

## Rock Me to Sleep.

BY ELIZABETH ARPS ALLEN

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight  
Make me a child again just for tonight  
Mother, come back from the school-house more,  
Take me again to your heart as of yore,  
Hiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the year!  
I am so weary of toil and of tears,  
I am without recreation, tears all in vain,  
Take them, and give me my childhood again!  
I have grown weary of dust and decay,  
Weary of dimming my own's wealth away;  
Weary of sorrow for others to reap,  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!  
Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
Blossoms and faded, our faces between,  
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,  
Long I to-night for your presence again  
Come from the silence so long and so deep,  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are flown,  
No love like mother-love ever has shone,  
No other worship, abides and endures,  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours,  
None like a mother can earn away pain  
From the sick soul and the worn weary brain,  
Stimber's soft calm over my heavy lids creeps,  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold  
Fall from your shoulders again as of old,  
Let it drop over your forehead to-night,  
Shielding my faint eyes away from the light;  
For with its sunny ringed shadows once more  
Happy will throng the sweet visions of yore,  
Softly, softly, its bright billow sweep,  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long  
Since I last listened to your lullaby song,  
Now, then, and unto my soul it should seem  
Womanhood's years have seen only a dream,  
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,  
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,  
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

## Letter from a Former Pupil.

To MR. MATHEWSON:

DEAR SIR.—THE CANADIAN MUTE came to me last week, and it brought sad news. I was deeply sorry to learn about the death of Mr. Beaton. I remembered him so well, and he was loved by all in the Institution, on account of his kindness to them. I was also sorry to hear about the death of Mrs. J. O. Ball's father, and we sympathize with her in her sad loss. I was very sorry to hear about Miss Ada James' sickness, and hope she will be better in a short time. I know all the girls of the Institution love her dearly, and I think they are missing her now; I liked her exceedingly, as I know she is a fine teacher and a kind lady. The weather in Buffalo for the past week has been warm, and the snow is melting now. I am always pleased to read the girls' locals, written by Misses E. Garden, and J. Moore. I think they write nice locals, and hope they will write locals continually, as long as they remain in school. I made the acquaintance of Miss G. Maxwell last January—a fine intelligent lady, living in Buffalo. On the 22nd of last month I was invited to a masquerade party, at the residence of one of the ladies, and had a pleasant time there. Some of the deaf-mutes, who took part in it, wore funny costumes, and put on their masked faces. I took part in it too, but they did not know who I was. When we took off our masked faces, they were surprised to see me as they had never seen me before, because I was a stranger; then, however, a lady named Miss Carroll, whom I made the acquaintance of, through Miss Maxwell, introduced me to them. We had refreshments served, and a good chat followed. We intend to have an entertainment—a Japanese wedding—next month, and we are practicing every Tuesday and Friday evenings for it. I hope it will be a success. Spring is coming near, and we are glad, so we can go out more, and enjoy the sweet cool air. We are all in good health, and hope all in the Institution are the same. I do not get much news about the deaf-mutes here, but I will try and tell you what I know concerning them the next time I write. My parents trust that the blessing of "Him who caused the deaf to hear," may continue to rest upon the Institution. I think this letter is long enough, so I must draw it to a close by sending my best regards to all in the Institution, and also to yourself. Wishing you success in your work, I remain,  
Yours affectionately,  
ANNIE L. McPHAIL.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 11th, 1895.

## Why the Teacher Does It.

Mother—How is it that you get so many bad marks at school?  
Little Johnny—Well, the teacher has got to mark somebody, or else folks will think she ain't attendin' to her business."

## BRANTFORD BUDGET.

From our own Correspondent.

No budget appeared in the last issue of THE MUTE from here, on account of scarcity of news.

Andrew Waggoner paid a visit to the telephone city, accompanied by Mr. Pettiford, of Quelph, who came on Saturday evening, the 9th, and returned on the 11th. Andrew stopped over a week, and the mutes were rather gay.

On the 14th the mutes were invited to an oyster supper at the expense of Robt. McPherson, and again on Saturday evening. The first one took place at Mr. Lloyd's residence, and various games were indulged in, and the company broke up in the wee hours. The second supper took place at Mr. Henry Gottlieb's place.

Andy paid a visit to Mr. Emil Gottlieb, and spent the evening in games; he was also invited to a party at Mr. and Mrs. Blake's, and a pleasant evening was spent. He decided to go home on Thursday but the mutes coaxed him to stay longer and he consented, it being slack in the shoe factory. Andy returned on the 18th, but before returning he purchased a bicycle. It was made in Buffalo, and weighs 21 lbs. He stated to your correspondent that he would challenge Mr. Bradshaw or Pickard to a match. What say you Tom and Ed to this?

