

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. II.,

BELLEVILLE, JUNE 15, 1893.

NO. 8.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
THE HON. J. M. GIBSON

Government Inspector:
DR. F. E. CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution:

MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent
MATHISON, J.	Barber
STOKINS, M. D.	Physician
SMITH, E. WALKER	Wentron

Teachers:

MATHISON, M. A.	Miss J. G. TERRILL
Miss M. J. CHERRY	Miss M. CAMPBELL
DR. F. E. CHAMBERLAIN	Miss M. M. OSTRUM
DR. J. M. GIBSON	Miss MARY BULL
J. M. GIBSON	Miss LORENCE HAYES
M. GIBSON	Miss SYLVIA L. HALL
M. GIBSON	Miss ADA JAMES

M. MATHISON, URBERTY,
Teacher of Articulation

DR. M. GIBSON, Teacher of Fancy Work.
DR. SYLVIA L. HALL, Teacher of Drawing

DR. M. GIBSON, JOHN T. BURSA,
Senior Instructor of Printing

DR. SMITH, FRANK FLYNN,
Master Carpenter

DR. W. H. GIBSON, WM. SCHEP,
Master Shoemaker

DR. M. GIBSON, D. CUNNINGHAM,
Master Baker

DR. M. GIBSON, THOMAS WILLS,
Garfener

DR. HALL, O'NEARA, Farmer

of the Province in founding and
this Institute is to afford education
to the youth of the Province
who are deaf, either partially
or wholly, to receive instruction in the common

months between the ages of seven and
being deficient in intellect, and free
from infectious diseases who are born deaf
of the Province of Ontario, will be a
pupil. The regular term of instruction
each year, with a vacation of nearly
two months during the summer of each year.

any number of friends who are able to
contribute the sum of \$20 per year for
the purchase of books and medical attendance
of the deaf.

whose parents, guardians or friends
desire that the amount charged for
the education of the deaf be paid for
by the parents or friends.

the trade of Printing,
and Shoemaking are taught to
the deaf pupils are instructed in gen-
eral work, Tailoring, Dressmaking,
and the use of the Sewing Machine
for ornamental and fancy work, as may be

that all having charge of deaf mute
schools should themselves of the liberal
aid of the Government for their im-
provement.

Annual School Term begins
on Wednesday in September, and
ends on Wednesday in June of each year.
The term of admission
will be given upon application to
the Superintendent.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent



NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er
I am nearer home to-day
Than I have ever been before.

Nearer my Father's home,
Where many mansions be,
Nearer the great, white throne
Nearer the Jasper sea.

Nearer the bounds of life,
Where we lay our burdens down
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But flowing darkly between,
Passing down through the night,
Is the dim and shadowy stream
Which will lead me at last to light.

Closer, closer, my feet
Come to the dark abyss,
Closer death to my lips
Presses the awful chrym.

Father, perfect my trust
Strengthen the night of my faith,
Let me feel as I know I must
When I stand on the shore of death.

Let me feel as ' would when my feet
Are sleeping on the brink,
For it may be, I am nearer home,
Nearer home than I think.

PHILIP CARP



Johnny's Dog.

BY AUNT RUTH.

Johnny was down by the creek one day when several large boys came along carrying a little black puppy which they intended to drown. The little dog looked at Johnny and wagged its tail as though begging him to be its friend.

"If you don't want the dog, give it to me," said Johnny.

"Take him then," said the boy who was carrying the dog. "My, but won't your aunt give it to you though!"

Johnny did not have any mother to sympathize with him. His father was a physician, consequently was away from home the greater part of his time, while Aunt Martha, the doctor's sister, kept house.

Aunt Martha said boys were a nuisance, so Johnny kept out of her sight as much as possible. She would not allow him to have any pets, or bring his playthings around the house, and as he had to have some pleasure, he spent his time in the woods by the creek.

"I'll hide the dog," said Johnny, taking his prize in his arms.

He crept along the fence until he reached the stable. He thought he was alone, as he made a nice bed in the hay for the little puppy.

"What are you hiding?" asked the doctor who had been watching Johnny's strange movements.

"Moses!" exclaimed Johnny, jumping up in affright.

His father laughed and said "Let's see him."

Johnny brought forth the dog, and his father said after examining it, "He is a fine mastiff. So you have named him Moses. A good name meaning meekness."

"I haven't named him yet," said Johnny.

"Haven't named him?" exclaimed the doctor.

"You told me just now you were hiding Moses. You must stick to your name. We will call him Moses. But why do you sneak around this way instead of going to the house with your dog?"

Aunt Martha would be angry, replied Johnny. "She don't like dogs."

"I do," said the doctor, "so bring him

to the house, and we will give him something to eat."

Aunt Martha did not say anything while the doctor was about, but when he was away, she never failed to kick the luckless puppy. Johnny would then take his pet and together they would spend the day in the woods.

In time the dog grew to be very large, and with large feet, as Mastiffs have.

