

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

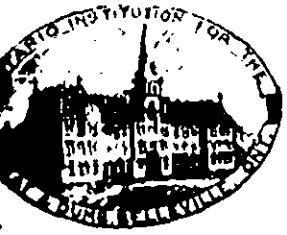
Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

VOL. VI.

BELLEVILLE, DECEMBER 1, 1897.

NO. 9.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Director of the Government in Charge
HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

Government Inspector:
P. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:
MR. J. A. BROWN, M. A. Superintendent
MR. J. BROWN, Pursuer
MR. M. D. BROWN, Physician
MR. W. WALKER, Writton

Teachers:
MR. J. A. BROWN, Miss J. G. FRIGILL
Miss K. TEMPLETON
Miss M. M. OSTRON
Miss MARY HULL
Miss LORENCE MAYHEW
MR. MELVIA L. HALL
Miss ADA JAMES
Miss GEORGINA LINS

Teachers of Articulation:
MR. JACK, Miss CAROLINE GIBSON
Miss DULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

MR. M. CAULY, JOHN T. BURNS, Typewriter Instructor of Printing
DOUGLASS, WM. NURSE, Master Shoemaker
KRITH, J. MIDDYMAN, Engineer of Boys, etc.
DUMPHY, JOHN DOWNIE, Master Carpenter
A. HALL, D. CUNNINGHAM, Hospital Nurse, Master Baker
JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener

Object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, on account of deafness, either partial or total, who are unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

Admission: Pupils between the ages of seven and not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly two months during the summer of each year. Pupils who are able to do so, are to be charged the sum of \$20 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance furnished free.

Admission: Pupils whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for their maintenance will be admitted free. Clothing must be provided by parents or friends.

Profession: Pupils are taught the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking. Female pupils are instructed in domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Knitting, the use of the sewing machine, and ornamental and fancy work as may be desired.

Expectation: It is expected that all having charge of deaf mute pupils will avail themselves of the liberal facilities afforded by the Government for their education and improvement.

Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and ends on the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission, etc., will be given upon application by letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS: LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DISTRIBUTED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. MAIL JUSTICE TO GO TO THE OFFICE AT BELLEVILLE. MAIL TO BE SENT TO THE OFFICE AT ROOM AND 245 P. M. OF EACH DAY (EXCEPTED). THE MESSENGER IS NOT TO BE SENT TO POST OFFICE FOR DELIVERY, FOR ANY REASON, UNLESS THE SAME IS IN THE LOCKED BAG.



Could We But Know!

Could we but know if the angels be ready
To love and to cherish us should we be again
And all the broken links be repaired
That death has severed in love's golden chain
Could we but know!

Could we but know that a life we call sweet
Are only hushed to our fall and great ear
And all our duties with all the old time tread
Thought of it when all in vain to hear
Could we but know!

Could we but know if the pale eyelids' closing
Takes to the spirit visions far more clear
And it can tell the road from the scenting
And see what worthless things we oft hold dear
Could we but know!

Could we but know if the still walk beside us
I heard, unseen, and life a ceaseless din
That they rejoice if we are true to duty
And grieve if vice's path we enter in
Could we but know!

Could we but know if the pale hands we've folded
So still and cold above the pulseless breast
Still keep our own but with a touch so gentle
Our hands of death feel not the light's stress
Could we but know!

But to our question comes no certain answer
We can not hope and trust, tis better so
But our fond hearts are very weak and human
And longing, waiting, all we sadly say
Could we but know!



"I Promise."

BY FANSE.

He was only ten years old, and this was his first long day away from his mother. The desire of his heart had been accomplished, and he was regularly entered as a scholar in the famous Eton school. But more than once that day his heart had failed him. Six hundred boys! Ever so many of them much older than he, and as large again, and many of them so rough in voice and manner that he felt half afraid of them. Not so much that they would hurt him in any way as that they would laugh at him. The truth is this boy would rather be struck than be laughed at, and I suspect there are boys in this country that are in full sympathy with him.

More than once during the day the little fellow had heard a suppressed giggle over some awkwardness of his, - suppressed because a teacher happened to be near at hand, but this, and several whispered remarks about his being a "mull," - whatever that meant, and the fact that he had been asked whether his mother knew that he was out, led him to understand what he might expect at their hands when the teachers were out of hearing.

Bedtime found him one of thirty boys shut into a large hall, or "dormitory," making ready for bed. In his mind was a great tumult. Certain home scenes were as vividly before him as if he had been looking at a photograph. Among them was this, his mother's room, the light burning low, his mother in her little rocking chair, he standing by her side. That was only two nights ago, his last night at home. What was that she was saying? He seemed to hear the words. "And another thing, my boy. I wish you would promise me that you will not under any circumstances neglect or omit kneeling down every night to pray. Boys at school are sometimes rude and disagreeable, and it may not always be an easy thing to do; but I know it will help you to keep this rule through life. I wonder whether you are willing to promise your mother?" There had been tears in her eyes when she spoke, and her voice had trembled. He knew it was hard for his

mother to send him away to school, he had not then known how hard it would be for him to go. But with that tremble in her voice he was ready to promise her anything, so he had unhesitatingly said, "Yes, mother, I promise."

He was a boy to be trusted. But he had not thought of being in the room with more than two or three boys, and behold, here were thirty, all a good deal older than himself, all talking and laughing, some of them talking in a way that he was sure his mother would have called coarse. If she could see and hear them, would she want him to kneel down in such a presence? It would be mere form, he thought, he could not possibly pray. Surely it would be much better to get quietly into bed, and cover his head with the bedclothes and there pray to the Father who seeth in secret. Yet there was his promise. Yes, but his mother did not know how it would be, besides, she meant that he was never to omit prayer, and he could pray much better in bed than out.

No, that would not do. His conscience was too well trained for such reasoning. Had she not said, "I wish you would promise me that you will not under any circumstances neglect or omit kneeling down every night to pray?" and he had said, "Mother, I promise." "And I'll keep my word," he said resolutely.

Down on his knees went the small boy, with his face buried in the pillow. There was an instant's astonished hush, then the babel of tongues commenced. They shouted, they cheered, they groaned, they roared. Finding him unmoved, they threw books at his head, and, gathering about him, shouted, "Hello! Muffy has fainted, help! help! let's get him out of this!"

Several of the larger ones, seizing him by the shoulders, began pulling him across the room toward the window.

Suddenly the uproar about him ceased. He was in the middle of the long hall, and still on his knees, but the boys had dodged each toward his own bed, for one of the teachers had unceremoniously opened the door and looked in. Not a word was said, but the face of the teacher was enough without words. Every boy there knew that it would be for his advantage to go to bed as quietly and quickly as possible. There was no more trouble about praying that night. But there was no more "bullying." The next morning, after prayers, the attention of the entire school was called as the head master arose. After a moment of ominous silence he said: "Every boy listen. Hereafter, when the second bell sounds at night, every boy in this school is to kneel by his bed side, and to remain there in utter silence for five minutes. Whether you pray or not depends upon your own hearts and consciences. But you are to take this attitude, and thus show outward respect for the boys that have moral principle enough to desire to pray. Remember, this is a law. You are dismissed."

All that was years ago. The little ten year old Eton boy has been preaching the gospel in England for several years, but he tells this story now, on occasion, and speaks of the experience as one that has been helpful to him all his life, because it increased his determination to show his colors in an comfortable as well as in safe places.

We need more boys to day who, while they are not afraid of a knock or a tumble, or any such thing, are also not afraid of a laugh or a sneer.

Love is the charm of life wherever found, whether in cottage or mansion.

That is our true birthday, my friends, not when we are born into the world, but when we are born into a mission.
Dr. Boardman

You have no right to go for entertainment into a place that you would not invite your Lord and Savior to enter with you. — Anthony Comstock

Only A Cup of Tea.

A group of bright-faced young women were chatting together in the parlor over their afternoon tea, when a distant knocking caught the ear of the pretty girl hostess. "Excuse me a minute, please," she exclaimed, springing to her feet. "I mustn't leave that knock unanswered, for I suspect it's mamma's washerwoman bringing home our clean clothes."

The surmise was quite right. Mrs. Knott, the washerwoman, stood at the back door with a heavy willow basket in her arms. She was a slight little woman who always looked too frail for the hard work she was obliged to do. This afternoon her lips was almost colorless, and there were blue rings under her eyes. She was almost breathless from her long walk with the burden, and her chest heaved spasmodically.

"Come in and sit down while I get the money," said the girl sweetly.

She stepped into the adjoining room for her purse, and as she came back the face of the woman at the door stirred her sympathetic heart to a sudden quick pity.

"How tired you look!" she cried.

"Wait and I will get you a cup of tea." She had flashed out of sight in an instant, and was back again before Mrs. Knott had recovered from her surprise. On a dainty tray she carried a cup of delicate china, from which rose a tempting fragrance.

"Drink this," she said, "I'm sure you'll feel better."

