

A Calfew Song.

Peace, weary mind! Thou hast grown tired of
 O'er the far horizon and the silver sea,
 Through the sky and the angel of the dawn,
 Comes with its message and its peace for thee.

All the long day the children have been stray-
 ing
 In the bright moonlight by the running
 streams,
 Now they return awestruck from their playing
 Home to their mothers and the land of
 dreams.

All the long day the lark was singing praises
 Far from the tumult of the smoky town;
 All the long day the larks were wild the
 daisies,
 All the long day the sheep were on the down
 hills,
 Soon in the fold the lambs will be sleeping,
 Soon in the dusk the lark will dream of morn-
 ing
 Breathing of peace, the river let us creep,
 Through the shut files and the budding thorn.

I have been wearied also with my longing,
 Wearied with hopes for what I could not win,
 Wearied with desires and strivings that were
 throning,
 Thro' the dim gate where faith could enter
 in.

Now in the eventide, as the stars are burning
 In the grey lance of the twilight sky,
 While the young lambs and children are re-
 turning
 Home to their resting place, why should not I?

Tired of his solitary, wilful roaming
 O'er the sail in cloudland, by the sighting sea,
 Father, I hasten, through the silver gleaming,
 Back, like the prodigal of yore, to Thee
 —Good Wents.

REV. F. W. G. GILBY'S VISIT.

HE WRITES ABOUT MANY THINGS THAT IN-
 TERESTED HIM.

The Rev. F. W. G. Gilby, resident-
 chaplain of St. Saviour's Church, 410,
 Oxford Street, London, who was in
 Canada last year, and visited this In-
 stitution, sends the following account
 of his experience, condensed from his
 diary:—"I applied for and accepted the
 post of chaplain to emigrants on one of
 the Allan Line steamers plying between
 Liverpool and Montreal. I was asked
 to sail on September 3rd, per the s. s.
 Sardinian. On that date I went on board
 by a tender in the Mersey. My heart
 was full of hope and pleasurable anti-
 cipation. A small Gladstone bag, rugs,
 and a food bag were the whole of my
 luggage, but I had a box of things for a
 friend in Toronto. On the tender I
 met Mr. T. P. Luff, an old schoolfellow,
 and we were companions for most of my
 travels. The meeting was unexpected.

"I had to get up service twice a day,
 if possible. After the first two days I
 was able to arrange for this. It was
 impossible to have a service on the day we
 sailed. On Friday we called at Moville,
 and took more passengers. On Saturday
 we were all too ill. On Sunday (though
 miserably ill) I rose first to my duty,
 and preached on deck, in a glorious sun-
 shine, to a large number. I was well
 repaid for my courage by many kind
 words and looks. That same evening
 the steward called me from my bunk at
 five minutes to eight o'clock. I had
 laid down exhausted from severe sick-
 ness. At eight o'clock I began the
 service, and went through it without
 feeling ill at all. After that I was never
 ill. I ate all meals, and took services
 every day.

"We had a gale for one day and night.
 No sleep or rest was possible. It was a
 grand sight. If you were venturesome
 you could sit outside and see the slowly
 heaving mountains of waters, and the
 ship plunging and rising through them.
 Often a wave would come and wash
 over the deck, scaring those who had
 come outside. I saw a French priest
 knocked down and drenched by a wave
 as he incautiously looked over the stern.
 He must have thought he was in the
 deep sea, for he sprang out his arms to
 swim on deck. Even the stern watch
 got his high boots up to his thighs filled
 with water. It was impossible to sleep
 during the night. The splashing of
 water, the noise of breakage of crockery
 in the pantries, the crying of children,
 the moans of the sick, and the curious
 cries of the sailors, as they pulled at
 their ropes in obedience to the bos'n's
 whistle, all kept us awake.