Bamber Brown paid a visit to this city and remained a few days, but has returned home. He is in favor of free trade, and has been trying to give us points on it but has not been successful.

Louis Koehler came to this city on the 18th in the morning, and hunted all day, but could not find a sign of the mutes. He went into the Y. M. C. A. to read, and Thos. McLaren went there to attend a foot-ball meeting, and met him. He is an agent and sells scissor sharpeners. He did not sell many here as another mute was here before him. He leaves here for Burford and Woodstock. He reports also making very dull in Shakespeare.

Mr. Blain is at present in the city welling pens.

The reason Andy bought a safety is because Berlin will soon have attractions for him and he wants to ride there.

## MANITOBA NOTES.

From the Silent Keko.

There has been a slight cut in the estimates of the Institution for the current year. This we believe, is due to the prevailing hard times.

We are wondering if the delayed letter of thanks for sock, candy, etc., has yet reached the matron of the Belleville Institution. Surely the rats must intent the letter box as well as the dormitories.

The Grand Jury made its official visit to the Institution on the 13th inst. They were conveyed by special street car which had been placed at their convenience and landed them right at our doors. Every department of the school was gone through, and the work of the classes closely inspected.

It may not be generally known by our friends in the East that the foot-ball season in Manitoba does not end until March. The intercollegiate league games were continued up to a recent date when a heavy thaw occurred and put a stop to them. The snow during the greater part of the winter such as will permit this sport.

Mr. James Duncan is the deaf-mute champion checker player of Manitoba. He and Albert Munro played a game a few days ago, but Jim won easily as usual.

Mr. James Duncan's friends, and they are legion in the city, are sorry to hear that he is leaving for Ontario soon. This makes the third deaf-mute who has been thrown out of employment by the introduction of the type-setting machine.

Perhaps it is not known that Mr. A. Munro is an expert poultry raiser. He says he keeps a brood of 48 chickens from which he got a dozen of eggs throughout the winter. Albert would make money if he went more extensively into this business, as we have to import most of our eggs and poultry for table use from Ontario. He says he got the idea of raising poultry from the well known poultry yard directly opposite the Institute.

All persons as they become less prosperous, are the more suspicious. They take overthing as an affront, and from their conscious weakness, presume that they are neglected.—Terence.

## TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. Namath have been sending out invitations to the deaf for tea on Thursday evening, March 28th, at their residence, corner Bloor and Sherbourne Sts. A very enjoyable evening is expected, an account of which will be given in another issue of the CANADIAN MUTE.

Mr. James Goodbrand, of Auster, Ont., has been in the city during the last few days. He returned home last Monday. He brought along his bike and to see him along with Thos. Bradshaw, who has one also, is a sight to be remembered.

Mrs. W. J. Terrell and her son Freddy have been visiting up at Nowmarket for a few days, but are home again.

We are sorry to say that Mr. Edward Pickard has been obliged to leave the city, for a time at least, as he has not been able to secure work on account of the hard times. We hope to see him around again before long.

Our young and popular friend, Mr. N. McGillivray, has purchased a handsome new bicycle, and as soon as good weather sets in we expect to see him riding through our streets on it. By his unassuming but steady habits he has made a complete success of himself since he came to the city.

Mr. Arthur Bowen came down to the city a couple of weeks ago, some 60 miles, in his sleigh. The snow was so deep he found it necessary to make short cuts over fields and fences.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser's little children have had an attack of chicken pox, but by this time are around all right again.

We learn that Mr. Duncan is coming back to Ontario from Winnipeg, Manitoba, as he with Mr. Wm. Liddy have been thrown out of employment by the introduction of the typesetting machines into the newspaper offices of that city.

Mrs. H. Moore is down with an attack of la grippe, but we expect to see her smiling face again in a few days.

In the late great fire in this city, the Tremont Hotel, which belongs to Mr. H. Moore and Mrs. Hiddell, had a narrow escape, although it was considerably damaged. As the hotel was leased for a number of years they do not lose anything by the damage which the building received.

Mr. Thos. Hill, who has been traveling through the country for some time, has turned up in the city again. He looks like a Dr.

Miss Nellie Cunningham, who has been spending some months at home in Oakville, is expected back to the city shortly. The deaf here are always glad to see her, as she is a great favorite.

## HORNING'S MILLS.

From a correspondent.

A cheesemaker proposes to build a cheese-factory on a corner of the Middleton farm as soon as the weather will permit the work to go on.