The woman's hardened hand trembled as she took the cup and hastily drank its contents. The warmth seemed to spread through her chilled, exhausted body.

Yes, her heart, too, felt the comfortable glow. A minute before she had been worn out, discouraged, hopeless. Now a new courage stirred within her. As she had climbed the steps she had thought how sadly insufficient for her needs the pay for her work would be. Now she thought of the necessities it would purchase for her children and her face grew bright. She went out into the dusk and the late afternoon with a step that was no longer hopeless.

Only a cup of tea! Such a trifle to give, and yet carrying such comfort! Surely there must have gone with it the blessing of Him who multiplied the loaves and the fishes according to the needs of the multitude. — Selected.

Per Capita Cost.

It being about the time of year for our professional brethren to show up their economical management by exhibiting small per capita, we would suggest that, before they put themselves on record, they consider carefully, whether a saving has been effected by crowding a large number of pupils into a class, or by employing cheap teachers, or by shortening the session, or by diminishing the school hours so that one teacher may handle two classes, or by skimping in the quantity or quality of the food, or neglecting the oral instruction of the pupils, or by failing to provide art and industrial training, or by allowing the premises to fall into decay. If a low per capita has been secured by any of these expedients, it is a matter to be ashamed of rather than one to boast of. It is legitimate, of course, to cut expenses to the bone, if necessary to keep within the income, even if the advantages to the pupils are curtailed. At the same time it is safe to say that there are few localities in the United States where a prudent management could not spend profitably \$300 per capita and still have improvements on the list that could not be reached. — D. in Colorado Index.

The sin we are slowest to forgive is often the one we are most apt to commit.

Nature at Worship.

The harp at Nature's advent struck
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and promise given
By all things near and far
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And its errors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasure forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The blue sky is the temple's arch
Its transept, earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices stam
The prayerless heart of man.

J. O. Whittier

For THE CANADIAN MUTE: The Pharnorth "Lit." Society.

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the hospitable residence of Mr. F. H. Bridgen, on Ross Avenue, on Saturday, November 6th, in a debate on a chosen subject, participated in by most of those present. At first the spirit of the meeting was apparently dull, but as the debate progressed it brightened and became very warm, to say the least, as the dormant energies of our natures were aroused into animation. In a way a debate may be compared to fresh fuel being put on the embers of a fire nearly extinguished to renew it. The spirit once aroused will not return to its normal condition before several days; the dispute will go on from the platform to the bedside until the subject is finally disposed of. From the debaters it communicates energy to the auditors until it envelops them all in a flame of excitement. Debating is a valuable discipline to the intellect; it corrects, educates and enlightens it on the subject discussed.

The debate that evening recalls to mind vividly the good old times at the Pharnorth Deaf-mute Literary Society, Winnipeg. A brief review of the history of the society may not prove uninteresting to the CANADIAN MUTE readers. The term "Pharnorth" means far north in correct English; the society so designated is the farthest northerly of any deaf society in the literary world. It originated after persistent agitation to instruct and entertain the local deaf-mutes. Mr. Byrne and Mr. McIntosh were the leading spirits in the movement, Principal McDermid giving every encouragement thereto. The first meeting was held in a class-room in the deaf school on the evening of the sixth of December, 1890, when the society was formally organized. The proceedings in the way of christening were intensely interesting. The by laws and regulations to govern the society were presented and adopted, and the following officers elected: President, Mr. McDermid; Vice-President, Mr. McIntosh; Secretary, Mr. Byrne. The society has continued to flourish from its inception, with the exception of being suspended by the fire for a year from October 27th, 1891. It meets every two weeks, the election of officers takes place every October and January. Mention may be made of Mr. John H. Byrne and Mr. M. O. Smith, two of the first members of the society. Mr. Byrne displayed great powers as a debater; some say that he is "a born fighter." Aware of this, his opponents have to summon more than usual courage to argue with him in public. Mr. Byrne is also a pleasing lecturer; in fact, he has never once failed to arouse the interest looked for. His delivery in signs is so distinct as to render unnecessary any repetition that might otherwise be demanded. His efforts were so much appreciated in the society that when he severed connection therewith, by returning home in Ontario, two years later, the loss was deplorable. Mr. Smith is especially remembered as a capital exponent of fairy lore. He has remarkable ability in depicting the various passions, such as joy, despair, fear, etc., by gestures and facial expression. His real name is Magnus Olafur Sigverson, being Icelandic. He was educated in Copenhagen, Denmark. He has more than

the average intelligence of deaf-mutes by being able to read Icelandic, Danish and Flemish well and English fairly.

How sublime is the idea of an educational organization with the object of diffusing truth to dispel error! Not only debates, but also lectures, stories and dialogues tend to illuminate the mind. Interest grows as the mental faculties of the members mature. As is the case with beginners, some of them at first are timid or nervous on the platform, but as time goes on they become experienced and valiant. From its inception the Pharnorth "Lit." has met regularly and increased steadily in membership. Mr. James Duncan, who arrived in Winnipeg from Ontario in the spring of 1891, was admitted soon after. His services were much appreciated in the way of forwarding the success of the society. He makes a good lecturer, his usual practice is to supplement his subjects with illustrations on the black board, such an arrangement as this is certain to intensify the interest of his auditors. He has also returned home. The first session of the society was closed in the following May (1891), but after the summer vacation the second session thereof opened some weeks after the school. Another Ontario boy, Mr. William Laddy, was admitted. His presence on the platform commanded the admiration of the audience. He sways the critical mind with his remarkable debating powers, he is very well informed. As a lecturer he is simply splendid. A "full house" is assured every time he lectures. He has the wit and jovial disposition so characteristic in the people of the Emerald Isle—the land of orators, scholars, missionaries, etc. Mr. Charles E. F. Clarence, an English deaf-mute, was also admitted at the same time as Mr. Laddy. He shows to better advantage in football, hockey and tennis clubs than in the literary society, the meetings of which he attends irregularly, mostly on account of his insufficient acquaintance with the Canadian code of signs. This is a defect so noticeable in those coming over from the old countries, they use both the codes of English and Canadian signs when addressing an audience, with the inevitable result of rendering themselves unintelligible. Mr. Clarence is a fine specimen of English physique, and a favorite in social and athletic clubs.

None who were present at the meeting held on October 21st, 1891, had a presentiment of a great misfortune soon to occur. All were happy and enthusiastic, perfectly unconscious of anything serious coming to pass. Three days later—October 27th—a fire destroyed the school building, thus necessitating the suspension of the society for an indefinite time. In consequence the school moved into a large brick mansion, known as "Bannatyno Castle," temporarily leased, and it was almost impossible to reopen the literary society under the circumstances then existing there. The castle stands at an inconvenient distance from the city, out of reach of car service. There a now deaf paper, entitled the *Silent Echo*, started just two months after the first appearance of its big contemporary, the CANADIAN MUTE. Henceforth the reports of the society have been published in the *Silent Echo*, its official organ. After the re-erection of the school building the classes were reopened in the fall of 1892, and a month later the society resumed its third session in the enlarged chapel. The new board of officers for the ensuing term were as follows: President, Mr. McDermid, President, Mr. Byrne; Vice-President, Mr. Laddy; Secretary, Mr. McIntosh; Sergeant, Mr. Wilkie. From this on many lively scenes have taken place on the platform during the heated debates participated in by the ex-pupils from the Belleville deaf school. Harmony and good feeling always prevail, the decisions by judges are received with respect, with scarcely a murmur as is usual in other societies. Those winning feel exulted, but the losers do not get disheartened, on the contrary their defeat only stimulates them to make a better show at the next debate.

The list of members was further augmented by Miss L. A. Turill and Mr. J. R. Cook being admitted in the spring of 1893. Miss Turill ably filled the office of secretary at different times. The writer had not the pleasure of seeing her lecture as she had not yet mastered the sign language previous to his leaving the society. Mr. Cook makes a good impression on the platform. In a certain debate he is remembered as having made it very lively for his opponent.

The signs in which he expresses his ideas are clear and easy.

Some of the best subjects that had been discussed up to the beginning of the fourth session may be given here, viz: "Resolved that war causes more misery to the world than intemperance." Mr. Laddy, affirmative; Mr. Byrne, negative; "Which is the mightier, the pen or the sword?" Mr. McIntosh and Mr. Laddy for the pen, Mr. Byrne and Mr. Smith for the sword; "Resolved that man is wiser heroic than woman," Mr. Byrne and Mr. Laddy, aff.; Mr. McIntosh and Mr. Duncan, neg.; "Resolved that kindness exercises a more effectual influence than force," Mr. Cook and Mr. Duncan, aff.; Mr. Laddy and Mr. McIntosh, neg.; "Resolved that Canada should be annexed to the United States," Mr. McIntosh, aff.; Mr. Laddy, neg.; "Resolved that prohibition would be the best way to check the liquor traffic," Mr. Cook, aff.; Mr. McIntosh, neg.

