

# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 16.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB  
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO  
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:  
THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

Government Inspector:  
MR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

W. MATHISON, M. A., Superintendent  
W. MATHISON, Hornor.  
E. J. LAKINS, M. D., Physician  
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

MR. G. H. MAN, M. A., Head Teacher  
MR. J. O. TERRILL, Miss H. TEMPLETON, Hornor.  
MISS MARY HULL, Miss ADA JAMES, Miss GEORGINA LINN, Miss NINA BROWN, Monitor Teacher

Teachers of Articulation:

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G. KRITH, CHAS. J. PEPPIE, Supervisor of Boys etc, Engineer

MISS M. DANFORTH, JOHN DOWNIE, Supervisor of Girls, etc, Master Carpenter

MISS S. MCNICH, D. CUNNINGHAM, General Hospital Nurse, Master Baker

JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener

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, on account of deafness, either partial or total, 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 \$30 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 and tuition 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 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 ends on the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission, etc., will be given upon application 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 out of the box in office door will be sent to post office at noon and \$15.00 of each Sunday excepted. The messenger is not bound to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any amount unless the same is in the locked bag.



## The Children.

FOUND IN THE DEEP OF CHARLES DICKENS  
AFTER HIS DEATH

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
And the school for the day is dismissed  
And the little ones gather around me  
To bid me good night and be kissed  
Oh, the little white arms that encircle  
My neck in a tender embrace  
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,  
Shedding sunshine and love on my face

And when they are gone I sit dreaming  
Of my childhood, too, lonely to fast  
Of love that my heart will remember  
When it wakes to the pulse of the past  
Ere the world and its wickedness made me  
A partner of sorrow and sin,  
When the glory of God was about me,  
And the glory of gladness within

Oh, a heart grows weak as a woman's,  
And the fountains of feeling will flow  
When I think of the paths, steep and stony  
Where the feet of the dear ones must go  
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er the heads  
Of the temptations of fate blowing wild  
Oh, there is nothing on earth half as holy  
As the innocent heart of a child

They are idols of hearts and of households  
They are angels of God in disguise  
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,  
His glory still beams in their eyes,  
Oh, these infants from earth and from heaven,  
They have made me more manly and wild,  
And I know how Jesus could think  
The kingdom of God to be in a child

Seek not a life for the dear ones,  
All radiant as others have done,  
But that life may have just as much shadow  
To temper the glare of the sun  
I would pray God to guard them from evil  
But my prayer would bound back to myself  
Ah, a sinner may pray for a sinner  
But a sinner must pray for himself

The twig is so easily bent  
I have established the rule and the rule  
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,  
They have taught me the goodness of God  
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,  
Where I shut them from breaking a rule  
My frown is sufficient correction  
My love is the law of the school

I shall leave the old house in the autumn  
To traverse its threshold no more  
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones  
That meet me each morn at the door  
I shall miss the good night and the kisses,  
And the rush of their innocent glee  
The group of the green and the flowers  
That are brought every morning to me

I shall miss them at noon and at eve  
Their song in the school and the street  
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,  
And the tramp of their delicate feet  
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
And death says the school is dismissed,  
May the little ones gather around me  
To bid me good night and be kissed

-Charles Dickens



## The Most Beautiful Thing On Earth

BY AUGUSTA HANCOCK.

"Paint me a picture of the most beautiful thing on earth," said the rich man to the artist, and the artist went back to his studio wondering what could be the most beautiful thing on earth, and where he was to find it.

So he sat awhile and pondered, but all his pondering did not bring him nearer to the truth, and in the evening he went to a grand reception at the house of a very celebrated man.

"I shall see something beautiful there," he said, and he hurried through the streets to be in good time, so that he might find a subject for his picture.

And the lights flashed, and music sounded gaily through the great rooms, but the artist didn't see anything that was the most beautiful thing on earth.

"There is the prettiest girl in the world," said a man near him.

And the artist's heart rejoiced, for now he thought, "I shall find the most beautiful," but when he looked at the lovely Countess he saw only the coldness of her blue eyes and the artificial curve of her full red lips, and he turned away disappointed and weary.

The next day the artist went away

into the country, and wandered about the lanes and meadow-paths, in hope of finding the most beautiful thing on earth.

"I am sure to see it here," he said to himself, as he passed a white cottage covered with creepers and gay with flowers.

But he only saw the roses, and they were lovely indeed.

"There are the most beautiful things on earth," said the artist, and he put out his hand to gather some of the crimson red blossoms, but a sharp thorn ran into his fingers, so when he drew them back they were wounded and stained with blood.

"They are not the most beautiful, after all," said the artist; and he turned homeward again with a tired heart.