Mr. Thos. Henderson, of Shelburne, has a little deaf daughter whom he proposes to send to school at Belleville after the summer holidays. She is considered a clever little lass.

J. A. Middleton and his father drove 48 miles to Collingwood, and on their return stopped for tea at Mr. Taylor's. While in Collingwood, Mr. Middleton sold one of the largest dressed hogs that has ever been seen there; it brought the high sum of \$25.

The late Mr. Taylor, of Singhaupton, left a farm of 800 acres, and a few days before his death willed it to be divided between his five sons. His son John will come in for a fifth share of it. Mr. Taylor was the first Deputy Reeve of the village. The funeral procession was the largest seen in those parts. J. A. Middleton, a former school-mate of John's, at Belleville attended the funeral.

## MITCHELL ITEMS.

From our own Correspondent.

Miss Agnes McLean, a deaf-mute young lady, of Dakota, is visiting her mother Mrs. James, who lives not far from Mitchell, Ontario. She and Miss Maggie Fuller had a very pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Hoy's family near Stratford. Miss McLean expressed herself as liking this country very much. She will return to Dakota in a few days.

During the very severe storms of last month Miss Maggie Fuller was storm-stayed at the home of Miss Rice, but the cold and severe weather did not prevent them from having a very pleasant and enjoyable visit together.

## PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution.

[BY ELSTIE GARDEN.]

—Miss James, who has been treated in the hospital of the city is fast gaining strength.

—To-day is "All Fool's Day." Many of us got fooled, but we girls suppose the boys have got more than we did.

—Miss M. Hutchinson got a photograph from Miss L. Metcalf, her clerk and typewriter, and it is splendidly taken. Miss Maggie is very proud of it.

—There have been some new books added to our library. They are so nice that the pupils will like to read them, as they are written by popular authors.

—Spring has come, and the snow is almost gone. We wish it would hurry up and melt away, as we are quite tired of it now, but sorry the sport of skating is over.

—On the 23rd ult., Mr. Matheson gave the girls permission to go down town to do shopping for the first time since December last. The weather was so beautiful that we enjoyed the walk down very much.

—Now it won't be long till we go home, only 79 more days, and the girls are busy counting them up. The little ones who have been here for the first year are beginning to understand what "going home" means.

—On the 21st ult., Miss Jessie Munro received a parcel, sent to her from home, and there was a pretty new blouse in it, with which she was proud because the girls admire it very much and it is a fashionable one.

—On the 22nd ult., Miss Mary Fletcher, one of the attendants, went out home, in Marquette, to visit her mother, as she had been anxious to see her. She says she enjoyed herself very much for three days while at home.

—Miss Ethel Irvine, of Belleville, was up here on the 16th ult. The girls were very glad to have her visit us again for she hasn't been up for a long time. She said she would often come up this spring, and we will always be pleased to see her.

—One of our new pupils, Ida Habcock's birthday occurred on the 19th ult., and she received a little box of nice things from home, with which she was much pleased. She is a very bright girl in Miss James' class, and she learns her lessons rapidly.

—We have heard that Miss Mabel Steele, who left here about four years ago, is about to be married this spring, but don't know to whom. If it is true, Miss Mabel will have our hearty congratulations and best wishes for a long and prosperous life.

—A letter from Miss Mabel Ball, of Windsor, says that she is quite well and enjoyed herself very much at home. Sometime ago she appeared at the Methodist church to sign "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and she got great applause from the people.

—Good Friday is approaching, and we will have a holiday on that day, and also a party three days after that in the evening. We anticipate a fine time at it which will be the last one this session. Some of the girls here are expecting boxes of goods from home on that day.

—On the 19th ult., one of the little girls, named Jessie Dowar, while eating some fish which we had for dinner, got a bone stuck in her throat, and she kept trying to get it out, but she couldn't, so at last she told Miss Walker that she had a sore throat, but she did not understand what it was, and took her to Mr. Douglas, who pulled it out. This teaches us not to talk while eating fish.

—On the evening of the 17th ult., Miss Linn was asked to give the girls a story in the sitting-room, instead of Miss James who is still weak. Before she came in, Misses James and Gibson hid behind the benches on which the girls were sitting, for they wanted to see her explain her first story; she didn't know they were there, and kept looking at the door to see if they were coming as she intended to stop explaining when they came in, but fortunately for her she didn't know it. When she heard of it the next day, we all had a good laugh, and she joined in. She explained the story very plainly, and the girls hope she will give us another story soon.

Virtue is indeed its own reward.—*Claudianus.*

The miser is as much in want of what he has, as of what he has not.—*Syrus.*