To-day the Pharnorth "Lit." in its seventh session, is being officered as follows: Hon. President, Mr. McDermid, President, Miss Eliza S. motto, Vice-President, Miss Vera Snider, Secretary, Herbert Lowndale, Sergeant, Bertie Cartledge—A. A.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondents

The quantity of hay at Mr. Bridgen's was held on Saturday, the 6th inst., and was well attended. The programme for the evening was a debate on the comparative value of the bicycle and the horse. The speakers were Messrs. Elliott and A. W. Mason for the affirmative, and Messrs. Slater and Fraser for the negative. Mr. Elliott opened with a good show on the score of immense growth of new business, of its use for health, amusement and travel, of its cheapness as compared with the horse and its portability everywhere, which he illustrated by having brought in his own and mounted it on a chair. Mr. Slater followed for the horse, condemning the bike as dangerous to the public life and contending for the utility of the horse in all seasons, that horses could be used for draught as well as riding, that good roads were essential for bikes, while horses could go anywhere, that bikes are simply for recreation and of no use in practical work. Mr. Mason for the bike urged its availability at any time as in rushing to a fire, its small risk of danger as compared with that of the horse, of its use to the poor man in saving of car fare and railway travel, of the ease with which it was learned, and its adaptability to all ages and both sexes. Owing to the unavoidable absence of Mr. Fraser, Mr. Bridgen willingly took his place, whose clear signing is always a treat. He put in an unimpeachable word for the horse, asking how the farmer would feel if he had to plough his land, cut his wheat and thrash it with his men and family on bikes, and how much butter, eggs, vegetables and hay he would get to market with a couple of them. He also suggested that in war the charge of a bike regiment with a ditch to get over would be very funny, and that if one of them went down sideways the rest would be apt to go, like a row of nine pins. He then gave a picture of a horse and biker in company starting north at the end of the fall, and after a very pleasant day in company, waking up next morning to find three inches of snow, the horseman going on his way grinning and the biker with the choice of 10 miles to a railway station or a week at the village hotel. The debate then went all round in a very lively style. Miss Munro favored the horse as being the only thing of real use, and that we would be at a sad loss if all horses disappeared. Miss O'Neil made the happy suggestion as to how funeral and marriage pheonians would suit with bike steeds. Mrs. Smith brought a heavy charge against the bike on account of its temptations and expenses, the tear of clothes and the desertion of home by the men. Messrs. D and F Bridgen gave some happy suggestions at the end. Mr. F. Bridgen, Jr., remarking he would much rather do his courting on a rig, as there was a very cold distance between two bikes, you could never get close enough for real enjoyment. The debate was also participated in by Messrs. McIntosh, Murray and McGilivray. After a very animated discussion the debate was decided in favor of the horse, and the meeting separated with a vote of thanks to their entertainers.

BRANTFORD BRIEFS

From our own Correspondent

James Goodbrand has come back to the Telephone City to work again, after a month's holidays. Jim can ride miles in an hour and a half, and would like to see who can beat him. Can Andy?

We are losing two of our mates who are going to take up residence in Ambitious City. We wish them every success. Bob McPherson has made many friends here, and he was the generous-hearted fellow and seems to have been a born sportsman. Mr. Henry Gotlieb is the latest go out and is to be found at the "Perk Laundry" in Hamilton.

There seems to be no Special Compendent for the Mr. S here and though why there are no notes from here. We have about the smartest mates in the city, though there is something about not sending the news.

Mr. A. E. Smith has again resumed his city shoe-shop, and from the amount of patronage he gets from the people and stores shows his work is well known, and he is working thirteen hours a day. He has also secured the contract of repairing the shoes for the Institution for the Blind. Keep moving your feet, Albert, and you'll get there. He takes seriously of going to Klondike next spring. Don't you, Albert, stick to your last.

Josh Lloyd runs a similar shop at Brant Ave. and has Jno. Melsaac in the work. He gets most of his custom from the Massey Harris Works.

James O'Neil has secured a job with the Massey Harris Co., as a painter. There are five married couples here and two unmarried ladies. A snappy fellow who wants a wife.

The writer met Miss Annie Matheson one day, and had a pleasant chat which was longer. Suppose some time she'll let us know who is here, we will be able to see her. The writer for his part, likes to see one from the village who has some connection with a school.

A. V. Smith is having his holidays and enjoying himself with his mates. Talk about deaf mates at crossings on the trolley, he says he has not met anything in the shape of accidents either.

Miss Foulds still works at her place. She has not met her ideal yet.

Nov. the 3rd was Mrs. A. E. Smith's birthday and she invited a number of her mate friends to an oyster supper, one that could not be surpassed here by any other mate. A pleasant evening was spent by all, and the party broke up after midnight, and many said they had eaten too much and would not be able to walk home. She expected Miss Nellie Cunningham to be present, but she did not come. Wish you had Nell.

The mates have been stuffing Mr. O'Neil with some stories here, and one is that the police are looking for him, so he applied to Mr. A. E. Smith for advice. Mr. Smith told him that if he would give the mates a treat to oyster he would help him out of the scrape. Poor fellow, he don't enjoy himself here as the mates tease him so much.

The writer thinks he is taking up too much space in the MUTE. He can write more, but will keep it for the next time he writes if it don't get dry.

FLORENCE NEWS.

From our own Correspondent

For the first time this season snow fell here on the 31st inst.

John F. Fisher, of Chatham, returned home on the 10th inst., after spending a two weeks pleasant visit with his friend David A. Turill, Jr.

David A. Turill, a former pupil of the Belleville Institution, is working himself very hard on his farm. He is also a successful hunter.

Messrs. Kenneth and Roderick McKenzie visited David Turill and John Fisher last Sunday. Both of Brox. McKenzie are doing very well at present.

It is reported here that oil has been struck in many places around Florence.

The dwelling-house, which is occupied by D. Turill, is completed now. It is large and comfortable rooms. Roderick McKenzie and W. Pake built the house. The latter left here for Dawn, where he has a job at plastering. J. F. F.

Do not afraid of enthusiasm, you need it, you can do nothing effectually without it.

The Pumpkin Pie.

Thanksgiving Day, when from east and west and from south come the pilgrims...

John G. Whittier

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Boys' Side of the Institution

By JOSE E. CHODON.

December Winter is here. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all...

We are glad that Murray Pringle is to be up and hope he will improve with health.

The time is rapidly approaching for exams. It is only three weeks and a few days.

Thomas Vance received a pleasant letter from his cousin last Tuesday afternoon but he didn't stay here long.

The covering was put over the sealers last week to keep off the snow during the winter. It is always for use now.

On Thanksgiving Day we expected our family to come here to see us, but we were disappointed. We don't know why he didn't come.

On the 20th ult., in the evening Mr. Jones gave us an interesting and amusing lecture. We were all pleased and he would lecture to us again.

On the 17th ult., Arthur Jaffray received a nice photograph from Dalton Gardner, with which he was much pleased. We are sorry that he is not here now it is because of poor health.

The boys are fixing our rink again. Now it is deep enough. We wait for the ice, and I hope we will have lots of fun and a more excellent time skating during the winter than we ever had.

George Henry, our colored boy, bought a red cap for wearing while playing hockey. But we had a great laugh at him because the cap belongs to the school. George said "He did not care for that."

The boys should remember Mr. Jones's temperance address in the chapel a week or two ago. "Buy your own cherries." When you leave school buy strong drink and you will be able to buy cherries and many other nice things.

On the 17th ult., the writer received a home photograph from Mr. John Black, who graduated from the school about four years ago. He is so much changed that some of the teachers and pupils didn't recognize him. We are glad he is succeeding so well.

Thanksgiving Day passed quietly. The game of foot-ball between "Farmers" and the "Town" boys at the Institution, on our grounds, which was very wet and muddy, resulted in a tie, the score being 1 to 1. They both had good strong teams, but the "Farmers" team, through their neglect, lost some easy scores. If they had worked hard, I think they would have succeeded in winning the game. The evening we had our party which was held in the dining-room and we enjoyed ourselves and had refreshments.

WINDSOR NOTES.

From our own correspondent

About fifty young folks popped in on Miss Josie Sepner the other evening. To say that she was surprised would be putting it mildly...

Oh, what some power the giftie give us To see ourselves as others see us 'T would fra'mour a blunder free us And foolish notion

Just what I said to myself when I read what some one said of me lately. Fancy some one telling some one I was a "rather smart fellow."

Had a cyclone come in the front door and walked off with my umbrella I couldn't have been more surprised than I was the other day when Miss Aggie Matheson called in. My we talked of everything under the sun. Say, Mr. M. didn't your ears burn on the eighth inst., sometime in the morning?

Lots of things that are not so, can be said of Ed Ball, but no one can truthfully say he is "too fresh." Working in a salt mine must be good for the constitution.

Bert Sepner got a letter lately from his old chum T. Middleton, with a pressing invitation to go down and spend a few weeks, and bring his wife. Sorry we can't accept your kind invitation, Tommy. We will wait till you have a "better half."