Some weeks passed away, and the artist was busy with other pictures, so that he had no time to think about his painting of the beautiful. The empty canvas stood upon an easel in his studio. One day, as the artist passed it on his way out, he said to himself that it would never be done.

He went down into the busy city on business—down among the narrow courts and streets, farther on still, where the sunbeams forgot to shine, and where the air was hot and close, and everything was dark and miserable. And when his business was done he quickly retraced his steps, glad to get away from such scenes of poverty and want.

But, as he passed down a quieter court, the fragrance of mignonette greeted him, and, looking up, he saw on a little window-ledge a pot of the pretty, perfumed plant, and at the same moment, a sweet voice sounded from the open casement, and the artist, hearing it, forgot his weariness and his hurry, and went up the narrow, broken stairs, leading to the attic-room.

The door was half-open, and he caught a glimpse of the bare interior—the wretched, dreary room, whose only beautiful object was apparently the pot of mignonette; but the owner of the voice was there, bending over a poor bed in the corner, on which lay the wasted form of a dying child.

They were both children—beautiful, despite the pallor that rested on the face of the younger and the deep sadness on that of her sister. She was holding the thin hands in her own. She was speaking again, "Darling!" she said, softly. "Darling! you are going home to where the star-flowers grow! The angels will carry you, dear; so that you won't be tired any more! But, oh, darling! I love you so much, and you love me, and you will never, never forget me, will you, dear?"

And the pale lips of the dying child murmured something.

The artist gazed that it was the sought-for answer for the master laid her fair head down on the small pillow, and together they slept—the sleep that was to end in death, for one of them.

"I have found the most beautiful thing on earth," said the artist. "It is love."

But he brought help very soon, and food and clothing for the little living sister, who was weeping for the child that had been carried home by the angels to rest, and then he took her with him to his own bright home, and told her that she should live with him and be his sunbeam and his little girl.

And when the rich man saw the picture the artist had painted—the two pale children in the lonely room, with the Peace of Love on their calm faces—he remained looking at it for a long time, with tears in his eyes, and, when he turned away at last, he only said:

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

Chance is the providence of adventurers.

Flatterers and learned men do not agree together.

## The Letter From Home.

"I feel as though I had met a whole roomful of my old friends," said the girl who is trying—in spite of homesickness—to make her own way in the city. "I've just had a letter from Aunt Louise. It isn't filled with her own aches and pains and trials and troubles. Tho' her news is all here, but there isn't one selfish, whining word.

"She writes eight pages. So! She's mentioned most of the people and places I'm interested in, and told me dozens of things I wanted to hear about. I don't mean to say they're important things; but it is nice to know the name of Cousin Carrie's baby, and to learn that Etta Mayo is taking music lessons, and to have a description of the new minister's family, and even to hear that they've laid a new sidewalk over the muddy place above the post-office!

"Gossip? Perhaps it is, but it isn't mean gossip. I wouldn't hesitate to show it to any one who is mentioned here. And it makes me feel as though I'd made a visit home, and found that I wasn't forgotten.

"I know how Aunt Louise does. She makes a list of the people we know, and when the time comes to write, she just looks at the list, to make sure she hasn't left any one out. She says she doesn't pretend to be a letter-writer, but her letters do me lots of good, for all that. Little things look large when one's away from home, and everything is news!"

Perhaps there is a hint here for young people—and older ones—who profess that they would be glad to write to absent friends if they only knew what to say.—*Youth's Companion.*

## He Made Hammers.

Upward of thirty years ago, when David Maydole was a roadside blacksmith at Norwich, N. Y., six carpenters came to the village from the next county to work on a new church. One of them having left his hammer behind came to the blacksmith's to get one made, there being none which gave satisfaction in the village store. "Make me a good one," said the carpenter, "as good as you know how." "But," said the young blacksmith, who had already considered hammers, and had arrived at some notion of what a hammer ought to be, and had a proper contempt for cheapness in all its forms, "perhaps you don't want to pay for a good hammer as I can make?" "Yes I do; I want a good hammer." And so David Maydole made a good hammer that perfectly satisfied the carpenter.

The next day the man's five companions came, and each of them wanted just such a hammer, and when they were done the employer came and ordered two more. Next the storekeeper of the village ordered two dozen, which were bought by a New York tool merchant, who left standing orders for as many such hammers as David Maydole could make, and from that day to this he has gone on making hammers, until now he has 115 men at work. He has never pushed, never borrowed, never tried to compete with others in price, because other men had done so. His only care has been to make a perfect hammer, to make as many such as people wanted and no more, and to sell them at a fair price. Boys, whatever you undertake, do it perfectly with your might and you will succeed.

Love does more harm than good.

"Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary the nearer you come into a relation with a person the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies, they are ready enough to tell them."—*O. W. Holmes.*