

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTIL M. G.

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 24.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 216.

For the S. S. Advocate.

DEAF MUTES.

SOME heathen nations put to death little children that are deaf, or blind, or lame, while they have hospitals for cats, and monkeys, and cows. It is only Christian people that build hospitals for the sick, the insane, the deaf, and the blind.

The fine building which you see pictured here is the Institution for Deaf Mutes near New York city. Children are sent here at an early age and taught reading and writing, and all such studies as you learn at school. But they cannot learn so fast

as you do, because they must do it all with their eyes, and do their talking with their hands. They must write out all they wish to say, or tell it by signs, or spell it with their fingers. This last they usually do by making a sign for each letter, and these signs are called the "deaf and dumb alphabet." Their teachers are very patient and kind, and teach them a great many things. Once a year the institution has an exhibition in some large hall in the city, and thousands of people flock to hear, or rather to see, what the poor deaf mutes have learned. The pupils seem to enjoy it very much.

Persons also frequently visit the schoolroom of the Asylum and witness the class exercises, and sometimes they put questions to the pupils. A visitor once asked a boy why it was that God had made him deaf and dumb, while others could hear and speak. And the boy with tender sadness wrote on the black-board in reply, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." But I do not suppose they would all say so, for there are bad boys and girls among deaf mutes as well as elsewhere. And we need not wonder if there are even more, for they cannot learn about God as others do. Their mothers cannot take them on their laps and tell them about their Creator and the blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ. It is very difficult to make them understand about God, because they cannot see him nor anything that is like him. To be sure, they can learn something about him as soon as they can use the deaf and dumb alphabet to spell out words, and still more when they can read; but during all their infancy and early childhood they are like little heathen. Ah, little reader, do you ever thank God that you are not deaf?



One of the teachers of a deaf and dumb asylum was once trying to teach a class of new pupils about death and a future life. When he was telling how persons grow old and die, one of the boys buried his face in his hands and burst into tears. The teacher inquired what was the matter, and he replied:

"I hate to be old; I will not be old; no, never indeed. I will not die, either. Must I become old?"

The teacher tried to show him that all must become old, but the boy would not be convinced. He continued to sign with his fingers, "Old, never!" and to shake his head.

After learning to write they have exercises in composition, just as they do at other schools. Here is a composition written by a boy thirteen years old named Jack:

"LITTLE STORIES.

"A girl was sick. She could not go to school. Her mistress gave her medicine, but she grew worse and afterward died.

"A man was rowing in a boat on the river. The wind blew hard. The boat was upset and the man was drowned.

"A boy wished to sell his book. He saw Thomas. He knew that he was a silly fellow. He sold his book to Thomas for twenty-five cents. Thomas could not read it."

It is true, that deaf mutes when grown up sometimes act like great children. But if you ever meet with them, be very kind, and patient, and respectful toward them, for, little as they know, it may be that they have improved their opportunities better than you have yours.

AUNT JULIA.

Our idle days are Satan's busy days.

For the S. S. Advocate.

THE BOY WHO BROKE HIS NECK.

SEE yonder boys sitting on a load of wood! I guess they are brothers. The little fellow cannot be much over eight years old. Take care, boys! I think you had better get off and walk down that hill.

Pooh! the boys reply in their thoughts. "Get off, indeed! Does that old foggy think we are city boys and can't keep our seats on a load of wood? Bah! Steady there, old Broad! Whoa, Brush!"

But Broad and Brush wont mind the "whoa." The hill

is long and steep. The load is heavy and presses hard upon their necks. Instead of going slower they start up. Their speed quickens. Away they go racing down the hill! Where are the boys?

Alas, they have tumbled off! Where are they? Here is the elder. "O!" he groans as we touch him. "What is the matter, my son?" "My shoulder." Dear me, it is dislocated! Hurry for a doctor. But the little fellow, where is he? Yonder he lies. How still and pale he is! Handle him gently. Alas, his neck is broken! He is dead!

These boys thought themselves very brave when they sat on that load of wood going down the steep hill. Were they brave? Maybe they were, but they were also rash and foolhardy. Bravery does not require a boy to risk his life or limbs needlessly. Let my readers mark this fact and learn a lesson of prudence from the misfortune of these two boys. The broken neck of the one and the dislocated shoulder of the other cry to all the boys in the world, "Don't be foolhardy. Be bold and brave where duty is to be done, but don't be rash!"

PEN-AND-INK PAINTER.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT EDDIE SAID THE FIRST TIME HE HEARD HIS FATHER PRAY.

LITTLE EDDIE'S father was converted the day that Eddie was five years old. The child was not near at the time, and his father would not allow any one to tell him. Though he was a strong-hearted man, he did not think he could bear to hear what Eddie would say. Maybe he did not like to weep before his little boy.