



THE CANADIAN MUTE

Four, six or eight pages,
PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

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

OUR MISSION

1. To teach a number of our pupils may learn to write, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.
2. To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf mute subscribers.
3. 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

Family subscriptions 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.
Send 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 anyone will be admitted—if we know it.

ADVERTISING

A 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.



MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1896.

Christian Citizenship

In an address on "Christian Citizenship," delivered at the recent Christian Endeavor Association at Ottawa, Hon. G. W. Ross held up a high but quite possible ideal to be attained unto. After showing that the honor and privilege of civil citizenship varied according to the status of the nation, he emphasized the fact that Christian citizenship is subject to no such contingencies, since the Christian's Sovereign possesses infinite wisdom and justice, and is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. But there was also a practical side to Christian citizenship as related to every day duties. Legally the Christian enjoys exactly the same privileges and has imposed on him exactly the same duties as non-Christians, yet the fact of a man being a Christian placed upon him additional obligations. The Christian citizen should be large-minded and charitable towards his fellow citizens; moreover he should be ever aggressive. Christianity to-day is the most aggressive religion in the world—in fact the only aggressive one, for while all other religions are standing still or retrograding, Christianity is advancing with ever accelerating speed. "Christianity," said Mr. Ross, "has the largest standing army in the world. Brahma and Confucius may have more men in reserve, but Christianity has more men in the field. It has planted its forts and arsenals and trained soldiers on every continent on the globe. Its armies have fought more battles, won more victories and made longer marches than any other army known to us. Aspers worn and worn now the crown of royalty, it has occupied the Presidential chair, it has directed Parliaments and Congresses and Assemblies of the people's representatives. It has emptied jails and

filled churches it has poured upon many a land its horn of plenty and has provided many poor with bread. It has cared for the soldier on the field of battle and for his family long after he had filled a soldier's grave. It has brought the warm sunshine of heavenly hope to the shivering Greenland and the inspiration of a better life to the roaming savage in the plains of Hindostan. It has filled the literature of the last eighteen centuries with the purest thoughts, and has spoken to almost every nation and tribe and kindred with Pentecostal fervor as well as with Pentecostal tongues. The journalist, the novelist, the historian, the poet, the scientist and the philosopher are enlisted in its service and are proclaiming by ten thousand printing presses the glories of its mission. Universities and colleges and schools and teachers of greatest learning are its propagandists, while millions of ardent men and women in every part of the world assemble one day in the week to do their conviction of its intrinsic power. The speaker then pointed out the duty of Christians relative to the various social evils of the day, and specially emphasized the need of aggressive action in the direction of the cleansing of politics, and the importance of electing as representatives only men of pure minds and honorable motives, men filled with and actuated by that righteousness that exalteth a nation. The Christian citizen is also the truest patriot. True patriotism consists not in bombastic utterances nor jingoistic defiance, "it is the efflorescence of the purest lives, the crystallization of all that is disinterested and altruistic in humanity." The true patriot will always be an influence for peace. "Should internal discord threaten the unity and solidarity of his country, his voice will be heard above the din of faction and the babble of the demagogue saying peace, he will. If a neighboring nation, through some misunderstanding or influenced for a moment by some temporary hallucination of imaginary wrong, scowls upon his country, he will be the last to cry havoc and to let slip the dogs of war. He will rather say, in the words of Abraham to Lot, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, or between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen, for we are brethren. The true patriot never stirs up party or national strife. He never applauds the demagogue, or the religious or racial incendiary. He never joins in the fray of the pot-house against the restraints of the law or the punishment of the wrongdoer. The Christian citizen who is not a patriot has denied the faith and is worse than an infidel. He is a non-strocity, having no place in the economy of civil government and no lot or parcel in the pleasures of that national spirit which clothes a people with power, and rejoices when their barns are filled with plenty and their flocks and herds bring forth abundantly. No, Christian patriotism is an ever expanding force. It grasps the greatness of an earthly kingdom as well as the boundlessness of a heavenly one. It rejoices in the prosperity of its own possessions, and turns no jealous eye upon the prosperity of its neighbors. It has no ill fears as to the future of its country or of its kindred, because it sees in nations as well as in society the constant evolution of a higher humanity, and so it says, in the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes

Build the more stately mansions of my soul
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past;
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Fill thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

To be anxious about tomorrow is evidence that we are not fully trusting God to-day.

Donations to Calcutta, India, School Fund.

Kindly insert the following notice in your paper.

In December last, 1895 I started a fund in behalf of the deaf of India, which is to go towards defraying the expenses of securing for them an education, which above all other things they sadly lack. My original plan was to appeal to every school for the deaf in America but owing to vacation being so close upon us, when the appeal had gained a fair headway, I found it impossible to reach all schools. Now that all have reopened, I once more push forward my appeal, urging earnestly that all charitably inclined persons connected with the various schools will contribute a little towards helping along this worthy cause. Among the first of the schools to respond to my appeal was the Ontario Institution of Belleville, contributing the liberal sum of \$5.27, thus setting a noble example over the other schools. Those that have followed the example set by the Ontario School are:—The Rochester School, \$5, Kentucky School, \$7.35, Ohio School, \$1.25, Michigan School, \$21.50, Minnesota School \$8.00. Since starting this appeal a good sum has been realized, as far as my own collections go I have a total sum of \$79.03 on hand to-day, while a still larger sum has been received by Dr. E. M. Gallaudet—a total of \$175.12. This is a work which cannot be justly called "easily accomplished." I find it impossible to complete the work wanted, so I have selected Mr. A. V. McIntosh, of Toronto, Ont., a most reliable and trustworthy gentleman, to assist me with my collections as far as Canada is concerned. All sending contributions to him for this fund will receive from him receipts acknowledging amounts in full. His address is 62 Collier St., Toronto, Ont. As far as the United States is concerned, all contributions as formerly may be sent either to Dr. E. M. Gallaudet or to me. As previously, all contributions will from time to time be reported in the columns of the deaf press.

