

## To A Skeleton.

The author of this poem, has, we believe, never been discovered. The poem appeared first in the *London Chronicle* during the first quarter of the present century, and attracted a great deal of attention. The manuscript is said to have been found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, near a perfect human skeleton, and to have been sent by the curator to the *Chronicle* for publication.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull  
Once of ethereal spirit full  
This narrow cell was life's retreat  
This space was thought's mysterious seat  
What beautiful forms filled this spot,  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!  
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,  
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy  
Once shone the bright and busy eye  
But fast not at the dismal void  
If social love that eye enployed,  
If with no lawless fire it gleamed  
But through the dew of kindness beamed,  
That eye shall be "once or bright"  
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung  
The ready, swift and timely tongue  
If falsehood a honey it distilled,  
And when it could not praise, was hamed  
It held in virtue a cause it spoke  
Yet gentle counsel never broke  
This silent tongue shall plead for thee  
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?  
Or with the entic'd riddles shone?  
To howl the rock of wear the gem  
Can little now avail to them  
But if it's page of truth they sought,  
Or comfort to the mourner brought,  
These hands a richer need shall claim  
Than all the "wait on wealth and fame."

Avails it whether late or shod  
These feet the paths of duty trod?  
If from the lowly of ease they fled,  
To seek affliction's humble shed,  
If grandeur's guilty tribe they spurned,  
And home to virtue's cot returned,  
These feet with angel wings shall vie,  
And tread the palace of the sky!

## PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution.

[ETHEL M. SWAYZE.]

—It is very interesting to watch the opening of the buds in spring time.

—This session is passing so quickly that we cannot realize that next June will soon come.

—The 24th inst. will be the Queen's Birthday, and we will have a holiday on that occasion. We all anticipate a very pleasant time.

—One of the teachers, Miss Dempsey, who was in Toronto spending a few Easter holidays with her sister, Rose, returned here on Easter Monday evening. She had a delightful visit.

—On Good Friday, in the afternoon, Miss Walker asked the girls if they would like to go to the cemetery, and they said, yes, and she told them that they might go and so Miss Bull took them.

—We will look forward with pleasure to the vacation, when we shall be at home once more among our friends and familiar scenes. Our examination is approaching, and we must study hard preparing for it.

—Some time ago, Misses Aline De Bellefeuille, Martin Leigh and Ethel Swayze received each a photograph from their old friend, Mabel Hodgson. We were so surprised that she was getting fat, but is not much changed otherwise.

—Last Easter Sunday morning some of the boys and girls went to the Church of England, and took the Holy Communion. They saw many beautiful lilies in several silver vases standing on the window-sills and the altar in church. It was very interesting to watch them.

—Some time ago, Miss Maud Thomas, of this school, received a letter from her mother saying that her sister, who had gone to England for the benefit of her health would return home in June. Maud says that she thinks her sister's health is improving very much, and she is in great excitement to see her again when school closes.

—On Easter Monday evening, we assembled at the party in the dining-room, and some friends from town were present, and we had the usual games, and amusements which we enjoyed exceedingly. When the party was over, the refreshments were served, and the party broke up at 10 o'clock, and we all went to bed. Our last party for the session occurred on Easter Monday evening.

"Scaggs is getting fat," said Willoughby. "He's developed a double chin." "Well, he needs it," said Parsons. "His original chin was over-worked."

## WINDSOR NOTES.

From an occasional Correspondent.

Miss Mary Lynch of Chatham was in Windsor and Detroit for nearly a week, knowing old acquaintances. She gave it as her opinion that the nutes in Windsor were the jolliest lot she had ever seen. Nobody seemed to think she had changed much. As one of the boys remarked, she was as great a chip as ever.

Miss Sophia Lafferty, who has been visiting her sister in Tecumseh, is expected home shortly, and Miss Matilda will go off on a short vacation. We understand that she is constantly employed in a secret store at good wages.

Quite a few nutes from Detroit, including Fred Wilcox, Mike Lysaught, and wife, and nearly all the nutes in Windsor, met at the residence of Mrs. Brooks, on Easter Sunday. Prayers were conducted in an able manner by Mr. Seppner, after which Mike Lysaught favored us with a lecture on "card-playing." It was fine.

