clothes will last  
much longer if the habit is formed of  
hanging them all up on a chair when he  
goes to bed. Generally they are left in  
a heap on the floor, or cast to the four  
points of the compass. A child that is  
very young can be taught to hang up its  
clothes so that they will be smooth and  
well- aired in the morning, and he will  
think it is fun to do it, and in the morn-  
ing to hang up the nightshirts, throw  
open the bedclothes, and push the win-  
dow up, will not only help his mother  
very much, but make the only daily task  
of straightening up the boy's room a  
much easier one, and it will teach the  
boys to be better guests in other homes  
and much tidier men when they are in  
possession of homes of their own. There  
are many things which are neglected in  
the home education of boys which should  
be taught to them as to their sisters;  
and when sickness comes, domestic up-  
heavals in the kitchen, or any unlooked  
for emergency, the boy's strength if  
aided by a little skill will help to do  
over the difficulty and give most effi-  
cient aid.

**TO-DAY.**

O life it is sad and strange,  
And love is dead and blind,  
And the shape of sorrow and change  
Are always pressing behind!  
If the tender impulse stay,  
It is nipped by the frost of fate,  
So make haste to be kind to-day,  
For to-morrow may be too late!  
The eyes that crave for our smile,  
Or the ears for our kindly word,  
May be closed in a little while,  
And our loudest cries unheard.  
Time mocks at our cold delay,  
Death waits not though we wait,  
So make haste to be kind to-day,  
To-morrow may be too late.

**The Superintendent's Position.**

In a recent number of *The Lone Star  
Weekly*, Supt. Kendall, of the Texas  
School for the Deaf, contributed the  
following, concerning the position of  
heads of great institutions:--  
If those for whom we labor could be  
made to understand the relations we  
sustain to the State and each other,  
some at least would be more charitable  
and less inclined to dictate to us how we  
should conduct the Institution.  
The management of a great institution  
like this requires consummate skill and  
mature deliberation to provide for it in  
all its phases. The literary instruction,  
the health, morals, etc., are all to be  
considered, and a conscientious discharge  
of duty involves much more than any  
one who has never assumed such re-  
sponsibilities can imagine, and none need  
expect that their particular wishes as  
to how their children shall be fed,  
clothed or taught, can be gratified, unless  
such wishes are in accord with what is  
due to others. These matters are en-  
trusted to those whose business it is to  
attend to all matters involving the in-  
terests of the school. If we should  
consult each individual parent as to  
how each child should be taught and  
controlled, the result would be that  
none would be satisfied. Great deference  
is given to intelligent parents as to what  
their children shall study, and for what  
avocation in life they shall be prepared;  
but if we find it incompatible with the  
interests of the pupil or the school; or,  
if on trial, we should find that they are  
mistaken as to the studies to which the  
child is adapted, and how it can best  
succeed, we do not submit the case to  
the parent or allow the child to choose  
for itself, when in the judgment of a  
competent faculty a different course  
should be pursued. One will say my  
child must have special attention. My  
child does not like this or that. To  
such I would say that your child is no  
better than other children. Ample pro-  
vision is made for all and no preference  
will be given to any.  
Everything possible that can be done  
for comfort and happiness of those en-  
trusted to our care will be done. No  
dictation or advice as to our duty can  
have the least effect on the management  
of the school. We profess to know our  
duty, and knowing it we will discharge  
it to the best of our ability, being re-  
sponsible to none but God and our  
country, whose servants we are. Chronic  
grumblers may say what they please,  
but backed by a consciousness of duty  
faithfully performed, and the support of  
an intelligent public who are well ac-  
quainted with our system and plan of  
government, we can defy the insignifi-  
cant few who assume to know more than  
others, and demand more than we are  
willing to concede.  
Our food is of the best the market  
affords and is well prepared and boun-  
tifully served. Our dormitories are clean  
and well ventilated, and the beds are  
clean and comfortable. Our laundry is  
as good as the best, and the work done  
will compare with any in the State.  
Our sanitation cannot be excelled, and  
one of the best physicians in the State  
is employed to administer to the sick.  
Those in charge of the industrial de-  
partments are skilled workmen and ad-  
vance the pupils under them as rapidly  
as the time out of the class-room will  
allow. All are given a chance to learn  
some one of them, but when we find  
that a pupil has no adaptation to me-  
chanics or art, he is dropped because we  
cannot be encumbered by those who  
cannot learn. We can furnish every  
thing necessary to a good education but  
brains--that indispensable article must  
accompany the applicant.  
Competent men and women are em-  
ployed in the literary departments, and  
thorough instruction to those who are  
capable of receiving it is assured. The  
Institution is always open to the public  
and a thorough inspection of the School  
in its entirety is solicited.

### THE YEAR'S LAMENT.

The day has come the darling day foreboded  
When earth was filled with blossoms and with  
wings,  
When all the world, now dim and half corroded,  
Was but a measure of the joy of things.  
  
At last, at last the weary place of parting,  
The fulness of the drear has fallen and died,  
The days of youth, the merry glad-sweethearting,  
Are gone forever like a word that's said.  
  
Children, my children let us die together,  
Let us but sleep together who are dear,  
Who have loved as one and worked in loving  
weather  
Although we make an end we shall not fear  
  
For when the snow lay thick on land and silver,  
And I was but a young un-fashioned thing,  
Long ere the willow had come forth "so silver,  
Or any bud had burgeoned for the spring.  
  
There grew upon me love and such a longing  
To know me in myself, alive, complete,  
To see around me buds and blossoms thronging,  
And creeping beauty of the tender wheat,  
  
That suddenly there broke a passion crying  
For something lost for long and found again,  
A sound of waters falling, and sweet sighing  
And cloudy purple plashing of soft rain  
  
And all things rushed upon me with a gladness,  
And everything I longed for came to be,  
My bright birds wild with liquid singing madness,  
Burst on me when I called across the sea  
  
And yet again I longed for more to follow,  
Some new thing where the old was once the best,  
Only to feel in every bill and hollow,  
The rhythm of a life that will not rest  
  
In hot mid-days of June what love was working,  
Although the blossoms of their leaves were free,  
Upon their steeled they left a promise lurking,  
A promise potent with a joy to be  
  
And when the blue was come of smoke and  
anudder,  
And color of rain and riot in the woods,  
It seemed the faller though the days were colder,  
The deepest and most precious of my moods.  
  
