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NO. 17.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB BELLEVILLE ONTARIC

CANADA



Missister of the Government in Charge. THE HON I. J DAVIS, TOMOVTO

Government Inspector.

Officers of the Institution:

V V ROSINT THESON MAKINS, M. D

ASABEL WALKER

Sugerentenitent Hurrar. Physician Matrox

Teachers .

Million V. N. V. Maria II. II Alia, II A

May 14 TERRILL MISS & PRIFILLION Many Bruk. AMB C. HALLS, IN LANGE CONTROL MISS LONG CONTROL MISS LONG CONTROL MISS CONTROL MIS Miss! Long Niellainer MRS SYLVIA L. SALIS

Totale of tetwalition Mark Mins Angles MINT CAROLINE GIRMAN Many III L. Leucher of Paney Bork

MAN SIGN ALFO JOHN F BURNS and Typewriter In actor of Printing

M. Dovolass, landerper & Amortale G.O. Keith.

Master Shormaker 1 MIDDLEMAN Engineer

WM NUMBER

Min M. Drupen Mis M. Driver .

Separation: Supervisor
species Cliris, etc.

Separation: R. Halp

Falled Hopital Nurse

JOHN DOWNIA Master Carpenter

D. CUNSINGHAM. Master Baker

Jous Moost Furmer and Gardener

the object of the Province in tousding and talning this firstitute is to afford education of the Province.

The on account of leafners, either partial or maddle to receive a struction in the common and the common of the common deaf mutes between the ages of soven and

to 147, not being deficient in intellect and free contactons diseases who are boom fele to some the irrormes of interior will be at least a pupils. I he regular term of instituction is seven years with a vacation of nearly to months during the amenter of each year and all the pupils.

recurs, guardans or friends who are able to per year for will be charged the sum of she per year for the Tulton brooks and medical attendance be furnished free

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At the present time the trades of Printing
Componering and bloomaking are taught to
be at the female pupils are margueted in Kene
"Scomestic work Taitering, Presentaking
Marking, hmitting, the use of the bewing machine,
the tauth ornamental and fancy work as may be
Correlle.

is hoped that all having harge of deaf mute the fren. will swall themselves of the literal managered by the tiovernmens for their clusted and improvement

The liegular Annual deboot Term begins the liegular Annual deboot Term begins the liegular Annual deboot Term begins the liegular Annual deboot to be liegular, and deboot the third Westnesday in June of each year any information as to the terms of admission supplies etc., will be given upon application to the liegular deby latter or otherwise

R. MATHISON. Superintendent

HELLEVILLE OST

操作ITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS ETTRIES AND PAPERS III CPILED AND LYCHARDHAM attnot delay to the parties to produce the parties of the parties



The Living Christ,

As the lilies are pure in their pullor, increases are fragrant and so ext.

The initial posteroid take of on write purify in praise at the text.

Pulsing it passionate praises that texts is used again.

But we look for the signs of the terms in the hearts of the christs of one.

Wherever a pair band of pair fairs soft on a

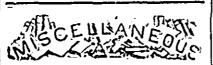
winded of a way.
Wherever a period for optings upon the treater a fee.
Wherever a tender hearts merculant post-hes to aucror a need.
Wherever aptings feature for woundmenties blaster is risely undeed.

Wherever the soul of a people stress in courage Wherever the soul of a people arises, in courage and inight.
And fillings off the grave hands that showed it its hope in the gloom or the might.
Wherever in sight of tools beginne the arones or seed recede.
And tight whis a soul or a kingdom, (in: Moster in risen, indeed).

to find out your bainers orms toners bring files to siter and shifts. Ungout I aster bells. He remote for our left token and sign.

There a world months summed and toolwater bears called note the remote and so not lichard are the grave and the darkness the Master is rise undeed.

With I car Date Sur-



" Like One of These."

AN EASTER PHOTORIL

A voning girl stood at a notting table a very thoughtful look upon her tacc She held a lily bulb in her hand and as she looked at it, she said softly. How wonderful it seems that there is life hidden in that ngly brown thing utenout one trace of beauty about it Wonderful, glorious, tragrant life Mother, I believe I will carry one to little Ernest Sinclair Hi has such a terrible fear of death, you know

"Very well, daughter. I do not see how the his is to help lain but do as you choose

"I have an idea, mother the girl replied, but without offering to explain She felt as it it would take the first bleom of the sweetness and sacredness of her thought to relicarse it before hand

She toiled up a long flight of tenement stairs an hour later and was welcomed at the landing by a pale woman, whose eyes told of much weeping and loss of sleep, whose thin checks complained of lack of nourishment

"How is he to day Mrs. Sinclair"
"No better, miss. I thought yester
day he seemed a triffe brighter but in the night the pain awoke him, and with it came the dread of dving. When the pain is so sharp, you see, to term the last has come. If only the doctor had not spoken so loud that day Miss blist

The young lady went in and stood beside the cet where lay the sufferer 1 noble little lace, with broad, high forchead and long exclusives, sweeping down, almost touching the dark runs which suffering had pencilled beneath the eyes. The sweet, sensitive mouth was drawn in lines of pain and the little, thin hands were looked as if in an effort of endurance.

Alas, there was nothing to suggest the carelessuess and joy of childhood in that plaintive figure, and tears came to Elste Lincoln's tender eyes.

The child's great brown eyes opened auddenly on hers. Thave brought you samething, darling, and Flac when she had kissed him "Now you must not be disappointed because my aft is not pretty to look at, little lad I will tell you all about it.