"I cannot describe the passengers, all
 of whom were courteous and kind. Mrs.
 E. Payne went out to her husband in
 Vancouver with her two young children.
 Of course she was very glad to have my
 help. Being a deaf mute, she could
 have hardly gone alone. The saloon
 people grew interested in my work
 among the deaf and dumb, and Mrs.
 Payne's presence on the ship was a
 capital introduction.

"When we drew near Newfoundland
 it was very cold, and we put on thick
 clothing. The first land that we sighted
 was Belle Isle. One morning the cap-

tain said that in the evening we should
 see Belle Isle. He prophesied quite
 rightly. We did see it that evening.
 The sun was setting in a gloriously
 golden sky; it lit up a track in which
 we could follow; we saw the land and
 lighthouse. For six days we had been
 without sight of land, seeing only the
 wide trackless sea, and no sight of pass-
 ing ships. It was quite affecting to see
 land again. After dinner we were close
 to land. We sent up three rockets and
 blew our whistle three times for good-
 bye.

"The next day, late, we drew near
 Anticosti, and the next day we were in
 the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The next
 day, Sunday morning, we arrived at
 Quebec in a shower of rain.

"About four hours were spent in un-
 loading the passengers and their lug-
 gage. I took the ten boys that I had
 under my charge from the Church of
 England—waifs and strays—to the rail-
 way station. I placed them under the
 charge of a clergyman, provided them
 with a box of food to eat on their rail-
 way journey, and saw them into the train.
 Mr. Luff and I had then to run back to
 our ship, and climb over the side, and
 began to move away for Montreal. The
 river scenery was most interesting.
 There were many churches on either side,
 but nearly or quite all were Roman
 Catholic. The passengers now put on
 all of their fine clothes, most of which
 were new, to avoid paying duty. A
 great many farewells were said, for
 firm and fast friendships had grown up,
 and we were loth to part.

"The previous Friday there had been
 a concert in aid of seamen's orphans
 and widows. \$27 10s was realized by
 that and other contributions from those
 on board.

"I held a thanksgiving service in the
 saloon on our last Sunday on board, and
 preached on that beautiful text, "Open
 me the gates of righteousness; I will go
 in, and give thanks."

Montreal looks very great and smoky
 city from the river, and it has a high
 wooded hill behind called the Mountain.
 Americans and Canadians are very
 fond of giving grand names to small
 and unimportant things. Their vil-
 lages are often called cities, their school
 teachers are often called professors, and
 the hairdresser likes to be called a Pro-
 fessor of the Tonsorial Art. We English
 are sometimes to blame when we copy
 this style of writing and advertising.

Mr. Luff helped me at the Customs
 House, and we got away in a carriage
 with Mrs. Payne, and her luggage, and
 children, to the C. P. R. Station, whence
 she was to start at 8 p. m. Then we all
 walked wearily into the city, and by 3
 p. m. got an excellent dinner of three
 courses for a shilling each—i. e. 25 cents.
 I, and I left Mrs. P. and went to look
 for lodgings. First we went and saw
 the Y. M. C. A., a grand building, and
 were recommended to the Turkish Bath
 Hotel. We had another dinner at 6 p. m.,
 and returned from the hotel to take Mrs.
 P. from the restaurant to the station.
 First we got a great many provisions,
 and filled a box, and this was to last
 them for their long journey to Vancouver;
 they would be six days travelling. The
 train was so full that they had to go in
 to a smoking carriage, with their bed-
 ding. We found that wooden boards
 under the seats could be pulled out to
 meet and join the opposite seat, and
 make a bed every evening.

Several friends from the Sardinian
 were going west, and undertook to visit
 Mrs. P. and look after her every day.
 You can walk from one end of the train
 to the other, because there is a passage
 all down the centre. I heard that Mrs.
 P. arrived safely, and was met by her
 husband, to whom I had wired.

