



THE DUMB CHILD.

The following beautiful poem we copy from "The Deaf Mute Voice" of Jackson, Mississippi. It was sent to that paper by the mother of one of the pupils at that school, with the hope that it would interest the mothers of deaf daughters, and so is published:

She is my only girl!
I asked for her as some most precious thing,
For all unfinished was love's jeweled ring,
Till set with this soft pearl!

Oh, many a soft old time
I used to win life that dew-drenched ear,
And suffered not the lightest footsteps near,
Lest she might wake too soon,
And husband's brother's laughter while she lay
Ah; needless care! I might have let them play!

I was long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me!
I waited and watched and knew how patiently
How willingly deceived,
Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,
And tended Hope until it starved to death.

Oh, if she could but hear,
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach
To call me mother in the broke of speech,
That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries
To see her kneel with such a reverent air
Bosom her brothers at their evening prayer,
Or lift those earnest eyes,
To watch her lips, as if our words she knew,
Then move her own, as if she were speaking too!

I've watched her looking up
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope,
The struggling soul could burst its binding cord,
And the long pent up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and her
The chorus of the breeze, streams and groves,
All the music to which nature moves,
Are wasted melody,
To her the world of sound a timeless void,
While even Silence bath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair,
Her blue eyes beautiful of finest mold,
The soft white brow, o'er which in waves of gold
Ripples her shining hair,
Alas! this lovely temple should not be,
For he who made it keeps the master-key.

Will He the mind within
Should from earth's flake-claim be kept free,
Knew that His still small voice, and step might be
Heard at its inner shrine,
Thro' that deep hush of soul with clearer thrill?
Then should I grieve? O, murmuring heart, be still!

She seems to have a sense
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play,
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!
And when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee,
Oh, at such times I know,
By his full eye, and tones subdued and mild,
How his heart yearns o'er his silent child.

Not of all gifts bereft,
Even now how could I say she did not speak!
What real language lights her eye and cheek,
And renders thanks to Him
Who left unto her soul yet open avenue
For joy to enter, and for love to issue!

And God in love doth give
To her defect a beauty of its own,
And a deeper tenderness have known
Through that for which we grieve,
Yet, shall the soul be mistle from her ear?
Yes, and my voice shall fill it, but not here.

"THE EARLY BIRD."

Daintily over the dew-wet grass,
Tripped blue-eyed Milly, the farmer's lass,
Swinging her milk pail to and fro,
As she warbled a love-song, soft and low
Many a squire Milly had,
From the squire's son to the horseman's lad,
But she smiled on all with a merry glance,
And gave each wooer an equal chance.

Now faithful Donald, the herdman's lad,
The more he loved her the more was sad,
"For what with the squire's son," thought he,
"She never will turn a thought to me!"
"She never will turn a thought to me!"
When Milly went singing along that way
He watched her pass, and she cried in gloom,
"Tis the early bird!—you know the rest!"

Then suddenly Donald grew so bold
That the "old, old story" was quickly told,
And blue-eyed Milly was nothing loth,
On that summer morning to plight her troth,
"Oh! foolish Donald!" she cried in gloom,
"To wait so long for a hint from me!"
Then merrily over the dew-wet grass
Tripped Donald and Milly, his own sweet lass.

—New York Independent

"PROWS OR SMILES?"

Where do they go, I wonder,
The clouds of a cloudy day
When the shining sun comes peeping out
And scatters them all away?
I know! They keep them and out them down
For the cross little girls who want to frown!
Frowns and wrinkles and pouts—oh, my!
How many 'twould make—our cloudy sky!

I think I should be better
A sunny day to take,
And eat it down for dainties and waffles,
What beautiful uses 'twould make!
Enough for all the dear little girls,
With pretty bright eyes and waving curls,
To drive the sun and frowns away
Just like the sun on a cloudy day.

—Selected

TEN YEARS OF SILENCE.

By HOWARD GLANDON

Oh, I can not often find to think
Of the bright spot in my buried past
Standing out in such bright relief
From the dimming shadowy past,
Securely safe and true-day! Ah, well!
Ten have wrapped me in silence about
Since this terrible cancer upon me fell
And the music of my life went out!

Ten long years—and never a sound
To startle the stillness out of my life!
Velvety muffled, its wheels go round
Noiseless, forever, in joy or strife.
Once I thought my mother's voice
Flouted across the death still blank
And my heart was still, but it fled away
Poor heart! how it fluttered and hopeless sank!

Sometimes my little sister comes
With a pouting look in her soft blue eyes,
Murmuring words that I cannot hear,
How she stirs the olden memories!
She wanders to see the toys that fall,
Like summer showers upon her brow
Tis so hard to think of what has been,
When life is so different to me now!

God of the silent I cry at the door
That the path is too straight for my feet to tread!
Yet know I whose footsteps have gone before
The human is stubborn of heart and head.
Oh! let the blessing of Patience come down
To ease my passionate soul of its pain!
Let it shine on my brow like a martyr's crown!
Oh! give me the sunshine after the rain!