I do think it is rather greedy of you Toronto mites. You want the car! Why can't you give some other city a show, and hold the convention at say London, Woodstock, or Hamilton where accommodation is as good and as cheap if not cheaper. Those mites who live so far west never get there. Be a little fairer Mr. President.

Isn't there something a little, interesting and mysterious in corresponding with some one you have never seen. I have an unknown correspondent. We engage in "wordy wars," punnical heads, etc., metaphorically speaking, of course. The spell will soon be broken. I've a vision of my fair unknown, conjured up from the misty recesses of my fertile brain—Grecian profile, etc. Nothing would shatter my idol so much as to find that her nose was "retrousse" — anything but that.

Next to "Crank Tramp preachers," who talk of Moses and Light and Darkness, I have an abhorrence of the mite who "knows it all." If you start talking on some subject, poetry for instance, up goes his hand to his forehead, with a resounding thump, meaning he "knows," when it is ten to one he does not. When I see one of that class I long to sit on him.

Any one who has read Jules Verne's "Trip to the Center of the Earth" can best imagine my feelings when I lost myself in Detroit last week. I walked about four miles out of my way, while returning from a call on Mrs. Austin. A benevolent old gentleman finally started me on the right track. I vow I won't go to Detroit again—till next time.

We wonder why Matilda and Sophia Jafferty seldom go where the mites are. If all got together, a nice sociable time could often be spent. As it is, the mites here see very little of one another.

George Munroe, who learned printing in your office, helps his father in a basket factory. He calls at Mr. Sepner's often. He is anxious to get a case.

I received a letter purporting to come from a certain party in London. The letter has been proved a forgery. I would not put the matter referred to in the CANADIAN MITE, on any consideration as it is of too serious a nature, and what is more to the point, decidedly untrue, as I know for a surety.

We are looking for Mr. Bridgen to come and give us a lecture soon. We are prepared to give him a warm reception from the accounts we have heard of him. It is about time some one took us in hand. I think the Government ought to have a special minister to travel from place to place, one to each province and hold meetings for the deaf.

I went to a dental parlor in town the other day, over which a sign bore the legend "Painless extraction, 50 cts." I thought with a shudder of the struggles I had with Dr. Caldwell, while at school and the well-planted but unintentional kick I bestowed on his portly form for his pains mine too. After about two hours, in which I underwent the most horrible torture and gave vent to sundry yells, I rose minus a molar. "Call that a painless extraction, I exclaimed, wrathfully, 'sir, you are a hum—' Here I was aware I was talking to the empty air, and stalked indignantly out.

We found Mr. Maun's lecture "My Trip to Europe," very interesting. We took a mental flight with him, saw Windsor Castle, in England, kissed the Blarney Stone in Ireland, and stood in the room where Robbie Burns wrote his immortal song "Auld Lang Syne."

He told us Scottish Legends of the days of Bruce, recited part of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," &c. He did not finish, on account of the lateness of the hour.

Some of these days, when the thermometer is away down, I shall sit down and write my experience of "shirt making." When any one mentions shirts I blush away down to my boots, not that it shocks my modesty, only I recall the shirt I expended several days labor on and had the old man mistake it for an oat bag. Mean, wasn't it?

ARMINA JONES.

PERTH TOPICS.

From our own correspondent

Though Mr. Webster has left his position in Caroy's shoe shop in Peterboro, he can go back and take it again if he likes.

Mr. Percy Allen has been calling on the Perth mites several times. His home is now on a farm two miles from Mountain Grove, which is thirty five miles from Perth. The last time he was here he said he was going to Montreal where he would try to get a job in the book binding department of the Gazette office at which he once worked before.

Mr. Wm. W. Smith a former pupil of your school, is doing very well at his home in Lanark Village, which is 12 miles from Perth. He is a first class carpenter and cabinet maker and lives with his mother and sister in a very comfortable house, which with his mechanical skill, he made himself. He is always very busy, having lots of engagements at his trade.

One evening while returning from work Mr. Richard O'Brien noticed a blaze in the steamer "Dore" of Ottawa, which was at the wharf, while the lights were at work. He called their attention to it, which they quickly extinguished. Your writer happened to be behind him.

Mr. Webster was in Peterboro a few weeks ago for a couple of days on important business.

Your correspondent received a letter from one of the mites of the west, enquiring if there might be an opportunity for him getting a job in the C. P. R. car shops here. Your scribe thinks it will be advisable for the benefit of anybody thinking of securing a place in the shops, to say through the Mites—that there is hardly any chance at all during the winter.

Traffic is so heavy on the C. P. R. that several accidents have occurred. Four new box cars recently turned out at the shops here are now in the yards to be repaired. They were badly wrecked in a collision at Havelock.

THE MACKAY INSTITUTION.

From our own correspondent

Newspaper items from the Mackay Institution are not abundant this month.

Our annual meeting was held in the hall and although the number of invitations issued was limited there was not standing room for all who came. The children went through some of their school exercises, articulation and speech-reading forming a prominent part of the programme, after which tea was served by some of our girls, assisted by the Misses Raynes, Miss Sweeney, Miss Durnford and the Misses Cundill, all of Westmount, also Miss Wulferstan Thomas, Miss Williams and the teachers.

Miss Nettie Morrison, one of ours, bid farewell to her Alma Mater on Saturday last and is now engaged by Mrs. Matheson, wife of the bursar of your Institution to assist in housework. We hope her efforts to do for herself may prove successful. We shall miss Nettie's bright face very much from amongst us. We were so glad to hear that your kind Superintendent gave her a cordial invitation to visit the Institution whenever there was any entertainment going on and also to attend Sunday service. Should any Belleville deaf come this way we will gladly reciprocate.

Our housekeeper was hunting the

market this morning for a supply of turkeys and geese for Thanksgiving.

Our baby boy, Harry Armstrong, aged four, is all at his own homo with a return attack of meningitis.

The double windows are up and the furnaces are in full blast to keep the building warm during this cold snap.

Harold Haldane, of Ottawa, a former pupil, is expected to morrow night to spend Thanksgiving with us.

Miss Hall and Miss Drummond, of Perth, paid a week's visit to Mrs. Ashcroft lately.

We all sympathize most deeply with Miss Jennie Mitchell in her double bereavement. First her father and now her brother have been taken from her. Miss Mitchell, a semi-deaf young lady, is highly esteemed by all the pupils, and her numerous visits are always a pleasure.

Mrs. Ashcroft was lately the recipient of a handsome little silver jewel-box from Mr. James McClelland, of Ottawa, in acknowledgement of her kindness to his wife while she was in the hospital in Montreal. Mrs. Ashcroft is always willing to do what she can for the deaf. Mrs. McClelland's visit to the Mackay Institution was a very happy one and she made many friends.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution.

By EDITH WYLIE.

Only three weeks and four days till Christmas.

On Thanksgiving Day a new little girl, Daisy Brown, from Toronto, accompanied by her sister, came to school.

On the 21st ult. Felicia Howitt had a call from her aunt, Mrs. (Rev.) Harris, from Mariposa, who took her to the city with her.

A short time ago Fannie Ball received a letter from home containing one of her sister Lena's photos. We think it is a pretty one.

Last Sunday afternoon, Annie Blackburn had a call from her Aunt and cousin, from the city. Her Aunt is staying in the city visiting her relations.

On Monday morning, the little ones were bright with joy when they saw the snow. They seem to know that Santa Claus will soon be here to fill their stockings full of nice things.

Our nurse, Miss Hale, has been away from us for a month on account of the sad loss of her dear sister; but now we have her sweet self once more amongst us. We are very happy now.

For the past few weeks on Sunday evenings Miss James has been giving us a delightful story, "The Ruby Cross." We all were sorry when it came to an end last Sunday night. We enjoyed it over so much and hope she will give us another such interesting story soon.

On the 21st ult., Laura Tudhope's father and mother and little brother came to see their little girl and spent Thanksgiving Day with her. Laura was very glad to see them. They left for home the next day. Laura is in Miss James' class and is doing well.

One of the girls who is in the sewing class, Ethel Swayze, is laid up with a very bad cold, although she is getting better now. We will be glad to have her amongst us very soon. On the 21st ult. she received a photo of her sister Maudie. We all admire it.

It was raining on Thanksgiving Day, so we had to stay indoors all day. At eleven o'clock Mr. Stewart gave us a nice address in the chapel on Thanksgiving. The little boys and girls were delighted to see some colored crayon pictures on the large slates, drawn by Willie E. Gray.

Miss Mathison, who has been away spending her holidays in Brantford, Hamilton and Toronto, returned home the day before Thanksgiving. We are glad to see her again. Last Sunday she was in her former place teaching the Bible Class. While in Hamilton, she called on Miss Aline de Bellefeuille.

Superintendent Mathison paid a visit to Toronto last week to place before the Government his estimates for the Institution for the coming year, and to give the necessary detailed information relative to the various items.

