



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.

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



FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1896.

Volume Five.

This issue is the first number of Volume Five of THE CANADIAN MUTE. We are naturally much gratified at the over-increasing success that has attended our venture and at the over-growing popularity and usefulness of the paper. However it is not necessary for us to be self-laudatory since the journal speaks for itself with sufficient eloquence. We have done as well as we could in the past and will try to do yet better in future.

Little by Little.

The buzz of the circular saw is again to be heard and the boys spend their leisure hours after school in reducing the large pile of cord wood sticks to the proper fire wood length and piling it, stick by stick, in its assigned place. This is to the thoughtful boy a fine object lesson on the grand result accomplished when many small units are aggregated. Many pupils and many teachers often feel quite discouraged at the close of a day's work when they see how very little has been accomplished. But this discouragement is due to a lack of a proper appreciation of the value of small things. For when to the little that is learned to-day is added what is acquired to-morrow and the next day and the next, and so on for the two hundred or more school days in the year, the total result is by no means insignificant. Primary class teachers, especially, can appreciate this fact, for the effect of this gradual but constant accumulation of the tiny fragments of knowledge is more readily realized with a class of beginners. It often takes weeks for a boy to learn to handle his pencil and to make a few letters. After that he laboriously acquires a word a day or even less and when Christmas comes he perhaps has obtained a vocabulary of only two or

three score words. It looks discouraging, but it is so only in appearance, for each word learned not only adds one word more to his vocabulary but increases his capacity for acquirement. Soon he is able to learn two words a day, then three and so on with over accelerating speed, till, at the close of the term, he will be able to write a list of three or four hundred words, and utilize many of them for the expression of his thoughts—a result, surely, that is most creditable and gratifying. Let the teacher, then, not despise the day of small things, nor forget that the stately structure is erected by laying one brick upon another, that the noblest literature is built up word by word and even letter by letter and that the mighty cosmos itself is composed of molecules too small for the eye to see or even the mind to conceive.

The Superintendent and staff of the Salt Lake Institution are just now in great danger of bumping their heads against the stars. During the last two years the Legislature cut down the appropriations to such an extent that the sessions of the school had to be considerably curtailed. This year, however, the Legislature has granted every dollar that has been asked for. But this is not all. Next session the school will occupy new and beautiful quarters in a building that cost some \$160,000, and furnished with every appliance that could be asked. We heartily congratulate our sister Institution on its good luck.

We regret to learn that Dr. J. H. Brown's health is so bad that he has, by order of his physicians, been obliged to retire from duty for a few months. He is a victim of that fell enemy of mankind, la grippe, and is now quite unfit for work in the class-room. On account of this ill health Dr. Brown has also been compelled to resign the Superintendency of the Belfast Institution for which he had been engaged. We hope that Dr. Brown will speedily recover his wonted health and strength.

In 1889 the British Royal Commission recommended that the Deaf and Dumb Schools in Ireland be given state assistance, but no action has yet been taken in that direction. A few days ago Mr. Young, M. P., asked Mr. Balfour if the Government intended to introduce a bill for the purpose of carrying this recommendation into effect. Mr. Balfour replied that he hoped at some time to do so, but not this session. He gave no reasons for the delay.

It is now said that thoughts can be photographed by means of the X rays. Of course, however, there must be some material to work on. We know of some people whose "thought photographs" would be mere blanks.

The Cornwall Freeholder comes to hand in enlarged form and printed from new type. Mr. Young knows how to make an interesting paper and the Freeholder is one of the very best local papers in Eastern Canada.

Teachers should ever be students. No teacher can succeed who is content to remain in a state of rest, or who stops to ask the cost of his labor or what will be his reward. The world owes nothing to its contented men and women. Contentment means decline. The only way to do well is to strive to do better. This law of growth through striving is an universal in its application as the law of gravitation. A teacher without an ideal—an over-movable ideal—is intellectually, if not morally, dead. *Patrick's Pedagogics.*

There are not unfrequently substantial reasons underneath for customs that appear to us absurd.—*C. Bronie.*

A Leaf from Experience.

I have read and heard that some prominent people are trying to do away with the sign-language of the deaf and teach only pure oralism. I believe it proper to do all that can be done to teach oralism, but, in my opinion, little can be done by such a way, from my own experience. I can talk as others do, and am considered a remarkable lip reader, but with these two combined I cannot get any help from the pulpit or from conversations held by others. And while I understand and some people well, others I cannot understand at all. I have tried for many years to understand a speaker in the pulpit, also a teacher of a class, but I can understand only a few words. I can understand only when spoken to directly.

I believe that to take away our language of signs would take away happiness, for we all honor the man who gave us a language that enables us to become intelligent beings, and that helps us to become independent of others. This language has also made us happy in one another's society, and has given us a knowledge of the Maker of mankind, and shown us Saviour's love for us, and through this means we have knowledge of that home above where we shall hear. And considering what our language has done for us, is it strange that we defend it with all the power we have at command? We love our language and to deprive us of it would take away our happiness.

