

Poems on the deaf and dumb / W.R. Roe.

Contributors

Roe, William Robert.

Publication/Creation

Derby : Francis Carter, 1888.

Persistent URL

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POEMS

ON THE

DEAF & DUMB.

W. H. LEE, M.D. & C.

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
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POEMS
ON THE
DEAF AND DUMB.

W. R. ROE, M. C. T. D & D.,
Head Master Midland Deaf and Dumb Institution, Derby, Author of
“Alice Gray : a True Story ;” “Our Deaf and Dumb Children ;”
“Anecdotes and Incidents of the Deaf and Dumb ;” &c.

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—
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PREFACE.

THIS little volume of Poems on the Deaf and Dumb is published by special request. I wish especially to acknowledge the kindness of various friends who have contributed to the Volume. The sole object in view is to interest the public in the welfare of poor little Deaf and Dumb children.

The Institution at Derby, over which I have the honour to preside, has benefited considerably, by previous publications, which have had a circulation of over 100,000, and will, I trust, be benefited by the volume now sent forth.

There are, it is computed, over two millions of Deaf and Dumb people in the World, 1,119 of this number being in the Institution's immediate district.

It is a sad fact, yet a well attested one, that a large percentage of our little Deaf and Dumb children never receive a single hour's training, but grow up to maturity, their intellects stunted and their morals depraved. Knowledge, alas! is not for them. They may have mental powers capable of great cultivation, but these powers are to remain unused, to sleep through life and perish unawakened. They may have souls capable of the noblest ambitions, endowed with great heroism, and containing germs of every virtue, but lack of fostering care, lack of opportunity, the blight of their hard destiny, dooms these fair possibilities to rank for ever among the

things "that might have been." To change all this for the better is the object of our Institution.

The children not only receive a good secular education, have their minds opened, their latent powers developed, their particular aptitudes discovered and cultivated, but above all, their hearts and characters trained, good principles instilled into their minds, and learn how meritorious is their hard lot if borne with a spirit of resignation to the will of Him who knows what is best for each one of us, and who will reward all suffering a thousand-fold if patiently endured for His sake. The love of God, the hope of heaven, oh ! surely these Deaf and Dumb children, above all others, need these guiding stars !

If means were placed at the disposal of my Committee to make more extensive provision for these children, much more genius might be developed, and many a sphere of usefulness opened up for them, which would not only save them from degradation and misery, but make them happy, useful, and perhaps *distinguished* members of society.

W. R. R.

Midland Deaf and Dumb Institution, Derby.





POEMS
ON THE
DEAF AND DUMB.

LINES TO A BEAUTIFUL DEAF MUTE.
BY THE LATE RT. HON. LORD BEACONSFIELD.

TELL me the star from which she fell,
Oh ! name the flower
From out whose wild and perfumed bell,
At witching hour,
Sprang forth this fair and fairy maiden,
Like a bee with honey laden.

They say that those sweet lips of thine
Breathe not to speak ;
Thy very ears that seem so fine,
No sound can seek ;
And yet thy face beams with emotion,
Restless as the waves of ocean.

'Tis well ; thy face and form agree,
And both are fair ;
I would not that this child should be
As others are :
I love to mark her, in derision
Smiling in seraphic vision
At our poor gifts of vulgar sense
That cannot stain
Nor mar her native innocence,
Nor cloud her brain
With all the dreams of worldly folly,
And its creature melancholy.
To thee I dedicate these lines,
Yet read them not ;
Cursed be the art that e'er refines
Thy natural lot ;
Read the bright stars, and read the flowers,
And hold converse with the bowers.

THE DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.



HAVE no sweet remembered airs
From childhood's happy time ;
Nor do I know the thrilling tones
Of the soft bells' evening chime ;
The melody of singing birds,
The murmur of the sea,
The sweet sounds of this happy world,
Are mysteries to me.

In the daily words of household's love,
Alas ! no part have I ;
In the morning wish or kind good night,
Or whisper of a sigh.
I never heard the merry laugh
Of youth's rejoicing spring ;
To me the lisp of infancy
Is quite an unknown thing.

The accents of love's gentle voice
Methinks are low and deep,
With softness in the trembling tones
To make the happy weep ;
And my fancy gives a solemn sound,
As a spirit's voice to prayer ;
Love mantled in the shade of fear,
To know that God is there.

They tell me that the forest hath
Its wild wood minstrelsy ;
That the low winds among flowers
Whisper in harmony ;
They say that music over all
Sends its melodious breath,
On the bridal, on the festival,
And on the couch of death !

There surely is a voice in smiles,
And sorrow's dirge in tears ;
And memory is the spirit's chord,
That thrills to vanished years.

The kindly pressure of the hand
 Is language unto me ;
 A look hath poured into my soul
 Its silent melody.

Yet would I give long years of life
 To hear a sound float by ;
 One moment but to catch the tone
 Of human sympathy !

If ne'er to me, in this our world,
 Such a blessèd boon be given,
 Oh, may I wake from death to hear
 The saints' sweet song in heaven !

OUR SILENT ONES.

THEY placed my darling in my arms, I saw that she was
 fair, [everywhere ;
 And in the skies bright gleams of light seem'd glancing
 Such rapture came with this new joy, God's gift from heaven
 above !

Oh ! how I pressed her to my heart with all a mother's love,
 My little rosebud come at last, how long I looked for thee,
 And pictured what a cherub bright this precious one might be.
 I gazed upon her soft blue eye, and o'er her golden hair
 Some angel fingers seemed to stray and leave a brightness there,
 And whispering as they flutter'd by, lit up her smile with
 gladness. [sadness ?

Oh ! who could dream that morn of joy could ever end in

We cull the rose, the flower is sweet, we guard with tender care,
Nor fancy that a hidden thorn could ever rankle there ;
My little one ! my treasure ! how I watched thee at thy play,
And listened for thy childish song, and waited day by day,
Those coral lips were parted with laughter loving glee,
But never came the softest sound of that dear voice to me.
I tried to hide from my pain'd heart, that tongue would never
say


To me the loved word "Mother," till time should pass away
As gentle breezes softly breathed and stirr'd the dewy air,
Those earnest eyes were looking at the white clouds sailing
there ;

And fairer grew that lovely face and purer every day,
Until the angels beckoned her and bore my flower away.
And now in heaven is planted, my rosebud bright and fair,
And heavenly voices sing to her in glorious anthems there ;
The opened ear rejoices ; oh ! what melody divine
Now comes to her pure spirit where the bright ones round her
shine.

There first her tongue is loosened to praise her God and King,
No longer silent is that voice the angels taught to sing.

BY THE LITTLE GIRL'S MOTHER.

THE DUMB BOY'S FRIEND.

 GROUP of children giving way
To happy careless joy,
Once had among them at their play
A little deaf mute boy.

"Tell us," they said, "we wish to know
Who your best friend may be?
On whom do you your love bestow?
His name, now, let us see?"

The deaf mute boy the pencil took,
No hesitation showed,
But with a bright and happy look
Wrote down the name of God."

The laughing children looked at him
With wonder in their eyes;
The dumb boy's answer puzzled them,
And fill'd them with surprise.

"He does not understand," they said,
His knowledge is but small;
He does but write what he has read,
God is the friend of all."

"God is in heaven, 'tis very true
Your best friend is above;
Now, name the *friend on earth* whom you
Above all others love."

They waited, and the deaf mute boy,
In letters large and plain,
Wrote, while his eyes reveal'd his joy,
The name of "God" again.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
To Thee my love doth tend;
No one on earth can comfort me
As Thou, my Saviour Friend."

Oh, happy child ! I fain would know
The secret of thy love ;
Learn my affections to bestow
On that Best Friend above.

Many sorrows thou mayest see
Ere thy life's journey end ;
But thou canst ne'er unhappy be
With " God " for thy " Best Friend."

R. M.

A REVERIE.



THE sky is often dark at times,
And sorrow has its sway ;
The fleeting shadows come and go
Across life's rugged way.

The sunny waters onward flow,
Nor pause they by the way ;
Till in the boundless ocean
He biddeth them to stay.

So life is like the crimson sun,
That setteth in the west ;
Beyond, the pearly gate ajar,
The haven of our rest.

Then let us not be weary,
But ever onward press ;
For though the way be dreary,
It leads to happiness.

Know we not the crosses
We have every day to bear,
Will in his time transcendent,
Be the crowns we then shall wear.

Guerdon meet for evermore,
When we shall kneel at Jesus' feet ;
And in robes celestial,
Walk we through the golden streets.

And then, O blessed comfort !
To *hear* His dear voice say,
"Come unto me thou weary one,
I've taken thy cross away."


Unstopped ears, unsealed lips,
Shall join in the glad new song ;
And with cherubim and seraphim,
Shall praise Him all day long.

"M."

ONE OF GOD'S HEROINES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLARE PEGGIE'S DIARY."

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

NLY a sickly child ! born deaf and dumb,
A child whom her very parents said,
"Please God to take her to His heavenly home,
For such as she can never earn her bread."

A helpless burden on their scanty store,
Want crushed the sympathy which pity stirs ;
They felt the pressure of the cross she bore,
And deemed their troubles heavier than hers.

Who knows how much the poor dumb creature guessed ?
Who knows how often those great dreamy eyes
Drank in the feeling, which, but half expressed,
Made some hearts pity, and a few despise ?

