

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

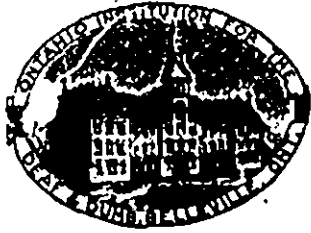
Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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NO. 9.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge
H. J. B. STRATTON, TORONTO

Government Inspector:
DR. T. P. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:
R. MATHISON, M. A., Superintendent
W. M. COCHRANE, Bursar
D. GOLDSMITH, M. D., Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:
H. HOLMANN, M. A., Head Teacher
MISS J. O. TERRILL, Head Teacher
MISS H. TEMPLETON, Head Teacher
MISS MARY BELL, Head Teacher
MISS SYLVIA L. BALLE, Head Teacher
MISS GEORGINA LYNN, Head Teacher
MISS ADA JAMES, Head Teacher
M. J. MADYAN, Monitor Teacher

Teachers of Articulation:
MISS CAROLINE GIBSON, Teacher of Fancy Work
MISS MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work
MISS F. BOURNE, Teacher of Sign

MISS N. METCALFE, JOHN T. BURNS, Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing

W. M. DONOHUE, WM. CURSE, Keeper & Associate Supervisor, Master Shoemaker

G. O. KEITH, CHAS. J. PEPPIE, Supervisor of Boys, etc., Engineer

MISS M. DENNEY, JOHN DOWNIE, Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter

MISS S. MCNICHI, D. CUNNINGHAM, Trained Hospital Nurse, Master Baker

JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education and advantages to all the youth of the Province who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board, will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of printing, carpentering and shoemaking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, tailoring, dressmaking, sewing, knitting, the use of the sewing machine, and such ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. For information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away if put in box in office door will be sent to the post office at noon and 2 1/2 p. m. of each day, Sundays excepted. The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one, unless the same is in the locked bag.



The Bivouac of the Dead.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo.
No more on life's parade shall meet
Their brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camp-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind
No troubled thought at midnight banquets
Of loved ones left behind
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms
No praying born or returning foe
At dawn shall fall to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their banners, tattered in dust,
Lie now their martial proud.
And gleaming funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow
And the proud forms by battle gasped
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade
The bugle's stirring blast
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with nerve and delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern burlesque
That sweeps his great plateau
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the serried foe,
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath
How well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death!"

Long as the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fewer flags had waved
The vengeful blood of Spain
And still the storm of battle blew
Still swelled the gory tide
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour life stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land
The nation's flag to save
By rivers of their father's gore
His first-born laurels grew
And well he deemed his sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a northern breath has swept
O'er Anjou's plain
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above the mouldering slain
The raven's scream or eagle's flight
Or shepherd's pensive lay
Alone awakes each sullen night
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the headless air
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your father's grave
Who claims from you his noblest spoil
The ashes of his brave.

Thus death their part in that they rest
Far from the gory field
Born to a Spartan's mother, a breast
On many a bloody shield
The sunshine of their native sky
Shines sadly on their heave,
And kindred eyes and hearts ache by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embattled and sated dead
Near as the blood you gave
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The heritage of your grave
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

You marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanquished one bath down
The story how ye fell
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight
Nor Time's remorseless doom
Shall dim the one ray of glory's light
That glids your deathless tomb.

No Prettier than English Ivy.

Let me urge those who want a vine for
the bay-window or parlor, or to train
over a screen, to procure an English Ivy
this spring. I would rather have a fine
specimen of it than a score of the plants
usually found in window-garden col-
lectious. It is a shame that such a
plant should have been crowded out by
now comers having but few of its merits.
—Eben F. Rexford, in the March Ladies'
Home Journal.

Be sure to have your Heavenly Father
for your most intimate friend — Mary
Lyon.



The Vision of Sir Launfal.

The poet Lowell felt when he had
completed this work that he had done
something worthy of note, and so ex-
pressed himself to a friend. This
judgment was worthy of the mind that
conceived the work and all trusty critics
unite in confirming the impression of
the author.

This poem is not, of course, original
in its entirety, being founded on a legend
that had long done service. But the
story lost nothing in Lowell's handling
and received many lovely touches it
had not from others hands.

The Vision of Sir Launfal appeared
in 1848, more than ten years before
Tennyson had sent out his first in-
stallment of the "Idyls of the King."
There is little room for comparison in
these two works, the one epic in its
form and conduct, the other a mere in-
cident, but Arthurian, like the "Idyls"
in hero and reference.