And now, although the time is late for learning,  
And all the world is eaten grey and black,  
There comes upon me just the same old yearning,  
And though I die I would not turn me back  
  
Yes, children, children though we die together,  
Although we sleep together who are dear,  
Who've loved as one and worked in every weather,  
Yes though we make an end we shall not fear  
  
Ottawa, Jan'y 1st 1894. —COLIV A. SCOTT

### Letters from Former Pupils.

HAMILTON, Dec. 23rd, 1893.

Issue after issue of your valued paper comes to hand every fortnight, regularly. There is no other paper that interests me so immediately, or refreshes me so abundantly, and I feel, that so long as there exists a paper of its nature in Canada, I must have it at all hazards, as I would not feel complete to be kept ignorant of the progress of my Alma Mater, and the fortunes or misfortunes of my fellow-mutes, and I don't see any better medium that can gratify this desire more completely and satisfactorily than your paper, but it is hardly necessary for me to go any farther in the estimation of your paper, for its value is already so well known to its readers, without further remark.

By the way, what strikes me is the conspicuous absence of Hamilton items. Historic Hamilton, why doth thou drag in the rear? So far as I am informed, there are eight or nine ex-pupils, of Belleville, located here, besides three or four English mutes, with one or two exceptions all are intelligent, and I see no excuse why there should not have been one or two regular correspondents to keep Hamilton from falling in the rear. I presume it is lack of ambition on the part of those responsible, and the rest are under the influence of other allurements, which do not tend to elevate their intelligence, but rather the reverse of it. Of course, all are as eager as myself to get your paper, nevertheless, and if it fails to reach them on time, I can imagine what a fuss they make, if they are subscribers and of course they borrow it if they are not. Why? Oh! simply, to hear of the ups and downs of their fellow mutes, in scattered parts, and right here they forget that perhaps there are other readers of your paper, in other localities, who are looking for news concerning the locality that happens to be absent. Therefore, in justice to all, I hope in future there will be a more general exchange among the mutes of Ontario and Canada in general, through your paper, of items concerning their fellow-mutes in their own locality. The writer is an old Hamilton boy, having only quite recently returned from nearly eight years sojourn in Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Now that I am here, I will do my share of contributing items, as far as I am able, from this locality.

Yours sincerely,

J. R. BRANK.

There are 184 women and only 12 men engaged in the oral teaching of the deaf. The women can beat men with the tongue and lips anytime.

### PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution

[BY HELLIA HERRINGTON.]

—Christmas was thoroughly enjoyed by all here.  
—How kind our old Santa Claus was! We all thank him sincerely.  
—Emily Cole has been admitted. She seems to be very happy now.  
—We all had a good time skating on the 26th, and like to go as often as possible.  
—Skating has come instead of foot ball. We wonder who will be the best skater  
—Six girls got Xmas books called "The Girl's Own." They are proud of them so am I.  
—Mrs. Terrill's class was each presented with a nice Xmas card, which they will keep in remembrance of her.  
—Misses Walker and Bull were confined to bed with an attack of la grippe, but we are glad because they are at their posts again  
—Annie McPhail was delighted to get a nice photo. from her brother Hugh lately. He is a handsome man with eyes like hers.  
—Flossy Gardner's parents sent her a lovely gold watch, of which she is proud. The girls will ask her "What time is it," all the time.  
—Edith Major's mother and little sister were here. She was very glad to see them again. They seemed delighted with the school and the progress Grace has made.  
—Eva Jameson was called home on the 16 ult., because her ma was at the point of death, and she died before she got there. Our sympathy is with her in her sad bereavement.

—Maggie Hutchinson went home on the 23rd ult. We hope she had a good time, but we are sorry because she will not come back till next September. She was in Mr. Coleman's class.

—On Sunday, the 17th, Miss Annie Mathison conducted the religious exercises in the chapel. She is a good singer, and the pupils who belong to the Bible class take a deep interest in it.

—We regret that our friend, Mr. Ashley, is confined to his room with an attack of la grippe. We hope it will speedily yield to the doctor's care and that he will be out in a few days.

—Gertrude Pilling's father and brother paid her a short visit on Xmas. She should be the happiest girl, because she got the largest box of all the girls. She was also presented with a pretty doll and sled.

—Mabel Ball was very glad to get a nice photograph from her oldest brother, Sterne, who visited here last year. It was shown to her friends and she was much pleased with their inquisitive admiration of it.

—Maud Thomas received a very nice letter from our dear little friend, Marion Water's mother, saying that Marion's leg is almost well and she wants to come back to school very much. We will be glad to see her again.

—On the 21st ult. Annie McPhail wrote a petition to the Supt. asking him to let several girls go shopping and he granted it. Six girls, under Mrs. Ball's charge, went out sleighing, which they enjoyed very much. How lucky they were!

—It is thought that Mr. Alfred Grey and his sister Mary, graduates of this Institution, are fond of the companionship of the deaf mutes in Ottawa. They go to the Y. M. C. A., about nineteen miles from their homes, to see Mr. Bayne preach regularly.

—We noticed in *The Siles Echo* that Mr. Bell's children paid Howard and Ruth McDermid a visit not long ago. Lillah Pottipiece, who was here five years, said that Nora Bell looks somewhat like Grace Muckle, but not quite so tall. Grace is one of the best pupils in Miss Templeton's class.