Who knows what bitterness 'twas hers to bear,
Save He, who every grief can comprehend ?
To Him affliction is itself a prayer—
A prayer He answered—sending her a friend.

* * * * *

All learned to love the Curate's gentle wife :
She found a welcome at each cottage door,
And heard the details of each rugged life
With that quiet sympathy which wins the poor.

But most of all the poor dumb girl she sought,
And shielding her alike from frown or sneer,
By sweet unwearying patience, nobly taught
The first few words, which made her meaning clear.

Then day by day, the Saviour's love was told,
His free, full grace, by simple faith best won,
Filling one heart with happiness untold,
Gladdening the other by a good work done.

What wonder if, in Norah's grateful eyes,
 The gentle lady seemed her dark world's heaven?
 Seemed as an angel wrapped in earth's disguise,
 Sent straight from God to point the way to heaven?

* * * * *

There is fever in the village! and the hard worked Curate lies
 All unconscious of his peril, with life trembling in Death's
 scale

Whilst his poor pale wife sits watching with her tear stained,
 sunken eyes, [cannot fail.
 And with broken prayer for mercy—for the strength which

“Oh! my Father, spare him to me!” ’tis the cry of bitter pain,
 Then she strives to say more meekly, “As Thou wilt Thy
 will be done.” [again,

Then the weight of human sorrow comes with crushing force
 In the wail of human anguish—“Is there none to help—
 not one?”

Yes; the cry unheard is answered; there is Norah standing
 near, [well:

For the poor deaf mute is faithful to the friend she loves so
 Others shun the house of fever, but her heart, her trust is here,
 With its wreath of loving gratitude too deep for words to tell.

Love supplies each missing power, love has quickened every
 sense, [for her care;

When the wife, worn out by trouble, would have sank but
 Through long weary nights of watching, through long days of
 of dread suspense, [bear.

She who sowed the seed of pity reaps the fruit the blossoms

Then—the crisis past and over—with suspense, and dread, and fears,

All merged in hope and gladness by God's merciful decree,
'Tis the grateful wife who murmurs through a mist of blinding tears, [dealt with me.]

“ May God deal with you, dear Norah, as your love has

* * * * *

God hath dealt gently with her ! in His wisdom he knows best ;
And the fever's scorching fingers have but led the way to rest : [his wife

Wan from sickness—worn with watching both the Curate and
Tend—as parents tend their first born—Norah's last few
sands of life.

'Tis no fitful glare of fever which lights up the half glazed eyes,
But the light of heaven streaming from the gates of Paradise !
'Tis no smile of fevered vision which flits o'er the dying face,
But the glorious gifts of freedom from the very throne of
grace.

For the deaf mute, deaf no longer, hears the courts of Heaven
ring

With the high triumphal anthems to the glory of the King !
And the first fresh words of gladness which her unclosed lips
can frame, [name !

Is the song of perfect blessedness she hath won in Jesus'



THE THOUGHTS OF A MUTE.



MUTE am I?—Ah! yes, I sigh,
But one's above who speaks
In accents kind, who knows untold
The burden of my stifled prayer.

He'll draw my wayward thoughts above,
And tenderly with cords of love,
Tho' sad he knows my case to be,
He asks, "Matilda, lov'st thou me?"

Nor asks in vain, for He'll inspire
An answer warm with ethereal fire;
Thou know'st, dear Lord, I love Thee well,
And hope at length with Thee to dwell.

When all Thy billows have me tried,
Have quite subdued my earthly pride;
Tho' marred Thou hast my earthly dress,
Thou'lt clothe me in Thy righteousness.

That glorious, seamless, robe so bright,
'Twill shine above where there's no night;
'Midst all my humble boast shall be,
My dress is His, who first loved me.

And when the Messenger of Death,
Shall call me to resign my breath,
My voice shall th'angelic anthem swell,
In praise of Him who doth all things well.

THE DEAF AND DUMB CHILD.



THOU art not beautiful, my voiceless child,
Thou canst not fill thy mother's heart with pride ;
Thou dost not heed the words that have beguiled
My other noisy young ones to my side.

Thou canst not chatter music in my way,
Nor call me by a sweet and holy name ;
Thou dost not ask thy sisters if they'll play,
Nor scold thy brothers with a sportive blame.

But thou art precious in my household, love,
Thy form is closely watched, my poor dumb boy.
I stroke thy fair hair, and I hang above
Thy quiet features with a solemn joy.

I hear thy father praise the quick replies
Of his bright eldest one—I often see
His face light up, when his two girls surprise
The twilight circle with their saucy glee.

He tells them long and wonder waking themes
Of Sinbad, Crusoe, and the Fairy Queen.
He leads their games, he joins their laughing screams,
With many a fond and wild embrace between.

But there's a something deeper in his smile,
When his poor dull one leans upon his knee ;
And something gentler fills his heart, the while
His fingers make a paper boat for thee.

The other young gay spirits talk and shout
In tones that come like songs of morning birds ;
Or pressed by childish grief they wail and pout,
And pour their anguish forth in sobbing words.

I seldom see thy grey eye give a tear,
When their red cheeks shine through the pearly gem,
But I believe, my child, that thou canst hear
The secret, deep soul whisper lost to them.

When they surround me with engrossing clutch,
And some loud tale of anger or alarm,
I turn not as I do to thy soft touch,
That falls like ring-dove's wing upon my arm.

My silent boy, I hold thee to my breast,
Just as I did when thou wert newly born.
It may be sinful, but I love thee best,
And kiss thy lips the longest night and morn.

I never listen to the coming feet,
That chance to slip and tumble in the hall,
But my heart leaps with quick and sudden beat,
Lest thou, my speechless, be the one to fall.

I never look into a story book,
And hear the joyous hum thy brothers make ;
But leaf by leaf I turn with hopeful grief,
And wish it held some pictures for thy sake.

I never stand among ye to divide
The birthday apples or select the toy,
But I assign the fruit with rosiest side,
And daintiest plaything to my wordless boy.

Oh, thou art dear to me beyond all others,
And when I breathe my trust and bend my knee
For blessings on thy sisters and thy brothers,
God seems the mightiest when I pray for thee.

I would not they should know it ; but if Fate
Didst its work and snatched away my young,
I feel my soul would bear a deadlier weight
To miss thy silent love than their fond tongue.

Oh, thou art very beautiful to me,
My own dumb boy, my gentle, voiceless one.
And while it throbs thy mother's heart will be
Thy best and first interpreter, my son.

ELIZA COOK.

THE CONTRAST ; OR, THE TWO DEATH-BEDS.

TWO youths there were, bereft of speech,
And hearing too was gone,
Deaf-mutes, nor thought of either sense
Had e'er express'd or known ;
But one was early nurtured
In sweet religion's ways,
And all the store of heavenly love
God's holy Book displays.

In the bloom of youth and promise
The fell destroyer came,
And wasted with relentless hand
The fragile little frame ;

But could not waste the soul within.
More brave and more serene
He grew, as still the hour drew nigh
To close the last sad scene.

Around his little bed, a group
Of eager play-mates stand,
And treasure every parting sigh.
In awe, the pious band
Remark his bated breath and mien—
Remark his quiet air
Unearthly in its stillness—
Can a spark be ling'ring there?

At once he woke, in blank amaze
He gazed towards the sky ;
His glazing eye illumined with
A look of heavenly joy.
He signed he saw the angels—
His waving hands outspread,
With "Heaven" on his fingers
As his gentle spirit fled.

His strength was hope, his end was peace,
Compare it with this last,
Who had no hope, who had no light,
Whose lot in gloom was cast.
The world was sinking 'neath his feet
And the pillow from his head,
And the lamps grew dim, and swam around,
No wonder he should dread.

No anodyne could alleviate
His bitter parting gasp,
Or curb the wild vain struggle
With which *he* met Death's grasp.
Alas ! for those to whom—*untaught*—
God is a God unknown ;
And Death a threshold to a world
Of terror and of gloom.

THANKSGIVING OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THE night is past, the daylight breaks, I wake as from a
sleep,

Upon my wondering mind unfolds Creation's mysteries deep ;
A new life quickens in me, and a new world opens fair,
For looking into Nature's heart, I know that God is there.

I sigh no more, as once I sighed, to *hear* what others *hear*—
The voice of man, the song of birds, so full, *they say*, and clear ;
A still small voice within my breast talks evermore with me,
Of beautiful and holy things discoursing *silently*.

Along the beach, I now can hold grand converse with the sea
That flows and ebbs before my sight, with changeful constancy ;
And though my *natural ear be dull*, the untiring waves that roll,
Speak of eternity and God to my astonished soul.

I see Him in the bright-eyed flowers that look up as I pass ;
I see Him in the ripening corn, the rich green meadow grass ;
I see Him in the golden change that falls upon the trees,
When summer with its glowing days in autumn vanishes.

I feel Him in the wandering breeze, that wafts the violet's
breath ;

I feel Him—and I think no more so bitterly of death ;
For He who bids the unseen wind, the hidden fragrance bear,
Himself unseen, can raise my soul to Heaven's diviner air.

I sigh no more, as once I sighed, to *spe*ak as *others spe*ak,
God hears the rich man and the poor, the stalwart and the
weak ;

And unto Him the *dumb* boy's prayer as surely doth arise
As hymns of myriad cherubims rejoicing in the skies.

The darkness and the storm have fled from the dense void of
mind,

Like heavy vapours of the night that leave the stars behind,
And lamps of love, and hope, and faith, hang in the silent
gloom,

To cheer my lonely pilgrimage, and light me through the tomb.

ANNE BEALE.

A PRAYER FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.



ORD God Almighty ! merciful and holy,
At Thy feet we bend ;
We pray Thee for a little band and lowly :
O God attend !

Merciful Father ! for Thy silent children
We would now plead ;

Oh ! look upon them with Thy pitying favour,
See their need.

'Twas Thou that placed the spirit mute and passive,
In its silent home ;
And made them, for a cause we dare not question,
Deaf and Dumb.

But tho' in silence lone condemned to wander
While here below ;
'Tis not Thy will that one of them should perish,
Oh ! Father, no.

Lord God Almighty ! merciful and gracious,
In His name we plead,
Who once Ephphatha breathed with sighs of pity
For their need.

Fain would we bring these children sad and silent
To His feet,
That they may catch His look of love and learn
His message sweet.

Help us then, gracious Lord, these lambs to gather
Thy fold within ;
Teach us how best their darkened minds to open—
Their souls to win.

And grant that as we strive to guide their footsteps
In the narrow road,
Our own from Thee may ne'er be found to wander,
O, our God !

ABSENT FROM THE BODY. PRESENT WITH
THE LORD.*Written at the death of Miss F., a Deaf Mute.*

BY MISS M. M. F.

IGAZED upon her beauteous form,
As in death's clasp it lay,
The smile still hovering on the lips
With which she passed away.

And ne'er before had that sweet face
So lovely seemed to me ;
The heavenly calm reflected there
Was beautiful to see.

Her wish at length was realised—
She'd seen the glorious face
Of Him who shed for her His blood,
Who saved her by His grace.

She's watching for her dear ones now,
With others gone before ;
And one who since has crossed the flood
And joined her on that shore.

Her *unstopped* ear shall catch the strain
That will our advent greet ;
Her *loosened* tongue with ours shall join
In hallelujahs sweet.

O, hasten, Lord, that meeting time,
We long to be with Thee ;
To leave this world of grief and sin,
And all Thy glory see

MUTE COURTSHIP.



LOVE hath a language of its own,
Love only knows.
From heart to heart, whose mystic tones
A voice that goes
The lotus flower, whose leaves I now
Kiss silently,
Far more than words will tell thee how
I worship thee.

The mirror which to thee I hold,
Which when imprest
With thy bright looks, I turn and fold
To this fond breast.

Does it not speak beyond all spells
Of poet's art.
How deep thy hidden image dwells
In this hush'd heart.

THE DEAF AND DUMB MISSION.

THE eve was lovely, and the sky serene,
The setting sun shone with a crimson light ;
The fleecy clouds were dazzling in its sheen,
Resplendent, grand, with gold and purple light.

Sweet Philomel began his even song,
The lark trill'd sweetly, dropping to his nest ;
The insect world humm'd with unceasing tongue,
All nature praising its Creator blest.

Ah ! yes, this world is beautiful and bright,
But brighter far the Christian's home above ;
There shall my Saviour burst upon my sight,
In all the beauty of redeeming love.

As round the corner of a winding lane
I turn'd, a touching sight there met mine eye ;
A youth forlorn—his face expressing pain—
Sat by the bank in gloomy reverie.

I knew him well—alas ! of speech bereft,
And hearing too—those blessings never known ;
How sad the change in him since he has left
The deaf-mute school ! his happiness is gone.

No longer now has he communion sweet
With kindred souls whose woes are like his own ;
His face lights up whenever he doth meet
A deaf-mute friend. His gloomy thoughts are flown.

I talked to him—he watch'd my finger tips
With eager eyes and anxious face ;
Then kneeling down I pray'd—he scann'd my lips,
As if thereon my language he could trace.

We parted. Long I mused o'er his sad case,
Alone in this wide world, without a friend ;
No welcome Sabbaths bring the means of grace,
With foretastes of the bliss that ne'er will end.

Alas ! that Sunday to this youth should be
The day most saddening to his lonely breast ;
When Sabbath bells are pealing merrily,
He sighs that not for him the day is blest.

'Tis true he has his Bible, and he loves
To search for solace in its sacred lore ;
A source of joy and comfort oft it proves,
And to his heart doth sweet content restore.

* * * * *

Thanks be to God ! no longer we deplore
The want of missions to these sons of grief ;
Blest charity has come, and touch'd a store
Of sympathizing hearts for their relief.

Oh ! Christian England, many a heathen land
Has blest thee for the gospel thou hast given ;
In distant countries many a noble band
Has by thy means been guided safe to heaven.

Shall we then plead ? and must we plead in vain
For aid to carry on this mission blest ?
Our deaf-mute brethren, let them not complain,
That with their woes we seldom are impressed.

Then let us help this mission ; it has been
Most richly blest in all its efforts true.
Many a sad face now wears a look serene
Goes on his way rejoicing—Heaven in view.

ROBERT CARSON.

Mission Services for the Deaf and Dumb are held every
Sabbath at the Institution, Friar Gate, Derby.

THE DEAF MUTE.



I S there no voice to reach mine ear,
 Within intelligence to wake?
 Is there no sound that I can hear,
 My life's monotony to break?
 Must closed my ear for ever be?
 Sound be a thing unknown to me?

Are there no words these lips can form,
 Expression to my thoughts to give?
 To tell the inward rising storm,
 Or calm, in which I move or live?
 O, must I ever silent be?
 And speak alone, my God, to Thee?

Thy will be done, who will'st it so,
 In perfect wisdom, and in love,
 Who closed mine ear that I might know
 The voice which speaks from heaven above,
 That I might hear his voice and live—
 The Son, whom Thou in love didst give.

Yes, be it so, if such Thy way,
 To close my heart to other voice,
 Alone to hear what He doth say,
 And ever in Himself rejoice;
 To hear him say, "I died for thee,
 I gave myself to set thee free."

Soon shall the deaf be made to hear,
The mute to speak Thine endless praise.
Soon Thou wilt dry each parting tear,
And perfect all thy wisdom's ways ;
Oh ! how my voice shall then proclaim,
And magnify Thy holy name.

G. W. F.

A VISIT TO A SISTER'S GRAVE.

WITH slow and pensive steps, I softly trace
The solemn path, where Death has marked his way ;
For ah ! how many of the human race
Here lie, subjected to his powerful sway.

Here will they rest, perhaps for ages more,
Or ere to-morrow's dawn the call may come ;
And the archangel's trump, with thund'ring roar,
May rouse each slumb'ring mortal from the tomb.

Waiting that awful and tremendous day,
Which shall the secrets of all hearts disclose ;
When Time shall end, and Death shall yield his sway,
Eliza's dust here rests in calm repose.

Oh, happy spirit, if my tears can move
A soul in Heav'n to spare a thought on me,
Look down with feelings of angelic love,
And Anna's fond affection thou wilt see.

Thou ne'er couldst understand while here on earth
What sympathetic pity warmed my breast ;
Since the dire cause that drew that pity forth,
Darken'd thy mind—thy tenderness repress.

For on the mental eye no ray of light
Was ever pour'd to cheer thy vacant mind ;
Seal'd was the casket of those gems so bright—
The polish'd ornaments of souls refin'd.

Deaf to the voice of friendship and of love,
And mute thy tongue—oh, anguish, how severe !
To see thee thus, soft sympathy would move,
And kind compassion drop a silent tear.

Thus fifteen years of suff'ring didst thou pass—
Suff'ring which those who loved thee saw with grief ;
But God's all-powerful mandate came at last,
And by the hand of Death he sent relief.

Still, dear Eliza, do I often mourn,
And oft upon thy grave my sorrows pour ;
But now I ask, as a most kind return,
Thy pity in this melancholy hour.

Oh, then, my sister, to thy Anna's ear
Whisper kind peace, and soft consoling love ;
Her heart with that reviving cordial cheer—
The hope of joining thee in bliss above.

But do I in this hope too high aspire ?
Ah, no, too high ambition cannot rise,
When, with an ardent and unquenched desire,
Its object is a treasure in the skies.

Why should my courage fail, my spirits droop,
 Whene'er distress or pain my soul annoy ?
On the sure anchor of eternal hope
 I'll lean, though tempests threaten to destroy,

If aught can add to joys that never cease,
 Or heighten transports of so pure a kind,
'Twill be to see thee in the realms of bliss
 With every faculty quite unconfin'd.

Methinks I view thee list'ning with delight
 And raptur'd feeling to seraphic lays ;
Or hear thee joining with archangels bright,
 To swell the gen'ral song of grateful praise.

But whither does imagination stray ?
 Let me recall my roaming thoughts again—
Still am I here, a prisoner of clay ;
 And here, in patient hope I must remain

Until the hour—the final hour shall come,
 When Death shall throw his never-erring dart—
Emancipate my soul, and send it home,
 To meet my friends, oh, never more to part.

A DEAF MAN'S EPIGRAM.

YOU wish me a "Happy New Year" as a toast,
 And a hearty good wish it appears ;
But when you perceive I'm as deaf as a post,
 You should wish me "two happy new ears."

THE MUTES.

—
 "Open thy mouth for the dumb."—PROV. xxi. 8.
 —

YES! Open Thy mouth for the Dumb ones, Lord Jesus.
 Great Advocate! pleading their part.

"The cause is too hard, thus we bring it, to ease us,
 For greater than Moses Thou art! Exod. xviii. 19. Deut. i. 17.
 The deaf and dumb in town, village, or city,
 How num'rous we find them to be.
 Let the case of the mutes awaken soft pity;
 Raise friends that may teach them of Thee!

Who can open dumb lips?—deaf organs delighting?
 Not all the physicians of earth.
 Thou Prince of the faculty. Visit inviting. Luke iv. 24.
 We fain would extol Thy great worth!
 There is *nothing too hard* for Thy skilful dealing,
 Not a case we can lay at Thy feet. Luke vi. 19.
 "This same Jesus" is still renowned for unsealing!
 Help, Lord! that our joy be complete.

In the ears of the deaf, O put Thy loved finger,
 Unstopping each ear to Thy Voice. Mark vii. 33.
 Touch the tongue of the dumb, that praises may linger,
 Sweet cadence from hearts that rejoice!
 Am I deaf to Thy Voice? "O cause me to hear it."
 Oft dumb at Thy footstool I bow. John x. 27. Song viii. 13.
 Sin-burdened my heart,—Thy Voice only can cheer it,—
 Speak, Lord, I would hear it e'en now.

"I was dumb, for Thou did'st it" is sometimes the feeling,
When stunned by some sudden distress : Psalm xxxix. 9.

Yet th' issue Thy tenderness surely revealing,
Brings even dumb lips to express.

Am I like a deaf adder that stoppeth her hearing?

Not ready to answer Thy knock. Song^{v.} 2, 3.

And when I should tell of Thy love so endearing,
My lips oft secured, as with lock?

Or Zachariah-like, dumb through sad unbelieving,
I question the message divine,

Not with humble "so be it" the promise receiving,
But want a significant sign.

Why should *I* doubt His love, or pardon or healing,
Who never denied e'en the worst?

Or *you* deem your case one of desperate feeling?
Try, mute one, you'll not be *the first*.

Do open Thy mouth, Lord, Thy plea is prevailing,
High Priest! who art touched with our need!
Sweet smoke of Thine incense, Jehovah inhaling,
Declares it accepted indeed.

"This Man must have somewhat to offer," He tells us;
Thro' glimpse in the veil then displays,
His merit perfuming our prayers, till He smells us
An offering of odorous praise. Rev. viii. 3.

Speak to me, Lord, "such words" as to Daniel, declaring
I'm "greatly beloved" by Thee. Dan. x. 11, 15.

Though, assured that such grace and love I am sharing,
Both prostrate and dumb I may be.

Thou wilt then *touch my lips*, all dumbness removing
And ravish my ears with Thy Voice! ver. 16.

How perfect Thy work I shall thus know by proving,
And "*all that is in me*" rejoice.

E. M. OSMOND.

London Road, Leicester.

IN REMEMBRANCE.

“Remember the words of Lord Jesus how he said ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive.’”

LOOK all around—see want and need,
Some with desponding fears !
Widows and orphans sadly plead !
By sighs and unchecked tears.

To shew true sympathy and love,
Still binds man’s heart to man,
Their wealth—or glory—far above,
It is the Saviour’s plan.

Prompt be our aid, as we believe
What Christ’s own words attest ;
A better part—than to receive,
To give—is still more blest.

From treasured wealth, from private hand,
Freely the gifts should pour,
Right worthy work in British land,
To cheer the sick and poor.

Secret pleasure would you find ?
Assist some worthy cause !
Blessings alike to heart and mind
Each generous effort draws.

Amidst the varied forms of grief,
Some special claims will come,
And none can doubt—chief for relief,
The Blind, the Deaf, and Dumb.

“FIVE MONTHS I WILL GETTING SHE MARRIED.”

(BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.)

A YOUNG man who was born deaf and dumb, and who had been partly educated, occasionally called upon the writer. The deaf-mute had been taught to make shoes, to write, and to speak a few words. When making one of these visits he announced his intended marriage in the above very singular phraseology.

O ! how can the dumb go a courting ?
Or how can the maiden approve ?
'Tis easy ; while fancy is sporting,
The eyes speak the language of love.

Poor youth ! although born without hearing,
Benevolence cheers such as you,
And teaches the words most endearing—
“God bless you !” and “How do you do ?”

From these and the use of your pen,
Though in grammar you're not over nice,
Love can make out your where and your when,
And supply all defects in a trice.

And though you hear not the soft sigh
Of delight when you press on her cheek,
That loss other joys shall supply ;
E'en the turn of a finger can speak.

We all deal in nodding and winking,
And talk through a smile or a frown ;
But you, on whatever you're thinking,
Have a strange set of nods of your own.

This credit of nodding we grant you,
But all former specimens prove
That nothing could ever enchant you
Or light up your features like love.

For who shall describe the wild glee
That dwelt on your brow while you tarried
O'er that pen which recorded so free—
“Five months I will getting she married ?”

Perhaps she will study your face,
And read all your meanings with ease,
And prove that affection's pure grace
In despite of all language, can please.

If your heart bounds with pleasure or bleeds,
Should fortune prove friendly or shy,
No oaths in your book of misdeeds
Will stare in your face when you die.

You're right thus to marry, methinks,
While young, though the wise ones have tarried,
For me, I'll remember your winks,
And “Five months I will getting she married.”

ON THE INVENTION OF WRITING.

TELL me, what genius did the art invent,
The lively image of the voice to paint?
Who first the secret how to colour sound,
And to give shape to reason, wisely found?
With bodies, how to clothe ideas, taught?
And how to draw the picture of a thought?
Who taught the hand to speak, the eye to hear—
A living language, roving far and near;
Whose softest noise outstrips loud thunder's sound,
And spreads her accents through the world's last round?
A voice heard by the deaf, spoke by the dumb,
Whose echo reaches long, long time to come;
Whose dead men speak, as well as those alive;
Tell me, what genius did this art contrive?

BELLENGER.

CHILDREN OF SILENCE.



LAYING 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.



MISSION WORK AMONGST THE DEAF & DUMB.

“**H**UST the one spare coin ! Just the trifling sum,
You will never want nor miss”—
Hear the silent plea of the Deaf and Dumb
In a humble prayer like this.
It is all they ask,—not a princely gift,
Not of all your good a share,
Not e’en self-denial, not e’en careful thrift,
But the mite which all can spare.


“’Tis not worth the giving.” So you say !
But those mites, like drops of rain,
Will swell the whole on the Reckoning Day,
As the rain-drops swell the grain.
If a harvest-field is not yours to give
As a royal gift—complete,
You will see your earnest efforts live
In a single ear of wheat.

Never plead “’Tis little”—*Give your best,*
For God’s favour crowns it all !
And with equal blessing it will rest,
Though the offering be but small.
Give something ! and never heed its worth,
Your faith must be weak and dim
If you weight your gift with the cares of earth,
And not trust its worth to Him.

The poor and weak of this world He chose,
 And His promise all may see—
 They are His flock! as you deal with those
 So shall it be dealt with thee.
 And when he shall in His kingdom come,
 On the last great Reckoning Day,
 Those poor dumb lips—*then* no longer dumb—
 Will cry "Lord our debt repay!"

A. W. SNOAD.

"EPHPHATHA."

 LORD, open my ears
 To *hear* Thy gentle voice
 Say, "Come to Me, thou weary one;
 Lean on Me and rejoice."
 Then I shall have no cause for fear,
 Since my Almighty Friend is near.

O Lord, open my eyes
 To see Thee as "the way"
 By which we reach the fairer clime,
 The realms of cloudless day.
 Give me the steadfast eye of faith
 Which pierces through the veil of death.

O Lord, open my mind
 To know Thy power to save,
 And be that precious blood of Thine
 My hope beyond the grave.
 Oh! let this aim my motto be,
 "To live for Him who died for me."

And open Thou, O Lord,
My understanding too,
That I may gather from Thy Word
What Thou would'st have me do ;
My will submitting unto Thine,
All wise, Almighty, all Divine.

O Lord, open my heart,
Come Thou and dwell within,
And by Thy presence bright disperse
Its long, dark night of sin.
All clouds and gloom will quickly flee
If Thou, O Lord, abide with me.

O Lord, open my lips,
To spread Thy praise abroad,
And show to poor, despairing minds
The wondrous grace of God.
And e'er until my dying moan,
Christ and Him crucified to own.

And when to Jordan's shore
My trembling footsteps come,
Open the gates of Paradise,
And bear me safely home,
For evermore to dwell with Thee
In glorious immortality.

ANNIE (Deaf).

WHO ARE THE DEAF AND DUMB?

WHO are the deaf ones of the earth? why those who close
 their ears [tears —
 To the heart cry of affliction—to the soul sob wrung from
 To the anguish of the fallen, to the captive's stifled groan :
 Whose *ears* are *closed* to pity, for their hearts are turned to
 stone.

Who are the *dumb* ones of the earth? why those whose mouths
are still,
When the fiat of the tyrant works out its wicked will ;
When the oaths of the blasphemer their brutal burden bear,
Or the foul jests of the fool shall poison all the air.

They are *not deaf* where God has closed that avenue of sense,
For they hear heaven's gates thrown open, and the sounds that
 issue thence ;
They *hear* the angels hymns, and the Saviour's pardoning voice,
And their *listening hearts* are wakened, as their rescued souls
 rejoice.

They are not dumb where God has closed the outer gate of
prayer ; [wear,
The clasped hands have a mute appeal no uttered sounds can
In tender thought and gentle act their gratitude we read,
For *Faith* is our *best* Worship, and Work our noblest Creed.

F. C.

DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

UONE pilgrim on a sunless road,
Bent earthward 'neath a heavy load,
Shut out from all but love and God.

No beauty waketh with the sun,
Nor glory when his race is run,
Nor life's dear wonders one by one.

No flowers upon the path or spray,
No smile to guide thy doubtful way,
Nor children making holy day.

No voice thy listening ear to claim,
To cheer or warn, to praise or blame,
Or whisper love's anointed name.

The morning stars sing not for thee,
Nor birds, nor winds make melody,
Nor trees, nor brooks, nor tuneful sea.

And on thy own warm mouth is laid,
The silent finger of the dead,
As nature were of thee afraid.

The sphynx, with eyes and brow of stone,
And lips for ever all alone,
Is not so sad to look upon.

Dark prisoner in a sensuous cell,
Thy earthly yearnings who may tell,
Or guess the secret of thy spell.

We pity—but we do not know,
The secret founts from which may flow
His love and help who made thee so.

“M.”



ALEXANDRA.

An incident of the late Royal visit to the Royal Hospital
for Incurables.

WITHIN those halls, where suff'ring finds
Relief, 'twas gala day,
For there had come the Princess, with
The Prince of Wales, to lay
Another wing's foundation stone,
And, ere they turned to go—
The Princess thro' the wards would pass,
Her sympathy to show.

There Alexandra's kindly smile
And gracious words, made glad
Those hearts that are so oft, alas !
With hopeless suff'ring sad.
But there was *one* who could not hear
That gentle Royal voice,
Nor could the Princess, by a smile,
Those sightless eyes rejoice.

A helpless sufferer, bereft
Of sight, strength, hearing, speech ;
Oh ! could there be more pitiful
A sight the heart to reach ?

Upon her couch in helplessness—
Deform'd, deaf, dumb, and blind !
Her state the sympathy aroused
Of our Princess so kind.

Upon that sufferer she gazed,
And thought, with feeling heart,
How she to this afflicted one
Could happiness impart ;
Nor long thus in uncertainty
Did Alexandra stand—
Within her own kind hands she took
And pressed that “restless” hand.

That sufferer's face I seem to see
Light up with gladsomeness,
When, in our silent language, told
“It is the good Princess.”
Long may the tender memory
Of that kind touch remain
To cheer the sufferer, when sad
With loneliness or pain.

The name of Alexandra is
Revered throughout the land,
And all will pray that she may ne'er
Miss love's sustaining hand.
May He who saw that loving act
From His bright Throne in Heaven,
Accept the love that prompted it ;
For His dear sake 'twas given.

May Jesus note the thoughtful touch
Of that dear kindly hand,
And bless the heart that fain would raise
Affliction's heavy band ;
On gentle Alexandra's heart
May sweetest blessings rest,
That in the light of Jesus' love
She may be truly blest.

R. M.

LOST MUSIC.



OFTEN wonder what it is
To *hear* the thrilling voice,
In accents low and soothing,
Making the heart rejoice.

I often wonder what it is
To *hear* the merry prattle
Of tiny children at their play
We soldiers in life's battle.

I often wonder what it is
To *hear* the sweet bird's lay
Come floating on the summer air
Like voices far away.

I often wonder what it is
To *hear* the rippling streams,
Go murmuring by. I try, alas !
I may but hear in dreams.

I often wonder what it is
To *hear* the thunder sweep
A mighty rage o'er earth and sky
E'en to the briny deep.

I often wonder what it is
To *hear* the organ peal,
The loud glad anthems upwards,
Where music will be real.

I often wonder what it is
To *hear* the ocean's roar,
When strong men quail before it,
And wild birds from it soar.

I often wonder what it is
To *hear* the sighing wind ;
Methinks its whisp'rings are for peace—
God's peace—a quiet mind.

I often wonder what it is
To *hear* the moaning waves,
Their sad, sweet requiem singing,
O'er lonely ocean graves.

I often wonder what it is
To *hear* the word "farewell,"
Wafted above to the spirit land,
Where shining angels dwell.

I often wonder why it is,
That tho' there is no sound,
I ever hear the "still small voice"
Within mine heart resound.

It tells me to be patient,
To mourn not, but rejoice,
"For he that comes to me by *faith*,
Shall one day *hear my voice*."

"M."

CONFIRMATION HYMN.

(FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.)



ATHER of all! to Thee we come
Thy blessing to entreat,
For these Thy children, deaf and dumb,
Now gathered at Thy feet.
King of Heaven! from Thy Throne,
Look down, and seal them for Thine own.

Saviour of all! to Thee we bring
These helpless ones, who need
The aid and shelter of Thy wing,
For they are weak indeed.
Jesus! cheer them with Thy love,
And guide them to Thy Home above.

Spirit of God ! on them descend,
Dwell Thou within each heart,
To strengthen, comfort, teach, befriend,
And Heavenly grace impart.
Comforter ! by Jesus given,
Raise Thou their hearts from earth to Heaven.

In sore temptation's trying hour,
Be Thou, Lord, ever near ;
Protect them by Thy mighty pow'r
From doubt, mistrust, and fear.
Let not earth's pleasures vainly charm,
Nor Satan's wiles their hearts alarm.

When first, Lord, to Thy table led,
In trembling faith they kneel,
Oh ! feed them with the Living Bread,
Thyself to each reveal ;
Let them never tempted be
Thy service to forsake, or Thee.

Hear them, O Lord, their vows renew ;
Their *silent* vows receive ;
May they thro' life to Thee prove true,
Nor e'er Thy guidance leave.
Seal them with Thy love Divine,
And make them ever, always, Thine !

R. M.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

WHAT wondrous works in nature shewn,
By God's most wise divine decree,
To us, poor mortals are unknown ;
His mighty power and majesty.

For He can make the blind to see—
And He unbind the silent tongue !
To praise the Lord in ecstasy !
In hymns of joy before unsung.

The deaf can hear His mighty voice—
And to His loving arms they come,
They gladly hear Him and rejoice ;
He welcomes all, tho' deaf or dumb.

Of Paradise John Milton wrote,
His mortal vision—missed the scene—
But yet his mind did upward float,
Where angels stood in brightest sheen :

In language such as ne'er before
Was made by man of mortal mould,
His themes, like rustling waters pour—
His strains are gems of virgin gold.

Then all can praise His holy name,
The Deaf, the Dumb, also the Blind ;
They are in human hearts the same,
Undoubted offspring of His mind.



LINES ON THE DEAF AND DUMB.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Author of The Mind, Dramatic Chapters, English Melodies, &c.

THOUGH ears be deaf, and tongues be mute,
Yet, thanks to human help and care,
The mind's immortal seeds take root ;
Hearts speak, though words be wanting there.

Yes, hearts can lift their praise on high ;
The silent language of the soul
Can take its flight beyond the sky,
Wherever everlasting anthems roll !

The clouds that gather o'er the mind,
Dissolve before instruction's ray ;
No longer thought need wander blind,
Nor deaf, nor dumb, in darkness stray.

Oh ! blessed light, that lifts the veil
From deprivations bitter state,
From griefs that poverty assail,
And ills that on misfortune wait.

His hand, which saving mercy shed
Where'er affliction's power had birth,
That hand will consecrate the head
That doth the Saviour's work on earth.

Then onward in the work of God,
Let every christian soul recall
The steps that Christ himself hath trod,
Are lessons to the lives of all !

Though ears be deaf, and tongues be mute,
Yet thanks to human help and care,
The mind's immortal seeds take root ;
Hearts speak, though words be wanting there.

PLEA ON BEHALF OF A PLACE OF WORSHIP
FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

WE plead not for the hungry nor the poor—
Though great their wants—we plead for greater still ;
We plead for prisoned souls within a land
Where silence ever reigns, forbidding sounds
Alike of coarser or of finer strains.
Where the spring blooms indeed, but all the birds
Have lost their notes of gladness and of praise ;
And waters fall all noiseless, and the trees
Stirred by the breeze ne'er rustle to be heard ;
And men who are their brothers seem to them
Like phantom forms, who silent come and go.
The voice of love is heard not, nor of pain
God only knows how many, many hearts
Sigh for some wider sphere to them unknown,
To which their thoughts may rise, but all in vain ;
And as the lark, imprisoned in a cage,
Longs for its native skies on some bright day,

And beats its back against its prison roof,
Their spirits flutter for a better life.
O you, by whom the music of the bell
Is heard on Sabbath over hill and dale,
Inviting all to drink of that pure stream
Whose waters mingle in another world
With the pure Fount of God, and flow from thence
For thirsty wanderers in sorrow's vale,
To drink, and live, and smile through all their tears ;
Will you not give a cup to sorrow's child ?
Convey the blessing to the silent land ?
The still small voice of God may there be heard,
Though all things else are silent. But how can
Their hearts believe on whom they have not heard,
Or hear without a preacher ?—He who made
The deaf and dumb in mercy also made
The minds of men, whose sympathy and love
For their benighted brothers thought upon
A language which is silent, but conveys
Feelings from heart to heart, although not heard,
And thus with friendly hand to bridge the gulf
Which separates them from their fellow men.
How lovely are their feet upon the hills
Who tidings bring of pardon and of peace !
What must it be to captives such as these,
The Spirit of Adoption to receive,
And have the Comforter within their hearts !
Oh, send Interpreters to teach them, then,
The meaning of the Holy Word of God !
Build them a house in which to pray and praise,
Which they may call God's house, and His alone ;

That when our nation on a Sabbath morn,
 Or at its peaceful close, as with one heart
 And with one voice, and in the self-same hour,
 Offers its benisons, the silent may
 Join also,—and, though silently they pray,
 Yet Jesus hears ; and if from saddened hearts
 Their prayers ascend, most likely to be heard,
 And to return in blessings unto those
 Who led their thoughts to find Devotion's wing.

JANE A. NORTH,

Who lost her hearing in childhood.

A HYMN FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.



JESUS, Thine ear can hear my prayer,
 Unspoken though it be ;
 And silent though earth's voices are,
 I hear Thy "come to me."

Jesus, Thy heart can understand,
 My deep unuttered praise
 Just shewn Thee by the lifted hand,
 The upward glance I raise.

Jesus, Thy blood can wash away
 The guilt of all my sin ;
 Thy Word can show the narrow way,
 Thy Spirit lead therein.

Jesus, Thy love can flow around
The stillness of my heart,
And can without a word or sign
Thy perfect peace impart.

Jesus, Thy strength can help me prove
My feeble love to Thee,
Who in the fulness of Thy love
Hast lived and died for me.

H. S. M.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INTELLIGENT DEAF
AND DUMB BOY,

Who died rather suddenly after a short illness, aged 13 years.

JUST on the threshold of man's life,
With all its yearnings, all its strife,
The boy gazed forth with eager eyes—
He saw it full of mysteries,
And long'd to solve them—long'd to know
All that man may on earth below :
But how to him could knowledge come?—
The enquiring boy, alas ! was dumb.
Closed was the portal—strongly barr'd
The gates which shut him in—the guard,
On ear and tongue, had orders given
That none should hope on this side heaven.

Yet still the manly spirit yearned,
 Still long'd to know, and somewhat learned
 Of what is Life, and what is Death—
 With eager eyes and panting breath,
 Just on the threshold of the way,
 Just at the dawning of the day,
 He sees the angel come to take
 His soul from earth, his chains to break ;
 He soars, he comes, God's footstool near
 With, "Father, Thou calls't, I hear ! I hear !" S. A. M.

THOUGHTS OF THE BLIND DEAF MUTE.



SURELY not in wrath, dear Saviour,
 Hast Thou fixed my silent lot,
 Spread this veil of darkness round me,
 Therefore will I murmur not.

'Tis that I might never hear
 Sounds of anguish, strife, or fear,
 Till the heavenly hallelujahs
 Break upon my raptured ear.

'Tis that I might never see
 Faces wan with misery,
 Till mine eyes by grace anointed
 Gaze for evermore on Thee.

The lute Thy hand has tuned for heaven
Should not be marred by sounds of earth,
Nor should the spirit Thou hast given
Rejoice, but in its heavenly birth.

Dear Saviour, make my heart within
As dark and deaf to thoughts of sin,
As trustful of Thy leading hand,
To guide me to that glorious land.

Oh ! make my spirit by Thy grace,
Bright as the Patriarch's shining face,
And whisper to my soul in love
Such tones as seraphs hear above.

For better things, oh Friend Celestial,
Thine hand has loosed mine earthly ties ;
Nor wailing tones, nor looks of anguish,
Shall lure my spirit from the skies.

But when mine hour shall come to die,
Oh ! gladly to Thine arms I'll fly,
And in the splendour of Thy smile
Forget this gloomy "little while."

Then these eyes, now dim and clouded,
Shall gaze upon Thy sainted band,
And these lips, now sealed and silent,
Sing their hallelujah's grand.

Rest thee, rest thee, spirit lute,
 In thy prison dark and mute ;
 Soon a morn shall dawn for thee
 Full of light and melody.

LIZZIE.

THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY'S PRAYER.

SOME Christian man, and succour them whom God has
 sorely tried ;
 To whom, for some mysterious end, so much has been denied ;
 Lead them to hope in Heaven above—to joy in earth below,
 And let thy generous tear be shed upon a brother's woe.

Oh ! pause a little while and think, how saddening it must be
 To feel the heart responsive throb to each sweet sympathy,
 Yet have no power, from childhood up, that heart's deep love
 to tell ;

No words to welcome back a friend—to bid a friend farewell !

O think how hard, when sorrows press, or sickness wastes the
 frame,

To be forbid to breathe your griefs—to give your cares a name ;
 To pass from infancy to age, and never to express
 The true devotion of a child, a sister's tenderness.

Oh sad ! to look up reverently into a father's face ;
 To meet with filial ecstasy a mother's close embrace :
 Yet never hear that father's prayer, that mother's tender sigh ;
 Uncheer'd by one dear voice to live—and oh, uncheer'd to
 die !

Oh sad ! to gaze up into heaven, and watch the wild bird's
flight ;

Yet never hear that song he sings, o'ergushing with delight :
To sit besides the murmuring brook, and where the breezes
play,

Yet have no notion of the sweet and gentle things they say.

To lose the bleating of the lambs—the humming of the bees—
The lowing of the kine across the river-freshened leas—
And all the music wild and clear of nature's tuneful voice
That brightens so thy countenance, and makes thy heart rejoice.

But sadder for to dwell amongst the followers of the Lord,
And never hear the healing sound of His enduring Word ;
To feel a dread uncertainty about the world to come—
A dark foreboding in the soul of some approaching doom !

They surely must be desolate who neither speak nor hear,
They sure must live in hopelessness and isolation drear,
If when barred all interchange of thought with those they love,
They cannot hold communion with their better Friend above !

Like the first breaking of the sun upon a Polar night,
Must be the piercing beams of Truth upon their inward sight ;
Lighting the soul to joyous hopes in Him who hath unbound
The fetters of a captive speech, and cleared the ways of sound.

Then Christian man ! oh succour them whom God has sorely
tried ;

To whom, for some mysterious end, so much has been denied :
Lead them to hope in Heaven above—to joy in earth below—
And let thy generous tear be shed upon a brother's woe.

ANNE BEALE.



THE DEAF AND DUMB AT PRAYERS.

“**T**HE whole world of benevolence does not furnish a spectacle more interesting than that of a congregation of deaf mutes engaged in their devotional exercises, or watching with intense and untiring earnestness the expressive gesticulations of their pastor, while he unfolds to them the great truths which concern their eternal destinies.”

How sweet it is to see the babe kneel by its mother's side,
And lisp its brief and holy prayer at hush of eventide !
And sweet to mark the blooming youth, at morning's purple
ray,
Breathe incense of the heart to Him who ruleth night and day.

How doth the bosom's pulse with strong and sweet emotions
swell,
And tender pitying thoughts awake which language cannot tell.
When yon mute train, who meekly bow beneath affliction's rod,
Whose lips may never speak to man, pour forth the soul to
God !

They have no garment for the thought that springs to meet
its sire,
No tone to flush the flowing cheek, or fan devotion's fire ;
Yet surely to th' Eternal Throne the spirit's sigh may soar
As free as if the wing of speech its hallowed burden bore.

Were language theirs, perchance the tale of treasured grief
and fear

Might cold or unresponsive fall e'en on a brother's ear :
So may they, 'grave upon their minds, in youth's unfolding
day, [clay.

'Tis better to commune with Heav'n than with their fellow

The pomp of words doth sometimes clog the spirit's upward
flight ;

But in the silence of their souls is one long Sabbath light,
If God doth in that temple dwell, their fancied loss is gain,
Ye perfect list'ners to His voice, say—is our pity vain ?

STANZAS

On hearing that a little deaf and dumb girl had obtained a
Certificate of merit for Drawing.

DUMB ! unable words to speak ;
But an inward power possessing,
With the soul's still voice, to seek
And obtain Heaven's choicest blessing ;—

Deaf ! to every mortal sound
But within the Spirit's dwelling
Angel-whisperings abound,
Of a future hearing telling ;—

When the loosened tongue shall make,
In Heaven's choir, the sweetest singing ;
When the long-sealed ear shall wake,
To celestial music ringing.

If on earth the lips are closed,
Ears are shut to notes surrounding,
Sun-bright sight has interposed,
Making life with joy abounding.

Dumb and deaf, but yet not blind,—
God is not a God forsaking ;
Oh ! what compensation kind,
Here we note His mercy making.

See the dexterous hand display,
Genius-like, the mind's impression ;
Forms of loveliness portray,
In the light of art's possession.

Though, in greater part, confined
To the silent thoughts ideal,
Thus hath Providence designed
They should charm us with the real.

Help, then, help the deaf and dumb ;
Help, for they, rare gifts possessing
Love repaying, sum for sum,
Blest by us, return the blessing.

W. DOWNING EVANS.



“DO ANGELS EAT?”



INES composed on hearing of what had passed between two mutes in a class while their teacher was giving a lesson on Genesis xix. 1—4.

“Do Angels eat” was asked by one
Who could *not hear* or *speak* :
“Yes,” was her teacher’s straight reply,
“Man did eat” (did not David say ?)
“Angels’ Food” in Moses’ day,
And here we read, the Angels ate.
Silent and still her brother sat,
Eagerly watching all that passed :
Then quietly signed, “I’ve read in God’s book
That Angels *do eat*, and also *cook*.”
Surprised, his teacher said, “Angels *cook* !
Please give me the *Book* for the place we’ll look.”
The boy then replied “I can’t show you where,
But will tell you what will prove it is there ;
When for his life Elijah did flee,
And to rest, sat down under a juniper tree,

In the wilderness where he chanced to roam,
No one was near him but God alone.
Sad and weary he fell asleep—
Wishing to die his Lord to meet,
But the touch of an Angel the prophet awoke ;
And after the touch the Angel spoke,
' Arise and eat thou child of God.'
And Elijah arose when he heard that word,
On a fire of coals a cake lay spread,
And a cruse of water at his head.
He rose and ate, and quenched his thirst,
Then laid him down again as at first ;
Soon he was wrapt in a peaceful sleep,
While the Angel of God his watch did keep.
But again that touch and again the plea,
' Eat, for the journey is great for thee.'
Thus twice he partook of that food so good.
Now, teacher, please tell me who *cooked* that food ?
None but the Angel, no man was there,
The fire to make, the cakes to prepare,
Thus it is proved, from God's own Book,
That angels not only *eat*, but *cook*.

H. J. B.

The foregoing conversation took place in the sign language whilst teaching in a class of Deaf and Dumb children. The circumstance was related to a lady when she composed these lines.

TO MY DEAF AND DUMB DAUGHTER.



H ! that those ruby lips of thine,
Which kiss thy father's cheek,
Might open, and in strains divine
No longer language seek.

And that those eyes of tender blue,
In which thy soul I see,
No longer might their brilliant hue
Shed forth so eagerly.

To tell the language of thy heart,
To which thy tongue is still,
Thine eyes do play a twofold part,
But much against thy will ;

For oft thou dost essay to speak,
But, oh ! 'tis all in vain—
Thy will is strong, the pow'r is weak,
And effort is no gain.

And as thy bright eyeballs I watch,
More quick and meaningly,
My heart a joyous spell doth catch,
That thou hast eyes to see.

For hadst thou dumb and sightless been,
And ne'er beheld my face,
My sorrow then had been more keen,
Than human pen could trace.

Oh ! blessed Heav'n, so good and kind,
I thank Thee from my heart,
That Thou my daughter mad'st ~~not~~ blind
But didst sweet sight impart ;

That she might see her father's face,
And in His looks discern,
That in His heart she has a place
For which she well might yearn ;

That she might see Thy wondrous works,
In nature's face displayed—
The beauty that for ever lurks
In flower and spiry blade ;

And watch at hallow'd eventide
The beauties up on high—
Fair moonbeams as they gently glide
From yonder star-lit sky.

All nature's wondrous gems of life,
Which deck each hill and dale—
Those beauties mingle not in strife,
Nor hear vile passion's wail.

Oh, how most precious is the sight !
Should I not thankful be,
To Him who did all things create,
And gave sweet sight to thee ?

C. W. TAYLOR.



THE DEAF AND DUMB CHRISTIAN.

JESUS, I cannot hear
My earthly teacher's voice ;
But Thou dost whisper in mine ear,
And make my heart rejoice.

Ah ! once that heart was dumb,
And deaf to thee my soul ;
But Thou in tender love didst come
And make my spirit whole.

I love to hear Thee speak
Within Thy house of prayer ;
I love with those around to seek
And find Thy presence there.

For though my lips are dumb,
And cannot speak to Thee,
It is with loving thoughts I come,
And Thou my heart dost see.

And when I read Thy Word,
I feast upon Thy love,
And long to see Thy face, O Lord,
In Thy bright home above.

Then shall I hear the song
Which all Thy saved ones bring,
And then, with all the happy throng,
My lips Thy praise shall sing—

“Worthy the Lamb once slain,
Who washed us in His blood,
Who cleansed our souls from every sin
In that most precious flood.”

Then, in a grateful song,
My mouth shall gladly tell
How Thou hast touched mine ears and tongue,
And hast “done all things well.”

O. D.

LITTLE EDITH'S THOUGHTS PUT INTO RHYME
BY HER MOTHER.



HAVE a brother, only one,
But he is deaf and dumb ;
In silence has his life been spent,
And may in years to come.

His coming footsteps we can hear,
But speechless is his voice ;
No loving words can reach his ear,
No music him rejoice.

Then when I am inclined to be
Impatient, sad, or cross,
I'll think of what God's given me
And of my brother's loss.

But there is one who lightens care,
If we His aid will seek ;
He promises the deaf shall hear,
And every dumb one speak.

Upon my brother has been laid
The Lord's afflicting hand ;
Trials like these are for our good,
Could we but understand.

They are to make us turn our thoughts
To that bright world above ;
For in God's Holy Word 'tis writ,
He chastens whom He loves.

Although he cannot speak or hear,
Yet he can think and feel ;
And when he clasps his hands in prayer,
Lord, bless his mute appeal !

While he is young, give him Thy grace
To choose the better way ;
For none that ever seek Thy face
Are empty sent away.

Then we will ever thankful be,
Nor murmur at his lot ;
For know behind the darkest cloud
There's oft the brightest spot.

JANE SOUTER HIPKINS.



“HER END WAS PEACE.”

On the death of a little Deaf and Dumb Girl who died of
Diphtheria, aged 10 years.



HER end was peace ; for the little one
Had been brought to the Saviour's feet ;
Yet not as the children of whom we read
In “that story of old” so sweet ;

Nor yet as those who in Christian homes
Are taught at their mother's knee,
How the gentle Jesus is saying still
“Let the little ones come to me.”

A “Child of Silence,” this little one
Could not hear “that sweet story of old ;”
And the longings that filled her little heart
Might never in words be told.

And yet she had learned to know and love
The Saviour so meek and mild ;
And, oh ! how dear to His loving heart
Was the little silent child !

He could not live in His home on high
Without His little dove ;
So the angel, whom men call Death, was sent
To fetch her to heaven above.

There was no fear when the messenger came,
Her spirit from earth to release ;
She felt that she was but "going home,"
And so "her end was peace."

W. T.

THE DUMB CHILD.

I ASKED for her as some most precious thing,
For all unfinish'd was love's jewell'd ring
Till set with this soft pearl.
The shade that Time brought forth I could not see,
So pure, so perfect, seem'd the gift to me.

Oh ! many a soft old tune
I used to sing into that deaden'd ear,
And suffered not the lightest footstep near,
Lest she might wake too soon ;
And hush'd her brothers' laughter while she lay ;
Ah ! needless care—I might have let them play !

'Twas long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me :
Waited and watch'd, God knows how patiently,
How willingly deceived.
Vain love was long the untiring nurse of faith,
And tended hope until it starved to death.

Oh ! if she could but hear
For one short hour, that I her tongue might teach
To call me "Mother," in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear !
Alas ! those seal'd lips never may be stirred
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries
To see her kneel with such a reverent air
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer ;
Or lift those earnest eyes
To watch our lips, as though our words she knew,
Then move her own, as she were speaking too.

I've watched her looking up
To the bright wonder of an evening sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,
And the long pent-up thought flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams and groves,
All the great music to which nature moves,
Are wasted melody
To her,—the world of sound a tuneless void,
While even silence hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair,
Her blue eye very beautiful,—of finest mould
Her soft white brow, o'er which in waves of gold
Ripples her shining hair ;—
Alas ! this lovely temple closed must be,
For He who made it keeps the master-key.

Wills He the mind within
Should from earth's Babel-clamour be kept free,
E'en that His "still small voice" and step might be
Heard at its inner shrine
Through that deep hush of soul with clearer thrill?
Then, should I grieve? Oh! murmuring heart be still!

She seems to have a sense
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play;
She has a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God! it is not so;
And, when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee,
Oh! at such times I know,
By the full eye, and tone subdued and mild,
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all gifts bereft,—
E'en now how could I say she did not speak?
What real language lights her eye and cheek
In thanks to Him, who left
Unto her soul yet open avenues
For joy to enter, and for love to use.

And God in love doth give
To her defect a beauty of its own;
And we a deeper tenderness have shown
* Through that for which we grieve:
Yet shall the seal be melted from the ear,
Yea, and my voice shall fill it,—but not here!

When that new sense is given,
What rapture will its first experience be,
That never woke to meaner melody
Than the rich songs of Heaven.
To hear the full-tuned anthem swelling round,
While angels teach the ecstasies of sound !

THE DEAF MUTE MOTHER.

(From the German of Friedrich Halm.)

WHO softly ope's the unlocked door ?
Who comes into the room ?
The boy who, ever more and more,
Breaks the *deaf mother's* gloom.


His coming steps she does not hear,
As by the stove she spins ;
His "mother mine" greets not her ear,
But other entrance wins.

