



THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Four, six or eight pages,

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

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

OUR MISSION.

First.—To fit a number of our pupils to learn typewriting, and from the knowledge obtained to 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 cents for the school year, payable in advance. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, 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

THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO



THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1898

Truths to Think about.

There is an old story of a Grecian sculptor, who, charged with adorning a lofty temple, was chided by his employers because he fashioned the upper surface of the capitals which surrounded the pillars with the same exquisite workmanship and elaborate care which he bestowed on the carvings within sight of every visitor who might stand upon the pavement. They said to him, "Why do you waste your skill where no human eye can behold it? Only the winds of the air can gaze upon its beauties?" The sculptor raised his eyes, lifted for a moment his chisel from the marble, and replied, "The gods will see it," and resumed his task.

This fine old Greek character possessed the true conception of conscientiousness in the discharge of duty, and manifested its spirit in a manner that has won for him eternal fame, not only because of the noble answer he made to his mercenary employers, but also because we yet possess many remains of his beautiful work, which amply demonstrate his consummate skill and also the careful attention he paid to every detail of the elaborate carvings, whether on the publicly exposed parts of the capitals or in the hidden recesses where no human eye was expected to see them. But in his view the gods saw them, and to him their approbation, and that of his own conscience, were of far greater moment than the evanescent plaudits of the fickle populace.

It would be well for everyone of us if we could drink copious draughts of the Pirenean spring of the Greek sculptor's deep philosophy. There are, in every sphere of human effort, some parts of our work which are open to the public gaze, and other parts which are seen

only by ourselves and all seeing One, and well it is for that man or woman who is as conscientious in attention to this as to that. The statesman who attends as faithfully to the minutiae of his routine duties as to the elaboration of some striking policy of general interest, the physician who devotes as much thought and care to his humblest patient as to the one from whom he expects a handsome fee, the mechanic who as carefully fits and joins some hidden part of his work as that which is exposed to public view, the servant who sweeps and dusts in every dark corner as scrupulously as in the middle of the room—all these are animated by the same spirit as the old Greek, and are equally worthy of his enviable immortality, and, even if no human eye takes cognizance of their faithfulness, yet they may rest assured that they will receive a sure reward from One whose judgment never errs.

Of very necessity the work of the great majority of people must be done in obscurity. The men and women whom the world calls great, form a very small minority of the total of the world's workers. The vast multitude toil on all unknown and unrecognized by the world, yet such of these as do their work faithfully and well are worthy of even greater credit than those who work and live in the gaze of the multitude, and who are stimulated by the plaudits of admiring thousands. In the humble walks of life can be found ten thousand heroes for every one whose name is enrolled on the scroll of fame. And it may be that at the great assize, when every man's work will receive its just recognition and reward, these heroes in humble life will rank above the world's famous ones, for those in this world have the reward of fame and glory that they were most solicitous for, while those did their duty for duty's sake alone, with no thought for care of what the world might say or think. He that does his whole duty merely for duty's sake has attained the highest pinnacle of human achievement.

"All service ranks the same with God,
There is no last or first."

Is the mystic poet's beautiful presentation of this sublime truth. With our imperfect knowledge and perverted ideals and false standards, we are apt to judge a man by the noise and stir he may make in the world rather than by the real value of his work and the true worth of his motives. The momentary brilliance of the flaming rocket obscures for us the steady radiance of the eternal star; and the discordant crash of the stage thunder will call forth vociferous applause from multitudes whose gross ears are deaf to the stately music of the spheres, or to the finer harmonies of quiet but devoted lives attuned to the key note of universe, which is produced when the true, firm hand of duty suaves the chords of unselfishness. But is the judgment of omniscience all service is of equal merit and value, whether it is controlling the destiny of nations or cleaning the refuse off the streets, whether inditing an immortal poem or guiding the plowshare across the field, whether "howling the Ponticus to forms of beauty" or grubbing anthracite from its subterranean bed.

In one of Murillo's pictures in the Louvre one sees that interior of a kitchen: but doing the work there are, not mortals, but beautiful, white-winged angels. One serenely puts the kettle on the fire to boil, one is lifting a pail of water with heavenly grace, and one is at the cupboard reaching up for plates, while a little cherub is running about and getting into everybody's way in his

eager efforts to help. All are so busy and working with such a will, and so willing is the work as they do it, that somehow you forget that pans are pans and pots pots, and think only of the angel and how very natural and beautiful kitchen work is. The picture is very suggestive. It shows us the dignity of all duty, even of the humblest drudgery. The angels are not ashamed to be seen doing it. It is the motive and aim alone that can consecrate anything we do, and the doing of our duty is always splendid work though it be but washing dishes or cleaning a street. "The smallest roadside pool has its water from heaven and its gleam from the sun, and can hold the stars in its bosom as well as the great ocean."

