CANADIAN MUTE.

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

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NO. 7.

MITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BULLIFYILLE ONTARIC.

CANADA



linister of the Government in Charge: THE HON J'M GHISON

> hovernment inspector i IOC P & CRAMBERGAIN

Officers of the Institution:

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THE WALKER

Superintendent Barrer. Physician. Matron.

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JOHN T BURNS i paratites instructor of Printing

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FRANK PLYNN Master Carpenter

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on time the trades of Printing and Shoemaking are taught to the pupils are inarracted in gene-work. Individual Presentaking. some nini and fancy work as may be

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R. MATHISON,

Superintendent

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND tan of the Sandwich tan of the Sandwich is authorized Mal-matter to go to in office door will be sent to in oncome and 245 p. m. of each interest. The messenger is not betters or percels, or receive post office for delivery, for pupils.



TUESONG MY MOTHER SINGS.

O sweet unto my heart is the song my mother to oventide is brooding on its dark and noisoless wings

to overtide is brooding on its dark and noiseless wings.
Every note is pharged with memory—every memory bright with rays of the golden hours of promise in the tap of whildren's days.
The orchard blooms above and each blossom seems the way.
And I feet igain the breath of eve among the new mown hay.
Wille thre' the halls of memory in happy notes there rings.
All the life-joy of the past in the song my mother sings.

inother sings.

I have listened to the dreamy notes of Mendelssoln and Lisxt.

In they dipped and droop d about my heart and filed my eyes with mist have went strong tears of pathos neath the spell of Verdi's power.

Is I heard the tenor voice of grief from out the donion tower with donion tower.

Ind Gounds oratories are packed with notes sublime. That stirthe heart with rapture thro the sarred palse of time. But all the music of the pass, and the wealth that memory brings.

Seem as nothing when I listen to the song my mother sings.

It sayong of love and triumph it sa song

of toll and care,
it is filled with chords of pathos and it says
it is filled with chords of pathos and it says
it is bright of dreams and visions of the days
that are to be
And as-strong in faith a devotion as the
heart beat of the sea
It is linked in mystic measure to sweet voices
from above.

from above.

Ind is starr dewith ripes; blessing thro a mother's sacred tove.

O sweet and strong and tender, are the memories that it brings.

I list in joy and rapture to the song my mother sings.

Watentown THOMAS O HAGAN.



A Beautiful Dream.

There was a little boy whose father and nother had died. All his relatives were fat away. He was poor and did not know what was to become of him. He said his prayers and went to bed.

In his sleep he dreamed that he had started to walk to his grandparents, many miles away. But he came to where the roads forked and he did not know which was the right one. As he stopped and thought and wanted to know. he saw a hand above him, in the sky, and it pointed to one of the roads. He said to himself "That is the hand of (iod," and he went the way it pointed.

By and by he came to a deep river. There was no bridge and no ferry -boat. As he waited and prayed, two hands came down out of the sky and lifted bun up and carried him across. He went on through flowers fields for a while but soon the road led through a deep, dark, forest. He heard the howling of wild

beasts and was afraid. But the two hands came down again and went along with him, one on each side, like two moving walls, and the beasts could not get near him. He was

as safe as Daniel was in the den of hous.

Night came, and there was no house for the tirest boy to sleep in. But the hands stopped and folded into each other so as to make a tent; and be crept under it, and was safe from all harm

When the boy anoke and remembered his dream, his trouble was all gone. He felt that God was around about him always, and that if he trusted and oboyed, Mapled no evil could befull him

The complete name of Princiss ham tam of the Sandwich islands is Victoria Rawekin bandani Lunalilo balaminda hilagalapa Cleghorn She is not a typical Kanaka, but looks and acts more

Home≤lek.

Near one of our large cities there is a small asylum for aged blind men. It is a quiot, airy house and stands inside of an orchard and old fashioned garden. Under the trees and in the shaded alloys you may see the gray old pensioners sitting together telling the same stories for the thousandth time, feeding the poultry and playing with the janitor's little child. They have found rest- and friendly quiet in which to-wait until Death that silent, kindest friend of-all, comes to lead them home

Among these old men was one Sandy Among these old men was one samuy McFarquhar, anold hifer who had belonged to a Highland regiment and had strayed in his old ago to this country to join his son. The son had died, his wife married again and -poor old Sandy, marry eighty, crippled and blind, had been placed by some kind souls in this asylum. As he grow more feeble and nearer the end, old memories woke within him "If I could only see the house where my mother lived?" he would complain perpetually, "If I could throw

my line in the Tay again.'