A young man sent sixty cents to a firm in Michigan who advertised a receipt to prevent bad dreams. He received a slip of paper on which was written, "Don't go to sleep."



THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Four, six or eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

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

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. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postage stamps, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted— if we know it.

ADVERTISING

A very limited amount of advertising, subject to approval, will be inserted at 25 cents a line for each insertion.

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



WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1897.

Our Journey Through Life.

"I expect to go through this life but once. If there is any good thing I can do to my fellow beings let me do it now. I shall pass this way but once." Thus spake the author of "The Greatest Thing in the World," and right nobly did he attain the splendid ideal that he thus set before himself. And what a grand thing it would be if each of us felt the same pressing importance of utilizing the opportunities that day after day come momentarily within our reach, but which, if not at once grasped, flit swiftly away never to return again.

We teachers, especially, need to realize the paramount importance of those truths. In our hands is placed at the beginning of each term a number of impressionable minds which it becomes our duty to try to mould into forms of beauty and symmetry. For a few short months only do these pupils remain in one teacher's care—then pass from his control and guidance forever. They pass our way but once. Sometimes we grow impatient with some of them and wish we were well rid of them. But let us consider a moment. We have but this one opportunity of making an impression on these plastic minds, and whether we will or not, whether for weal or for woe, that impress will remain there forever. For time and for aye those children will be, to a very great extent, just what we make them.

Those remarks are true, in general terms, of the works of all teachers of young children; but they have a more special and emphatic application to teachers of the deaf. When a hearing child enters school the formation of its tastes, habits and character is already

well advanced. Morals done, consciously or unconsciously, in this direction during the first seven years of its life than in all its future existence, and in any case the home life of the hearing child will always have the predominant influence. But with the deaf it is far different. When they come to us their minds are practically blank, entirely so as regards habits of thought, almost entirely as regards moral perceptions. Of course they have their hereditary traits and tendencies, which will exercise some influence; yet the characters and habits of most people are fixed and decided more by environments than by heredity. It is here that the first formative influences on the deaf pupils are put into operation.

How tremendous, then, becomes our responsibility, how momentous the consequences of our training. We have all seen composite class photos. In making these, one photo after another is superimposed on the sensitive plate and the result is one picture characteristic of the whole number, being composed of the most prominent feature of each subject. The mind and heart of a child are a sensitive plate on which parents and teachers and associates are impressing each his or her most prominent traits, and the resultant character may, in a very real sense, be regarded as a composite picture of the whole. Our deaf children are but little impressed by their home associates. They come to us with characters without form and void. When they leave this Institution they bear with them a composite image of the characters and dispositions of those who here had them in charge—though these images are sometimes distorted by natural inclinations and hereditary taints. How supremely important, then, it is that we should seek in every possible way to inculcate noble sentiments, lofty aspirations, high ideals. They pass our way but this once.

He who works on material things leaves results that perish. The noblest buildings crumble into dust. The finest pictures the artist puts on canvas fade away. The most splendid conceptions of the sculptor's genius yield surely to the disintegrating elements. Nothing in matter is immortal for matter is perishable. But he that works on the unseen, the spiritual, leaves impressions that shall endure forever. The touch of beauty you put upon a life yesterday by the earnest word you spoke, by the now impulse you started in the breast of your friend or pupil, the vision of purity and unselfish devotion to duty that you gave in your life to one who was with you, will be bright when all the material works of men's hands shall have passed away, yea, when the sun and the stars shall have burned themselves out in blackness. What we do on immortal lives, that, and that only, is immortal work.

But let us ever remember that the stream can never rise above its source. The artist can never transfer to canvas or carve in marble any higher conceptions of beauty than dwell within his heart. The preacher can never give his congregation any higher ideals of purity and righteousness than he himself realizes in his own consciousness and works out in his own life. All systems of man devised ethics have failed because all men are sinful and errant and therefore cannot conceive a code of morals that is not full of blot and blemishes. A statesman, no matter how grand his pretensions, will in practice evolve no higher evidences of statescraft than those that break out from his real self. The teacher, by his professions and protestations of superior

ability and exceptional personal excellencies ever so great, will not in the school room transcend his true powers, nor give his pupils any higher conceptions of morality than he practices in his own life.

Hence we who would do immortal work on immortal minds must spend many a serious hour in introspection, must practice every virtue we would hope to instil, must ever seek higher ideals and like Goldsmith's parson, not only point to heaven but lead the way.

Chisel in hand stood the sculptor boy
With a marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
While an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the shapeless stone
With many a sharp incision
With heaven's own light that sculptured stone
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us
Waiting the time, when, at God's command
Our life dream passes o'er us
If we carve it then on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own
Our lives that angel vision.

"If she were not so expensive, sometime next summer we would call a meeting of the C. C. C. on board the 'Yantic' and in about ten days they would convince all our Canadian friends that Americans were pretty good fellows after all." *Mirror*

Not if we know ourselves, thank you. We don't mind taking any or literary risk when occasion requires, but when it is proposed, in the sacred name of friendship, that we court almost certain destruction by spending ten days on that irresponsible, uncontrollable, implacable device for promoting international disputes, called the "Yantic," then we beg to be excused. Nor do we need to run into such awful peril in order to convince ourselves of the genuineness and warmth of American good fellowship, which we have often tested in the past and hope to enjoy many times in the future.

The annual meeting of the Mackay Institution at Montreal was held on the 18th ult. The report of the Superintendent, Mrs. Ashcroft, was read, and it indicated a very satisfactory year's work. There were some 51 pupils in attendance last term, of whom 37 were in the articulation department. An outbreak of diphtheria, tonsillitis and measles after Christmas interfered somewhat with the work, as 15 were attacked by tonsillitis, 35 by measles and 2 by diphtheria. One case resulted in death.

MANITOBA NOTES.

From the Silent Echo

Bertha Nicholls is the latest pupil to arrive, which makes the present enrollment 19. Bertha attended the Belleville School for three years before moving with her parents to the prairie province.

Mr. Edmond Speer, of Boissevain, carried off a very large number of first and second prizes in the art show, at the recent agricultural exhibition, held in that town. He also captured three first and two second prizes in roots and vegetables and two first for dairy products. Mr. Speer is to be highly congratulated upon the success that has attended his efforts in producing such a fine exhibit.

The Grand Jury made its official visit of inspection of our Institution on the 5th inst. In their presentation to Chief Justice Sir Thomas Taylor, they had the following to say: "We visited the institute for the deaf and dumb in this city and beg to express our warm approval of the admirable way in which it is conducted. Everything appears to be done by the principal and staff for the comfort and welfare of the inmates. We were afforded an opportunity of witnessing the methods of teaching the pupils, and were much struck with the wonderful success that has attended the principal and teachers. We regret to find that the accommodation afforded is taxed to its utmost limits, and we would suggest that an addition should be made to the building and that a larger sum be granted, if possible, towards the maintenance of so admirable an institution."

Good-Bye, Little Flower.

Mark! through the blue bough,
Cold walls the least
Birds south are flying,
Summer is dying,
Flower time is past.

Cold are November skies
Sunless and drear
Goldenrod, eyelids close
Waters, tuck in your toes
Winter is here.

"Good-bye, little flowers!"
The icy winds sing,
Snow, blanket them over
Sleep well, little flower.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent

There was a lively gathering on the 6th, at Mr. Bridgen's house. It was a good representative meeting, being well patronized by the ladies. All came bringing for a good time and they were disappointed. The financial committee despatched their business quickly and Mr. Bridgen congratulated the meeting on the satisfactory showing of the books, saying that the society might go to sleep with the peaceful content of owing no man anything which it could not pay on demand, that there was a good healthy helpfulness amongst us, that we were not simply being dragged along by some one else, but paddling our own canoe and throwing out lines to the poor little helpless craft drifting on the water which we hoped to give a good shove into a sheltering cove where they would be well cared for, that few things could make one feel more cheerful at heart than to consider that he had helped to clothe the ragged, make clean the dirty, and put the ignorant in the way of education, that the men who their cent, most of them he knew had enough in the getting, and the women with their needles, were, in however small a degree, lending a hand in the ceaseless work of bettering all things, that it was good if we could take help with a true child-spirit of thankfulness, but better if we as men and women could help, and that God gave children, and His poor to train men and women in His own heart life.

Mr. Francis Spinks was in the city last week on his way home from Manitoba, where he had been staying a few months. He speaks well of the country and thinks it a grand place for an steady deaf mutes willing to work. Mr. Spinks will probably return to Manitoba next summer. While he was there he called on Mr. and Mrs. George Grant at Souris, and Miss Esther Brown, all old Belleville pupils, and he said they were all doing well. He also gave the Institute at Winnipeg a short call.

There are now four deaf mutes employed in the Toronto Engraving Co., viz., Chas. Wilson, J. H. Rhodes, Henry White and J. E. Smith, and are all giving satisfaction.

Some of the deaf mutes in the city have steady and permanent positions of employment, but it appears that it is getting more difficult all the time to now comes to find employment, especially shoemakers and printers. These branches of industry are being more and more supplanted by machinery.

