

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

Government Inspector:
DR. J. C. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:
MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent
MATHISON, M. A. Treasurer
BURNS, M. D. Physician
SINCLAIR, WALTER, M.D. Warden

Teachers:
M. A. MATHISON, Miss J. O. TERRILL
M. A. MATHISON, Miss M. TEMPLETON
M. A. MATHISON, Miss MARY HULL
M. A. MATHISON, Miss FLORENCE MATHISON
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M. A. MATHISON, Miss ADA JAMES
M. A. MATHISON, Miss GEORGINA LANN

Teachers of Art and Calligraphy:
M. A. MATHISON, Miss CAROLINE GIBSON
M. A. MATHISON, Miss DORIS BELL, Teacher of Fancy Work

Teachers of Mechanical Trades:
JOHN T. BURNS, Master Printer
Wm. Schak, Master Shoemaker
I. MIDDLEBARY, Engineer
JOHN DOWRIS, Master Carpenter
D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker
JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this institution is to afford education to all the youth of the Province, of sound disposition, either partial or total deafness, to receive instruction in the common branches of learning between the ages of seven and sixteen years, who are born deaf or become so in the Province of Ontario, will be admitted to the regular term of instruction, with a vacation of nearly six months during the summer of each year. Parents or friends who are able to pay the sum of \$20 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance, shall be admitted free. Clothing must be provided by parents or friends. Pupils are instructed in general book-keeping, tailoring, dressmaking, printing, the use of the sewing machine, and other trades and fancy work, as may be required.

All having charge of deaf mute children shall avail themselves of the liberal facilities afforded by the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School term begins on Wednesday in September and ends on Wednesday in June of each year. For full particulars as to the terms of admission, application will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS
AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DELIVERED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. MAIL MATTER TO GO TO THE OFFICE DOOR WILL BE SENT TO THE OFFICE AT NOON AND 2 P.M. OF EACH DAY. THE MESSENGER IS NOT TO BE SENT TO DELIVER OR RECEIVE MAIL MATTER AT THE OFFICE FOR DELIVERY, FOR ANY REASON, UNLESS IT IS IN THE LOCKED BAG.



Welcome,
1898

POETRY

The New Year's Gift

The table was spread with New Year gifts,
We counted them out by one,
And said to each other, "This New Year, De-
We have forgotten none."
But that night in my dream, I heard a voice
That seemed to speak from heaven,
My child, hast thou forgotten none,
When no gift to Me is given?
I saw the king and yet my name
I uttered not by their
How art thou that on this New Year's Day
Thou hast no gift for Me?
Lord, just because thou art a King
I answered tremblingly
To whom belongs the whole wide world
And heaven and earth and sea?
I never thought that thou wouldst care
For New Year's gifts from me,
There's nothing in my little store
Worthy enough for thee.
My child, replied the loving Lord,
I seek not things but thee,
Thou canst to-day thy heart redeem
Giving thyself to Me.
That I might have thee for Mine own
I shed on Calvary,
It was for this I left My throne
Child give thyself to Me.
I woke and all around me lay
But on that New Year's Day
My heart made answer, "Lord, I will
And I have my-self to give."
—Mrs. J. M. Mathison

MISCELLANEOUS

"In a Mysterious Way."

"No," said the lawyer, "I shall press your claim against that man; you can get some one else to take the case if you can withdraw it, just as you please."
"Think there isn't any money in it."
"There would probably be a little money in it, but it would come from the sale of the little house the man occupies and calls his home. But I don't want to meddle with the matter anyhow."
"Got frightened out of it, eh?"
"Not at all."

I suppose the old fellow begged hard to be let off.
Well, yes, he did.
And you saved him likely?
Yes.
What in creation did you do?
I believe I shed a few tears.
And he begged you hard, you say?
No, I didn't say so, he didn't speak a word to me.
Well, may I ask, whom did he address in your hearing?
God Almighty.
And he took to praying, did he?
Not for my benefit in the least. You see, I found the little house easily enough and knocked on the outer door, which stood ajar, but nobody heard me, so I stepped into the little hall, and saw through the crack of the door a cozy sitting room, and there on the bed with her silver head high on the pillows, was an old lady who looked for all the world like my mother, and the last time I saw her on earth.
Well, I was on the point of knocking again when she said:
Come, father, now begin, I am all ready. Down on his knees by her side went an old white haired man, still older than his wife, I should judge, and I couldn't have knocked then for the life of me. Well, he began:
First he reminded me that they were still his submissive children, mother and he, and no matter what he saw fit to bring upon them they should not rebel against his will. Of course, it was going to be hard for them to go out homeless in their old age, especially with one mother so sick and helpless, and he would have all been if only one of the boys had been spared. Then he told me how he had found the little house, and how he had moved slowly, with his snowy hair, then he went on to repeat that nothing could ever be so happy again as the getting with those sons, unless mother and he should be separated. But at last he had found comfort in himself with the fact that his Lord knew that it was through no fault of his that mother and he were thus in need with the loss of their dear little home, which meant beggary and the almshouse, a place they prayed to be delivered from if it could ever be consistent with God's will. And then he

quoted a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord. In fact, it was the most thrilling plea to which I ever listened. At last he prayed for God's blessing on those who were about to demand justice.
Then the lawyer continued more slowly than ever. "And—I believe I had rather go to the poorhouse myself to night than to stain my hands and heart with the blood of such a prosecution as that." "Little afraid to defeat the old man's prayer, eh?"
"Bless your soul, man couldn't defeat that prayer. I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God, he claimed that we were told to make known our desires to him. But of all the pleading I ever heard, that moved me the most. You see I was taught that kind of thing myself in my childhood, and why I was sent to hear that prayer, I am sure I don't know—but I hand the case over."
"I wish," said the client, twisting uneasily, "I wish you hadn't told me about the old man's prayer."
"Why so?"
"Well, because I want the money the place could bring. I was taught the Bible straight enough when I was a youngster, and hate to run counter to what you tell me about it. I wish you had not heard a word about it, and another time I would not listen to petitions not intended for my ears."
The lawyer smiled.
"My dear fellow," he said, "you are wrong again. It was intended for my ears, and yours too, and God Almighty intended it. My old mother used to sing about 'God moves in a mysterious way, I remember.'"
"Well, my mother used to sing it too," said the client, as he twisted the claim papers in his fingers. "You can call in the morning, if you like, and tell mother and him the claim has been met."
"In a mysterious way," added the lawyer.—Boston Globe

No one should trust himself too much, even though he has attained to great union with God, and he be far removed from all creatures for there is no place so remote, no solitude so retired, that the devil may not enter.—St. Teresa.