

The Deaf and Dumb.

'Tis hard to understand
At times, in this strange earthly life,
Mid all its pain and care, and strife,
The working of God's hand

And some must brook the loss
Of much that makes this life most dear
And bear with patience year by year
The weight of some sad cross

On some sad, closed ears
All the sweet melodies that play
To this glad world from day to day
Fall noiselessly as tears

And God has strangely sealed
Some lips which might have served him well
For what high purpose, who can tell?
One day 't would be revealed

Aye, blessed be his name!
One day when earthly shadows flee
When hidden eyes, the light shall see
And their reward shall claim

Then we will understand
What here on earth was mystery
And all will be sweet harmony
In that bright better land

FOR THE CANADIAN MUTS

Notes During 1869-70 Session.

BY WM. KAY, AN OLD PUPIL.

Most of your readers will be reminded by a glance at the heading that it was the last session of the old school in Hamilton. One day in August my mother and myself sat down on a sofa in our sitting-room reading a letter from the late Mr. Terrill, which announced that the term would open on the 31st of that month. In due time my father and myself arrived at the Dundurn Castle that evening, only stopping at one of the window doors of the school room, when my father bade me good bye and departed. It was quite dark then, and when the lamps were lighted, to my surprise I saw the room beautifully decorated for the ball given by Miss Harriet McGann, now lady superintendent of the Mackay Institution in Montreal, and her late sister Mossie. Among the decorations was a magnificent oil painting, perhaps one yard square, containing the view of Burlington Bay, the work of Mr. Forster, the well known artist, who was an old friend of Mr. McGann. While looking at the painting, Mrs. Terrill came with her baby Alfred in her arms, shaking my hand and stood beside me for a minute or so. Then she said the painting was very good. As the pupils were not included in the ball party, they had to retire to their quarters. The next event of interest was the visit of

LORD LISGAR THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

and H. R. H. Prince Arthur. One night during study hour, Messrs. McGann and Terrill came into the room, the former sitting down on the bench beside me wrote the addresses on a slate for me to learn. The next day, under the supervision of young Edward McGann, the boys tied up the roads and lawns, and also assisted him and Mr. Terrill in making the strings of overgreens for the school-room. After the royal visit, Mr. Terrill went away on his hunting expedition and Edward McGann taught his class, to which I belonged. One day a little girl, rather tall for her age, came forward volunteering to teach her own class, and young Mr. McGann gave her leave. She did the work for a few days and sometimes I glanced at the little group by the black board and noticed how earnestly the little teacher was in reviewing the lessons, explaining or correcting the mistakes her classmates made. There were only three: Miss Ette Lorenzen, (now Mrs. McDermid of the Manitoba School, and one of the most effective and most competent teachers of the present day), Joseph Cook and George Richardson. After two weeks' absence Mr. Terrill returned, bringing with him a splendid bag of game—wild ducks, cranes, black birds, hawk and others. As usual I went home for Christmas but it was the shortest as well as my last one at home. Some time after my return to the castle,

PREPARATIONS FOR THE REMOVAL

of the school began, proceeding by degrees, the last night the boys slept in the family dining room on the floor, lying on the mattresses and covered with bedding warm and comfortable, on account of a hot coal stove under the charge of Mr. McGann, the Superintendent, who carried a lantern with him. The next afternoon the boys took their

having left a day or two previously. The last to arrive were the cook and Miss Maggie Brown (now Mrs. John Flynn), one of the girls who kept her company, as I remember well seeing them coming up the stairs into the kitchen while the boys were at supper for the first time. The new building consisted of two blocks three stories high, and was of red brick, on Main street, just one street behind the Mc Nab Presbyterian Church where the pupils always attended the morning service. The Watson family and the girls occupied one block, and the boys the other. Mr. Watson was the principal of the new school. Mr. McGann resided with his daughter Mrs. Terrill, in her pretty cottage, where she had the charge of a few small boys and the blind girls, only three in number. Rev. Mr. James continued visiting there every week and preached effectively as ever.