We teachers of the deaf often have special need to dwell upon these truths and to draw all possible inspiration from them. It is often wearisome work we have to do—to read slates and correct exercises and to point out small errors that are committed with tireless attention. The very essence of our work consists of strict attention to minutiae, not once or twice, but over and over again. Yet it is a work that angels might love to do. For are we not, in a very real sense, building up characters, and creating intellects and almost literally breathing into our pupils the very breath of life? What a blessed thing it would be if all of us could look at our duty from its true perspective! Could we but fully realize the pregnant fact that our humblest duty, if well done, is as noble and meritorious as to rule a nation or create a world, with what different feelings we would regard it. And in truth our work is creative. In the beginning the universe was without form and void, but God spake, and from chaos came cosmos. We have placed before us the unformed materials of mind and soul, and both, as they come to us, are also without form and void, and it is for us, from this mental chaos, to produce forms of symmetry and beauty—awakened intelligences and upright characters and steadfast souls.

And especially important is it for us to imbibe the spirit and philosophy of the old Greek sculptor. Much of our work is of such a character that no human being but ourselves can ever become cognizant of it. Visitation and examinations and inspections bring into view the bold refusal, but there are countless little hidden recesses that must be attended to and weary hours and days spent in work that will never be revealed to any other individual, and the temptation is often strong for us to pass over some insignificant error, or some small and difficult, but not unimportant distinction, with the reflection that no one else will notice it and why trouble about it. But "The gods will see it," and the future will reveal the true character of our work, and that teacher comes far short of his highest possible attainment, and departs very far from the true ideal, who aims at outward show rather than at real efficiency, who is animated by a desire for applause rather than by a compelling sense of obligation, who fails in one jot or tittle of his known duty.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there,
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing the bells of the far away.

Methodist Services at the Institution for Deaf and Dumb.

Nov	Dec	Jan	Feb	March	April	May
25	9	23	7	21	4	18
1	2	16	1	15	29	12
1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	1	1	1	1	1	1

1—Rev. Newton Hill 2—Rev. C. W. Watch
2—Rev. J. J. Rice 4—Rev. G. E. McIntyre

Dr. A. L. E. Crouter.

As a general rule people wait till a man has passed away from this stage of action before they give tangible evidence of their appreciation of his worth and works; but occasionally we see a very pleasing exception to this rule. Our esteemed friend and co-worker, Dr. Crouter, of the Philadelphia School, experienced one of the exceptions above noted a short time ago. Not long since a new building entitled the "Morris Industrial Hall" was erected and presented to our School, and the following memorial tablet which was erected in the gymnasium recites the occasion and motive of the presentation. "This building is given by a friend to the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb as a token of regard for A. L. E. Crouter, LL. D., and in recognition of his devoted and untiring interest in the deaf and for his faithful services of 30 years to the Institution." Dr. Crouter is one of the most successful educators of the deaf in America, and we congratulate him on this well-merited recognition of his services. We do this all the more gladly in view of the fact that he is a native Canadian, having been born near Belleville, where many of his relatives still reside. No doubt this is to a large extent the secret of his success, for Canadian boys generally climb pretty well to the top of the ladder when they go to the States.

The Manitoba Telegram of Oct. 23rd, contains an extended descriptive and historical account of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf. The article is warm, appreciative in character and gives full recognition to the excellence of the work being done there, and in my eulogizes the fine executive ability of Principal McDermid, as well as his skill and success as an educator of the deaf. In the history of the agitation which led up to the erection of the Institution buildings, full credit is given to the various gentlemen who interested themselves in its behalf, especially to P. H. Francis, M. P. P., whom it calls "the father of the Institution." While not wishing to detract in the least from the value of the laudable efforts of Mr. Francis and others, we regret that no notice was taken of the invaluable services of Mrs. McPherson in this direction. As far back as 1883, before any of the gentlemen alluded to had given any thought to the matter, this lady began her labors, which she never relaxed till they were crowned with success. She sowed the seed that others reaped, and to her, above all others, is due the lion's share of the credit for the efforts which resulted in the establishment of the Institution.

In our issue of Nov. 1st, our Brantford correspondent included in his items an account of a baptismal ceremony in the river at that place in which deaf mutes figured as participants. From subsequent information we have received we find that the correspondent drew largely on his somewhat vivid imagination for his alleged facts. It seems that the ceremony was performed in a manner quite in keeping with its sacred character, and entirely without the sensational incidents narrated by our correspondent. We will be pleased to continue to receive items from Brantford, but our correspondents must adhere strictly to facts, and leave romancing to specialists in that department of literature. It will be readily perceived that we have no way of ascertaining the accuracy of the items sent us, so that we are compelled to rely implicitly on the honesty and good faith of our correspondents, and it is pleasing to know that our trust has very seldom been betrayed as it was in this instance.