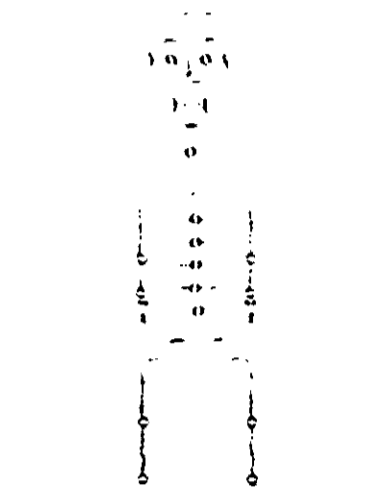
Our bed at the hotel seemed very
 strange, after the stuffy cabin on board;
 and we could not sleep because all was
 so quiet, and we missed being rocked to
 sleep by the sea. The next day (Sep-
 tember 15) we rose early, and sat down
 to breakfast by eight—porridge, kippers,
 fruit, &c. They use pepper-boxes for
 salt as well as pepper, and separate
 small dishes for vegetables or jam. In-
 stead of egg cups there were egg glasses,
 and you are expected to empty your
 eggs out of the shell into the glass, and
 mix them up well with a spoon before
 eating. I would not do it.

I, myself, and another went about
 the Church of Notre Dame early. It
 can seat 10,000 people, and people say
 it has the highest bell in the world.
 After that we went by train to the foot
 of the Mountain, and then to the top by
 a cable railway, paying five cents each
 (Note—Everything in Canada costs five
 cents—a glass of milk, a bun, a slice

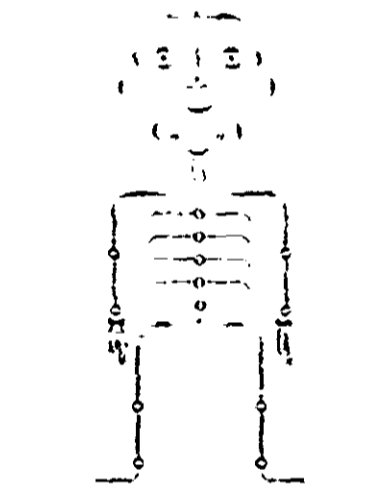
on your boots, or train ride, it is all the
 same, and often very dear.) The view
 from the top was glorious; but we re-
 turned on foot down hundreds of steps,
 and, after lunch, went by rail to see the
 Rapids of Lachine, and returned by
 steamboat down the rapids. This is
 dangerous, but the man at the wheel is
 very experienced, and no accidents ever
 occur. We got home too late for din-
 ner, and in the dark. On board we met
 many "Sardinians", who had come for
 the same trip; we met some yet again
 in Toronto.

I cannot tell more about Montreal, be-
 cause space fails. Next time I will write
 about Toronto and the deaf mutes there.

To Which do you belong?



This long, thin, woe-begone looking
 chap represents a class of persons who
 do not read THE MUTE.



This full yard long and wide, jolly,
 good-natured, prosperous individual, re-
 presents THE CANADIAN MUTE reader.

Just a Hint to Boys.

I stood in a store the other day, when
 a boy came in and applied for a situ-
 ation.
 "Can you write a good hand?" was
 asked.
 "Yess."
 "Good at figures?"
 "Yess."
 "Know the city well?"
 "Yess."
 "That will do—I don't want you,"
 said the merchant.
 "But," I said when the boy had gone,
 "I know that lad to be an honest,
 industrious boy. Why don't you give
 him a chance?"
 "Because he hasn't learned to say
 'yes, sir,' and 'no, sir.' If he answers
 me as he did when applying for a situ-
 ation, how will he answer customers
 after being here a month?"
 What could I say to that? He had
 fallen into a bad habit, young as he
 was, which turned him away from the
 first situation which he had applied
 for. — *M. Quail in Detroit Free Press.*

Seasonable.

The cough which accompanies the
 grip will seldom yield to the usual cough
 remedies, but I have used the following
 with gratifying success, and as the drugs
 can be had in every country drug-store,
 I give the formula:—
 2 oz. of dilute phosphoric acid,
 2 oz. syrup squills,
 1 1/2 oz. of glycerine,
 1 drachm of chloroform.
 Mix, and shake well before taking.
 One teaspoonful every three hours, for an
 adult. The dose for a child can be ascer-
 tained by the manner given above. Dr.
 Brown, in *Kansas Star.*

The Editor's Table.