—Exchange

"I LIKE YOU."

By MARGARET W. SANDSTEN

A little sad and out of tune,
Though all the world was bright as June,
A weary of my way
I sat this morning at my books,
With vacant thoughts and absent looks,
The while went on the day.

When came to me a little lad
With cherry mouth and eyes so glad
And leaned upon my knee,
His brown hair touched with gleams of gold,
His open brow so clear and bold,
Light on his face looked at me.

And looked and then with sudden start
His arms just reaching round my heart
In close embrace he threw
And as I stooped to take a kiss
He kissed me back, and said but this,
"Lady, I like you!"

And all the shadow rolled away,
My heart grew blithesome as the day,
An child, 'tho' little know
How sweet your honest words to me,
How glad I was your face to see,
And hear that "I like you!"

For childhood a look is strangely wise
It pierces every thin disguise,
And they whose children love
Are nearer to the Lord of all
Whose blessings on the children fall,
From where he dwells above.

JUST BE GLAD.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
When we've missed of rain we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow!

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When the tears fall with the shower
All alone—
Were not alone and shower-blent
As the fragrant Master meant!
Let us temper our content
With His own.

For, we know, not every morrow
Can be had,
So forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put up our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE LITTLE PILGRIMS.

The road to Heaven is narrow
And its blessed entrance straight,
But how safe the little pilgrims
Who go within the gate!

The sunbeams of the morning
Make the narrow path so fair,
And these early little pilgrims
Find dewy blessings there.

They cross o'er rugged mountains
But they climb them with a song,
For these early little pilgrims
Have sandals new and strong.

They do not greatly tremble
At the shadows night foretell
For these early little pilgrims
Have trod the path so well!

They know it leads to Heaven
With its wide and open gates,
Where for happy little pilgrims
A Saviour's welcome waits.

—Anna

BOYS WANTED

Wanted—the world wants boys to day
And she offers them all she has for pay—
Honor, wealth, position, fame,
A useful life and a desirable name.
Boys to shape the paths for men,
Boys to guide the show and pen,
Boys to forward the tasks begun,
For the world's great task is never done.

The world is anxious to employ
Not just one, but every boy,
Whose heart and brains will ever be true,
To work his hands and find to do
Honest, faithful, curious, kind,
To good awake, to evil blind,
Heard of gold without alloy,
Was not the world wants such a boy.

—Chicago Post.

SOME DAY!

Yours is another angle to the life,
With gentle touch and tender care,
And count the years ere you shall meet
Bright silver threads among the dark
Smiling the while to heart me say,
"You'll think of this again some day!"
Some day!

I do not scorn the power of time,
Nor count on years of fabled prime,
But no white gleams will ever shine
Among those heavy locks of mine,
Ah! laugh as early as you may,
You'll think of this again some day,
Some day!

Some day I shall not feel as now,
Your soft hands move about my brow
I shall not wait for light commands—
And draw your tresses through my hands
But you will see no touch of gray,
And you will not laugh some day,
Some day!

And while your tears are falling hot
Upon the lips which answer me
You'll take from those once treasured tress
And leave the rest to singleness,
Remembering that I used to say
"You'll think of this again some day,"
Some day!

SCATTERING PEARLS.

By SYDNEY DAVIS

Gentle words and kindly tokens
Freely given day by day,
Many heavy burdens lighten
Of the poor on that highway.

Men and women are seen struggling
Bravely for their daily bread
And the look of high despairing
On their faces may be read.

When by deed or look auring,
You can help a being on,
Do it with a real consuming
Thoughts of self—a victory won.

From his home on high, the Saviour
Eagerly watches all the day,
And the brightest beams of Heaven
Fall on those who Him obey.

NO NIGHT THERE.

No night shall be in heaven—no gathering
gloom
Shall over that glorious landscape ever come
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er these flowers
That breathe their fragrance through celestial
towers.

No night shall be in heaven—but endless bloom
No fast declining sun, nor waning moon
But there the land shall yield perpetual light
Mid pastures green and waters very bright.

No night shall be in heaven—no darkened
room
No fear of death, nor silence of the tomb
But promise ever fresh with love and truth
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

All through the night
Dear Father, when our trembling eyes explore
In vain thy heaven's bonnet of warmth and light
When birds are mute and roses glow in vain,
And this fair world sinks rayless from our sight
O Father, keep us here!

All through the night,
When slumbers deep our weary senses fold
Protect us—the hollow of thy hand
And when the dawn, with glances bright and
bold
Thrills the glad heavens and wakes the stail-
ing lord.
O Father, keep us there!

LITTLE THINGS.

Just a little dew drop brightens up the flower
Growing by the way-side or in shade—lower
Just one little summer singing in the tree
Makes the place around him ring with melody
Just a little sparkle shining in the dark
Drives away the shadows with such tiny spark
No such little effort, though so small and weak,
Will be blessed of Jesus if his aid we seek
Just one cup of water given in his name,
Shows to those at heart some word of love
To the great light giver will some other lead
Youth a Instructor

Poetical Dew-drops.