One night, the doctor being absent from home, Johnny thought that he would let Moses sleep in his room, as it was very cold out doors. Aunt Martha slept in an adjoining room, and every night before retiring, she would look in Johnny's room to make sure the fire was safe. That night when she looked in she spied the dog curled up before the fire. She tried to drive him out, but Moses refused to go. She then whipped him, but the poor dog ran under the bed. Then she got the broom and beat him until he ran out from under the bed, but Moses was firm and jumped in the bed with Johnny, who hugged him tightly. Aunt Martha was so angry that she gave Johnny and the dog both a whipping, then she went to her own room, threatening to tell the doctor next day and have him kill the dog.

Aunt Martha had examined all the doors and windows to see if they were securely fastened, but after her battle with the dog, she forgot to close the door tightly which connected her room with Johnny's.

Long after midnight she was awakened by hearing some one moving stealthily in her room. She opened her eyes and saw a big burglar standing near her bed.

She gave one scream, then the burglar caught her by the throat, and would have strangled her, had not help come.

Moses heard the scream, and with a bound knocked the man down and held him there. Johnny was wide awake now, so he gave the alarm. Two of the hired men and the cook came in.

The men bound the burglar with ropes, while the cook attended to Aunt Martha, who was shivering with fright.

After the burglar had been carried away and Aunt Ruth became calmer she said, "Come here, Moses."

But Moses was afraid of her, and she put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"You noble dog," cried she, "you have taught me a lesson. 'Do good for evil' I have beaten you and treated you meanly ever since you have been here, and in return for my cruelty, you have saved my life."

The doctor was told about the burglar when he returned the next day.

He patted his dog and said "You are a brave dog just like your ancestors."

"Were they strong and brave like Moses?" asked Johnny.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "ancient writers say that the mastiffs of Britain were trained for war, just like soldiers, because they were strong and had great courage."

"The Gaius, when in battle, used their trusty and trained mastiffs to fight for them."

"Moses wouldn't let anybody hurt me," said Johnny, catching his dog around the neck.

Ever after that memorable night, the house was free to Moses. Aunt Martha would not go to bed unless Moses was in the house.

Johnny was treated better, and allowed to have as many pets as he wanted, but he never loved any as much as he did the faithful Moses.

Some one having asked Mr. Gladstone the secret of his remarkable activity, he replied with a story. "There was once a road leading out of London on which more horses died than any other, and inquiry revealed the fact that it was perfectly level. Consequently the animals in traveling over it used only one set of muscles."

"Nearer My God To Thee."

Nearer my God to thee
Nearer to Thee
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me.

Surely a strange song to be heard on the street in a crowded tenement-house quarter of this great city. Yet these were the words, sung in a plaintively sweet voice that sounded above the noise and bustle of lower Adams street yesterday. The sacred music soared up through the yielding air and in at the windows, where the women were busy at their household work, in clear tenor tones, which told of a voice that had been cultivated at one time with great care. They told, too, of a feeling in the heart of the singer which relieved the song of the commonplace sound so rarely absent from the song of the street singers—a spirit in thorough consonance with that of the song and the devotion they spoke, says the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

The women left their work, and o'er three lines had been sung, every window was filled with heads. There he was, a young man—a paralytic. His face was slightly raised and his eyes sought the heavens, where he was taught God dwells and he poured forth the music seemingly as the birds sing, freely and without effort.

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to Thee.

The faces at the windows showed that their hearts and eyes were dimming with tears. The children were returning from school and they gathered about the singer to listen. The women at the windows disappeared one by one, only to reappear with pennies taken from their scanty stores, for they saw the young man was singing for charity.

Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

The verse of the song ended and a shower of coins made a sweet accompaniment. The singer was too weak to pick them up rapidly and the children ran about on their nimble feet, picking up the pennies and bringing them to him as he continued the song. Not one of them but would have scorned to keep a cent thus thrown to the poor singer.

He finished his song and passed further up the street, the children following, almost as though he were the Pied Piper of Hamelin come to life again, although in his halting, crippled step he did not resemble that fabled person. In the middle of the block he stopped and sang again:

Pass me not, oh, gentle Savior,
Hear my humble cry,
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

Plaintive, suppliant, the song arose, the children still grouped around the singer and the scene of a few moments ago was repeated.

On again, when the song was finished, the singer walked, weakly, stopping when near the corner. Then, more sweetly, if possible, than the others, arose that song of the helpless:

Able with me, fast falls the even-tide,
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide,
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh, abide with me.

The sympathetic voice seemed to belong to one who knew but few comforts in this life and to whom helpers were not many. Yet there was no note of repining, but rather the appeal to a father from a son.

As he concluded the beautiful songs of faith he passed out of the lives of the good people whose hearts he had touched. But the singer left behind him a sense of holiness and resignation which might well be envied by more fortunate brothers and which will long be remembered in that street where impressions are seldom more lasting than the breeze of a summer day.

The three things most difficult are:
to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and
make good use of leisure.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND
sent without delay to the parties to
whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go
to the office door will be sent to all
other at noon and 2:30 p. m. of each
day. Letters accepted. The messenger is not
responsible for letters or parcels, or receive
mail matter at post office for delivery, for pupils.