



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 subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit 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



WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1897.

Our Journey Through Life.

"I expect to go through this life but once. If there is any good thing I can do to my fellow beings let me do it now. I shall pass this way but once." Thus spake the author of "The Greatest Thing in the World," and right nobly did he attain the splendid ideal that he thus set before himself. And what a grand thing it would be if each of us felt the same pressing importance of utilizing the opportunities that day after day come momentarily within our reach, but which, if not at once grasped, flit swiftly away never to return again.

We teachers, especially, need to realize the paramount importance of those truths. In our hands is placed at the beginning of each term a number of impressionable minds which it becomes our duty to try to mould into forms of beauty and symmetry. For a few short months only do these pupils remain in one teacher's care—then pass from his control and guidance forever. They pass our way but once. Sometimes we grow impatient with some of them and wish we were well rid of them. But let us consider a moment. We have but this one opportunity of making an impression on these plastic minds, and whether we will or not, whether for weal or for woe, that impress will remain there forever. For time and for aye those children will be, to a very great extent, just what we make them.

Those remarks are true, in general terms, of the works of all teachers of young children; but they have a more special and emphatic application to teachers of the deaf. When a hearing child enters school the formation of its tastes, habits and character is already

well advanced. Morals done, consciously or unconsciously, in this direction during the first seven years of its life than in all its future existence, and in any case the home life of the hearing child will always have the predominant influence. But with the deaf it is far different. When they come to us their minds are practically blank, entirely so as regards habits of thought, almost entirely as regards moral perceptions. Of course they have their hereditary traits and tendencies, which will exercise some influence; yet the characters and habits of most people are fixed and decided more by environments than by heredity. It is here that the first formative influences on the deaf pupils are put into operation.

How tremendous, then, becomes our responsibility, how momentous the consequences of our training. We have all seen composite class photos. In making these, one photo after another is superimposed on the sensitive plate and the result is one picture characteristic of the whole number, being composed of the most prominent feature of each subject. The mind and heart of a child are a sensitive plate on which parents and teachers and associates are impressing each his or her most prominent traits, and the resultant character may, in a very real sense, be regarded as a composite picture of the whole. Our deaf children are but little impressed by their home associates. They come to us with characters without form and void. When they leave this Institution they bear with them a composite image of the characters and dispositions of those who here had them in charge—though these images are sometimes distorted by natural inclinations and hereditary taints. How supremely important, then, it is that we should seek in every possible way to inculcate noble sentiments, lofty aspirations, high ideals. They pass our way but this once.

He who works on material things leaves results that perish. The noblest buildings crumble into dust. The finest pictures the artist puts on canvas fade away. The most splendid conceptions of the sculptor's genius yield surely to the disintegrating elements. Nothing in matter is immortal for matter is perishable. But he that works on the unseen, the spiritual, leaves impressions that shall endure forever. The touch of beauty you put upon a life yesterday by the earnest word you spoke, by the now impulse you started in the breast of your friend or pupil, the vision of purity and unselfish devotion to duty that you gave in your life to one who was with you, will be bright when all the material works of men's hands shall have passed away, yea, when the sun and the stars shall have burned themselves out in blackness. What we do on immortal lives, that, and that only, is immortal work.

But let us ever remember that the stream can never rise above its source. The artist can never transfer to canvas or carve in marble any higher conceptions of beauty than dwell within his heart. The preacher can never give his congregation any higher ideals of purity and righteousness than he himself realizes in his own consciousness and works out in his own life. All systems of man devised ethics have failed because all men are sinful and errant and therefore cannot conceive a code of morals that is not full of blot and blemishes. A statesman, no matter how grand his pretensions, will in practice evolve no higher evidences of statescraft than those that break out from his real self. The teacher, by his professions and protestations of superior

ability and exceptional personal excellencies ever so great, will not in the school room transcend his true powers, nor give his pupils any higher conceptions of morality than he practices in his own life.

Hence we who would do immortal work on immortal minds must spend many a serious hour in introspection, must practice every virtue we would hope to instil, must ever seek higher ideals and like Goldsmith's parson, not only point to heaven but lead the way.

Chisel in hand stood the sculptor boy
With a marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
While an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the shapeless stone
With many a sharp incision
With heaven's own light that sculptured stone
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us
Waiting the time, when, at God's command
Our life dream passes o'er us
If we carve it then on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own
Our lives that angel vision.

"If she were not so expensive, sometime next summer we would call a meeting of the C. C. C. on board the 'Yantic' and in about ten days they would convince all our Canadian friends that Americans were pretty good fellows after all." *Mirror*

Not if we know ourselves, thank you. We don't mind taking any or literary risk when occasion requires, but when it is proposed, in the sacred name of friendship, that we court almost certain destruction by spending ten days on that irresponsible, uncontrollable, implacable device for promoting international disputes, called the "Yantic," then we beg to be excused. Nor do we need to run into such awful peril in order to convince ourselves of the genuineness and warmth of American good fellowship, which we have often tested in the past and hope to enjoy many times in the future.

