

# 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.



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Government Inspector:

HON. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

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MISS S. TEMPLETON, Head Teacher  
MISS MARY BULL, Head Teacher  
MRS. SYLVIA L. BALIS, Head Teacher  
MISS GEORGINA LINN, Head Teacher  
MISS A. A. JAMES, Head Teacher  
MRS. J. O. TERRILL, Head Teacher  
MISS S. TEMPLETON, Head Teacher  
MISS MARY BULL, Head Teacher  
MRS. SYLVIA L. BALIS, Head Teacher  
MISS GEORGINA LINN, Head Teacher  
MISS A. A. JAMES, Head Teacher

Teachers of Articulation:

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The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty 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 three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will be admitted FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding and Shoemaking are taught to the pupils. The female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine, and such ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal aid offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. For information as to the terms of admission, etc., will be given upon application to the Superintendent 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 matter to go away if put in box in office door will be sent to post office at noon and 2:45 p. m. of each day, Sundays excepted. The Institution is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one, unless the same is in the locked bag.



## Easter.

Ring, glad some bells of Easter tide,  
Ten thousand peans far and wide,  
From northern plains of frost and snow  
To lands where Easter lilies grow!  
Christ is risen!

Deep in the vale the sun's warm beams  
Strike icy chains from swelling streams,  
And in the bursting buds are seen  
The coming summer's wealth of green.  
Christ is risen!

And as the winter's night of sleep  
Has ended for the fair spring's leap,  
No was the night of jagged gloom  
Dispelled by life from out the tomb.  
Christ is risen!

Then ring the bells in tuneful chime  
And sound their loud in every clime.  
Go gather blushing lilies fair,  
The altar strow in song and prayer.  
Christ is risen!

O Easter day, glad Easter day!  
Our doubts and fears have passed away  
Hosanna! Let the welkin ring!  
Lift up your heads to praise and sing  
Christ is risen!



## Alys's Easter Lily.

(Mabel Gifford, in "Christian Register")

Tall and white—so tall and white!  
With a golden, golden heart, and breath  
Like the lilies of Paradise.

Alys Crane never before had had an Easter lily all her own. Uncle Henry had sent the bulb in a tiny box, with her name on it.

All winter Alys had watched it grow; and all winter in a very, very long time, an every little girl seven years and six months old in April knows.

How tenderly each green leaf had been welcomed and encouraged with all the sunshine that could be had and the happy smiles of its little mistress! And, when the lily bud was spied, such a rejoicing as there was! Lily rose and Dora-Bell were invited to an afternoon tea, and Pug—I mustn't forget him—and were told all about the wonderful discovery, and all about the brown bulb that turned into a tall stalk with green leaves on it.

The party behaved well until right in the most exciting part of the story Miss Lily Rose slipped out of her chair and lay on the floor with her eyes shut.

'Poor dear! she has fainted away,' said Mistress Alys; 'but I don't care, Pug, if her head is not cracked.'

The head proved to be sound, and Miss Dora-Bell was an example of composure, for she never made a sound, or moved her eyes from the place where Alys had been sitting through it all.

Every morning after that Alys ran downstairs as soon as she was awake to see if her precious lily had blossomed, looking herself like a white lily, with her tangled yellow curls and long night robe.

And now it had blossomed and it was the day before Easter.

How many times that day do you suppose Alys ran to the window to look at it? Nobody counted, but it was a good many times. Was there ever anything in the world half so beautiful? When she stood close up to it, it leaned over her and made her feel as she did at church Sundays after the services when the minister pronounced the benediction.

And Lily Rose and Dora-Bell and Pug, and even Snip, the kitten, had been taken to see it. And father and mother and big brother Fredoric. Then Edna and Muriel, two little playmates, had quite lost their breaths in admiration of the beautiful lily.

By-and-by the sun of the day before Easter disappeared behind the trees and tired, happy Alys came in to sit at mother's knee and have a twilight talk.

Mother had dropped her sewing in her lap, and was looking at the red-gold sun set sky. Such a long story as she listened to, all about the Easter lily, and how every one that had seen it behaved and what they said.

'Can I have it at the church to-morrow?' asked Alys. 'It will look so lovely in the church!'

'We will ask Brother Fredoric to take it over,' said mother. 'Then she looked at the sky that had turned to pearl gray.'

'Mother, what's in your thought? Is some one sick or sorry?' asked Alys, after a silence.

'I was thinking of Mary Ames. You know since she fell down the steps she can't walk. How tired she must be sitting or lying down all day every day!'

'Yes,' said Alys, growing serious; 'and the inside of her house is so homely! Why, there isn't a single pretty thing there to look at!'

'No; her mother is a hard-working woman, and has no time to spend in the house and no money to buy pretty things with. They do not seem to know how to fix things tastily, either.'

'And outside the window you can't see anything but woods. Dear me!'

Alys sighed and looked about her pretty home. The fire on the hearth leaped up and showed glimpses of pictures and vases and tasteful furnishings.