As time passed the homesickness grew intolerable. He habbled all day of his home and woke mon his sleep crying out familiar names. "If it were possible for him to bear the voyage, said the superintendent to some visitors one day. "it would only be right to send him and les hun die in his native village." One of the visitors was a gay young fellow of the town with kind heart under his felly. He listened with dim eyes while Sandy talked of the glory of his regiment.
"They'll be going home_soon. -You'll

hear the bands play as they march down the streets a the old times. Roy's Wife, The Campbells are Comm', an' the girls'll rin out" au' the bonnio children. an they'll a be there but me!"

The young man asked a question as they left the room.

'He will hardly last till midnight,' was the answer of the physician.

At dusk that evening one of the best orchestras of stringed instruments in the city quietly entered the garden of the asylum, took their places beneath the windows and began to play. The dying man raised himself in bed.

"What's that? 'Young Lochinvar?'. Hark! Bo still! The Campbells are Comm It's the regiment comin home the regiment to Scotland" The music rose higher. It was an

old martial strain of triumph, to which he had marched many a day - He throw off the clothes and stood on the floor trembling, his arm raised high.
"It's the regiment! We're at-hame!

wo ro a at haine They caught him as he fell. Sandy was at home. -- Selected

· I Say What I Think."

There is a class of people who pride themselves on their honesty and frank ness because, as they tell us, they "say just what they think," throwing out their opinions right and left just as they upen to feel, no matter where they may strike or whom they may wound. This boasted frankness, however, is not honesty, but is rather unscrable imper tmence and recktess crucity. We have no right to say what we think unless we think kindly and lovingly, no right to unload our jealousios, envies, bad humors and unscrable spites upon the hearts of our neighbors. It we must be bad tempered we should at least keep our ugliness locked up in our own breasts and not let it out to wound the feelings and mar the happiness of others. If we must speak out our dislikes and prom dices and wretched feelings, let us go into our own room and lock the door and close the windows, so that no ear but our own shall hear the hateful words. If any man seemeth to be religious, or oven morally decent, and bridleth not his tongue, that man e religion is vain and his character is unprincipled and base, and lichons.

Longenecker Tells A Story.

about a woman saying her life by KNOWING THE DEAP MUTE ALPHABET.

"A friend of mine had an odd experionce at New Orleans not long since," said ox Stato's Attorney Longenecker. "My friend's wife has a deaf and dumb sister, and in order to converse with this afflicted one the whole family has learned the method of deaf mute conversation with the fingers. From his wife my friend acquired the art, and this showledge saved both their lives. One evening he was kept from home until quite late. Shortly before midnight the lady. who had retired, was awakened by a noise in the room and opened her eyes to look into the face of a burly negro who wasleaning overher. Almost at the same moment both woman and burglar heard the street door being opened. The negro, who held a revolver to the terri fied woman s head, asked her who was at the door. She replied that it was her husband. Would be come to that room? he next inquired. She answered yes. 'Il you want to save his life make no outery,' said the burglar. 'I will hide here behind the head of the bed He cannot see me, but I can see him as he comes in the door. If you make the least noise or tell him I am here I will kill him as he comes and then I will kill you. I want to get out of here and I will kill you both to do it.'
The villam hid behind the bedstead.

The venan moved as far away as possible from where he stood, so that he might not see her. As her husband entered the room she feigned sleep till he stood in such a position that he could see her while the concealed burglar could not see his face. Then with the fingers of one hand she told him silently but rapidly the situation. He had presence of mind enough to restrain his anger. Acting as though he suspected nothing he left the room and soon returned with help, and the negro was captured after a desperate fight.

A Sympathetic Heart.

Never refuse a beggar on the street." said a dear old gentleman yesterday. whose heart beats in close sympathy with the unfortunate of the big city.

with the unfortunate of the big city.

"I know there are those who will say
that I am old and foolish," he went on, "and that by my indiscriminate alms I do more to spread the curse of poverty. and vice than I-do to relieve privation or want. But these little acts of charity, he continued softly, are very dear to me. Shall I tell you why? Out me the great world, somewhere, where I do not know, I have lost a boy. Years ago he left the old man's home. and where he is to day, or whether he is aliveor dead, I do not know. Sometimes I think he will come back to me, but the time is so long gone now that I fear my fancy is but an alluring dream. Ho must be a man by this time, although I always picture him as a boy. And so it is that no beggar ever-turns from my door unsatisfied. That boy of mine, somewhere out in this great world, may need the kindly offices of stranger hands, and I somehow fancy that the bread I cast upon the waters in the name of the cast apon the waters in the manner be accorded to my lost and wandering boy by those when I can never know. No I: nover refuse a borgar on the street, for if I did I would be expected to be con fronted by him one day at the judg-ment seat above."

And the noble old man took up his burden of life and passed on, distribut-ing love, mercy and fustice to the un-fortunate and to the unknown on every

-Labrador, a country which we always associate with arctic snowdrifts, icebergs etc., has 900 species of flowering plants, 59 forms and over 250 species of mosses: