

APPEAL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

—O—

(The following lines, pleading for means to give deaf-mutes an education, were penned by an old teacher of that class, who recently died in 'Australia.)

We plead for those who cannot tell,
Of pain or pleasure, joy or grief,
Whose pulse may throb, or heart may break,
But cannot ask relief.
Fit objects these for sympathy—
Who cannot speak to tell their woe,
And who, without "Especial care,"
But little good can know.
Within their silent homes, by them
No pleasant sounds were ever heard,
No sportive children's merry laugh,
No mother's soothing word.
They joy not in the song of birds,
The rippling stream, the stirring breeze,
Nature's sweet 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 are immortal souls,
Like us, created to endure,
When heaven and earth have pass'd away,
And time shall be no more—
Ah! who shall teach these helpless ones,
Of life and immortality,
Unfold before their 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 unto the least of these,
He giveth unto ME."