The annual meeting of the Mackay Institution at Montreal was held on the 18th ult. The report of the Superintendent, Mrs. Ashcroft, was read, and it indicated a very satisfactory year's work. There were some 51 pupils in attendance last term, of whom 37 were in the articulation department. An outbreak of diphtheria, tonsillitis and measles after Christmas interfered somewhat with the work, as 15 were attacked by tonsillitis, 35 by measles and 2 by diphtheria. One case resulted in death.

MANITOBA NOTES.

From the Silent Echo

Bertha Nicholls is the latest pupil to arrive, which makes the present enrollment 19. Bertha attended the Belleville School for three years before moving with her parents to the prairie province.

Mr. Edmond Speer, of Boissevain, carried off a very large number of first and second prizes in the art line, at the recent agricultural exhibition, held in that town. He also captured three first and two second prizes in roots and vegetables and two first for dairy products. Mr. Speer is to be highly congratulated upon the success that has attended his efforts in producing such a fine exhibit.

The Grand Jury made its official visit of inspection of our Institution on the 5th inst. In their presentment to Chief Justice Sir Thomas Taylor, they had the following to say: "We visited the institute for the deaf and dumb in this city and beg to express our warm approval of the admirable way in which it is conducted. Everything appears to be done by the principal and staff for the comfort and welfare of the inmates. We were afforded an opportunity of witnessing the methods of teaching the pupils, and were much struck with the wonderful success that has attended the principal and teachers. We regret to find that the accommodation afforded is taxed to its utmost limits, and we would suggest that an addition should be made to the building and that a larger sum be granted, if possible, towards the maintenance of so admirable an institution."

Good-Bye, Little Flower.

Mark! through the blue bough,
Cold walls the least
Birds south are flying,
Summer is dying,
Flower time is past.

Cold are November skies
Sunless and drear
Goldenrod, eyelids close
Waters, tuck in your toes
Winter is here.

"Good-bye, little flowers!"
The icy winds sing,
Snow, blanket them over
Sleep well, little flower.

510

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent

There was a lively gathering on the 6th, at Mr. Bridgen's house. It was a good representative meeting, being well patronized by the ladies. All came bringing for a good time and they were disappointed. The financial committee despatched their business quickly and Mr. Bridgen congratulated the meeting on the satisfactory showing of the books, saying that the society might go to sleep with the peaceful content of owing no man anything which it could not pay on demand, that there was a good healthy helpfulness amongst us, that we were not simply being dragged along by some one else, but paddling our own canoe and throwing out lines to the poor little helpless craft drifting on the water which we hoped to give a good shove into a sheltering cove where they would be well cared for, that few things could make one feel more cheerful at heart than to consider that he had helped to clothe the ragged, make clean the dirty, and put the ignorant in the way of education, that the men who their cent, most of them he knew had enough in the getting, and the women with their needles, were, in however small a degree, lending a hand in the ceaseless work of bettering all things, that it was good if we could take help with a true child-spirit of thankfulness, but better if we as men and women could help, and that God gave children, and His poor to train men and women in His own heart life.

Mr. Francis Spinks was in the city last week on his way home from Manitoba, where he had been staying a few months. He speaks well of the country and thinks it a grand place for our steady deaf mutes willing to work. Mr. Spinks will probably return to Manitoba next summer. While he was there he called on Mr. and Mrs. George Grant at Souris, and Miss Esther Brown, all old Belleville pupils, and he said they were all doing well. He also gave the Institute at Winnipeg a short call.

There are now four deaf mutes employed in the Toronto Engraving Co., viz., Chas. Wilson, J. H. Rhodes, Henry White and J. E. Smith, and are all giving satisfaction.

Some of the deaf mutes in the city have steady and permanent positions of employment, but it appears that it is getting more difficult all the time to now comes to find employment, especially shoemakers and printers. These branches of industry are being more and more supplanted by machinery.

The Dorcas Society has been busy at all the meetings since its inception in preparing clothing for little Daisy Brown. The value of its work has been well proven, and it must give great satisfaction to all concerned. The little girl was present at the last meeting in the dress the Society had prepared for her and excited the liveliest interest. She goes to Belleville this week.

The meetings at the homes of the mutes, started at the beginning of the winter, have been very successful in arousing the interest and attention of the few assembled each time and there is good reason to hope for some permanent results.

It is on the tapis that two of our friends living a few miles out of the city are to be shortly united in wedlock.

The little four-year-old daughter of Robert and Mrs. Gillam, of Grimsby, met its death on Saturday, the 20th ult., being poisoned by eating the sulphur of some matches it had got hold of. The child was deaf and dumb.

—The girls in the fancy work class have lately taken quite a craze for the making of celluloid photograph cases, and are under obligation to the choicest boys for cutting out and puncturing quite a number. Their instructor, Mr. Bull, is always on the look out for some thing new for them.