—We are all very glad to see the Superintendent's oldest son, Robert, who came here on the 23rd, from Vancouver, B. C. Only about twelve girls knew him. He is much altered and we all think that he is the very image of his father. How glad Mr. M is to have his own four children home together again

—E. Brazier says that she has often written but has not received a letter from home since she left in Sept. last.

She is very anxious to hear from her parents. It makes us very sad when we do not hear from our loved ones for a long time. Parents ought to write to their dear children while they are far away from them as often as possible.

### TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent

On Sunday, 21th, Mr. Nasmith preached an excellent Christmas sermon to a fairly large audience of deaf mutes. The portion of scripture read was part of 1st and 2nd chaps of Matthew. He referred to the various holidays in the year, Christmas Day, commemorative of Christ's birth, he said, was by far the most important day of all the others in the year, and that it was sad to see thousands of people calling themselves christians enjoying the day as other ordinary holidays, without over thinking the day was observed in honor of His birth.

A. A. McIntosh, who has been making a visit in Toronto of several weeks, took his leave of us last Tuesday. He will go direct to Winnipeg. He hopes to come to the Convention next summer, if it should be held.

Mrs. John Needham and her son Willie of Phelpsston, have been paying Mr. and Mrs. Slater a friendly visit the last week. There is a little deaf mute girl living in Phelpsston, by the name of Eva Gannon. Her parents expect to send her to the Belleville Institution as soon as she is old enough.

There is a rumor that one of our deaf friends living not far from this city has come to the conclusion that it is not good for man to be alone, and has decided to take a help-mate in the near future. If the rumor is true, we shall wish them all happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mason dined on Christmas day at Mrs. Riddell's.

Mrs. W. Torrell has gone to Belleville on a visit.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Boughton got his finger rather severely hurt in the washing wringer the other day, but is recovering again.

A certain deaf-mute who has been going around the city for a year or so under the guise of a missionary, has taken his leave after a fruitless attempt to make converts to his peculiar doctrine.

Mr. Grip has been paying a very friendly visit to quite a number of the mutes here lately, but at this time there is no trace of his presence. He has evidently left for good.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser had Christmas dinner at Mrs. Johnston's.

Mr. and Mrs. Flynn have gone to Lindsay.  
In the Police Court yesterday morning Inspector Breckencord nearly blew a lung out in his effort to make William Meredith understand that he was charged with vagrancy. The accused was exceedingly deaf, and appeared to be unable to understand the drift of what was occurring around him. After considerable delay some evidence, which, of course, Meredith could not hear at all, was put in, and he was fined \$1 and costs or three months. Not having the necessary cash, he was motioned down the stairs again.—*Mail, 23rd.*

### Helen Keller at the Fair.

Helen Keller's visit to the World's Fair was full of interest. Every door in the White City was opened to the helpless child who can neither see, hear, nor speak. The Cape of Good Hope unlocked its safe and allowed her to inspect its diamonds, showcases filled with the most delicate wares were thrown open that they might be explored by her delicate fingers. Even the foreign bazaars, with their warning sign, "For God's Sake Don't Handle" addressed to the personally investigating American, gave invitation to her touch. She climbed all over the great Krupp gun, and its workings were described for her by the German officers. What delighted her most was the French bronze, which her eager fingers traced, catching the artist's thought and getting ideas of loveliness, as her sensitive face expressed. Her companion was endeavoring to describe to her the effect of the electric light in the lagoons, and her well trained imagination quickly responded. "Does it look as if a shower of golden fish had been caught in an invisible net?" Her friend asks "Is it any wonder that Dr. Holmes says of her, 'She is a poet whose eyes were taken from her in early days, but whose soul is full of music.'"—*Boston Daily Globe.*

### A CHRISTMAS SLEIGH RIDE.

This Christmas day I don't  
As in my tockin' shoes  
See all the things I dot  
As this nice dumbbell  
  
A pretty, an' a tory bone  
I've put on all with her  
An' now we'll all a sleigh  
An' drive the Dumbbell  
Home

### Gen. Armstrong's Memoranda.

General Armstrong was commended with the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute of Virginia. After his death the following papers were found among his private papers, and the contents are so characteristic and full of his spirit that his friends thought they should not be withheld from a wider circle:—

MEMORANDA

Now when all is bright the family together, and there is nothing to dune and very much to be thankful for it is well to look ahead and perhaps to say the things that I would wish known should I suddenly die.

I wish to be buried in the school graveyard, where one of the students would have been put had he die.

Next, I wish no monument on my grave made over my grave only a simple funeral service without sermon or attempt at oratory—a eulogy, a prayer.

I hope that there will be enough friends to see that the work goes on, unless some one makes sacrifices for it, it cannot go on. A work that requires no sacrifices does not count for much in fulfilling God's plan. But what a commonly called sacrifice is made, the best natural use of one's time, strength, and means. He who makes no such sacrifices is most to be pitied, he is a heathen, because he knows nothing of God.

In the school, the best thing is to pull together, to refrain from harsh, unwise words and actions, to unselfishly and only seek the best good of all, to get rid of workers whose temperaments are unfortunate, whose hearts are not level, no matter how much learning or culture they may have, *neque in voce than heterodoxy.*

I wish no effort of a biography made. Good friends might get up a pretty good story, but it would not be the whole truth—the truth of a life is usually a deep down, wretchedly known, and God only does—I trust His mercy. The shorter one's creed the better. Simply to Thy cross I cling is enough for me.

I am most thankful for my parents, my Hawaiian home my wife, my college days at Williams and for life and work at Hampton. Hampton has blessed me in so many ways, and with it have come the choicest people of the country for my friends and helpers, and then such a grand chance to do something directly for those who were conquered; and Indian work has been another great privilege.

Few men have had the chance I have had—I never gave up or sacrificed anything in my life, have been continually guided in everything.

Prayer is the greatest power in the world—it keeps us near to God. My own prayer has been most a war-ning, incessant, but it has been the best thing I ever did. I think this a most sal truth—what comfort is there even in the broadest truth?

