

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. I.,

BELLEVILLE, DECEMBER 1, 1892.

NO. 15.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge
THE HON. J. M. GIBSON.

Government Inspector:
DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.
A. MATHISON, Hurmer.
D. J. FARRIS, M. D., Physician.
MISS SARAH J. WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

MR. GEORGE M. A. HARRIS, Head Teacher.
MISS MARY BULL, Miss FLORENCE JAYNEK, Miss MYRTLE J. HALL, Miss ADA JAMES (Director).

MISS MARGERY CARLETON, Teacher of Articulation.

MISS MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
MISS SARAH J. WALKER, Teacher of Drawing.

MISS L. M. HOLDING, JOHN T. BURNS, Instructor of Printing.

MR. DOUGLASS, FRANK FLYNN, Master Carpenter.

ROBERT O'NEARA, WM. NURSE, Master Shoemaker.

MISS A. HALL HERR, D. CONNINGHAM, Master Baker.

J. DOUGHERTY, THOMAS WILLS, Carlayer.

MICHAEL O'NEARA, Farmer.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education and training to all the youth of the Province who are afflicted with deafness, either partial or total, in order to receive instruction in the common schools.

Admission is made between the ages of seven and fifteen, and being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are born deaf or become deaf in 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 (except such as are furnished free).

Children whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board, tuition and medical attendance, will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At present time the trades of Printing, Carpentry and Shoemaking are taught to the male pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, knitting the use of the sewing machine and other manual and fancy work as may be desired.

It is the duty of all having charge of deaf mute children to avail themselves of the liberal provisions of the Government for their education and improvement.

The regular Annual School Term begins on the first Wednesday in September, and continues until the first Wednesday in June of each year. The same applies to the terms of admission for pupils, which will be given upon application to the Superintendent.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DELIVERED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. Mail matter to be sent to the office of the Institution will be sent to the post office at 10:00 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not allowed to carry letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at the post office for delivery, for pupils.



"LAUGH A LITTLE BUT"

BY J. EDWARD T. COOK

Here's a motto, just your fit
"Laugh a little bit."
When you think you're trouble-hit
"Laugh a little bit."
Look Misfortune in the face,
Brave the belkin's rude grimace
Ten to one 'twill yield its place
If you have the grit and wit
Just to laugh a little bit

Keep your face with sunshine lit:
"Laugh a little bit."
Gloomy shadows oft will fit
If you have the wit and wit
Just to laugh a little bit

Cherish this as sacred wit
"Laugh a little bit."
Keep it with you, sample it,
"Laugh a little bit."
Little ill will sure betide you,
Fortune may not sit beside you,
Men may mock and Fame deride you,
But you'll mind them not a whit
If you laugh a little bit. —St. Nicholas.



SONGS FROM OUT OF SILENCE.

Angie Fuller Fisher's Beautiful Spirit Triumphs Over Terrible Physical Defects.

Though Deaf and almost Blind, She Sings Sweetly—A Beautiful Home Life.

From the Omaha World-Herald

For a song to be born of a silence is surely something of a miracle.

Yet there is a woman in Omaha, who, though she dwells in a silence that will never be broken, sings songs which are very sweet. This woman is almost blind; and yet her songs pulsate with light; she is confined to four square walls almost all of the time; and yet in her verses is life, action, energy and joy.

This splendid triumph of the spirit over the body is an achievement that the comfortable materialist, giving himself unthinkingly up to the enjoyment of his unappreciated faculties, cannot comprehend.

To have heard no sound, and yet to have learned the right sounds of vowels and consonants, and the correct accentuation and enunciation of words, is a triumph that seems to be amazing.

All this has been done by Angelina Fuller Fisher, who lives in this city, and who is known rather more widely than she herself is aware, as a writer of tender and musical songs.

Mrs. Fisher has been deaf from her childhood, and for many years has been almost blind. She has at times been helpless with paralysis. Yet this combination of frightful disabilities has not daunted her spirit, and taken from her the happiness and hope which are hers.

She seems to me one of the most cultivated persons I have ever met. I have reached that estimate of her by comparing her with others. I remember certain gentlemen, well educated, well supplied with money, friends and position who have simply been bowled over by the sudden oncoming of simply one affliction. The consciousness that one of their senses was to be taken from them, undermined their health and almost destroyed their reason. I cannot but contrast the triumph over self, the patience, buoyancy and loftiness of Angie Fisher's soul with this cowardice and egotism.

Five or six years ago Angie Fuller came here to meet the young man to whom she was betrothed. He was himself afflicted with total deafness, and

with the comparative loss of speech which inevitably accompanies that affliction. They were married by Rev. Mr. Scott, Prof. Gullisio of the Nebraska school for the deaf repeating the words of the ceremony in the sign language.

Mr. Fisher's employment is necessarily a mechanical one. He is a janitor in the O. F. Davis company's offices. Much of his life he has been a sailor on the Atlantic. He has travelled much. But now, with a patience as serene as that which distinguishes his wife, he labors and makes the best of things.

A field of stubble, brown and wind-swept, stretches in front of their pleasant little cottage. The front yard reveals the fact that the flower garden, which the late frost destroyed, was a very beautiful one. The traces of a vegetable garden show themselves in the back yard. All of the doors of the house are half of glass, for the obvious reason that a visitor there may be seen, but not heard.