I am not an oralist, but from my own experience I know oralism cannot do for us what the sign language does for us. I have been almost ten years trying to learn by the aid of oralism, or by lip-reading, but have failed. I can only get benefit from those who talk directly to me. I have been trying to learn by signs, and am happy to say that after only a year's stay with the deaf I am able to get the benefit of all that is being said, and am learning rapidly now. Praise God for this blessing to us who are deprived of hearing.

If those who feel inclined to take away our language should try to do the same with the blind, how would they feel? Practically the same as we do. They love the means they have of learning as well as we. God who comforteth his people puts in the hearts of wise men a way to help all who are afflicted, and so we find a language for the deaf, and a language for the blind. Every nation and class of people have a way to learn and make them an intelligent and happy people.

From my own experience I will show what a great blessing our sign language is to us. I had what is called changeable deafness from the time I was thirteen until I was nineteen years of age. Those who never had it cannot realize how miserable it makes a person. It is impossible to get used to such an affliction, as it changes so. Some times I could hear well, and would feel happy; then suddenly without warning, my ears would close up and I could hear nothing. I was not a lip reader then, and just imagine the misery it caused me! I will never forget my wretched life at that time. I often wished to be out of existence. I became a burden to others as well as to myself. After I became so I could not hear at all and stand thus, I became used to it, and was happier, and also at this time I found sweet peace in the Saviour's love, and was real happy for a year or more, and then again I was plunged into trouble which lasted a year. It was then I sought to rid myself of this sorrow and came to Minneapolis thinking I could forget it amidst the turmoil of city life. Who here I learned of the deaf holding a convention, and hastened to them. Oh the grand sight that met my gaze! It was so good to see so many who were afflicted like myself. I longed to stay with them, and was with them all I could be. My life seemed changed in a moment. Before that I had seen only one deaf person in all my life, and thought there were but few, but, oh the gladness that overwhelmed me when I discovered my mistake. I believe Providence led me to that meeting where those who were afflicted as I am were assembled. And I thank God from the bottom of my heart for leading me to them.

The change wrought in me by my association with them has been so remarkable that those who know me before that meeting have been commenting on the change in me. One lady recently told me that I was not a bit like I was two years ago, and asked me what had changed me so. I said,

"When you first became acquainted with me I had not seen one of the deaf people, but now I have associated with them so much I feel much better. She asked me if I was happy with them, and I said, 'Yes, very happy.' She was so surprised to see me changed so much, and so sociable. Others of us are getting lively and more pleased."

I love the language of the deaf and it would grieve me much if it should be taken away and oralism put in its place. I like oralism well enough with hearing people, but if one of my hearing friends takes an interest in the deaf, we want to sign and spell, my love grows deeper and stronger for that person than for others who do not care for the language of the deaf.

Some have spoken to me of being helped by the new device now being invented, but I stop them, and by saying "I would rather be what I am now than to hear. I have no desire whatever to become a hearing person. I do not miss my hearing now when I can associate with the deaf so much, and if I were healed I would lose my interest in the deaf. I would rather be what I am now."

From this on, the deaf shall be very near to me. What interests them shall interest me. My life is now bound up in them, and it shall be my one object to help them in every way I can. I shall always defend them wherever I can, since by them I have been made happier, and content with my affliction.

THE BLESSED
Minneapolis, April 13, 1896.

Art of Putting on a Stamp.

"When you put a postage stamp on an envelope," said a precise man to his son, "you should put it on square and true, in the upper right hand corner and as near as possible to the corner of the envelope. You put it in the right hand corner for the convenience of the stampers in the Post Office, that it may be uniform in location with the stamps on other envelopes, so that they may be stamped more conveniently and expeditiously; you should study the wishes of others as well as yourself. You should put it as near as possible to the corner, so that the canceling stamp will be less likely to deface and so perhaps obscure the address on the envelope."

"You should put it on square and true, because that is the methodical and proper way to do. Many persons are disturbed by the appearance of a stamp put on in a careless and sloped manner. And I can easily imagine that such a practice might work positive injury to you. You might have occasion to write to a man on a matter of business that was of importance to you. You might compose and write this letter with faithful care and set forth what you had to say with commendable clearness and precision and yet upset it all by slapping on a stamp carelessly; the recipient might judge you by the one slight act done naturally rather than by the studied work done with a purpose."

"My son, don't do it, put the stamp on where it belongs, so that the blue touch of color will grace the envelope and not deface it."—*New York Sun.*

That Old Photo.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN MUTE.
DEAR SIR.—I was glad to see Mr. W. Kay furnish the missing names of those in the photo. I referred to in a former issue of THE MUTE. Their faces were quite familiar but I had forgotten their names. Mr. Kay seems to have a wonderful memory to remember dates and other trifling particulars. I was glad to see he intends writing some reminiscences of the old school. He is well qualified for the task and I am sure it will be interesting. One thing connected with the above school that I hold most dear to the present day is the life Mr. J. J. G. Torril, husband of Mrs. Torril, of the present Institution. I can never forget how I played and romped about with the boys and how he took me out to the mountain on Saturdays to shoot birds and so to stuff, and how he was loved by us all. Yours, etc.

WALTER OF OTHER DAYS.

"Yes," said the girl who collects, "it is one of the best autographs I have in my collection." "But are you sure it is genuine?" asked her friend. "Positive!" I cut it with my own hands from a telegram that his wife received from him."