I am most curious to get a glimpse of the next world—how will it all seem? Perfectly fair and perfectly remunerative—doubt—we ought not to fear death, it is friendly. The only pain that can be as bad as the thought of it is for my dear family wife and blessed, dear children, but they will be brave and in the end triumph.

Hampton must not go down in the hands of you who are true to the blessed and noble children of the country and to the cause of education.

The loyalty of my old soldiers and my students has been an inexpressible comfort to me.

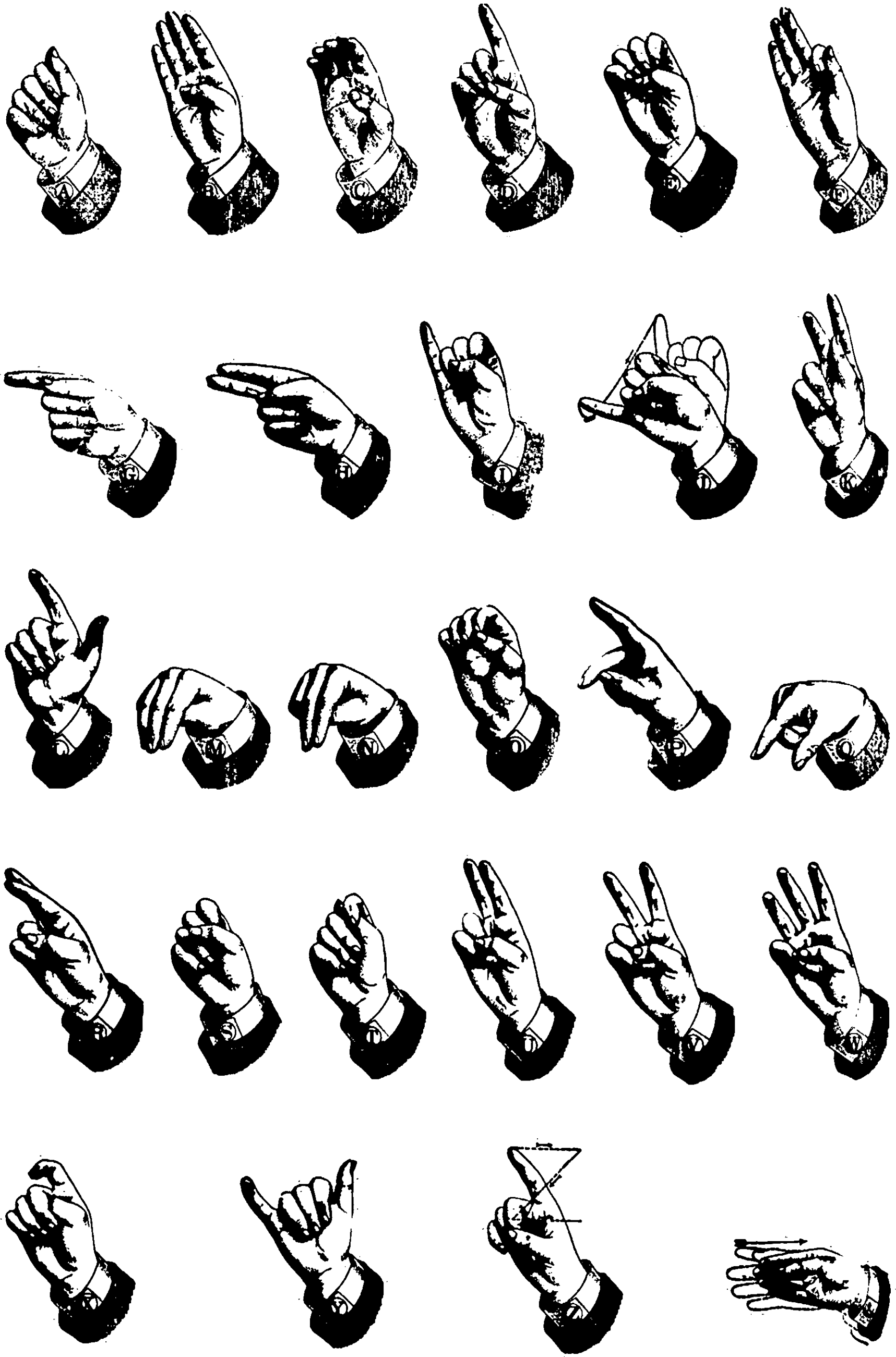
It pays to follow one's best light to put God and country first and ourselves afterwards.

(Signed) Gen. A. A. Armstrong  
Hampton, Va.,  
New Year's Eve, 1890

There is a divorce case on the papers at Chicago. A rich old man, with a pretty young deaf woman, and the old man wants a divorce.



SINGLE-HAND ALPHABET.



# Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.

- OFFICERS**
- WM. NURSE - Belleville
  - H. C. MATHISON - Toronto
  - A. W. MASON - Toronto
  - A. B. HURD - Brantford
  - D. J. McKillop - Belleville
  - D. H. COLMAN - Belleville
- ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION**
- H. Mathison.
  - Wm. Nurse.
  - Wm. Douglas.
  - D. J. McKillop
- FOOTBALL AND HOCKEY CLUBS**
- Eleven - J. Chambers.
  - Eleven - W. H. Gould.
  - Eleven -
  - Nine -
- LIBRARY SOCIETY**
- H. Mathison.
  - Wm. Nurse.
  - D. J. McKillop.
  - Ada James.

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Local Reporter.  
 MONDAY JANUARY 1, 1894.  
 The secret of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and bad together.  
 AS WELL THAT ENDS WELL, IV. 2.

## A Good Beginning.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

This is the time to balance accounts. We have finished the work of another year and open a new record in the registry of life. How does our account stand? On which side is the balance? Are we much in debt? Let us examine the entries carefully and ascertain just what our moral finances amount to. On the debtor side we find a long list of our sins of omission and commission. We have omitted many important duties, and neglected many kind offers for improvement. We know how frequently we committed errors of judgment, of conduct of faith, and of duty. These are all charged against us. The credit column contains all that we did, or tried to do, in the service of God and for the good of ourselves and others. Are there as many entries as on the debtor side? Compare them carefully, honestly, and thoughtfully.