For, looking up, just as he speaks,
She sees her darling nigh :
The gentle word her stillness breaks,
She hears it by the eye.

The mother's arms fly wide apart,
She clasps him to her breast ;
And by the beatings of his heart,
Feels, hears, the accents blest.

And as she now sits by her son,
And happy thoughts upspring,
I know, I know, the poor deaf one
Heareth the angels sing.

THE APPEAL OF THE DEAF MUTES.

 FROM the shadowy land of silence
Hark to our soul's appeal ;—
Oh Friends ! it is yours to break this chain
This bitter wound to heal !
Ye hear the loved ones voices,
And the birds of summer sing,
And the happy thoughts of your heart gush out
Like the waves of a woodland spring.

But we cannot utter our yearnings,
And the beings we love so well
Around us glide, like breathless ghosts,
As struck by some stoney spell.
Oh ! pass not with heedless footsteps,—
Help us to bear our load ;
For are we not brethren of one race,
And children of one God ?

Remember that Friend Celestial,
Who walked thro' our vale of tears,
Causing the tongue of the Dumb to sing,
Unstopping the Deaf man's ears.

Ope ye that sealed up treasure,
The Book that speaks of Him ;
And, oh ! let the glorious Gospel light
Shine on our spirits dim.

Forget not the Master's blessing,
Ye who His servants be,
"Inasmuch as ye helped the least of these,
Ye have done it unto me."

So, when the songs of Heaven
Break on our raptured ears,
Ye shall reap the rich reward of those,
Who have dried the mourner's tears.

When our mute lips are opened
To praise the Saviour's love,
We may with gladness recognize
Our earthly friends above.
For they who have led the wanderer
Into the narrow road,
Shall shine as the stars for evermore
In the Kingdom of their God !

ON LOSS OF HEARING.

I AM afflicted, let me pray :
Cheer Thou, O God my lonely day ;
And, though from man shut out,
Let no rebellious thoughts arise,
To mingle murmuring with my sighs,
Thy love I dare not doubt.

One task is given me to fulfil—
To learn to know and do Thy will,
To do it from my heart :
That will, when rightly understood,
Is holy, acceptable, and good,
Perfect in every part.

Is it Thy will that I should be
Bereft of men's society,
And the sweet sound of speech ?
Then, Lord, conform my will to Thine—
Forbid Thy creature to repine—
Thy child submission teach.

In solitude, my soul prepare
Ere long, high intercourse to share
With all Thy saints above :
There no defect, no feeble frame
Will part the followers of the Lamb,
Or cloud their life of love.

But is it solitude for me,
Withdrawn from men to walk with Thee,
My Saviour and my God ?
When the chief troubles I have known
Have sprung from this, and this alone,
Scattering my thoughts abroad.

I hear no earthly pastor's voice,
But His who makes the heart rejoice—
The troubled mind be still :
That Comforter's sweet words are mine,
Whose heavenly grace, whose light divine,
My soul with joy can fill.

And I can read the Word of Life
Freed from distraction, noise and strife,
And meditate in peace ;
Waiting that " Ephphatha " from Thee,
The prelude of heaven's harmony
When life's short woes will cease.

TO A BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING GIRL
DEAF AND DUMB.

THOU dwellest in a happier land,
A better land than ours,
Fair mute, as thou dost radiant stand
Amid the silent hours.

Their downy pinions fall between
The world's loud strife and thee :
O, sheltered by that halcyon screen,
What peace like thine can be.

Diviner than the calm we find,
Where woodland shadows glide,
Seems the soft rapture of thy mind,
While wandering by our side.

While steals to us sweet song of bird,
Or the fair city's hum,
Fair mute, to thee, by us unheard,
Do angels whispering come ?



THE SEMI-MUTE'S SOLILOQUY.



O sound ! no sound ! an alien though at home,
An exile even in my native land ;
A prisoner too, for though at will I roam,
Yet chained and manacled I oft must stand
Unmoved, though sounds vibrate on every hand.


No sound ! no sound ! yet often I have heard
Echoing through dear memory's sacred hall,
The buzz of bees, the rare song of a bird,
The melody of raindrops as they fall,
The wind's wild notes, or Sabbath bells' sweet call.

No outward sound ! yet often I perceive
Kind angel voices speaking to my soul,
Sweet consoling charges to believe
That this life is a part, and not the whole
Of being—its beginning, not its goal.

No sound ! except the echoes of the past,
Seeming at times, in tones now loud, now low,
The voices of a congregation vast
Praising the God from whom all blessings flow,
Until my heart with rapture is aglow.


A. F.

ON SEEING GARRICK ACT.

HEN Britain's *Roscius* on the stage appears,
 Who charms all eyes, and (*I am told*) all ears,
 With ease the various passions I can trace,
 Clearly reflected from that wondrous face,
 Whilst true conception with just action joined
 Strongly impress each image on my mind.
 What need of sounds, when plainly I descry
 Th' expressive features and the speaking eye?
 That eye whose bright and penetrating ray
 Doth Shakespeare's meaning to my soul convey.
 Best commentator on great Shakespeare's text!
 When *Garrick* acts *no* passage seems perplext.

BY A DEAF MAN.

PRAYER FOR THE DEAF-MUTE.

FATHER, to Thine ears
 Riseth the harmony of all the spheres;
 No voice of speech have they
 Yet, as they speed them, each upon his way,
 It is a psalm to Thee;
 And all the countless throbbings of the sea,
 The dances of the hours,
 The many-coloured play of all the flowers,
 But put the song to rhyme,
 And only innocent hearts can sing in time.

Have pity, Lord, on these,
Whom not their sin, but Thine all-wise decrees,
Have, even from their birth,
Debarr'd from all the pleasant sounds of earth ;
Yet Thou canst bring the clear
And joyous song of Advent to their ear ;

* * * * *

And all the tale of Christ—
The life unblemished, and the blood unpriced.
And Thou canst tune the heart
In that last song of praise to take its part,—
“Worthy, O Lamb, art Thou,
That all created things to Thee should bow ;
Rejected once and slain,
All riches, power, and praise to Thee pertain.”

The homage that they bring
Shall please Thine ears as when the angels sing.

R. H. C



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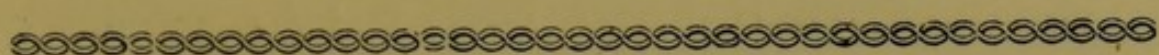
Ham and Bacon Merchant,

DEALER IN LARD & DANISH BUTTER,

Kedleston Park Dairy Company's Butter, Daily.

OX TONGUES, CAMBRIDGE SAUSAGE,

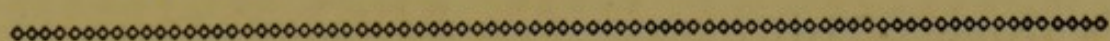
SLATER'S CREAM CHEESE, WALTON'S ANNATTO.



SIMPSON & RICKARD,

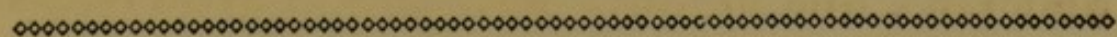
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(Black Worsted, bound Edges.)						

SHIRTS, SCARFS, GLOVES, BRACES, COLLARS, FRONTS,
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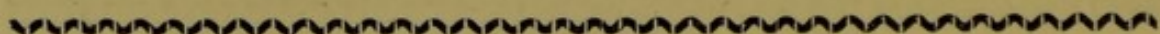


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Makers of Window Blinds of Every Description.



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The very perfection of Porridge Oatmeal,

(The “Miller’s Pride” Oatmeal obtained the Highest Award at the Exhibition of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, 1885.)

3s. per Stone. 3d. per lb.

COARSE SCOTCH OATMEAL,

2s. 6d. per Stone. 2½d. per lb.

PURE WHOLE WHEATMEAL,

For Brown Bread or Porridge. Ground ourselves from Finest Wheats,
1s. 6d. per Stone.

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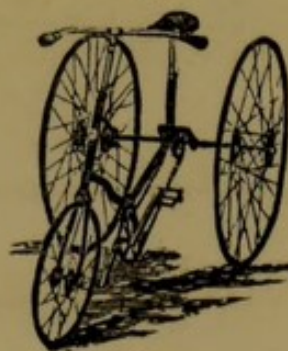
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COMFORTINE Never has, and never will be, surpassed.

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REQUIRE NO STAIN OR SIZE,

Are very durable, have a splendid gloss, dry hard in a few hours, and are a great improvement on the old method of staining, sizing, and varnishing.

PRICE—Pint Tins, 2/- each; Quart Tins, 3/6 each; and
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For imitating Satinwood, Oak, Mahogany, Rosewood, Walnut, and Ebony.
Adapted for all inside work, such as furniture, shelves, &c., &c. Dries in
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ARTIFICIAL TEETH

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Is a handsome **ITALIAN WALNUT PIANO**, full Cottage, 7 octaves, trichord, iron supports, with powerful and musical quality of tone, handsome gilt panel front, sconces, and bracket truss legs.

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Is an **UPRIGHT IRON GRAND**, full iron frame, full trichord right down to a covered bass, check action, with patent felt metal clipped, celeste pedal, in a very handsome Walnut Cases with gold incised panel and bracket truss legs, with best brass sconces.

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