# CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. II.,

BELLEVILLE, MARCH 15, 1893.

NO. 2.

## STITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BULLEVILLE, ONTARIO,

CANADA.



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D CUNNINGHAM Master Inker

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THOMAS WILLS Garlener. MI HALL O'MEARA, FROMER.

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R. MATHISON.

Superintendent

## INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

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## GOD IS LOVE.

On the soft pillow of God's perfect love, I lay it e-down Beneath me are the everlasting arms, Above, a crown

Wearr of earth's long conflict, seeking rest, Let finding none, I class Gol's will, and present to my heart-His will be done

facing, O Loni, upon thy cup, thy cross, While taking rules. What is the weight of all this loss of pain In sight of thine?

Both the poor, anguished licart, hear breaking

In bitterness.
Could not some tears, some drops of grief be spared, Home pangs be less?"

God did not spare his Non, the cruel thorns
Wounding his brow,
Nor the shar, pain of nails that pierced his
hands;
Bo trust him now

Hereafter thou shalt know God's own need be And they are blest Who, seeing not, believe, and take his yoke. To find his rest,

And, leaning their tired hearts upon his love.
With Joy confees
Hach pang is measured, but the love that meter
Is measuredes.

J. H. S., in the Christian



## His Child Love.

It was only a little child's face peeping out through some plants that were in the window seat. But it was such a the window scat. But it was such a wee sweet face, that I could not help it, but stopped in the street, drow out my sketch-book from my pocket and began to sketch it. The child kept her position, watching me as if under a charm. With a rapid hand I drew in the surroundings, but when I came to

the surroundings, one when I can to the anect face my pencil grow gentle. I touched tenderly the soft, round outlines, the little rings of curly hair, the carnest wide open eyes.

I wanted to linger over each line as it made the likeness more perfect, but feared she would move and I would love it all. Sho was just the kind of child you would take in your arms and cuddle. and talk soft loving nonsenso to, while the earnest eyes gaze at you until you

could cry-It was a quiet street in the sleepy old town where I was spending the Summer, and there were not many passers by, so I sketched until I finished my picture

as far as was necessary.
As I went away, I kissed my hand to the child, and she returned it in a quaint little way that suited her well. I took out a cauras as soon as I reached my little sanctum, and, though twilight was approaching, spreading my paletto I began to paint.

It was a pleasant task I had set my-

self, and I worked extnestly until the darkness gathered so thickly that I was

obliged to stop.
The next cax I started off with quick steps that would give no more time for loitering, measo I found the child at the window.

She was there and recognized me.

kissing her hand. As the days passed on the picture gained upon me so much that I deter mmed to make it that much talked and thought of painting that should be sent to the academy; so I worked hard upon it, seeing the child whenever I could.

It seemed a little strange to me, that the only sign of life I could see about

twice a day instead of once

I had come to have quite a feeling of mystery about my child love, that I will not break in my way by asking her name or anything about her. All I knew I wanted to come to me through her, and I knew no one in the town to whom I would care to mention such a pleasant, foolish little affection

Once or twice, passing the house earlier than usual, I found my little friend outside, and shipping her tiny hand in mme she would walk along by my side a little way, and then turn She was as content to ask no questions as I was, and so our friendship progressed. Sometimes in passing I put a little bunch of flowers on the window for her; sometimes she would ship a clover blossom or daisy in my hand. Our ratsances on each side were coy and reserved, for sho never spoke, and when I spoke to her she answered with a little ned.

One day she had placed in the window-panes her letter cards with pictures on them, three or four in each pane as high as she could reach. As I passed, there was the dear little face as usual, peeping was the dear little face as usuan position through the flowers, and she pointed to the cards in a grave amused way, that invalidation entertaining. That was irresistably entertaining. That night I drew a little picture for her, and put it on the window next day.

My painting was almost done, and it was hard to tell which of the two I loved best, the child or the picture, when I was taken sick and had to stay in my

bed for three or four days.

My thoughts dwelt particularly on the little one, and I missed her more and more. My landlady was very kind and attentive to me, but it was the kindness of charity, not of love, and I felt very lonely. I wanted my little child, and fancied that if her soft fingers could touch my hot aching head, it would cure

With thinking of it I grow so auxious that as the time came around, at which I usually saw her, I could remain in bed no longer, but arose, and after dressing went to her house. When I came in sight of it I saw a man carrying in a little coffin. My heart sank within me, and with a shiver I hastened on. The door was opened and I entered. Be, wildered for a moment, I stood still, not knowing which way to turn, then went into the back room.