Today we enter upon a new year. We must open a new set of accounts. Turn over a new leaf. The old one is blotted soiled, and torn. We can read what was written thereon, though blurred and erased. The new leaf is white and pure. It is ready for use. The record on the other side will be useful. By glancing at the columns we can see what we did wrong last year, and thus know how to avoid repeating such errors. Let us make a good beginning. Write the headlines plainly and accurately. Think awhile before making the first entry. It must be on the debtor side. We owe much to God for what He has done for us. We begin the year with a sense of great indebtedness for His favors. The time is opportune for the formation of good resolutions. Let us resolve to be honest, upright, noble, faithful, obedient, industrious and true. Let us also resolve to make better use of our times to study more, think more, and try more earnestly to cultivate and develop the principles that make noble men and women. The days of our novitiate will soon be over, and then we must take our places among the laborers in life's rugged path. If we lay a good foundation, the superstructure will be solid, durable, and attractive. Now is the time to lay the foundation. Let us begin the new year with faith in God, faith in our fellow-men, and faith in ourselves. The record, when the accounts are again closed, will be glorious.

The Indiana school has adopted the new system of instruction for the advanced classes.

# Christmas at the Institution.

Christmas Day, kept to commemorate the birth of our Saviour, which event is the Christian World's best hope, was joyfully spent at the Institution. Those happily possessed of all their faculties, and accustomed to draw their pleasures from the deep wells of social converse, and to have their ears gladdened with sweet music, while the merry jest and keen wit draw out the hearty laughter, making the pulses to throb with happiness, such may think, how can those whose tongues are bound and ears closed enjoy a real Christmas? Those who think thus are strangers to muteness, for our boys and girls did enjoy it, and hailed the anniversary with delight. Old and young set out to enjoy and make the most of it. Hearty handshakings and good wishes flew around. All seemed to be imbued with one idea—to be happy themselves and to help make others happy, and certainly to look at the fat, ruddy, laughing faces of our boys and girls it was an easy task for them to do. Early in the morning, long before the usual time for rising, the dormitory floors resounded with the pattering of many feet, and the officers needed no Christmas chimas to remind them of the day.

Mr. Mathison's circular to parents was very liberally responded to, and the pupils know it, and waited impatiently to see the results of Santa Claus' visit. At 10 a. m., the pupils, resident officers and visiting friends assembled in the girls' sitting-room, where they found that an immense pile of boxes, parcels and money letters had been deposited by the good old gentleman, and the funniest thing of all was no one had seen him doing it. Mr. Mathison and Prof. Coleman gave the pupils a hearty Christmas greeting, expressing their pleasure that all, with one exception, were able to be present, and wished all the pupils every joy during the day. The work of distributing the presents was a very pleasant one, and the smiling countenances indicated the joy each one felt when they received the love tokens from their friends at home. We would have had more respect for the old gentleman if he had divided his favors more equally, some received such large boxes that they had to get help to carry them from the room, others could put all their gifts in a very small pocket, but all were happy. The Government, with its usual generosity, had provided a book for every one none were forgotten, each received one suited to their mental capacity. We hope that our pupils will carefully preserve these books each year, and by the time that their school days are over they will have a nice set which they may proudly preserve as mementoes of their school days. Should they live to grow old, no time will be more fondly looked back to than the years they spend here.

The next place of attraction was the dining-room, which, although minus the usual decorations, presented a cheerful appearance, a few of the friends of the pupils being present. The tables were beautifully supplied with the usual Christmas cheer and a good long time was spent in discussing the fare so liberally provided. All for the time being seemed to be living to eat, not eating to live. A heavy sick list was looked for next morning, but beyond a slim attend-ance at breakfast there was nothing unusual.

For some days before Christmas the weather had been soft and damp, and so it continued throughout the day. The pupils were very much disappointed in not having ice-boating and skating for the afternoon. After tea, the tables were piled away by willing hands, and the large dining room cleared for the usual evening social. The pupils marched in at 7.30 p. m., and until 10 p. m. the time was very pleasantly spent. The pupils joined heartily in the various games, the small boys and girls especially seemed supremely happy, judging from the lively way they spent their time. During the evening nuts, candies and fruit were liberally distributed, each receiving a bag full, and when the closing hour arrived all voted that they had spent a very happy Christmas. The next day a change in the weather made excellent skating and ice-boating, and plenty of liberty was afforded the pupils to enjoy it to the full. During the week, the reins of discipline and application to study were relaxed, although it was necessary to keep the

pupils in school for the sake of order and quiet, and so ended our Christmas doings for 1893.

**NOTES**  
 Mrs. Terrill was the guest of the Institution for Christmas dinner. Neither of her children were home. She hopes to have one or both with her for the New Year.

A box of rubbish was smuggled in amongst the Christmas gifts and addressed to one of the girls. The boys who fixed it up may think themselves cute, but we do not. We hope their consciences will prick them severely.

Boils predominated among the presents that came for the girls, the boys enjoyed a greater variety. Quite a large batch of hand-shells were received by the small boys, which, with a pair of skates, are just the things for the season.

There was no attempt at decorations this Christmas. The matron and supervisor always attend to these things, but this year we have had so much sickness since school opened, that their attention and anxiety has frequently been severely taxed.

This is the first Christmas that our veteran gardener Mr. Wills, has missed going to the woods for evergreens, for 23 years.



Now date your letters 1894  
 A Happy New Year to everybody  
 'Till soon be 2003 years since Christ was born.

How many of us will live to see that date six years hence?

The past month of December gave us some unusually cold weather.

Miss Maybee had her Christmas dinner with her mother in Warkworth.

When the thermometer marks 14 and 18 degrees below zero we shiver.

The festivities incident to Christmas and New Years will soon terminate.