Previously acknowledged June 16th 1896. \$72.28
A. W. Eaton, Buffalo, N. Y. 25
Miss G. H. Hastings, Aurora, N. Y. 27
Miss C. Avery, Iowa, Michigan 1.00
John P. Coulter, Buffalo, N. Y. 1.00
Rev. P. Hasenstul, Chicago 1.00
Total to date Nov 2nd 1896. \$79.03
Acknowledged by Dr. E. M. Gallaudet June 24th 1896 111.00
July 26th 1896 61.00
Total collected \$251.13

GEORGE E. MAXWELL,
Collector.
1108 West Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
November 2nd, 1896.

New Diphtheria Cure.

According to some of the more advanced scientists, nature furnishes a cure for every known disease. Of course, we do not know what the cure is for most of them, but we are slowly progressing in that direction. Many remedies are found out by accident, and it is by the merest chance that a new cure has been discovered for diphtheria. Observing that milk rapidly absorbs disease germs, experiments have been tried with milk as a curative agent. A large sheet is saturated with milk, then the patient is wrapped in this and tightly covered with blankets, remaining closely wrapped for some hours. This treatment is followed by a warm bath, then the patient is wrapped in a dry sheet and put to bed. This course has been attended with great success and it is proposed that a special department in certain hospitals be set apart for this purpose.

A Cheeky Little Lamb.

The Rev. Dr. Meredith, a well known clergyman, tries to cultivate friendly relations with the younger members of his flock. In a recent talk to his Sunday school he urged the children to speak to him whenever they met.
The next day a dirty faced urchin, smoking a cigarette and having a generally disreputable appearance, accosted him in the street with
"Hallo doctor"
The clergyman stopped and cordially inquired
"And who are you, sir?"
"I'm one of your little lambs," replied the boy, affably. "Fine day."
And tilting his hat on his head he swaggered off, leaving the worthy divine speechless with amazement. *Peterson's Weekly*

Thanksgiving

The crisp, rosy apples are all gathered in. They wait for the winter in barrel and bin. And nuts for the children, a plentiful store. Are spread out to dry on the broad attic floor. The great golden pumpkins that grow so tall. Are ready to make into Thanksgiving pie. And all the good things that the children love. Have come round again with the festive year.
Now what shall we do in our bright happy home. To welcome this time of good things as they come. And what, do you say, is the very best way. To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving day.
The best thing that hearts that are thankful do.
Is this to make thankful one other happy. For lives that are gratefully sunny and glad. To carry their sunshine to lives that are sad. For children who have all they want and more.
Their good things with poor little children share.
For this will bring blessings, and this is the way. To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving day.

A Thanksgiving Story.

BY L. F. ARMITAGE, SAVERS, MASS.
"Oh, Rob! Isn't it dreadful! I can't go to grandpa's to-morrow."
"Can't go to grandpa's?" said Rob. "Who said so? Why, we always go. I wouldn't be any kind of a Thanksgiving without the visit at grandpa's."
"I know it," said Alice, "but we can't go. Mamma has had a letter from Aunt Kate, and she says grandma is sick and must be kept very quiet."
"There won't be any fun, then," said Rob.
"No," said Alice, "no good-time for us to-morrow."
"But," said mamma, "perhaps we can have another kind of a good time. Let's try to make some other boys and girls happy."
"How?" asked the children.
"There are many children who are too poor to have a nice Thanksgiving dinner. Would you not like to give something to some of these children? We are not rich, but we can give something to others. Grandpa has sent two barrels of his nice apples. We will fill two baskets at once and early in the morning you may take them to our poor people."
They began at once. They picked out the largest and reddest apples for their baskets. Mamma gave them potatoes, bread, and cake.
When papa came home he wanted help, too, so he went out and bought some oranges. Then mamma put a glass of jolly and a package of ten in each basket.
In the evening the children popped corn, and poured it into the baskets until they could hold no more.
Early in the morning they set out with papa to help them carry the baskets. They called at the homes of some poor children who went to their schools. There were six children in one home and four in the other. How their eyes shone when the baskets were opened! And the mothers thanked them with tears in their eyes. It made Rob and Alice feel as happy as the ten children did.
Then they took a long walk with papa and when they reached home they found Uncle Fred and Aunt Nellie with their baby.
"As we couldn't go to grandpa's we thought we'd drive over and spend the day with you," said Aunt Nellie.
The day was a very happy one, and when they went to bed Rob said, "I had lots of fun to-day, after all, mamma."
"I don't know when I have been so happy," said Alice.
"I think," said mamma, "that must be because you have made others happy."
To Trust Woman.
There is no perfect meal without a woman to do the honors of the table. Water is as good as wine, and the following may serve as hints to the father, brother, husband or guest who is able to talk, yet needs a little aid to lift him out of the common rut.
Woman—The sweetest creature the Lord ever made.
Woman—The source of help, happiness and heaven.
Woman—She needs no eulogy, she speaks for herself.
Woman—A creature "nobly planned to warn, comfort and command."
Woman—Once there was a woman, sir and here she is!
Woman—The fairest work of the great Author, the edition is large, no man should be without a copy.
Woman—The tyrant we love, friends we trust.
Woman—God bless her, the queen of all creation.—*Baltimore World.*