The Dorcas Society has been busy at all the meetings since its inception in preparing clothing for little Daisy Brown. The value of its work has been well proven, and it must give great satisfaction to all concerned. The little girl was present at the last meeting in the dress the Society had prepared for her and excited the liveliest interest. She goes to Belleville this week.

The meetings at the homes of the mutes, started at the beginning of the winter, have been very successful in arousing the interest and attention of the few assembled each time and there is good reason to hope for some permanent results.

It is on the tapis that two of our friends living a few miles out of the city are to be shortly united in wedlock.

The little four-year-old daughter of Robert and Mrs. Gillam, of Grimsby, met its death on Saturday, the 20th ult., being poisoned by eating the sulphur of some matches it had got hold of. The child was deaf and dumb.

—The girls in the fancy work class have lately taken quite a craze for the making of celluloid photograph cases, and are under obligation to the choicest boys for cutting out and puncturing quite a number. Their instructor, Mr. Bull, is always on the look out for some thing new for them.

Report of Pupils' Standing.

Excellent, 10 ; Medium, 5 ;
Good, 7 ; Poor, 3.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1897.

NAME OF PUPIL.	HEALTH.	CONDUCT.	APPLICATION.	IMPROVEMENT.	NAME OF PUPIL.	HEALTH.	CONDUCT.	APPLICATION.	IMPROVEMENT.
Armstrong, Jarvis H.	10	7	7	7	Roborick, William	10	10	10	10
Annable, Alva H.	10	7	7	7	Rosney, Francis Peter	10	7	7	7
Allen, Ethel Victoria	10	10	10	10	Rutherford, Luana	10	7	10	7
Allendorf, Anna May	10	10	10	10	Reid, Walter E.	10	10	7	7
Bracken, Sarah Maud	10	10	10	10	Randall, Robert	10	7	10	10
Ball, Fanny S.	7	10	10	10	Rutherford, Jessie M.	10	10	10	10
Brazier, Eunice Ann	10	10	10	10	Ronald, Eleanor F.	10	10	7	7
Benoit, Rosa	10	10	7	7	Russell, Mary Belle	10	10	7	7
Brown, Wilson	10	7	10	7	Rully, Mary	10	10	10	10
Burtch, Francis	10	10	7	7	Roth, Edwin	10	10	10	10
Bain, William	10	7	10	10	Smith, Maggie	10	10	10	7
Bucke, Edith	10	10	10	10	Scott, Elizabeth	10	10	10	7
Blackburn, Annie M.	10	7	7	7	Swayze, Ethel	5	10	10	10
Barnett, Elmer L.	10	7	10	10	Skiffings, Ellen	10	10	10	10
Brown, Eva Jane	7	10	10	10	Stess, Albert	10	10	10	7
Bellamy, George	10	7	7	7	Sager, Mabel Maud	10	10	10	7
Burke, Mabel	10	10	10	10	Sager, Matilda B.	10	10	10	10
Bourdeau, Benoni	10	10	10	10	Sager, Hattie	10	10	10	10
Bartley, John S.	10	7	10	7	Shilton, John T.	10	10	10	10
Brown, Sarah Maria	10	7	5	5	Scott, Henry Percival	10	10	7	7
Babeock, Ida E.	10	10	10	7	Shannon, Ann Helena	10	10	7	7
Barnard, Fred	10	7	7	7	Serminshaw, James S.	10	10	7	7
Billig, William E.	10	7	5	5	Selore, Fred	10	10	5	5
Baragar, George H.	10	10	7	7	Smuck, Loyal Loveland	10	10	7	7
Brown, Mary Louisa	10	7	7	7	Showers, Annie	10	10	10	7
Boomer, Duncan	10	10	10	10	Showers, Christina	10	10	10	7
Bissell, Thomas E.	10	10	10	10	Showers, Mary	10	10	10	7
Brackenborough, Robt.	10	10	10	7	Showers, Catharine	10	10	7	7
Brancombe, F. M.	10	10	10	7	Simpson, Alexander	10	10	5	5
Baragar, Martha	7	10	10	10	St. Louis, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Barnett, Gerald	7	10	5	5	Smith, Alfred	10	10	5	5
Beno, Richard	10	10	7	7	Sager, Phoebe	10	10	10	10
Burk, Elsie	10	10	5	5	Selore, Bertha	10	10	5	5
Brown, Daisy R.	10	10	—	—	Seasons, Elizabeth	10	10	7	7
Chandler, Fanny	10	7	7	7	Thompson, Mabel W.	10	10	10	10
Chandler, Thomas	10	7	7	7	Thompson, Ethel M.	10	10	10	10
Cunningham, May A.	10	10	10	10	Tracey, John M.	10	10	10	7
Charbonneau, Leon	10	10	10	7	Thompson, Beatrice A.	7	10	7	7
Coruick, William	10	7	7	7	Thomas, Maud	7	10	10	10
Cartier, Melvin	10	10	7	7	Tazell, Frederick	10	10	10	7
Cullen, Arthur E.	10	7	10	7	Tossell, Harold	10	7	7	7
Crowder, Vasco	10	7	7	7	Taylor, Joseph E.	10	10	5	5
Crough, John E.	10	7	7	7	Tudhope, Laura May	10	10	7	7
Chatten, Elizabeth E.	10	7	5	5	Toskey, Lula	10	10	7	7
Corrikan, Rose A.	10	10	10	7	Vance, James Henry	10	10	10	7
Clements, Henry	10	10	10	7	Ventch, Margaret S.	10	10	7	7
Cole, Amos Bowers	10	10	10	10	Ventch, James	10	10	10	10
Cunningham, Martha	10	10	10	7	Ventch, Elizabeth	10	10	5	5
Clemenger, Ida	7	10	5	5	Vince, Mary Ann	10	10	5	5
Cyr, Thomas	10	7	7	7	Woods, Alberta M.	10	10	10	10
Croucher, John	10	10	5	5	Wallace, George R.	7	7	10	7
Cathcart, Cora	10	10	10	10	Wilson, Murville P.	10	10	10	10
Cone, Benjamin D. C.	10	10	10	10	Watson, Mary L.	10	10	10	10
Countryman, Harvey B.	10	10	7	7	West, Francis A.	10	10	7	7
Carter, Stella Jane	10	10	7	7	Wybe, Edith A.	10	7	10	10
Clark, Adeline	10	10	7	7	Warner, Henry A.	10	7	10	7
Dewar, Jessie Carolue	10	10	10	10	Wickett, George W.	10	10	7	7
Doyle, Francis E.	10	7	10	7	Waters, Nancy A.	10	10	10	7
Dool, Thomas Henry	10	10	10	10	Woodhoy, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Dool, Charles Craig	10	10	10	10	Watts, David Henry	10	10	7	7
Dubois, Joseph	10	7	7	7	Webb, Rosy Ann	10	10	10	5
Dixon, Ethel Irene	10	10	10	7	Walton, Allan	10	7	5	5
Dand, Wm. T.	10	7	7	7	Wilson, Herbert	10	10	10	10
Dalo, Minnie M.	10	10	7	7	Welch, Herbert	10	10	7	7
Derocher, Mary Ellen	10	10	10	7	Walter, John T.	10	10	5	5
Duke, Ettie	10	10	5	5	Watts, Grace	10	10	7	7
Dunne, Walter F.	10	7	7	7	Walker, Lillie	10	7	5	5
Duro, Archibald	10	10	7	7	Young, Sarah Ann	10	10	10	7
Deary, Joseph	10	10	7	7	Young, George S.	10	7	7	7
Elliott, Cora Maud	10	10	10	10	Young, Rosetta	10	10	7	7
Elliott, Wilbur	10	10	10	10	Yager, Norman	7	10	5	5
Edwards, Stephen R.	10	7	10	10	Young, Arthur	10	10	5	5
Elliott, Mabel Victoria	10	7	10	10	Zimmerman, John C.	10	7	10	7
Eyson, Margaret J.	10	10	10	7					
Eustinger, Robert	10	10	7	7					
Eustinger, Mary	10	10	10	7					
Fairbairn, Georgina	10	7	7	7					
Forgette, Harmanus	5	10	—	—					
Forgette, Joseph	5	10	—	—					
Fretz, Beatrice	7	7	10	7					
Forgette, Marion	10	7	10	7					
Faruhani, Leona	10	10	10	10					
French, Charles	10	10	5	5					
Ford, Charles Ray	10	10	10	7					
Flouring, Daniel W.	10	10	7	7					
Gilleland, Annie M.	10	10	10	7					
Gardiner, Dalton M.	—	—	—	—					
Gray, William	10	7	7	7					
Gray, William E.	10	7	7	7					
Guraw, Daniel	10	7	7	5					
Gies, Albert E.	10	10	10	10					
Gootz, Sarah	10	10	10	7					
Gootz, Eva	10	10	7	7					
Goons, Harry E.	10	10	10	10					
Goose, Fidelity	10	10	10	10					
Gillam, Walter	10	10	5	5					
Green, Thomas	10	10	10	7					
Gladator, Isabella	10	10	10	5					
Gray, Violet	10	10	7	7					
Gelmeau, Arthur	10	10	7	7					
Greene, Minnie May	10	10	10	7					
Gordon, Daniel	10	10	5	5					
Guanno, Gertrude	10	7	7	5					
Howatt, Felicia	10	10	5	5					
Holt, Gertrude M.	10	10	10	10					
Henry, George	10	10	7	7					
Henault, Charles H.	10	10	7	7					
Hackbusch, Ernest	7	10	10	10					
Harris, Frank E.	10	7	10	7					
Hartwick, Olive	7	10	10	7					
Henderson, Annie M.	10	10	10	10					
Hill, Florence	10	10	10	7					
Head, Hartley J.	10	10	7	7					
Hammell, Henrietta	10	10	10	7					
Hartwick, James H.	10	5	5	5					
Henault, Honore	10	10	7	7					
Harper, William	10	10	7	5					
Henderson, Clara	10	10	10	10					
Harris, Carl	10	10	5	5					
Hagen, William	10	10	5	5					
Harper, Marion	10	7	5	5					
Ireland, Louis Elmer	10	7	5	5					
Jaffray, Arthur H.	10	10	10	10					
Justus, Ida May	7	10	10	10					
James, Mary Theresa	10	10	7	5					
Jones, Samuel	10	10	10	7					
Johnston, Anotta	10	10	7	7					
Jackson, Elroy	10	10	7	7					
King, Joseph	10	7	5	5					
Kirk, John Albert	10	10	10	7					
Kaufmann, Vesta M.	10	10	10	5					
Kelly, James	10	7	10	7					
Kraemer, Sabina	10	7	7	5					
Kennedy, Christy	7	10	5	5					
Legulle, Marie	7	10	10	7					
Legulle, Gilbert	10	7	10	10					
Lemadecenne, M. L. J.	10	10	10	10					
Leigh, Martha	10	10	10	10					
Lightfoot, William	5	7	10	7					
Lesko, Edward A.	10	10	10	10					
Lett, Thomas B.H.	10	7	10	10					
Loughness, William J.S.	10	10	10	10					
Lyon, Sarah	10	7	10	10					
Laballe, Maximo	10	7	10	10					
Lott, Wm. Putman	10	10	10	10					
Lawson, Albert E.	10	7	10	7					
Lowes, George C.	10	7	10	7					
Little, Grace	10	10	5	5					
Lowry, Charles	10	10	7	5					
Laporte, Leon	10	10	7	7					
Laraine, Albert	10	7	5	5					
Laniell, Cleophas	10	10	10	7					
Love, Joseph F.	10	10	5	5					
Lobsinger, Alexander	10	10	10	10					
Law, Theodore	10	10	5	5					
Lovesque, Joseph	10	10	10	10					
Muckle, Grace	10	10	10	10					
Mitchell, Collin	10	10	7	7					
Mapes, John Michael	10	10	10	10					
Morton, Robert M.	10	10	10	7					
Mosey, Ellen Loretta	10	10	10	10					
Mason, Lucy Emma	10	10	10	10					
Myers, Mary G.	10	10	10	5					
Moore, George H.	10	7	7	5					
Moore, Rosa Ann	10	10	10	10					
Miller, Annie	10	10	5	5					
Moore, Walter B.	10	7	5	5					
Miller, Jane	10	10	7	7					
Munroe, Mary	10	10	5	5					
Munroe, John	10	7	7	7					
Maitre, Jaques	10	10	10	7					
Murphy, Hortense	10	10	10	10					
Moss, Susan Maud	10	10	5	5					
McBride, Hamilton	10	7	10	5					
McKay, Mary Louisa	10	10	7	5					
McKay, Thomas J.	10	7	7	7					
McLellan, Norman	5	7	10	10					
McGregor, Maxwell	10	10	10	10					
McCormick, May P.	5	10	10	10					