'Perhaps she is so used to it she does not mind,' said Alys. 'She used to want plants in the house, though; but her mother would not let her have them.'

'I wish,' said Alys's mother, 'that she was able to be carried to church to see the flowers there and hear the music. Do you remember how the tears rolled down her cheeks last Easter when she sang the Easter hymn with the children?'

'Yes; and she said it was not because she felt sorry about anything, but because she was so happy. Oh! I am sure she does love beautiful things, or she wouldn't be like that.'

Alys sighed again.

'Couldn't I carry her over something to-morrow—something pretty—an Easter card or a vase—or—couldn't you give me a piece of verben and white geranium to make a little bouquet?'

'We will see,' said mother.

'I don't suppose anything would be quite so beautiful as a live Easter lily for Mary to look at,' said Alys, pensively, looking toward the window where her treasure gleamed star like through the shadow.

There was no reply to this remark; but the fire leaped up and showed the pretty pattern of the mat before the hearth and the delicate tracery on the tinted wall.

'It would be pretty nice to have one lily to look at for a little while if you couldn't go to church, wouldn't it?' asked Alys.

'I think it would,' said mother.

'I suppose the church could do without my lily, there will be so many, or—oh, I know! Brother Fred could take it down to Mary's after church, and she could have it to look at until night. Wouldn't that please her over so much?'

'I think it would,' said mother.

Alys sat for some time watching the fire. Somehow her plan did not seem entirely satisfactory.

'If you didn't have one lovely thing to look at, and had to sit all alone, and couldn't do anything, and someone sent you an Easter lily to look at for a little while, shouldn't you feel pretty bad when it was carried away?' asked Alys, with her chin in her hand and not looking up from the fire.

'I think I should,' said mother.

'But you would be over so glad to have it a little while, and you would think the little girl who sent it very kind to lend it?'

'Yes, indeed!' said mother.

'But all the time you would wish as hard as you could that you had an Easter lily all your own to keep, wouldn't you?'

'I am sure I should,' said mother;

and a little smile that Alys did not see crept into mother's face, and her hand began to smooth the yellow curls.

'But if you were a little girl and had a beautiful lily that your uncle had given you, and that you had watched for over and over and o-o-ver so long and loved ever so dearly, you would feel pretty bad to give it away, wouldn't you?' asked a tremulous voice.

'I—am—afraid—I—should,' replied Alys's mother, taking the dimpled little hand that had crept up to hers and clasping it softly.

Just then footsteps were heard coming up the steps, and Alys sprang up with a shout and skipped out of the room. Mr. Crane, coming in thought the little blossom that leaped into his arms and nearly strangled him was quite the sweetest blossom of them all.

After tea Father Crane sat by the table reading his paper, and Mother Crane sat beside him with her face-work, listening to bits of news; and Alys sat up close to the table, with a pencil and some bits of paper. Such a curious little pucker as there was between her eyes! and her mouth was gathered so tight that it looked like a bunch of crumpled rose-leaves.

After thinking for some time Alys asked: 'If you were going to have an Easter lily given to you, wouldn't you like to have it come in the night and surprise you in the morning?'

'How delightful that would be!' said mother.

'And wouldn't you like to find a note on it that said, "Yours to keep for always, your truly friend, Alys Crane; and I'm sorry you can't come to church?"'

'I should be so happy I think I should sing a hymn right out,' said mother. And she looked so much as if she was going to right then that the pucker came out of Alys's forehead, and the wrinkles smoothed from the rose-leaves, and Alys laughed gleefully.

After the laugh she bent over the table and began to write big, plain letters on a scrap of paper, the dimples coming and going in her cheeks all the while.

'Now, s'posing,' she said at last, 'just s'posing that a little girl was going to give her Easter lily to a poor sick girl who didn't have anything pretty at all, and s'posing she wanted to send it in the night, so the poor girl might be surprised in the morning, do you s'pose that little girl's father would carry the lily to the poor girl's house?'

Mother Crane did not answer, but looked toward Father Crane. He lowered his paper. 'I shouldn't wonder if he would,' he said.

Alys jumped out of her chair, and clapped her hands, her face shining like a sunrise. 'That's me! that's me!' she cried. 'And you'll have to go; for you said, you know.'

And Father Crane was so surprised! But he wouldn't back out, of course; and he went for his great-coat, while mother tied up the lily with the note fastened to it.

When she came back she took Alys in her arms. 'I see an Easter lily that has blossomed out this Easter eve lovelier even than the lily that has just gone.'

'Where do you see it?' asked Alys, looking all about the room. 'Oh, do tell me quick!'

'I see it in little Alys's heart,' said mother.

I hope every boy and girl who reads this story will find a kind word or a kind thought lily-blossom in their heart on Easter morning.

Ho who would look Time in the face without illusion and without fear should associate each year as it passes with new developments of his nature; with duties accomplished, with work performed. To fill the time allotted to us to the brim with action and with thought is the only way in which we can learn to watch its passage with equanimity.