

APPEAL FOR THE Deaf and Dumb.

From the M. & D. Advertiser, Sept. 27th, 1859.

We plead for those who cannot tell
Of pain or pleasure, joy or grief,
Whose pulse may throb or heart may break,
They cannot find relief.

Fit objects these for sympathy,
Who cannot speak to tell their woe,
And who, without especial aid,
But little good can know.

Within these silent homes by them
No pleasant sounds were ever heard,
No sportive childhood's merry laugh,
No mother's soothing word.

They joy not in the song of birds,
The rippling stream, the stirring breeze ;
Nature's sweetest music hath
For them no power to please.

No Sabbath bells, no teacher's voice
Or holy songs delight their ears,
No promises excite their hopes
Nor warnings raise their fears.

And yet they have immortal souls
Like us, created to endure ;
When heaven and earth have passed away
And time shall be no more.

And who shall teach these helpless ones
Of life and immortality,
Unfold before these wakening minds
Each glorious mystery ?

Tell of His love who framed the world,
His love who freely died to save ;
Tell of the endless blessedness
For them beyond the grave.

Thank God it can—is done—
And all are called to render aid
In this good work ; so faithfully
Be every effort made.

Remember what the Saviour saith :
Of every Christian charity,
Who giveth to the least of these
He giveth unto me.

• Weston & Edwards, Printers.

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