There lay my darling on the bed, still and white, with a few flowers in her little hand.

"Oh, when did sho die ?" I cried, unable to keep the tears from my eyes or voice.

A gentleman, whom I had not seen, sitting on the other side of the bed, lifted his haggard face, and, with a desolate, heart-broken look, answered me, hardly showing any surpriso at my ques-

"Last night at twilight."

Unable to stand any longer, I dropped in the chair and watched her with solem oyes. Presently the gentleman again lifted up his head from the pillow she lay on, and looking at me, asked: "Are you the new friend she told me of, of whom she seemed to fond?"

whom she scenned to fold 7"
I nodded my head; and presently,
when I could speak without crying, told
him of how our friendship had commenced; how, while painting her picture and seeing her so often. I had grown to love her as if she had been my own flesh and blood.

Then he told me how she had, a short time before she died, signed to him to give her the little picture of the Christchild I had painted for her, and after kissing it and making him kiss it, sho had died with it in her hand.

He showed me how she had told him of mo by making him take her place at the window, and then imitating overything I had done, cuding by kissing her hand.

That she kept for a sign for me, and in that way kept him informed of the school apparatus.

altered my hours that I might see her | progress of our friendship. If a day passed without her seeing nie, she would tell him by kleding her hand and shak ing her head mounfully.

He burst into tears and said, "My darling little angel! Everything she did was done silently, she had never

spoken."

"Sho was my only darling," he said with a sob pitful to hear from a man. "All I had on earth to love, and now she is gone! Since the time she was born. and her dear nother dying, put her in my arms, I have never left her for a day. and now she has left moforover. Whenever I went out she stood at the window watching for me when I came back, and then cuddling in my arms, never left ine.

I went with her father and the old nurse when we carried her to her rest-ing-place among the flowers she so much loved, and I went back to my picture with a little lock of her hair, my only

outward sign of her.

I have since painted many pictures that have were praise from men, women, and critics, that the world called fire, but none that came so entirely from my heart, or that always continued to touch it so nearly, as the painting of the little child I found always watching at the window, whose carnest eyes, and bright, sweet smile kept me from knowing that the tips were speechless .- Hearth and Home.

## Are Animals Ever Born Deaf and Dumb?

It is very seldom indeed that members of the bruto creation are born without the sense of hearing and unable to give andible vent to their feelings. A few cases of the kind have been reported. For example, a farmer had for twelve years a cow which never gave any signs of hearing whatever. Experiments, such as the firing of a gun and the clattering of a milkstool against a pail, were often tried, but she never showed the least sign of knowing that they were going on. She often made attempts at lowing, but these only resulted in a kind of very indistinct and feeblo grunt. Cases have also been recorded of cats which have been both deaf and dumb. Many people suppose that white categoral ways deaf. The fact of the matter is that if white cate have blue eyes they are as a rule deaf. At one time Darwin thought that this was invariable, but he afterwards came across some exceptions to it. As a general rule, white cats with oyes of the ordinary color can near as well as any other cats, and if they are blue-cycl and consequently deaf, their vocal organs do not seem to suffer in any way. Cases of deaf and dumb horses, dogs, or other domestic animals do not seem to have been observed.

Wo have, however, heard of a deaf We have, however, heard of a deaf and dumb lady living in a German city, who had, as a companion, a young woman, who was also deaf and dumb. They hved in a small set of rooms opening on the public corridor of the house. Somebody gave the clder lady a dog as a present. For some time, whenever anybody rang the bell at the door, the dog larked to call the attention of his mustress. The deg soon discovered. mistress. The deg soon discovered, however, that neither the boll nor the barking made any impression on the women, and he took up the practice of merely pulling one of them by the dress with his teach, in order to explain that some one was at the door. Gradually the dog ceased to back altogether, and for more than seven years before his death he remained as mute as his two сопращона.

A bill is now before the Colorado legislature asking for an appropriation of \$40,000 for improvements. The imsubmi na ora lestiquestace estimanora; trial building, a superintendent's cottage. an electric light plant, and much needed