



THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Four, six or eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION

- First - That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school
- Second - To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf-mute subscribers
- Third - To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils, now in the Institution, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land

SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty (50) cents for the school year payable in advance. New subscribers commence at any time during the year. Receipt by money order, postage stamps, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted. If we know it.

ADVERTISING

A very limited amount of advertising, subject to approval, will be inserted at 25 cents a line for each insertion.

Address all communications and subscriptions to
THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO



TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1896

TO OUR READERS.

We wish all our readers
"A Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year."

Christmas Greetings.

It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold,
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all gracious King!"
The world in solemn silence lay
To hear the angels sing

Those Christmas bells as sweetly chime
As on the day when first they rung
So merrily in the olden time,
And far and wide their music flung
Shaking the tall, gray, ivied tower
With all their deep melodious power
They still proclaim to every ear,
Once more glad Christmas time is here

Once again the joyous time has arrived when duty requires and inclination prompts us to wish our readers a very merry Christmas. Nor do we do so in any mere perfunctory manner, but with a sincere desire that our wish may be realized in each and every case. And realized to its utmost extent it may be by every one who enters fully into the spirit of the day. The Master uttered no mere platitude, but a profound psychological fact, when he averred that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and everyone who has ever bestowed gifts, not grudgingly, but with a willing heart, and especially such as have involved some sacrifice on the part of the giver, has derived more joy and satisfaction therefrom, than from the richest present ever received.

Herein, also, is found the true philosophy, the secret of the success, of Christianity. A favor received always attracts the recipient to the giver, hence recognizing this fact, Christ said "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," because, at such a fearful cost to himself, he was thus bestowing upon mankind its greatest boon. But it is also true that if we bestow a favor

upon another we are attracted to the object of our bounty or good will to a much greater extent than if the other had bestowed the favor upon us. Hence the underlying principle of Christianity, self-sacrifice and helpfulness, for thus only can be engendered that feeling of human brotherhood, that all pervading sentiment of love and charity that includes all mankind in its scope, and constitutes the ideal set before us by Christ. All other religions are to a large degree selfish in aim, the individual's own good or pleasure being held up as the great desideratum. As opposed to this, Christianity says "look not every man on his own things, but on the things of another." Hence the ever growing success of the latter, while all other systems have so sadly failed.

It is a suggestive fact that Christmas is the only festival that is celebrated in common by all Christendom. More than that its sweet and beautiful spirit includes all mankind in its influence, for our missionary annals inform us that there is not a nation or tribe on the face of the earth, some of the members of which have not been gathered within the fold, and will therefore join with us in this jubilation, so that representatively at least, all the nations of the earth will on the 25th of this month bow the knee in glad homage to the Child born into this world some 1,906 years ago.

But Christmas is especially the children's festival, and there is not a child throughout the length and breadth of the land who should not be made to rejoice on this day. It takes so small an effort, so little of self-sacrifice to accomplish this that it is a great pity that even one little heart should be lead sorrowful for disappointed hopes, or one bitter tear should fall because Christmas brought no joy with it. "Sacrifice" did we say? What a misnomer! Can that be called a sacrifice that produces the sweetest joy and gladdest content the human heart is capable of experiencing? And surely this joy must be his who is privileged to witness the delight of the children as they fondle the gifts by him bestowed, and revel in the good things provided for them. And thus will it ever be with those who are animated with the true spirit of Christmas on this day and on every day of their lives. To such as exemplify the principles of Christianity will come its blessed fruition, what had been deemed a dreaded sacrifice becomes a source of perennial joy, the expected deprivation is changed into the sweetest of attitudes, and the cross of suffering is transformed into the crown of rejoicing.

The Prince of Wales a Shoemaker.

There is a French proverb which says "Il n'y a pas de sot métier" and it is true. It is only the snob who will be ashamed to take off his coat and work like a man. A truly deserving person will not be afraid to be thought less of because he may be seen at manual labor. All honest work is honorable. History is full of examples of men who have raised themselves in the world through perseverance and attention in earlier humble life. If I had ten sons, said Butterfield, I would not give them a cent until they had learned to earn their own living though I were ten times a millionaire. In Missouri, a man who refuses to work, is sold by auction. Napoleon boasted that he had no ancestry. Self-made men are best made men. How proud every boy is at the first dollar he takes home with him, and as we now remember how much our esteemed Governor General, Lord Aberdeen thought of the few guineas his first literary essay brought him. Again, what of our good citizen Sir McKenzie

Bowell, who, through dauntless energy, honesty and courage, rose from a modest function to the highest office in the gift of his countrymen, winning, the while, such honors as a great sovereign can bestow on a dutiful subject? President Faure is a tanner by trade. The Earl Stanhope, Caxton, Dickens, Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Senator Plumb, Greeley and a host of others once were plain, practical printers. And now we are informed by a London journal, *Woman at Home*, that the Prince of Wales is a shoe maker of the most expert kind. His father, Prince Albert, having established the rule that every one of his sons should become acquainted with some handicraft, the future heir to the throne chose the avocation of St. Crispin who, by the way, was himself descended from a most illustrious Roman family. The Prince of Wales, the paper adds, has repeatedly worn shoes of his own fabrication and of a most perfect fit. No woman has shown a more compassionate heart for the poor, the lowly, the sick and the sorrowing than the noble Queen who, with so much grace and beneficence, has now ruled over the Empire for the remarkable period of sixty years, the longest reign on record if we except that of Louis XIV. The Phrygians, too, we read, chose the son of a yeoman to be their king.

