

CHILDREN OF SILENCE.

PLAYING in the sunshine,
Sitting in the shade,
Wandering through the meadow,
Or down the mossy glade;
Yet in shade or sunshine,
Together or alone,
Silent, silent ever,
Deaf to every tone.

Watching those who listen,
With earnest brow and eye,
Drinking in the wisdom
Of ages long gone by;
Seeing how they mingle
In converse sweet around,
Yet doomed to dwell in silence,
Deaf to every sound.

Waiting, waiting silently,
Life's journey almost o'er;
Waiting for the hand of death
To burst the prison door.
Waiting for the angels
To bring his spirit home.
To his Father's house in heaven,
Where there are no deaf and dumb.

O poor child of silence,
A lonely lot was thine.
As silently thy childhood passed,
Thy youth and manhood's prime.
But now the dawn is breaking,
The night is almost o'er
And with the angels thou wilt soon
Be singing evermore.

W. T.