"THE MUTE" is published by the Volta Bureau at Wash-
 ington, the contents of which we had pre-
 viously read in the *Annals and School
 Educator*. The author is Estella V.
 Sutton, a teacher in the Pennsylvania
 Institution for the deaf. We do not
 know which to admire more, the origi-
 nality of conception, or the captiva-
 tion with which the authoress has
 clothed her ideas. A perusal of the
 content convinces us that an experi-
 enced and successful teacher of the
 deaf wrote what the pamphlet contains.

AN EXCELLENT PUBLICATION
 We embrace this early opportunity to
 bear testimony to the excellency of *The
 Silent Education*, which has steadily ad-
 vanced in all the qualities that distin-
 guish a well-conducted educational
 journal. The contents, original and
 selected, are interesting and in-
 structive, and we do not see how any
 teachers of the deaf, anxious to keep up
 with the march of events in connection
 with the profession, can get along well
 without it. The *Educator* marks a
 distinct advancement in the work of
 educating the deaf, and has accomplished
 a good deal already in elevating and
 ennobling a noble profession. We
 heartily wish our country greater success
 in the future than it has won since
 making its appearance, and this would
 mean a good deal for the benefit of all
 concerned.



The deaf-mutes of Davenport, Iowa,
 are looking ahead. They are getting
 ready for a picnic in the summer.

Miss Mary M. Hazard, formerly of Co.
 of York, was married to Mr. F. Eugene
 Robinson, on December 23rd, in Buffalo,
 N. Y.

Like a beautiful flower full of colour,
 but without scent, are the fine but fruit-
 less words of him who does not act ac-
 cordingly.

The deaf of Chicago are to have a
 church of their own. A retired banker
 has donated a church to the Rev. Mr.
 Mann, in the western part of the town.
 — *Mo. Deaf-mute Record.*

The project of the Pennsylvania Home
 for Aged and Infirm Deaf is assuming
 definite shape. Some \$5,700 have al-
 ready been collected and a gentleman of
 Williamsport offers a site of five acres
 and \$1,000 if the Home should be located
 there.

Twenty deaf mutes were recently con-
 firmed by Bishop Whitaker at All Souls'
 Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia.
 There are over 1000 deaf mutes residing
 in that city, 150 of whom are church
 members. Rev. Mr. Koehler is the pastor
 of the church.

C. K. Strong, a prominent deaf mute
 of Washington, D. C., died on January
 28th of the grip. He had been employed
 in the Treasury department as a clerk
 for twenty-nine years. He received his
 education at the Hartford and Fanwood
 Schools.

The deaf of Chicago have now a
 church of their own. It is sufficiently
 large to accommodate all the deaf in the
 city. It will be known as the "All An-
 gels' Mission to Deaf Mutes." The Rev.
 Mr. Mann will have the pastoral over-
 sight, and will be there as frequently as
 possible. His assistants will hold
 services alternately while he is serving
 other Missions.

How often has the Goodson said that
 a good boy or girl never has any trouble
 here? Many times. And the saying is
 as true to day as it ever was. It will be
 true tomorrow too. Look around you,
 boys and girls, and see if there are over
 any of you who are obedient and stud-
 ious and not mischief-makers or quarrel-
 some who ever have any trouble at all.
 Your school lives flow on calmly and
 peacefully, with scarcely a ripple. On
 the other hand, look at those who do not
 study, who are disobedient, who are
 quarrelsome, who are always meddling
 with things that do not belong to them,
 who are always in some place that it is
 forbidden them to go, who are constantly
 doing some mischief or other, and you
 will see boys and girls who are nearly
 always unhappy. It is so easy to be
 good, if one will only try, that the effort
 is worth making. Make it and see if we
 are not right. — *Goodson Gazette.*