Let us all then be up and doing, ever remembering that

Honor and shame from no condition rise,
As well our part there all the honor lies

Everyone connected with the Institution was much pleased with the visit paid us last week by the Hon. Mr. Davis, Provincial Secretary, and he was accorded a most hearty welcome by all. It was Mr. Davis' first visit here, and he was not long in winning a warm place in the esteem of the officers, teachers and pupils. Mr. Davis manifested a keen interest in all he saw - and he saw a good deal in the short time at his disposal. Everyone was delighted also with his address in the chapel, and felt justified in drawing a good augury therefrom for the future needs of the Institution. Mr. Davis assumed his present honorable position only a few months ago, and no one connected with this Institution, after his visit here, has any fears that he will neglect any opportunity or spare any pains to place this and other Institutions in his charge on a par with the best of similar Institutions in the world.

Number 1 of Vol. 1 of *The Southern Deaf Mute Journal*, published at Hillsboro, Texas, has been received. This new aspirant for public favor purports, so it alleges, to fill another of those never-to-be-satisfied "long-felt wants." If the editor and publisher have money to burn and are actuated solely by philanthropic motives they will doubtless enjoy the experience in store for them; but if they have gone into this thing with the desire to make money we fear the long-felt want will not be long supplied. However, they have our best wishes for success, which they will merit if the subsequent issues are as good as the first one.

One good thing about introducing the alphabet into all public schools, would be the tendency to improve the spelling of the hearing public. People who possess but little education, do not correctly spell the words that they can so easily pronounce. As nearly all their education has come to them by way of the ear, their spelling is of a phonetic character and phonetic English is a puzzle that no other language spelled phonetically can ever approach. So it will be seen that the advantage accruing from the introduction of the manual alphabet in public schools, would not be all on one side. - *New York Journal*.

Death of William Baptie

The death of William Baptie, a year, took place at his residence, Lakelield on Tuesday, December 10th and interment took place yesterday at the Lakelield cemetery. The deceased was born deaf and dumb, but was intelligent and industrious. He was educated in Toronto and Hamilton the late Prof. J. B. McGann. He was a widower mourning his death. His former wife, Miss Elizabeth Bannister, died in 1888. The deceased owned a comfortable home in Lakelield and was a Presbyterian in religion and the librarian in the Lakelield cemetery. His death was greatly missed by the entire community. - *Peterboro Examiner*

The following letter from his old teacher, Mrs. Terrill, is an affecting story of his last hours.

PRYORVILLE, Dec. 10.
DEAR MRS. TERRILL, My mother requested me to write a few lines to let you know that your dear brother, Willie Baptie, passed away peacefully on Tuesday, December 10th, at 11 o'clock. I remained with him through the week, but never complained of his condition. I asked him if he was sorry he was not a better man, and he said no, Heaven was his home and it was lovely there and he would meet us all by and by. We were all gathered around him and he never showed a tear or showed signs of being in pain. On Sunday morning, after we got him comfortable he spelled to me "I pray" and then he clasped his hands together and his eyes heavenward with a pleasant smile. A few moments later he was no more. His death was a beautiful one, and I am glad to hear that you were all home the same day he died and I'd like to see the last. He was conscious till ten minutes before he passed away. The last act he did was to spell to me "I pray" and then he clasped his hands and motioned that he was going home and then it was all over. We all miss him much, but when we realize he went so happily it is great comfort to us all. Please let me hear from you soon. I am at the age of 81 now it will soon be 82. Yours truly,
Agnes Terrill

The Late Fred. Gilleland

Death, the fell destroyer, has not been very busy with the friends of our pupils. It has been the melancholy duty of our Superintendent during the last fortnight to announce to more than three or four of our children the unexpected demise of some dear one at home. But, in no case was the intelligence conveyed with greater reluctance than when he had to announce one of our bright little girls, Freda Gilleland, that her brother Fred, aged nineteen, had just passed away. The young man had been absent for some time, but our little friend was far from expecting such a sad message. She was very fond of her brother and felt the shock very keenly. Freda is a child of gentle manners and sweet disposition and, in her own way, has the heartfelt sympathy of many friends who may have been similarly visited, we extend sincere regrets.

Donations to Calcutta, India, School Fund.

- Previously acknowledged:
T. J. Tillmuth, New Bedford
King's Daughters Circle, California School for the Deaf
Donations from Ottawa, Ont., collected by David Bayne
Bayne Bros.
Mrs. F. C. Brown
Mr. and Mrs. McClelland
Alfred Gray
Mrs. Northwick
Eva I. Jamieson
Geo. Baptie
I. G. Smith
M. L. McCarthy
Wm. Jamieson
Geo. H. Hyatt
R. L. Shillington
A. Friend
J. L. Culbert
Mrs. H. M. P. Gillevray
North Dakota School for the Deaf

Total to Dec. 10th, 1896
Acknowledged by Dr. E. M. Galtwater
July 23rd, 1896

Total collected
GERTRUDE E. MAXWELL
1199 West Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
December, 10th, 1896.

At Burlington, Vermont, the private school for the deaf has eight pupils, mostly Canadians, being taught by Miss Block.

The epidemic of measles has been prevalent in our school the past four weeks, is on the decline. All the children are now able to attend their classes. - *Silent Echo*.

The pupils of the Mantoloking, as we glean from the *Free Press*, are just recovering from an epidemic of measles, which has held sway for a month. One death took place among the pupils, the immediate cause being bronchitis, which followed an attack of the measles.