BEING VALENTINE SEASON

a new and novel fad became the rage all over, in the shape of a moveable figure made of paper and wire. The one for the school amusement was a man sawing wood. The toy was hung against the stove pipe, high above the stove in the general room, and as long as there was a roaring fire the vibration in the air resulting from the heat from the pipe caused the wheel to turn around, thus making the man by means of a wire to saw. It was so amusing to watch how fast or slow the man was, according to the more or less effective vibration. One night during study hour Miss Harriet McGann and Mr. Forster, the artist, came in to the boys' room showing them the new oil portrait of the late Mr. Terrill. The likeness was so striking and forcible that the boys almost believed that he was alive, and were kindly allowed a long view of it with intense feelings. One night the pupils were very glad to welcome back two boys, Charles Howe and Mark Ezard, who had been on an extensive exhibition trip through Western Ontario, in company with either Mr. McGann or his son Edward. In the afternoon of Good Friday the pupils went to a hall to see a panorama, and as they occupied the gallery, I could hardly see the views plainly and was therefore indifferent as to what they were. On Easter Sunday the pupils had eggs for breakfast. There was only one long range of tables in the general room, and I being one of the smallest boys, sat nearest to the girls, not far from the head, where sat Miss Sarah Story, (now Mrs. Robert Riddell, of Toronto), one of my favorite companions for talking. Some new pupils were received by this time, some of whom were Miss Emile, (now Mrs. James Beemer), Miss Theakston, (now Mrs. Charles McLaren), Wm and Margaret Rutherford. Early in the morning of May 18th, some boys came into the dormitory asking for some suits of clothes, saying

"MRS. TERRILL'S COTTAGE BURNED DOWN

I was so astounded, mingled with sorrow, and promptly lent my suit, after a while the whole of the unfortunate minutes and the family arrived, looking sad and tearful. The usual school work was suspended during the day as there was so much excitement. Among the pupils who suffered most, was Miss Hazard, of Buffalo, N. Y., (now Mrs. Robertson). On Queen Victoria's birthday the pupils went down street to see the military procession, but were disappointed. Some boys played with fire crackers out in the yard, mostly out of their own pocket money. I, in company with Robert Hoy, of Avonton, bought three packages for a quarter, without asking the Principal's leave, but he did not give us any trouble as we were so careful not to ignite any building near around. In the evening the pupils enjoyed themselves by watching the display of fireworks down street, through the windows in their dormitories, and it was a very lovely moonlight. The next morning they were thrown into consternation by the unexpected news of the second Fenian raid, but it turned out to be only a fizzle though the soldiers were on the scene and were rather nervous, as the Principal told us. For some evenings Mrs. Watson came into the boys' room and read to them the extra telegrams, which were generally of cheerful character. By this time the talk was that there were some trouble in the far west, where the Red Indians lived and that the soldiers had gone there. It was Manitoba and

THE FIRST LIFT TO BELLEVILLE

Most of the pupils who had United

States money exchanged it for the new Canadian money, which had been introduced into the Dominion by the Government in Ottawa. I had three quarters in the car of a friend in the city who went to a bank and got me three small bills in quarters, not in use now. Some pupils left for their homes at different times, and one evening, Mr. McGann asked Mark Ezard and myself to go with Charles Howe as far as the station to see him off, so we accompanied him and saw that he got a ticket and that he got a good seat in a car on the Toronto track, we each shook hands with him affectionately and bade him farewell and then came out. The school finally closed on the 20th of June, and it was Monday morning when some pupils, including myself took a bus to the station and then boarded the tram under the charge of Mr. Edward McGann, who went as far as Paris and then I went to Stratford the place of my nemo. The station was a small one painted brown, and I noticed behind it a newly built one which still stands. I almost forgot to mention that some time in May, upon the invitation of a gentleman in Waterloo, Mr. McGann took Charles Howe and myself there for exhibition, and returned to the school the next day. The day before we went, Mr. Watson told the boys to have a walk to Dundurn Castle, and there we met Mr. George Moulder. It was the last of him and also our last view of the Castle and its grounds. During July and August Mr. Edward McGann and myself were on an exhibition in towns in the county of Huron commencing at Seaford round by way of Goderich, along the lake coast and into the country, ending at Exeter. I believe it was the last connection with the old school in Hamilton before