She sat down by the bedsule and drew

earth and the brown bulb. Ernest took it in his hand wonderingly

It was such a queer gift, for aloss this it of always before brought him something to please his eyes or to fampt his caprulous appetite, golden on nges or luscions graps s, his picture book, and one glorious day. Ins beloved harmonica with the silvery tones which he could breathe out from it himself. What is it hie asked.

Would you ever believe it, dear 2" she replied taking the bulb in her own "See how brown and homely it is so dead and silent, but, Ernest, in side of it there is a great, brautiful lily all waiting to spring up and grow. On the outside where we can see, it is all dead but inside it is all alive. What do we do with dead things, Ernest?"

" Put them into the ground," replied Ernest with a shidder

Yes, love, and so we'll put the hly down into the ground so it can grow. It is not its real self now, it is only the homely little house where the beautiful

She tucked the bulb into its dark bed and covered it over, the boy a dark eyes watching every movement "Now wo have buried our dead in its grave, and in a little while my Ernest will see the nts coming up fresh and green not a bit like the ugls brown bulb

Will I be that was when I in buried?" The large eves were fixed on hers with painful intensity

Ye my precious little one. Right usin this pool little pain racked body there is a beautiful wonderful angel boy all well and strong, waiting to be released, so that it can soar away up to took where it will live in beauty for-

The quick mind of the child grasped the idea with avidity, and his eager questions were answered with unfailing patience by his young teacher, who all the time had the prayer in her heart that the teaching might accomplish all

that she had hoped for it. From that day a new life began for the afflicted child. He had been such a bright, strong lad before the terrible fall which had hurt his spine, laying him upon a bed of almost intolerable suffer ing that it was no wonder he fretted and chafed for his accustomed sports, and bore his pain rebelliously at the

Tuen came the doctor's careless remark with its added burden of fear. Very good people can be almost unpar donably thoughtless at times, and really kind Dr. Everts had no idea his voice was raised so high on that morning when the mother had begged to know the real condition of the patient.

She had no money to spend, poor woman on the nourishment of false hopes. Her scanty earnings as a seamstress would be needed in other directions, and Dr. Evart gave her every possible direction for alleviating the movitable pain, as he made his final SISIL

Day after day the child's eager eyes watched the surface of the hly s bed until one morning he called out joy

tulls 'Oh, mamma' Come quick and see My his has come. A truy spike of green had burst its bounds in the night. and Mrs. Suiclair sympathized fully with her child's delight as she set the pot in the one samy window which blessed her humble home and drew birnest's little cot close beside it. Never hiv grew more beautiful than that, surely never flower was honored with a greater devotion of care.

The child seemed to drink in the sweet lesson of the resurrection with its growth and he rarely spoke of death now, though the mother's heart was wrung daily with the knowledge that it was surely and swiftly approaching.

If only he can live to see the fily bloom, it is all I ask, she said one day, as she and Else stood by the little bedside. "I think he who carries the little from its paper wrappings the pot of lambs in his bosom must have whisper-

ed the thought of bringing it to him-It has been such a blessing to him

Seven long, beautiful buds crowned the green stalk when the fatal numb ness, which meant so much, began creeping up the child's limbs

His pain was almost gone, and the mother missed, with jealous love, the opportunities it gave her for doing something for him

His mind grow with the filly, and he sometimes made such strange, precedious remarks that Mrs. Sinclair was startled.

"The angel boy is almost ready to go, he said one day "I can feel his wings flottering against my heart. Will there be likes there to take care of, matoina 9

"Yes, my Ernest. I am sure there will be likes, but they will need no care. for like the augels, they will hvo for-

Elsie stood by the bedside on Easter morning.

Five beautiful white lilies had unfolded in glorious beauty

The spirit of the pale sufferer upon the bed had unfolded also, and the mother's tears fell fast as she told the young girl the story of his departure.

"The first came out vesterday morn ing, miss and he watched it all day, calling it his angel fily, and talking to it in a low, strange tone. His mind wan-dered at times, and he seemed to think he was already in heaven. Another hly opened in the afternoon, and as I brought it closer so that he could look right down into the heart of it, he said, looking up into inv face with such a beautiful sinde, "I'm not afraid to die now, mamma - I'd rather be God's angel boy than poor, sick little Ernest.

Ob. Miss Elsie, I can never thank

you enough for that blessed thought of yours. It took away my darling's fear and gave him such peace and sweetness instead. In the early morning I saw that the end was very near. It seemed a fitting thing that he should go on Easter day, since it must be so. The rising sun shore in on the lifty plant and have approved widely but I could and his eyes opened widely, but I could see that there was a film gathering over them, so I laid it close down beside him where the blossoms and the fragrance

might still reach his remaining senses.
"Don't cry mainma." he said, as my tears fell on his face, "I am so much better

"Yes, he was better. Miss Elsie, and I could almost magme I could see my child's precious spirit floating upward as the weary eyes closed again, and I know that my darling's pain was over."

They buried him with the spray of hires clasped in his pale hands across his breast, a fitting emblem of the pure and beautiful spirit, the lovely dower which had gone to blossom in the heavenly gardens of God.

He Cheerlul.

If we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles with us, the air seems more balmy the sky more clear, tho ground has a brighter green, the trees have richer foliage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon and stars all appear more beautiful. We take our food with relish and whatever it may be, it pleases us. We feel better for itstronger and livelier, and fit for exertion. Now, what happens to us if we are ill-tempered and discontented? Why, there is not anything which can pleaso us. We quarrel with our food, with our dress, with our amusements, with our companions and with ourselves. Nothing comes right for us, the weather is either too hot or too cold, too dry, or too damp Neither sun, nor moon, nor stars have any beauty the fields are barren, the flower-dusterless, and the brokenlent. We move about like some ovil spirit, neither loving nor beloved by anything. -Selected