On Easter Monday Misses Mabel Ball, M. Lynch, M. Lafferty and Messrs. Ball and Seppner repaired to the residence of Mrs. Jay Clark, Mr. Seppner's sister, where a pleasant evening was spent in cards, stories and other amusements till a late hour. Miss Lynch left for home the next day, when quite a few nutes went to see her off.

A good deal of fun may be had by deaf nutes, if they only know how to get it. One afternoon, a party of young deaf ladies and one semi-mute, who is said to be a good lip-reader, took the ferry to Detroit. Their sign language naturally attracted a good deal of attention, and the young lady who could read lips kept her eyes open. Presently she observed a plainly dressed woman say to her neighbors, "They seem happy, but they are dummes." She leaned over, and said, "Did you speak to me?" The woman flushed, but said nothing. When the ferry landed at the dock, the one who could read lips and talk, said aloud, as if speaking to her companions, "What a joke! those people took us for dummes, isn't it rich?" My, how those people scattered!

Two of our young ladies went to Detroit to get fitted with artificial ear-drums. They were shown some very small articles, resembling small parachutes, made of gutta percha, with a long slender wire attached to put into the ear. A short trial proved them useless, and the dealer then tried an ear trumpet, with no better success.

Miss M. Lynch remarked, after a critical survey of the customs officer's actions towards people crossing over from Detroit with bundles, sea, that it seemed a simple matter to smuggle things. No one contradicted her just then. The next afternoon, a party of nutes went over to Detroit with her, and Miss M. Ball prevailed on her to buy a rolling-pin of no small size for the small sum of five cents. When they got off the ferry at Windsor, she started to walk quickly past the customs house, not noticing that her companions had dropped away behind, likewise unconscious that a fat dignified customs officer was hawling after her to come back. She was recalled to her senses by being lugged off in front of the custom house, where quite a crowd had collected, while dreadful rumors of diamonds, silk, &c., floated around. "How much did this cost?" asked the special, laying his hand on that unlucky parcel. "Five cents," was the faint reply. The special looked incredulous, took the parcel from her and unwrapping it, exposed to view a rolling pin. His face flushed a fiery red, and muttering something about getting married he fled. The young lady assured us she hadn't a single sane idea about banging him over the head with the unlucky rolling pin.

Bert Seppner has started a chicken "ranch" in a small way. Last week he had about twenty-five beautiful, but odd looking downy little cochon china chicks out. He is said to be a chicken crank. One comfort is that a chicken crank is a slight improvement on a bicycle crank.

A number of our young ladies went to the photographer's lately and smashed the camera. They say that if they look pretty enough, they will send one to Mr. Mathison, first exacting a solemn promise that he won't put them in his "rogues gallery." Is it a go?

District L.

"The nearer a man thinks he is getting to perfection, somehow the greater contempt he has for himself."

## TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent.

On Easter Sunday the Rev. Dr. M. Tavis administered the Sacrament to about twenty-one deaf-mutes. He was assisted by Miss Fraser, Mr. Nasmyth being away from the city.

Miss Flossy Gardner, one of Britain's belles, spent Easter with her friends here.

John B. Sewell, of Milton, stopped in the city a day or two on his way to Ottawa, where he has secured a position with Mr. Alfred Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Smith have removed to 221 Esther street, a more comfortable location.

Mr. F. Bridgen and F. Bridgen, jr., have gone to New York for a couple of weeks on business.

Any one wishing to call on Mr. Henry White, will find him at 47 Tecumseh street.

We are pleased to note that Mr. Christopher Gillan, who formerly worked in a cigar factory in Gimsby, has secured a position in a broom factory in this city and generally works late hours, from 7 to 9.30 o'clock.

Mr. Nelson Wood is an apprentice at Nordheimer's Piano factory, as fancy carrier.

Neil McMillan visited his parents on Good Friday. His sister Mary is coming in June to meet her friends at Union Station.

## OTTAWA DISTRICT.

From our own Correspondent.

A Gray reports a good run of sap during the maple sugar season just closed, and is correspondingly happy.

A. Clarke has been in Ottawa during the last two weeks, and reports his intention of going to Toronto this week, and from there to Manitoba, if business is favourable.

Mr. Haldane is at present on the temporary staff of the government printing bureau, this makes three of the printers there who learned their trade at the Mackay Institution.

Mr. Holland is still in Ottawa actively engaged in missionary work among the deaf.

R. E. Jamieson, chairman of the Ottawa Board of Licenses Commissioners, and uncle of Miss Eva Jamieson, intends to go on a visit to British Columbia, where he has an interest in some gold mines.

