

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



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Government Inspector:

DR T F CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

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W M CHAMBERLAIN, Bursar
D BOLDSMITH, M D Physician
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W M NCRSE, Master Shoemaker

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JOHN DOWRIE, Master Carpenter

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JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener

The object of the Institute is to afford education and training to all the youth of the Province, who are unable to receive instruction in the common schools. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year. Pupils, guardians or friends who are able to pay the charge of \$20 per year for tuition, board, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

The regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September and ends on the second Wednesday in June of each year. The terms of admission will be given upon application to the Superintendent or otherwise.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent
BELLEVILLE ONT

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS
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Easter Day Offering.

BY ALICE F. ALLEN

It was the Sabbath morning, still
The whole world felt the joyous thrill
Which gladdens Easter Day
That day the purest white flower
That blooms in all the earth a bright crown
Had touched with unseen magic hand
The shadows lingering over the land
And changed to gold the gray

The Easter lily bells sweet and clear
Chimed through the valley, far and near
Like some faint far-off strain
One beam in dream in the church dim
We knelt with reverent thoughts of Him
And seemed to hear again His voice
Whispering our hearts once more rejoice
"Fear not I rise again!"

And while the music from above
Down floated, like pure thoughts of love
The door was pushed ajar
And passing swiftly down the aisle
Along she came with trusting smile
A tiny fair-haired little maid
With sweet blue eyes though half afraid
Bright as a summer star

She paused before the chancel rail
A little flower, fair and frail
She seemed herself to be
And in her hand with tender care
She held one blossom rich and rare
One snow-white rosebud, pure and sweet
A poem in itself complete
The picture seemed to me

She paused and waited wonderingly
And somehow then, we felt that she
Had come to meet Him there
More lovingly the music fell
As if in words it tried to tell
The thoughts that filled the baby heart.
As there she stood, alone, apart,
Before the place of prayer

A wondrous silence filled the place
As waiting there with upturned face
She stood, "His little one,
And then our Christ like minister
Turned tenderly and spoke to her
"What do you seek, my little girl?
One tear-drop fell a great white pearl
All glistening in the sun

"I want to see Christ if He's here
My mamma said the voice was clear
As song of June-time birds
He always rains here Easter tide
And I could find Him if I tried
I want to give Him He'll be glad
My Easter rose was all I had
Oh, blessed, blessed words

The Christ is here, he answered her
So, quickly, through a sudden blur
Of tears I saw her place
Before the cross, her heart's best gift
Her one white rose, then upward lit
Her earnest, love lit eyes, and say
"I know He'd surely come to-day
With simple, child like grace.

She paused a moment while the beam
Shone upward through the silent rain
The loving Easter light
Just kissed her flower like face I knew
His angels stilled to see her so
Then down the aisle and through the door
She passed as she had done before
From out our loving light

Before the cross the blossom lay
All through that holy Easter Day
The shadows went and came
And over its petals pure and white
The sunshine fell with softened light
As if His blessing lingered there,
Crowning it with golden glory rare,
That offering "In His name.



The Land of Silence.

BY FRANCES PERRA

When the fever left Margaret Hanson
So weak and feeble that it was an effort
To turn her head on the pillow, her first
Sign of interest in the life coming back
To her again was wonder at the intense
Stillness. The nurse moved as if shod
With velvet, no one spoke aloud in the
room, and the window that had creaked
so annoyingly all through the first
unpleasant stages of her sickness moved
back and forth without a sound

As she watched it she remembered
that she had wanted some one to fasten
it, but with the unreasonableness of the
sick she had said to herself that if they
did not care enough for her comfort to
see that it worried her without being
told, she would never tell them. Some
one must have noticed it and padded it

in some way for here it was, moving
back and forth in the same old way, but
without a sound.

"How very sick I have been!" she
thought, as she glanced at her thin,
white hands, which she felt no inclina-
tion to lift from the bed. "That must
be the reason every one is so still, and
no one speaks to me"

Then she slept and awakened, ate a
little, and slept again with the know-
ledge that life and strength were coming
back to her but still the dreadful quiet
which shut her in puzzled and perplexed
her. She seemed to be an actor in a
pantomime that grew more and more
oppressive

"I must ask the doctor how long it is
necessary for me to lie here with no one
to talk to I must ask him at his next
visit. I am certainly better and stronger
this bright spring morning."

She was lying with her face turned to
the creaking window, which had been
opened to let in the fresh air. The
branches of an apple tree full of pink,
unopened buds almost filled it. She
thought of the chattering wrens that had
a nest in the branches the year before,
and hoped they would come back.

"They were such noisy company in
the mornings, but what a relief their
shrill songs would be now! They
always treated me to a perfect carnival
of song at day break, no matter how badly
I wanted to sleep.

She raised herself in the bed with a
look of horror. On the nearest branch
she saw a bird, who with open mouth
was evidently singing with a perfect
abandon of ecstasy. And she could not
hear him!

Thus, then, was the life she had come
back to and been so grateful to have.
The doctor who tried to comfort her
told her that as her strength returned
she might regain her hearing in some
degree, but she turned away and refused
to be comforted. The spring days length-
ened and health returned, and with it
strength to endure, but Margaret with-
drew from all kindness and sympathy

"Why should I pretend to enjoy
seeing any one, or why should people
with the best intentions endure trying
to talk to me? It is so distressing for
them to shout at me, and it cuts me to
the heart when they laugh at my mis-
takes. It only makes me more miserable
than I am. I must endure living, but I
can make no pretense of enjoying it

"But just think," wrote a friend,
"how much worse it would have been
for you if the fever had left you blind!
You can at least look out over the earth
and enjoy its beauties. You are not
without friends, if you will let them love
you. You have a good home, and do
not have to go into the world to live.
Think more of your blessings, Margaret,
and do not dwell so persistently on what
you have lost."

"It does not help me to know it is
worse to be blind," she answered. "I
pity all sufferers, but forever pressing on
me is this horror by night and by day—
that I am forever alone. Everything
that moves around me moves as in a
nightmare. I never succeed in shaking
off this feeling of unreality. Let me
alone, that I may learn to bear this as
best I may in solitude."

So one by one her friends withdrew.
She seldom left her home, and invited
no one to visit her. There were many
who pitied her, but knew of no way to
reach her, and as the years passed by
they forgot her even as she wished to be
forgotten.

It was another day in early spring,
five years later, when Margaret walked
down the streets of the village, and
noticed the swelling buds on the lilacs,
the tender green of the newly springing
grass, and with a pang the pink buds on
the apple trees. Those buds were so
associated with her memory of the day
when she first leaped of her deafness
that she almost wished they would not
bloom where she must see them.

The minister of the church which she
had attended years before staid at her

from the door, and came out to write on
her tablet.

"It is a late Easter, Margaret, but we
have more blossoms for it. Will you not
come in and see the lilies? We would
be glad to have you at the services to-
morrow."

"The Lord has afflicted me and turn-
ed His face from me," she answered,
colly. "I will not sing for gladness,
'Christ is risen.' One year is as another
with me, except as it brings me nearer
the time when I shall endure no longer."

"Poor child," sighed the minister, as
she passed on, "so young and so bitter!
I wish I knew how best to reach her."

Margaret passed on down the street:
Near the end of it stood a house, small
and shabby, and she remembered that
just the day before there had been a poor
little funeral from it.

"Some one who was needed and will
be missed," she thought, "while I live
on."

"Will you come in here a little while?"
It was the doctor who spoke.

She was glad to have him speak to her.
He was one of the very few people she
could hear without much effort. She
turned in at the gate with him. He led
her to a baby's crib in the corner of the
one room.

"I want you to take him and care for
him. He has no one in the wide world."
"How can I?" she protested. "I
could not hear him if he cried or called.
You cannot be in earnest."

"His lungs are sound. I think you
could hear him."

As if in proof of the doctor's assertion,
the baby raised its voice in a loud wail.

"I can hear him indeed," said she,
with a laugh. "I will take him a few
days until you can do better for him."

"I might do better for him, possibly,
but I do not know any way of doing better
for her," thought the doctor.

The next morning she did not have
time to think, as she always did, "One
more day to get through as best I may."
The baby must be washed and fed, and
by her own hands, for, with the sweet
tyranny of babyhood, he would go to no
one else. She even sang to him as he
nestled against her to sleep, and Mar-
garet's old housekeeper smiled to herself
as she went about her work.

"I will watch and help her where she
cannot hear," she thought, "but it is
best for her to have the care of him. It's
most like old times to hear her singing
like that again."

"Are you tired of him?" asked the
doctor, a few weeks later. "I have a
chance to place him in a good home now."

"It would break my heart to give him
up," she answered. "I do not think I
lived at all before I had him."

Well, I won't take him by force.
The world is full of little ones needing
help."

"And full of grown-up people needing
to give it," said Margaret, softly

I wish I could tell how much the baby
did for her. Almost before she realized
it she was taking up her life where she
had dropped it. Much as she loved the
baby, she found that love alone would
not do. Its little ailments were matters
of vital importance, and must be discus-
sed with some one who knew how to ad-
vise her.

One by one old friends who had long
been shut out came back at her call.
Margaret forgot her deafness, her sensi-
tiveness and loneliness as she hung over
the baby's crib. She forgot her old fear
that people might speak to her and annoy
her as she wheeled the boy in the sun-
shiny streets. For the baby's sake she
went once more to the church, where
the lilies breathed out their fragrance,
and in time sang almost with the old
joyfulness, "Christ is risen!"

"The Lord had not forgotten me," she
said, long afterwards. "My life can
never be what it might have been, but
He has given me strength to make the
best of what is left. Though I dwell in
the land of silence forever, it shall be a
land of hopefulness and love. — *Truth's
Companion.*