Santa Claus was generous as usual in the distribution of his favors, and everybody here received something to make them happy.

Our Superintendent makes an admirable Santa Claus, if he is not old and grey. He knows how to make Christmas a time of sweet memories.

Mr. J. C. Jameson of *The Intelligencer*, Belleville favored our pupils at Christmas, with hundreds of illustrated newspapers. Such thoughtful kindness is appreciated.

Funny, wasn't it? The pupils battled with the measles, while the teachers and officers went down before "la grippe," and neither sickness entered the precincts of the other.

Mr. A. Matheson, our Bursar, had all his family around him for Christmas. His eldest son, William, being home from Montreal. Mrs. Matheson and all her family attended the pupils' social on Christmas night.

Mr. McKillop returned to duty on the 10th. We regret that he left his mother in such an unsatisfactory state of health that it may necessitate another call home at any time. His sister Bella is in attendance on her.

Albert College is closed for the holidays. Three of the young gentlemen students took advantage of their leisure to pay us a visit. Two of them were members of the senior foot-ball team and they greeted our boys warily.

Robert Hanson of Kingston, Francis Hunt, of Rockport, and John Earl, of Brockville, had a pleasant time at the party on Christmas evening. They were delighted to renew old friendships and make new friends at the Institution. These three young men are doing well. They are steady, industrious and saving.

Robert and George Mathison are at home for the holidays. George has been attending the dental college in Toronto, and will spend the Christmas recess at home. Robert has been absent for eight years in British Columbia. He arrived on the evening of the 29th, and called in the pupils' dining room while they were at tea before going home. The pupils welcomed him with cheers and the room was a little sea of waving handkerchiefs. Robert is very little changed, he is the same easy, free, good-natured young man that he was years ago. All were very glad to see him, and wish him every pleasure and unalloyed happiness during his stay here.

Mrs. Eva Rose York was a welcome and interested visitor at the Institution on Wednesday last.

Mrs. W. J. Terrill, of Toronto, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Nurse during the holidays. She came to see her little boy who is attending the Institution for his first term. Of course, Freddy was glad to see his mamma.

Mrs. Currie, of Glenora, very kindly forwarded to Miss Walker, pieces of silk and velvet suitable for patch work for the girls. She was down here when her little boy Clifford was ill and found out what would please the girls. She has their and our thanks for her kind remembrances.

Of the pupils who live at a distance only two went home for the holidays. Maggie Hutchinson and Daniel Gerow. Neither of them will be admitted again before September. In the case of the little boy, the removal will, we fear be a loss of time, by disarranging the plan for his promotion.

Maud Culligan, a pupil of the third class, was compelled to give up her studies and return home. The same thing occurred last term, the cause on both occasions being the same—all health. We are very sorry for her, and hope that a lengthened stay at home will improve her health; as she is yet young, she may then return and prosecute her studies with renewed vigor.

On the 16th ult., Eva Jameson was called home by telegram, owing to the severe illness of her mother, who was said to be sinking rapidly. She went to Ottawa by the midnight train, arriving early on Sunday morning, but too late to see her dear mother alive. It was a great disappointment to both Eva and her mother, as prior to her death, Mrs. Jameson was very anxious to see her Eva once more. Everyone in the Institution feels for her great sorrow and extends to her their heartfelt and sincere sympathy.

The other week, the Grand Jury was attending court in Belleville. A visit to the Institution at the close of their duties has long been a time honoured custom, and it was the first occasion, for many years, that they have missed making us a call. They visited the Hospital and Jail, but gave us the go-by, thus saving the county the expense of the long drive to the Institution. Interested visitors are always made welcome, but just at that time, we had so much sickness that their non-appearance was perhaps a relief.

Some of our pupils thought it hard that they could not be wholly free from the restraints of school during Christmas week, and were inclined to envy those attending the schools in the city who are released for two weeks, but they forget the difference between a day and boarding school. All who have been accustomed to children can imagine what would be the result if 250 healthy, hearty boys and girls, brimful of fun and mischief, were let loose through the building; it would soon be changed to a pandemonium, and the whole staff of officers could not prevent injury to the buildings. "Idleness is the devil's workshop" would never be better verified.

Little Marion Waters, when she entered the Institution last September had a sore leg, which became quite serious, the bone being affected, and an operation was considered advisable to save her leg and restore her to perfect health. Arrangements were made with the authorities of the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, and they very kindly took the little girl under their care; that she might be near her parents, who live in that city. A few weeks ago the physician operated on her leg and it is now almost well again. She was kept in bed for a considerable time and was very fretful, wishing to get back to the Institution. Lord and Lady Aberdeen visited the hospital and were greatly taken up with Marion; they sent their children to visit and give her a bunch of roses; they asked for some keepsake in return which Marion gave them in the shape of Kindergarten cards, that she had been making. We are glad to learn that she will return to the Institution in a few weeks.

Those who propagate evil reports, frequently invent them; and it is no breach of charity to suppose this to be always the case; because no man who spreads detraction would have scrupled to produce it; as he who would diffuse poison in a brook, would scarce be acquitted of a malicious design, though he should allege that he received it of another who is doing the same elsewhere.



## THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY JENNIE F. WILLING

"Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,  
Go while it is called to-day,  
For the years go out and the years come in,  
Remember of those who may lose or win  
Of those who may work or play

"And the troops march steadily on, my boy,  
To the army gone before  
You may hear the sound of their falling feet  
Going down to the river where two worlds meet  
They go to return no more.