Miss Borthwick and her aunts intend to move from their present residence, on Queen street, to Kent street in a few days.

It is reported that owing to sickness at the Mackay Institution, Miss Macfarlane will not pay her parents her usual Easter visit.

Mr. Jarvis, sail and tent maker, of Sparks street, Ottawa, while not totally deaf is obliged to make use of the double-hand alphabet.

We are to have a grand military display in Ottawa on the 24th of May, and probably a jubilee celebration on the 21st or 22nd of June.

## Not Deaf-Mutes.

The deaf who have never heard have a hard time learning idiomatic English, but that they are not alone in this struggle is frequently illustrated by following remarks of foreigners, as in the following two cases printed by the *Chicago Times-Herald*.

A Belgian scientist who contemplates leaving Brussels and intends to locate in Chicago writes me to say, "I shall get in your city in February. And I think the next time I am in Chicago I shall fix myself."

A Danish girl who slipped on the sidewalk and fell explained to her companion, "It shames me very hard to think I did fall down just as long as I am." *Coliforma News*.

## Breathe Properly.

Prof. Bellad says, "Enough cannot be said of full, deep breathing. It is no hobby or wild notion, but if you would prove its benefits, practice it daily, and you will increase the circulation, purify the blood, and send it rich and hot to warm the feet, make ruby lips, and plant roses on the cheeks. It will aid your digestion, and give you a clean, sweet breath, promote sleep, quiet the nervous system, strengthen the throat and vocal organs, and increase the chest capacity. It will also cure your asthma, catarrh, and bronchitis, and prevent lung trouble."

## Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,  
I lay me down in peace to sleep,  
Secure I rest upon the wave,  
For thou, O! Lord, hast power to save.  
I know thou wilt not slight my call,  
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall.  
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were pure,  
The stormy winds, 'twixt 'er the brine,  
Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath  
Hous'd me from sleep to wreck and death,  
In ocean cave I'd safe with Thee,  
The germ of immortality,  
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

## A Little Travell.

A pale little lad in a west-bound train glanced wistfully toward a seat where a mother and her merry children were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes, though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood beside him.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "Have you no lunch?"

"Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not so awful hungry."

"What is it then? Tell me; perhaps I can help you."

"It's so lonely, and there's such a lot of them over there, and—and they, they've got their mother."

"The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. "Ah," he said gently, "and you have lost yours."

"Yes, and I'm going to my uncle; but I've never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up my lunch, hung this card to my neck. She told me to show it to the ladies on the car and they would be so kind to me; but I didn't show it to anyone yet. You may read it if you like."

The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words:

"And whosoever shall give drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of water only, in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

The reader brushed his hand across his eye and was silent for a moment. Then, "I'll come back very soon," he said, and made his way to the mother and her children.

And presently little George felt a pair of loving arms about him and a woman's voice, half sobbing, calling him a poor, dear little fellow, begged him to come with her to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless Georgie had no lack of mothering.

## The Schoolroom Jetter.

The progress of a deaf child during his first term at school is flattering to his teacher and surprising to his parents. The change from darkness to light is striking, but the advance from dawn to high noon is so gradual that it is hardly perceptible. So parents often think their deaf child a prodigy after he has been at school a few months, but their great expectations are toned down as the pupil plods his way from grade to grade through the school course. Deafness neither confers nor blights talent; no more does the teacher of any particular grade, though the results of the teacher's work may be more apparent in the primary and advanced than in the intermediate classes.

It is noticeable that pupils have freer use of language in letter-writing than in any other form of composition. This is due probably to an unconscious assimilation of the phrases and idioms presented to them in letters from relatives and friends. Such letters have a personal interest that causes a deaf child to dig out the meaning of new words and phrases. Then he imitates what he reads, just as a child in learning to talk repeats the language he hears used around him. Parents should never lose sight of the fact that by maintaining a regular and frequent correspondence with their deaf children, they can help them greatly in the acquisition of language, and will surely be repaid with a larger measure of their confidence and love. —Prof. Irving in *Oregon Sign*.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Aspinwall Howe, the pupils of the Mackay Institute spent a most enjoyable time on Monday evening. The entertainment consisted of tableaux vivants and charades, presented by pupils from the different classes. The many colored lights thrown on the stage by Mr. Beaman, of Laeline, served to enhance the effect. —*Montreal Star*.