The Little Gentleman.

By George Cooper.

Makes the little gentleman station, high or low
wishes, with a sunny smile
looks where roses glow
and outside charms the sight
of me, if you can,
and that at once proclaims
the little gentleman?

Why cannot he the dress,
the wit or birth,
the representative
of a undying worth
in fair or courtly speech
and the world began
his announced to any one
the little gentleman
... then, my rosy tail,
... gentle words?
... are as natural to some
... is to birds,
... is something greater far
... final plan,
... the heart may always know
the little gentleman
... and reverence for age
... faithful loyalty
... over father, and to friends,
... matter what may be,
... a ideal fixed on high,
... and all earthly ban
... to do right, these make
the little gentleman!

A Retrospect

By American Amata of the Deaf

Twenty five years ago, I, flush
with hope, made my debut as a
teacher of the deaf. I commenced very
optimistically, a sentiment pressed itself upon
me, how lucky the children could
be, how new matter would be. Ignorance
was to vanish as night before the
sun. The lights of the profession
had already illuminated the great
struggle of the battle of a century.
I was to strike the blow that would free
the deaf. Partial advantages had
been gained, but triumph was
to be made complete. Youth and
experience were on my side, and what I
lacked, enthusiasm. I had read of
the exploits of the way of the bravest
in the annals of that Gibraltar of the
deaf language, but I would so direct
my efforts that the foe should be com-
pletely yielded, and the day be won.
The first encounter did not answer my
expectation, nor the second. Every
day I would muster fresh troops,
driving them, as I believed, in such a
way as surely to cut off the enemy's
supply. Their superior numbers, how-
ever, baffled my every plan. The un-
derlying was proving more serious
than first conceived. I took counsel
of older heads, men well up in strategy.
The contest had long been waging
and had dismantled many a hostile
force. Much territory still remained
to be conquered.
In giving instruction, I wondered
how I was written as plainly as over
the United States. "I should next day
be written by 'British Columbus' in
the United States," and that such
questions as (1) "What brought you
here?" (2) "What do birds live on?"
and (3) "What did you think when you
saw a man under the influence of
alcohol?" should elicit such literal
answers as (1) "The cars," (2) "Fences,"
and (3) "I took too much." Napoleon
was the word by his side and Homer
was the poet claimed he could carve his
name through the world. Why could not
I carve my name before me and the
world of the spirit, attain the end for
which I had learned "to labor and
to wait." I trudged on. The longer I
trudged, the more impressed I became
with the vastness of the work, the
slowness of its accomplishment. Was
it to be a child, deaf from
infancy, would, even after years of pain-
ful struggle, falter on the steep road of
learning expression? How many of us
press forward with every faculty
employed at ease on the same prop-
erly? Was I not expecting
more from these intelligent but sad-
faced, blind children? I began to
trudge slowly, taking nothing for
granted. The same errors, the same
relative disappointments, met with elsewhere, at
longer intervals, as we know, was in
the hands of hands. It is "not in
the command success." Yet
the continual dropping wear the
stone, and will not earnest action,
directed, in the long run tell?
The man who gets shot of water un-
til he is almost laid down to die,
is simple if not commendable.
The man who has been bettered. A
man who has recently was cross-
ed with the seeds of Egypt, contrary to

previous notions, conceived the idea of
boiling for water which he did, with the
result that he saw his determination
fully rewarded. There are in the class
room occasional and spots where no
amount of labor appears to avail. Still
the oasis of the bright and brave who
form the majority should ever be an
inspiring sight, a source of constant
encouragement and fresh delight.

Few things bring a teacher more
pleasure than successful attempts by
his pupils at original sentence building.
"To vanquish without peril is to triumph
without honor." He is learned who has
mastered the atom of his country and
he under whom the feat is achieved by
the deaf learner has a claim upon that
country's gratitude and admiration.
Amphion built Thebes by the sound of
his lyre. Had he lived in our day, he
might have found a little more active
service in one of our many institutions.
The edifice we rear is of a kind that
calls for the exercise of man's noblest
attributes. Knowledge is the blossom
of thought. There cannot be success
without thinking and to make a child
think in our vernacular is an achieve-
ment in itself. It is the absence of this
power that causes the entanglement in
writing we too often have to deplore.
But how can you secure this ability to
reason? We have the answer in the
terse phrase: *Laborando fit labor*.
All of a mother's endearing talk to her
infant child would at first seem futile
and meaningless, and yet how quickly
the uninitiated ear opens to the ex-
citing words and the little stranger is
made to understand. *Lude et fac
amiliare*. Spell question, correct,
turn, add vary, review, interest, empha-
size, never tiring, never surrendering,
but keeping up the fire until at last your
skill and pluck and tact shall have torn
down the Malakoff of countless deaf
mistakes and battered an entrance
into the realm of connected thought and
accurate diction.