The day will come when men shall know
That goodness only can be great
That no man can be mean and low
Whose nobleness is his estate

The seed one is sowing
Through to go with the growing
And each one must gather his own
In joy or in sorrow
In day or in sorrow
You'll reap what your right hand hath sown
—August Packman

The ill we see,
The mystery of sorrow deep and long,
The dark enigmas of permitted wrong
Have all one key
This strange and world is but our Father's school
At chance and change His love shall grandly
overrule

F. H. HAYKRAAL.

Help the weak if you are strong
Lend the aid if you are young
Drew a fault, if you are wrong
If you are angry, hold your tongue
In each duty
Lose a beauty
If your eyes you do not shut
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut

To-morrow when it comes, will know
Its daily task, its daily care
But not till then will ever show
Our need for our best prayer
Then to the present be true,
To that let thought and act be given
No shall then find a voice
To take the best sure step to Heaven

LETTING THE CAT DIE.

Not long ago I wandered home
A playground in the wood,
And there I found words from a young
That I never quite understood.

"Now let the old cat die," he laughed
I saw him give a push,
Then pass a steeper way as he sped
My face peep over the bush

But what he pushed on, where he went
I could not well make out,
On account of the thick of bending
That bordered the place about.

The little villain has stolen a cat
Or hung it upon a limb,
And left it to die all alone," I said
But I'll play the mischief with him!

I forced my way between the boughs,
The poor old cat to seek
And what did I find but a swinging child
With her hair brushing her cheek!

Her bright hair floated to and fro
Her little red dress flashed by
But the loveliest thing of all, I thought
Was the gleam of her laughing eye.

Swinging and swaying back and forth
With a soft light in her face,
She seemed like a bird and a flower in
And the forest her native place.

"Steady! I'll send you up, my child,
But she stopped me with a cry
(To way go way) Don't touch me, please
I'm letting the old cat die!"

"You letting him die!" I cried aghast
Why, where's the cat, my dear?"
And I, the laughter that filled the woods
Was a thing for the birds to hear!

Why don't you know, said the little man
The fitting, beautiful of
That we call it letting the old cat die,
When the swing stops still of itself!"

Then swinging and swaying, and looking
With the merriest look in her eye,
She bade me "Good day," and I left her alone,
A letting the old cat die.

—From the Record of the Era.

Think, and say "No."

There to say "no" when you're tempted to drink
Pause for a moment, my brave boy, and think
Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed
For answering "yes" without counting the cost

Think of the mother who bore you in pain
Think of the tears that will fall like rain,
Think of her heart, and how cruel the blow
Think of the danger to body and soul.

Think of the life, once pure as the snow,
Look at them now, and at once answer "no"
Think of a manhood with ruin-tainted youth
Think of its end, and the terrible death.

Think of the house now shadowed with woe
Might have been heaven, had the answer been
"No!"
Think of the long graves that crowd and in
grown

Hiding fond faces that were fair as your own
Think of proud forms now forever laid low
That might still be here, had they learned to
say "no!"

Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl
Driving to ruin both body and soul,
Think of all this as life's journey you go,
And when you're assailed by the tempter, say
"No."

VOICES OF NATURE.

Softly ripple, little stream,
Comely o'er thy pebbly bed,
For thy faintest murmur is
Music to the listening ear.
Loudly peal the thunder eads,
Mute as thy voice doth speak,
Grandly striking on the ear,
Teaching to the utmost ear,
Art thou not the voice of God,
Pealing forth His message?
Cheerless blessings does thou bring
When thou cresset from a fag,
Brightly gleams, thou lightning flash,
Sprawl thy glory o'er the sky,
Through the waking eye thou sendest
Music to the writing soul,
Whether by the tiny stream,
Or the river a louder rush,
Or the created wave on ocean deep,
Music sweet they bring of Him,
In whose hand the world doth sleep.

—JILLIAN HEIL

THE BRAVEST OF BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the base of the world you'll find it not
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Say not with caution or battle shot,
With sword or soldier pen,
Say not with eloquent word or thought
From mouth of wonderful man.

But sleep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely slumber bore her part—
Lest there is the battlefield.

No marching tramp, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave!
But oh, those battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

—Detroit Free Press JOURNAL MILLYN

TO A DEAF GIRL.

A girl's presence through the twilight dim
A fair face lit by the sunset glow
Deep earnest eyes, the light of love smiling
And soft hair rippling down a neck of snow

Hair, bright and golden as the sky above her
A brow the mirror of a soul serene;
A nature beauty winning all to love her
A natureless sweetness in her look and mien

What is from all the world's discordant noise
She dwells in silence, feeling God more near
And learns the music of angelic voices,
Her loving purpose in her life make clear

A heart young life, undimmed by sad repin-
That rich in gifts of self forgetting love,
Gladly and ready her fervent shining,
His bewitching waiting her slave

—Cecilia Barleigh