Sir Launfal was to go in search of
the Holy Grail, which was, so the
legend ran, the cup used by the Saviour
when He first gave His body and blood
to His apostles at the last supper. It
was conditional to the search that he
who would be successful must be pure
in mind and heart, vainly would others
seek. So Sir Launfal made a vow to go
in search of the Holy Grail, and his go-
ing and returning form the two incidents
which Lowell has woven into a poem of
exquisite loveliness.

In the prelude to the first part, the
scene opens amidst the effulgence of the
early summer, when man must, if over,
be struck with the beauty and goodness
of God, who thus loads the earth with
grandeur and warms men's hearts to
noble deeds, as does the sun the earth
to make it productive. So, too, the
season was typical of the one who
would go on the holy search—for he
must possess youth and beauty. The
strength of manhood must be charmed
by his presence and take hope of fruitful
finding, from his power and enthusiasm.
And here the poet strikes the keynote
in the famous line

And what is so rare as a day in June.

Then, truly, the author draws a
beautiful picture of the life and beauty
everywhere seen. He makes us feel
that it is a time to inspire lofty action
and a season wherein to plan for a
successful harvest

Whether we look or whether we listen
We hear the murmur, or see it glitten,
Every cloud feels a stir of light,
In sunlight within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

Propitious time indeed when Sir
Launfal rides forth proudly from his
castle to go on his holy mission, for

It is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green and skies to be blue.

But the feeling of superiority bred in
Launfal by impious ancestors, made
him overrate himself, and in turn made
him despise Christ's poor. His dreams
were fruitless as his search which would
bring him into all climes, for he knew
not just where his quest would end.
As he came to the gate of his castle
there met him a leper who sought an
alm, to whom, in loathing, he cast some
gold. But as no real charity went with
the gift, it was spurned by the leper, who
said

That is no true alms which the hand can hold,
It gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty
Not he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight.

The hand can not grasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outreaches his eager palm,
For a god gave aith it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.

Sir Launfal meets here his first rebuke,

but passes proudly on to fill the object
of his vow

The scenes changed. Chill December
takes the place of summer. And if you
not only enjoyed but really felt the
pleasures of June in the description of
the first part, you no less feel the chill
and desolation, that

Carried a river everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare."

These prelude are the crystallizing
of a mood and they impress the reader
as would the very scenes themselves.
We have nothing superior in American
poetry, to the beautiful, soulful, and
artistic work of these introductory
stanzas of the two parts of Sir Launfal.

If June be life and hopeful, Decem-
ber is the season of gloom and sadness.
It is symbolic of age—happy time if life's
work be crowned with ever so little suc-
cess.

And now comes homeward Sir
Launfal, an aged, worn, and dis-
appointed man. He has failed com-
pletely and wandered the world over in
fruitless search of the Holy Grail.
Arrived at his castle gate, he again
meets the leper who once more seeks an
alm. Not now, as in days gone by,
does Sir Launfal look with contempt on
the leper. Suffering has softened his
heart and true charity—not mere gold,
he gives to the beggar. For said the
now man of faith—

"I behold in thee
An image of him who died on the tree,
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me,
Behold through Him, I give to thee"

But immediately the leper is trans-
formed and appears as the Saviour, who
having heard Sir Launfal's story of a
life's failure, comforts that broken knight
thus—

"Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail
Behold it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the stream for me but now
This crust is my body broken for thee."

Who gives himself with his alms feeds the reo-
Himself, his hungry neighbor, and me."

In the application of the parable the
poet lacks what comes from a delicate
and enlightened faith. His inter-
pretation is a purely natural one, and
as such fails to bring out the exalted
grandeur of the fine lesson he had begun.
He inculcates charity, but ignores one
of the most divine gifts of God to man,
viz. the giving of Himself to be our food
and drink, in that he makes the doing
of real charity, even though it be of a
high order, a partaking of the divine
sacrament, as if it were not rather the
real participation in that heavenly
banquet that gave men the fire of true
charity and showed the world how small
are the works of man, how little he can
do, when guided by purely natural light
and motives.

Still this "Vision of Sir Launfal" is a
superb creation—"a thing of beauty."
It will repay earnest reading, and one
appreciating its beauties will surely say
that its author was no less a poet in
conceiving it than a prophet in predicting
that it would live.—Ez.

Life's Little Days.

One secret of a sweet and happy life
is learning to live by the day. It is the
long stretches that tire us. It is a bless-
ed secret, this of living by the day.
Anyone can carry his burden, however
heavy, until nightfall. Anyone can live
sweetly, patiently, purely, lovingly till
the sun goes down, and this is all life
really means to us—just one little day.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's tempta-
tions and do not weaken and distract
yourself over things you cannot see and
would not understand if you saw them.

God gives us nights to shut down the
curtain of darkness on our little days—
we cannot see beyond.

Short horizons make life easier and
give us one of the blessed secrets of
brave, true, holy living.