

# THE SILENT



# NEWS-LETTER

*And they bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech him to lay his hand upon him. And he took him aside from the multitude privately, and put his fingers into his ears, and he spat, and touched his tongue; and looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened. And his ears were opened, and the bond of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain. And they were beyond measure astonished, saying, He hath done all things well.—St. Mark VII:32—37.*

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### Editorials.

N.B.---The contributors and other friends of the Silent News-Letter will please observe that our address has been changed from 2100 North Calvert St., Baltimore, Md., to 605 Wilson Ave., Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.

The dominant note in the temperament of the first generation of the educated deaf in America appears to have been the expression of a yearning for the return, eventually if not in this life, of their lost senses of hearing and speech. Such expressions are perhaps only natural. Awakening from the darkness of ignorance into the light of intellectual day, as from a deep sleep, their cry was but an echo of the universal cry of mankind for equal treatment with the most favored of God's creatures. To endure the deprivation of such all-important senses as hearing and speech was considered by them as hard indeed. In later generations this note gave way largely to a disposition to stress the possession of God-given compensations for the loss. At present we find the note almost wholly absent. In its place there is a cheerful acceptance of the inevitable and a brave and manly acknowledgement of the Eternal Goodness, as expressed by the poet Whittier, thus:

"Yet, in the maddening maze of things,  
I know that God is good!"

We give, herewith, as an illustration of the note of the first generation, a few lines of a poem written by John Carlith, a graduate in 1825 of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, Philadelphia, Pa., It was first published in the initial number of the American Annals of the Deaf in 1848. Mr. Carlith was not only a pleasing poet but also a successful miniature painter and, considering the almost crude methods of education of his day and the fact that he was totally deaf and unable to speak from birth, his high attainments were most remarkable. In an address at the public inauguration of Gallaudet College for the Deaf Washington, D.C., in 1864. Upon this momentous occasion the College conferred upon him the Degree of Master of Arts. It was the first Degree conferred by the College upon any person, deaf or hearing.

### The Mute's Lament.

I move---a silent exile on the earth;  
As in his dreary cell one doomed for life,  
My tongue is mute, and closed ear heedeth not;  
No gleam of hope this darkened mind assures  
That the blessed power of speech shall e'er be known.

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Oh, that this tongue must still forbear to sing  
The hymn sublime, in praise of God on high;  
Whilst solemnly the organ peals forth praises,  
In spired and deep with sweetest harmony!  
Though sad and heavy is the fate I bear,  
And I may sometimes wail my solitude,  
Yet oh, how precious the endowments He  
T'alleivate, hath lavished, and shall I  
Thankless return his kindness by laments?  
O, Hope!. How sweetly smiloth Heavenly Hope,  
On the sad, drooping soul and trembling heart!  
Bright as the morning star when night recedes,  
His genial smile this longing soul assures  
That when it leaves this sphere replete with woes  
For Paradise replete with purest joys,  
My ears shall be unsealed, and I shall hear;  
My tongue shall be unbound, and I shall speak,  
And happy with the angels sing forever!

## A Little More History.

(Continued from the August Issue.)

When the day dawned on October 18, 1899, the rays of a glorious autumn sun streamed through the windows of the Rectory of Emmanuel Church, the promise made to Mr. and Mrs. James Louis Metty to baptize their infant son came to mind with pleasing anticipation. At the breakfast table the Rev. and Mrs. Howdon listened to the story of the previous evening's service with every evidence of keen interest and offered, by way of comment, many well-considered and helpful suggestions for future work among the Deaf of Cumberland and surrounding towns. They admonished, above all, that under no stress of circumstance was it the part of wisdom to overlook the experience of the long line of Fathers of the Church and to adopt ephemeral innovations for the sake of speedy results. That sage advice has been treasured by us throughout our long ministry of over a quarter of a century.

A few hours later we were on our way to 150 N. Center St., the home of Mr. and Mrs. Metty. Instead of proceeding along the customary, semi-circuitous and eminently safe route described in the July Issue, however, we cut across the valley at the foot of Prospect Hill. Quite oblivious to the fact that this strange route would oblige us to follow a narrow foot-path and to cross a large number of railroad tracks, we went on unhesitatingly and with our mind fully occupied with the thought of that little child which was to be dedicated to the service of God and given a christian name.

It is not pleasant to relate the harrowing occurrence of the next few minutes. A Deaf man is very properly ashamed and will seldom talk of accidents or near-accidents, particularly of those that expose his own folly. Briefly, as we were about to clear the last of the series of tracks a casual glance sideways revealed a swiftly moving yard-engine bearing down upon us. A quick step backward; too late, we went sprawling in the dust! The engine sped on! A hurried survey revealed a badly wrenched shoulder, a bruised and cut ankle and very dusty clothes. Thankful that no one had witnessed our mishap, we sought a nearby clump of bushes and a friendly pump and very laboriously made over our ablutions of the early morning. This done, we appeared at the home of our friends. In their presence and that of a few other witnesses, we solemnly and with due ceremony baptized their firstborn, aged two months and one day, and gave him the name of Howard Dewey Metty.

We tarried with the family a few hours longer in social intercourse and finally returned to the Rectory. That evening we left for our home in Baltimore in order to give our wounds, which were becoming more and more painful, proper medical attention. Mr. and Mrs. Metty were not made aware of the accident. We were ashamed to inform them of it, and besides we feared to cause them unnecessary concern and to distract their pure thoughts from the Service of Baptism. Probably when they read this story they will learn for the first time how near their Pastor came to losing his life.

(To be continued.)

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Scripture Text for this Issue: "Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard." Ps. 58:4

### News and Comment.

Ephphatha Sunday, August 30, 1925, was celebrated with an interesting service for the Deaf in St. John's Church, Hagerstown. The following evening a similar service was held in Emmanuel Church, Cumberland. At both services the Missionary announced Greetings from a large number of Hearing friends of Church Work among the Deaf.

Services and meetings at Grace & St. Peter's Mission, Baltimore, have been resumed. Rev. and Mrs. Whildin tendered their friends and parishioners a reception on the evening of September 25th.

Married: In St. John's Church, Hagerstown, Md., September 2, 1925, Miss Blanche Shaffer of Hagerstown and Mr. Paul Bell Clark of Smithburg, Md. The young people are spending their honeymoon at Atlantic City. They will make their future home in Hagerstown.

The present issue of the Silent News-Letter is the twelfth. It rounds out a full year of very happy journalistic service. The Missionary congratulates all those friends, both Deaf and Hearing, who have been loyal partners in the successful venture. He will be very happy to welcome many more. There is always room for more.