"There's a place for you in the ranks, my boy,  
And duty too assigned  
Step into the front with a cheerful face  
Be quick, or another may take your place,  
And you may be left behind

"There is work to be done by the way, my boy,  
That you never can tread again—  
Work for the toilless, lowliest men—  
Work for the plow, plume, spindle, and pen—  
Work for the hands and the brain

"The serpent will follow your steps, my boy  
To lay for your feet a snare  
And pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,  
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers  
In wreathing her golden hair

"Temptation will wait by the way, my boy—  
Temptations without and within,  
And spirits of evil, with robes as fair  
As those which the angels in heaven might wear,  
Will lure you to deadly sin

"Then put on the armor of God, my boy  
In the beautiful days of youth  
Put on the helmet and breastplate and shield,  
And the sword the feeblest arm may wield  
In the cause of right and truth

"And go to the battle of life, my boy,  
With the peace of the gospel about,  
And before high heaven do the best you can  
For the great reward and the good of man,  
For the kingdom and crown of God."

### Tried to Forbid the Bans.

A friend sends us the following interesting account of how Miss Hill's pet colt interrupted her wedding:—

A wedding in rural high life was interrupted in a peculiar fashion at Walnut Hill, Connecticut, a few days ago.

The parents of Miss Nellie Hill, who was to become the wife of Mr. Anson Gear, thought it would be the thing to celebrate the wedding in church.

The contracting parties were pleased with the suggestion, and preparations were made for an elaborate wedding.

All the people on the Hill were invited, and all went. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers. Built over the path leading from the road to the church door was an awning, and on the ground was laid a strip of carpet.

Miss Hill was very fond of pets, and among the animals on the farm she had a pet cow and a pet colt. Her affection for these animals was warmly reciprocated. Either of them would follow her about like a dog. Daisy was the name of the pet colt. It happened that Daisy had his eye on the preparations for the wedding last Wednesday. He stood with his head over the pasture bars and saw his mistress climb into the family carriage and drive down the road.

A short time after, according to the testimony of the hired man, the colt cleared the bars at a bound and with tail up and heels in the air went down the road at a lively gallop in the direction his mistress had taken.

The wedding party was in the church and bride and bridegroom were standing before the minister ready to take their vows, when there was a commotion in the vestibule. Every man, woman, and child in the church turned towards the door just as Miss Hill's colt stuck his head through the opening. Seeing his mistress at the altar the animal walked down the aisle and thrusting his head between the bride and bridegroom rubbed his nose against the bride's shoulder, whimpering affectionately.

The preacher stopped, the bride's father attempted to drive the colt out of the church, but it refused to go until incited to do so by its mistress, who led the way. When the horse was outside, the door was closed to keep out the animal and the young woman returned to the altar and was married.

When the wedding procession set out for the Hill residence, where refreshments had been spread for the guests, the colt trotted along by the side of the carriage in which its mistress rode.—*Our Dumb Animal.*

The Colorado School carries an insurance of \$85,200 on its buildings.

The Illinois School now has nearly 600 pupils, and it seems to be hard to keep track of all the names. A few weeks ago a ten-year old boy whose name was on the rolls was supposed to be lost, and the mistake was not discovered until the boy's father came and identified the boy as his son. It was found that he had been going under an assumed name.—*Ex.*

## Biblical References to the Deaf.

Mr. Wallace Foster, of Indianapolis, who is known to the deaf as the deaf secretary of the Silent Army of Soldiers, Sailors and Marines, has compiled for *The Silent Hoopier* all references which are made to the deaf or dumb in the Bible, including every use which is made of the word deaf. The references are as follow:

Exodus iv. 11—And the Lord said unto him, who hath made man a mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? have not I the Lord?

Lovitians xix. 14—Thou shalt not curse the deaf, nor put a stumbling block before the blind, but shall fear thy God. I am the Lord.

Psalm xxxviii. 13—But I, as a deaf man, heard not, and I was as a dumb man that openeth not his mouth.

Psalm lxxviii. 4—Their poison is like the poison of a serpent; they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear. Isaiah xxxix. 18—And in that day shall the deaf hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity, and out of darkness.

Isaiah xxxv. 6—Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Isaiah xliii. 18—20—Hear, ye deaf, and look ye blind, that ye may see. Who is blind, but my servant? or deaf, as my messenger that I sent? who is blind as he that is perfect, and blind as the Lord's servant?

Seeing many things, but who observeth not; opening the ears, but he heareth not.

Isaiah xliii. 8—Bring forth the blind people that have eyes, and the deaf that have ears.

Micah vii. 16—The nations shall see, and be confounded at all their might; they shall lay their hand upon their mouths, their ears shall be deaf.

Matthew xi. 5—The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up and the poor have the gospel preached to them.

Mark vii. 32-37—And they bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech, and they beseech him to put his hand upon him.

And he took him aside from the multitude and put his fingers into his ears, and he spit, and touched his tongue; and looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened.

And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain.

And he charged them that they should tell no man: but the more he charged them, so much the more a great deal they published it;

And were beyond measure astonished, saying, He hath done all things well: he maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.

Mark ix. 25—When Jesus saw that the people came running together, he rebuked the foul spirit, saying unto him, Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him, and enter no more into him.

Luke vii. 22—Then Jesus answering said unto them, Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the deaf the gospel is preached.

### A New Way to Get Coal.

Mr. Murphy lived near a railroad. He had a pet monkey. He put the monkey in the back yard near the railroad. There was a telegraph pole in the yard and the monkey used to climb up the pole. It liked to watch the trains go by. Many trains loaded with coal passed Mr. Murphy's house. The men on the cars saw the monkey. They threw coal at him but they could not hit him. He was very quick. He always dodged the coal. Every day the men threw at the monkey until there was a great deal of coal in the yard. Mr. Murphy put it in his collar to keep for winter. He did not need to buy any coal for a long time.—*Adapted.*

### What is Needed.

The kind of teachers we need most at this school are the class that attend strictly to business—those who will bury themselves in the work. Too many teachers of the deaf and their work in the school-room. We want teachers who will mingle with pupils—teachers who

are real friends to the deaf, teachers who can be companions and confidential friends of the pupils and keep them full respect. No teacher need flatter himself that there is any thing in his skill in imparting instruction or any peculiarity in the make up of his pupils which will enable them to dispense with long and patient training. Neither devices nor methods of teaching can take the place of downright hard work on the part of the pupil. He should be trained to self reliance and should learn that scholarship depends on what some writer calls the staying qualities—patience, endurance and steady industry.—*Mo. Record.*

## A Business Education.

A BOOK OF VALUABLE INFORMATION ON THE SUBJECTS OF BOOK-KEEPING and SHORTHAND

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### FOR SALE.