Within, the house has an air of refinement immediately recognizable. There are book shelves, well filled with books which look sociable and friendly, as if they were in the habit of associating with the family. There are comfortable sofas, good etchings and prints on the wall, an inviting writing desk, cheerfully curtained windows, a bow window full of flowering potted plants, little souvenirs of places and of friends put here and there. For the acquaintance enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Fisher has been one that not many may hope for, and extends in the literary world, as far east as the silent home of the dear old man, Whittier, and as far west as Omaha, where that accomplished versifier and most lovely gentleman, Alouzo Hilton Davis, was one of their closest friends.

It is only natural that persons so thrown upon themselves as these two are should attach much importance to the association of things. And it is partly this very thing that gives to their home that peculiar interest and refinement, so difficult to describe, yet so quickly felt.

Now it is a bit of heather and blue bells from Scotland that they give you to smell; now a dish of barbaric preserves from Rhode Island that they want you to taste; now a friendly letter from Ella Wheeler Wilcox that they ask you to read.

The lives of all of us are made up of trifles, and when these trifles are delicate and fine, then the whole of life becomes so.

Mr. Fisher, as well as his wife, writes a good deal. He occasionally indulges in verse—and the verse is very good in quality. Perhaps in a way it is broader in its themes than that written by his wife, but it is not so spiritual or musical. Generally, however, Mr. Fisher writes in prose, and is a contributor to a number of the deaf mute journals throughout the country.

A part of Mrs. Fisher's poems are to be found in her little book entitled "The Ventura." But she has many others which have been published in newspapers, or which lie unpublished in her portfolio. I hope some day the best of these will be collected and published under some such title as "Songs From the Silence."

Here is an invocation to Sleep, which has never been published till now:

Hither sleep! Come hither sleep,
With thy soothing calms;
Bathe my throbbing eyes and brain
With the magic balsam.

Give me rest; oh, give me rest!
While the pitying night
With benignant tender care,
Holds away the light.

Hither sleep! Come hither sleep!
Help me to forget
Life's perplexity and pain,
Weariness and fret.

Give me rest, refreshing rest,
For the night is gone,
And the day star silently
Shines in the dawn.

The knowledge of the value of syllable which Mrs. Fisher displays is astonishing

when it is considered that she never hears one. She seems to arrive at her result by instinct.

Mrs. Fisher is very fond of children and has the unusual faculty of writing for them with the utmost simplicity. She knows how to make a child feel as if she were talking in his language. Read these: "Lines for a Child:"

Oh little child, remember
That through the azure sky,
The mighty God is looking,
With his all-seeing eye.

Darkness can never hille you,
For Oh! the eye is bright,
And the completest darkness
To Him is perfect light.

He sees you in the morning,
When you begin to play,
And hears each word you utter,
Trough all the live-long day.

The very thoughts and motives,
Which prompt your words and deeds,
In daylight and in darkness,
Like He knows and reads.

Then, little child, remember,
And always try to be
So good, you will not tremble
To tell that God can see.

Here is another thing relating to childhood, and written with such unconsciousness and simplicity that it moves one as many a more perfect poem fails to do:

"Last night I prayed for you," a mute child said,
With letter fingers, then she went her way;
And I to whom she spoke, I bowed my head,
And wept for joy that she should for me pray.

For I was doubting, and my heart was sore,
Life seemed a struggle, hardly worth its cost,
My stars of hope seemed set to rise no more,
And woe that others prized to me was lost.

"Last night I prayed for you," the simple words
Seemed a message from the spirit shore,
Or like the sweetest songs of wild wood birds,
And thrilled me to my being's core.

Till life, that seemed ere while so hard and cold,
Grew warm and precious, and my heart grew strong,
Meekly to drink all that my cup might hold,
And toil with patience, though my task were long.

There are other verses to this, but these sufficiently indicate the sentiment of the lines. In the following there is something more than the pure and gentle thought which is usually the characteristic of Angie Fisher's verses. There is passion—a wild passion, barely chained by faith and hope. It is the cry of blacker suffering than most of us will ever know, thank God, illuminated by a ray of spiritual love.

Deaf, dumb and blind! It seems so hard, so hard,
No sound—no sound—silence on every side;
Silence as perfect, utter and profound
As when the clouds are dark, deep, dark and wide.

Deaf, dumb and blind! It seems so hard, so hard,
Dumb, though the mind be all ablaze with thought;
Dumb, though the spirit's tenderest depths and heights
Are into ecstasy or frenzy wrought.

Deaf, dumb and blind! It seems so strange, so strange,
No light, no light, forever in the dark;
Darkness most dense, wide as the world is wide,
With no relieving glimmer, ray or spark.

Deaf, dumb and blind! Alone, wholly alone,
Shut up in the small prison of herself,
Beset like such a lock from closed and clasped,
And tossed as useless upon mystery's shelf.

And yet, perchance, she dwells not quite alone,
Angels may be her visitors and friends,
Or, at the dear Lord's pitying commands,
Often the comforter to her descends.

And it may be, her spirit senses all
Keener than ours, pierces the celestial spheres,
And while we pitying say, "Deaf, dumb and blind!"
Rare sights delight her eyes, rare sounds her ears.

Many of Mrs. Fisher's verses are on temperance; and many others are written for annual reunions at deaf institutes and similar occasions. In most such there is much more good will and high morality than there is art. And many of the poems dearest to her, because of all the struggles and thoughts and associations they stand for, are the poorest from an artistic point of view.

(Continued on last page.)