I remember once believing that when
a point had been explained thoroughly
it were loss of time to refer to it again,
but

I stopped my fingers
to start on a new basis

being convinced that the teacher who
will take two days in the week review-
ing the work gone over the other three
will, by the end of the term, have gone
further than he who in his haste
keeps pushing on and on. Better a foot
of land your own than acres of uncertain
possession, the standard being not so
much what you claim to have taught as
what the scholar can command and put
to practical use.

A wide awake teacher will not have
somnolent pupils. I have seen child-
ren act and write as if their sole
business consisted in making errors for
you to correct. They might seem atten-
tive enough, but ask them anything,
and they appear to wake as from a
dream. It costs an effort to grasp an
idea, and that effort they will not put
forth. All such require rousing before
any progress can be made, and renewed
ardor on the part of the instructor is
the price. A few pertinent questions
at the psychological moment has a
wonderful effect upon drowsiness. It
is an art to keep a class occupied and
interested, and without fuss or friction,
to secure, not parrot-like knowledge,
but an intelligent cooperation and fruit-
ful results. If those who think that
teaching the deaf is a sincere which
any body can fill, and where the happy
band only have to draw their salary,
would take charge of a class for a year
see what headway they make, and how
they feel, they might then have their
eyes opened. I have aged in the service
and look upon the work as the proudest
a man of heart and feeling can be en-
gaged in. The soul and mind and life and
character of a fellow man of an immor-
tal being, are to be moulded, not for
time alone, but for eternity. The grave
task falls to your lot. You are until you
die if you fail to realize its sacredness.
The position, therefore, is not only
laborious, but eminently responsible,
and the names of those through whose
untiring efforts these interesting child-
ren have been raised from their original
sad condition into that higher sphere of
enlightenment and usefulness which is
their boast may well fill a glorious page
in the annals of a benevolent, grateful
nation. Then, speed on the brave cause.
Let every man in the ranks be worthy
of his vocation. The command is as
gallant and true as the aim is heroic
and enviable. Our young continent
like a stalwart son with a good heart
has been greeting the venerable sire, the
old world, with a message of friendly

regard, and proffering a respectful sup-
port in all that may lead to the advance-
ment of the deaf in both hemispheres.
I mean strength. May sympathy
interweave our several efforts and
Heaven vouchsafe a blessing!
P. C. DEYSS
Instructor in the Ontario Institution
Belleville, Ontario, Canada

COLLEGE FOR THE DEAF.

From our own Correspondent

My Editor, I thought a few items of
the happenings at this college would
interest your readers.
On the 6th inst. our 1st eleven made a
trip to Charlottesville, Va., where it
played a match with the first eleven of
the University of Virginia. It resulted
in a victory for the home team by a
score of 20 to 4. The defeat of our
team was not a surprise to us, as the
average weight of each player of the
home team was about twenty-seven
pounds more than that of ours, yet the
score was not so large as we expected it
would be. The University has held the
championship of the South for years.

The last meeting of the "Lit. Society"
was held in the chapel on October 29th,
with President Peterson '08 in the chair.
The programme was opened with an
essay on "Essentials of Beauty" by
Zahn, '08. Subject of the debate that
followed was "Was Frederick the Great a
greater man and Sovereign than Peter
the Great?" The Judge decided in
favor of the negative side. After the
debate "The Rival Speakers" was the
subject of a dialogue between Souder
'00, and L. Rosson, J. C. After the
dialogue, an interesting declamation
entitled "Charge of the Light Brigade at
Balaklava," was given by Hemstreet,
'01. The programme was closed with
the critic's report.

Last Friday evening, the officers with
their families, students, and members
of the High Class were invited to see
some pictures in the chapel. All the
pictures but two were just purchased
for this Institution, the other two hav-
ing been procured some time ago.
President Gallaudet gave a short lecture
as to how he got them and a description
of each of them. Senator Hawley, one
of the directors of the board thought that
the money left of the fund to erect the
statue to Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, father
of our President, should not be kept to
meet the expenses of repairing the
statue, but this Institution itself should
keep the statue in good condition, as it
was erected not only to Rev. Thomas
Gallaudet but also to adorn Kendall
Green and further, that we might in-
crease our pictures with the money
instead. The board of directors agreed
to Senator Hawley's idea and called the
amount "Gallaudet Art Fund." The
eleven pictures costing between \$100
and \$140, the sum left, about \$300, will
accumulate at 6% interest as time goes
on. After the President's lecture, a
social hour or so followed.

Lately the library of the "Lit. Society"
has been increased by eighteen volumes
by purchase and two by presentation.

Mr. Allen B. Fay, son of Dr. E. A.
Fay, Professor of Languages, has been
appointed as instructor in English and
Latin here.

The gymnasium was opened on Nov.
1st, as usual.

The Sophomores have taken up the
study of chemistry.

The deacons recently signed the pledge
to abstain from hazing in this college.

Washington, D.C., Nov. 7. J. A. B.

Do the Teacher Justice.

There is one thing that people ought
to remember and that is that the hand-
ling of everybody's children requires more
 tact and skill than is required to be
governor of a state. If the teacher does
not maintain good discipline everybody
criticizes him especially those who never
act and never can control their own
children at home, and they are contin-
ually finding fault because the teacher
does not have good order. Or, on the
other hand, if the teacher does maintain
good discipline the same people make
his life a burden by finding fault with
the methods he uses. If there is any
one public duty a man owes to his
country and to his children it is to stand
by the teacher in general principle, and
not join in the general complaints every-
time some little flaw can be found in
his methods. Of course the teacher
makes mistakes. Who does not? He
would have to be inspired from heaven
not to make mistakes. *The Teachers'
Monthly*

Taught a Good Lesson

My father played a queer trick on me
the other night. You know I used to
feel that I had done myself an injustice
if I did not go to the theatre about five
or six nights a week. Well, you know
how I am situated as to my business,
I work for my father, and I have to be
at the office early in the morning, just
as the rest of the family are sitting down
to breakfast. In consequence, I get my
breakfast and leave the house before
they are up. I had been doing it for
about six months, and when I look back
I remember that about the only time I
saw my mother and sister during that
period was at Sunday dinner. Nothing
unusual in that, of course. The same
thing is true of hundreds of young men
in town. But they haven't fathers like
mine. He came to me one afternoon
and asked me if I had an engagement
for that night.

"Yes," I said, "I've promised to go
to the theatre."
"How about to-morrow night?" he
asked.
"Nothing at present," I replied.
"Well, I'd like you to go somewhere
with me."
"All right," I said, "where shall I
meet you?"

You see, he leaves the office about an
hour before I get my work finished. He
suggested Lennox restaurant, 7:30, and
I was there, prepared for a quiet lecture
on late hours. But when he appeared,
he said he wanted me to call on a lady
with him. "One I knew quite well when
I was a young man," he explained.

We went out and started straight for
home.
"She is stopping at the house," he
said, when I spoke of it. I thought it
strange that he should have made the
appointment for the Lennox restaurant
under those circumstances, but I said
nothing.

Well, we went in, and I was introduc-
ed, with due formality, to my mother
and sister. The situation was ludicrous,
and I began to laugh, but the laugh died
away. My mother and sister snook
hands with me, and my mother said she
remembered me as a boy, but hadn't
seen much of me lately. Then she in-
vited me to be seated. It wasn't a bit
funny then, though I can laugh over it
now. I sat down, and she told me one
or two stories of my boyhood, at which
we all laughed a little. When I finally
retired, I was courteously invited to
call again.

I went up stairs, feeling pretty small
and doing a good deal of thinking.
Then I made up my mind that my
mother was a most entertaining lady,
and my sister was a good and brilliant
girl. Now, I am going to call again, as
I have been doing quite regularly for
the last week. I enjoy their company,
and I intend to cultivate their acquaint-
ance. — *Frankelst.*

Facing the Foe.

"Oh, please let me do that!" begged
Rhoda. "I hate cutting out dress
skirts!"

Aunt Ruth dropped her shears on the
cutting table and straightened her bent
back, to give a sharp look at the eager
face coaxing her.

"First time I ever heard hatin' to do
a thing brought forward as a reason for
doing it," she remarked, looking the girl
over shrewdly.

"Oh, yes, Aunt Ruth!" said Rhoda,
"mother says that's the very reason!
Face the foe! That's her motto, that
she's always brought us up on. If you
don't, she says you go on dreading and
dreading it forever, and worse and worse
as you put off trying it, and by and by
you are incapable. She always makes us
try to do everything we hate to do, and
keep at it till we like it!"

"Your mother's a master sensible
woman," was Aunt Ruth's comment.
"Here, take the shears, then. I was
going to let you look on and see me do it.
But you might as well make your mis-
takes and profit by 'em."

"There!" said Rhoda in triumph,
fifteen minutes later. "That lugwag
never will block me again!"

"Plucky way of doing!" muttered
Robert to himself, coming out of the
window seat where he had been loung-
ing over a *Harper's Weekly* instead of
doing what he called "tackling" his de-
bating club essay. "Face the foe!
Did it too, like a soldier. Wonder how
that rule would work on some of my
'bugbears!' — *Forward.*

Malice drinks half of its own poison.