ITS REMOVAL TO BELLEVILLE

The names of the attendants at the close of the session as I can remember, were Charles Howe, Mark Ezard, Wm. Smith of Shakespeare, Fred Wheeler, Con J. Staley, David Pringle, John and Henry Schnell, Cartwright, Cassidy, Robert Hoy, Daniel Hadden, Robert Sutton, Samuel Darow, Duncan Morrison, Joseph Cook, George Richardson, James Braven, John F. B., Robert Green, John Ormiston, Peter Cummings, Wm. Hammell, Wm. Rutherford, and the writer—21 boys. Sarah Story (Mrs. Riddell), Sarah Fletcher, once attendant at the New York Institution under Dr. Harvey Peet, Miss Hazard (Mrs. Robertson), Miss Birney, Margaret Brown (Mrs. Flynn), Miss Emile (Mrs. Jas. Beemer), Miss Theakston (Mrs. Chas. McLaren), Eliza Sloan, Sarah Byers, Miss McGee, Margaret Rutherford, and three blind girls: 14 girls. Miss Minnie Runley, (the late Mrs. Jas. McCoy) was an attendant in the Watson family. The mute visitors on the Queen's birthday were David Hamby, John and Henry Moore, besides Mrs. Jane Hester Howe, mother of Charles Howe. The other mute visitor was Mr. Cooper, a graduate of the Hartford Institution and an old classmate of the late Mr. Greene, who had the pleasure of meeting him at your school one year after

About Some Boys.

In an English Dockyard a great ship was to be launched. An immense crowd gathered to see it glide down the slides that were to carry it into the water. The blocks and wedges were knocked away, but the massive ship did not stir. Just then a little boy ran forward and began to push the ship with all his might. The crowd broke out into a laugh but it so happened that the vessel was almost ready to move, the few pounds pushed by the boy were only needed to start it, and away it went into the water. Now that was a little thing, but you see what it did.

Oftentimes the little things you do don't seem of much account. But they are. One spring morning a little boy planted a single seed in a bank of earth. It grew budding and blossomed into sweet blue violets in season by the child planter. It also seeded, and the seed fell out upon the bank of earth, and next spring more violets grew, and so for years, increasing every season. The boy, now a man in a foreign land, desired to visit his childhood's home. When he saw the bank of violets he remembered how years before, he had planted there a single seed. "Can it be," he said, "that all these have sprung from the single seed I planted? I will never waste a single seed." Oh, dear children, remember the importance of little things.—Exchange.

John Howells 10

A shaft of golden light
window of the old house
softly on the bare floor
faded, powdery cushions
now and beautiful
most lovingly of all on
little organist, surrounded
a glorious halo.

But the organist
Her hands were resting
and her brown eyes
through the darkened
Up to this time, Miss
able to practice every
time to be able to play
accept the permanent
organist in the village
day her hopes and aspirations
cherished were crushed
for Jim was sick, Jim
who had been her steady
who had cheerfully given
play every day to blow
hor.

"How long," asked the
of the doctor, "how long
be able to pump for Ruth?"
The kind-hearted doctor
pathetic smile. "A long
afraid, my boy. Rhinoceros
to take its leave after
person."

So Ruth went alone
that day. Not to practice
to pray quietly for the good
If only she could afford
needed to pay some bills
But that was out of the
must wait until Jim should
wait and hope.

Ruth was aroused from
reveries by hearing footsteps
ing, she saw John Howells
the aisle. He was the
spoiled boy in Plattsburgh
always a cold and pale
and somewhat dreary
now. He had seen
came up with a smile on
face.

"I saw the church door
came in," he said, sitting
near. "Don't let me disturb
your practicing, Miss Morris.
listen to you if I may."

"I am not practicing to
answered. Then seeing
surprise, she added "Jim
know, so I must wait until
helper is well."

"Oh, I see," said John
the organ. But if you were
Miss Morris, I can find
in a few minutes. Any
fellows around here would
do it.

Ruth gave a little laugh
see, John," she said frankly
cannot afford to pay for one
so I must wait, and in time
well."

Her companion said nothing
his mind was busy thinking
he had wasted on trifling
money which this young girl
spent to great advantage
by the spending. The want
had never come home to him
before.

Yet what could he do? He
felt that he must in some way
for his past extravagance
this girl. He could not offer
boy for her. And then close
of golden light, a generous
came into John Howells's heart.

"Miss Morris," he said
"I am an idle fellow and
many hours a day that
doing real good to take me
help me give pleasure to
beside myself. May I put
hour every morning?"

"You are very good,
flushing. "But I couldn't
imposing on you so, John
some work."

"Well," said John. "If
it why can't I? I'm
stronger. Suppose we
away."

And begun they did an
precious hour Ruth played
When some of John's friends
what his work was every
smiled among themselves
why the rich boy should waste
money during his vacation
the little organist and John
knew what prompted the serv

Many people look as if they
did not agree with them

Rest often so recuperates
that it makes him too lazy
work.