HISTORY OF DEAF-MUTE EDUCATION in Ontario, illustrated with thirty-four fine engravings. Single copies, paper cover 25c. Full cloth 50c. By the dozen copies, paper cover 17c each, cloth 35c each. C. J. HOWE, 178 Dover Court Road, Toronto, Ont.

## The Los Angeles Association of the Deaf.

SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY at 11 a.m. at the Guild Room of the St. Paul's Church, Olive Street, Los Angeles. Officers: The holding of religious services in the sign language; The social and intellectual improvement of deaf mutes; Visiting and aiding them in sickness; Giving information and advice where needed. Officers: Secretary Treasurer and Missionary. Those with the post office address of Mr. Thomas Wick is Station D, Los Angeles, Cal., to whom all communications should be addressed.

## TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows: Every Monday morning at 11 a.m. in the Y. M. C. A. Building at 47 Queen Street West and Dovercourt Road. Leaders Messrs Fraser, Houghton and Hester. In the afternoon at 3 p.m. in the Y. M. C. A. Building, at corner of Spadina Avenue and College Street. Leaders Messrs. Nasmith and Hirdgen. The Literary Society meets on the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month, in the Y. M. C. A. Building, corner of Queen St. West and Dovercourt Road, at 8 p.m. President, C. J. Howe. Vice-pres, A. W. Mason. Secretary, H. C. Hester. Treas. W. J. Terrill. The above officers, with P. Fraser, form the Executive Committee. All resident and visiting deaf mutes are cordially invited to attend the meetings. The secretary's address is 19 Chorden Avenue.

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## Uneducated Deaf Children.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post-office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward them particulars concerning this institution and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed and furnished with an education.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.

## Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION: WEST—8:00 a.m., 4:17 a.m., 11:55 a.m., 2:00 p.m. EAST—1:02 a.m., 6:25 a.m., 11:05 a.m., 12:22 a.m., 12:45 p.m., 6:00 p.m. MADON AND PETERBORO BRANCH—6:45 a.m., 11:50 a.m.; 4:20 p.m.

## GENERAL INFORMATION.

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### Classes.

SCHOOL HOURS: FROM 9 A. M. TO 4 P. M. FROM 1:30 TO 3:30 P. M. DRAWING CLASS from 4 to 5 p.m. Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS from 4 to 5 p.m. Wednesday afternoons in school building 5:30 to 8. BIRD CLASS for Junior High school, in the rooms of Monday and Wednesday afternoons from 3:10 to 4. EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8 p.m. for Junior High pupils and from 7 to 8 for Junior High pupils.

### Articulation Classes.

From 9 a. m. to 12 noon and from 2 to 5 p. m.

### Religious Exercises.

EVERY SUNDAY Primary pupils at 10 a. m. color pupils at 11 a. m. General assembly at 2:30 p.m. Immediately after which the Bible Class will assemble. EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are in chapel in the Chapel at 8:45 a.m. and the superintendent in-charge for the week will open the service and afterwards dismiss them so that they may reach their respective schools. At 3:30 p.m. at 9 o'clock in the morning at 3 o'clock the pupils will again assemble in the chapel for prayer will be dismissed in the usual orderly manner. BOYLAN SISTERS CLERGYMEN: Rev. Canon Burke, High Holy Monseigneur Bourley, V. O. Rev. J. L. George, S. J., Rev. Fr. J. Baker, Methodist, Rev. Fr. Marshall, Baptist, Rev. M. W. Mackinnon, Presbyterian. Rev. Father O'Brien.

Our Clergymen of all Denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.

### Industrial Departments.

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOP AND BUREAU. Hours from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m. and from 1:30 to 3:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school. Those who do not from 7:30 a.m. to 11 a.m. and from 1:30 to 3:30 p.m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shop will be closed at noon.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 9 to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 3:30 p.m. for those who do not attend school and from 8:30 to 9 p.m. for those who do not attend school on Saturday afternoons.

The Printing Office, Shop and Bureau Room to be left each day when work is done in a clean and tidy condition.

PUPILS are not to be present in the various Classes or Industrial Departments except on account of sickness without permission of the Superintendent.

Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work of the institution to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

### Visitors:--

Persons who are interested, desiring to visit the institution, will be made welcome on any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays, except the regular chapel exercises at 10 a.m. on every day afternoons. The best time to visit on ordinary school days is as soon as possible in the afternoon as possible as the cases are dismissed at 3:00 o'clock.

### Admission of Children

When pupils are admitted and parents are with them to the institution, they are advised not to linger and prolong stay taking with their children. If only a slight discomfort for all concerned, particularly the parent. The child will be tenderly cared for and if left in our charge without the parent will be quite happy with the other pupils. In some cases in a few hours.

### Visitation:--

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-rooms and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodgings for our or entertain guests at the institution, but accommodation may be had in the city, the Hoffman House, Queen's, Angl. American and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

### Clothing and Management.

Parents will be good enough to give directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. Correspondence will be allowed by parents and employees under any circumstances without special permission, each occasion.

### Sickness and Correspondence.

In case of the serious illness of pupils letters or telegrams will be sent daily to the guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF BOTH FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE GIVEN BY MAIL.

All pupils who are capable of doing work are required to write home every week. Letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, teaching as far as possible, their wishes.

No medical preparations that have to be used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the Institution.

Parents and friends of Deaf children are advised against Quack Doctors who advertise their cures and appliances for the cure of deafness. In 999 cases out of 1000 they will do no return. Consult well known medical practitioners in cases of deafness, and be guided by their sound advice.

R. MATHISON Superintendent.