

EYES AND EARS;

OR, THE HISTORY OF ONE WHO WAS DEAF AND BLIND.

"Eyes and Ears,"—have you both of these, my friends? and do you see with the one, and hear with the other? if so, thank your Heavenly Father, and take heed how you use them.

I was staying a few years ago at a watering-place in the South, and was led by God's abundant mercy to desire to do some work for Him. I had "eyes and ears," and He had commanded me to use them in his service, and be thankful.

By one of those wonderful ways in which He so often finds work for His people, He found work for me, and brought it to my very door; for, as it happened, I had learnt how to read the raised letters used by the blind, and this talent, which He had committed to my charge, was now to be returned to Him.

Poor Fanny W. had "Eyes and Ears," but she could neither see with one, nor hear with the other; she was "deaf and blind."

Her early history is soon told. The child of rather well-to-do tradespeople, she was sent to school, and had just learnt her letters in writing, when she was taken ill of fever, from which she recovered only to find herself both "deaf and blind."

The day of her awaking to this knowledge, was so vividly impressed upon her mind, with all its horrors and terrors, that when she was telling me of it, some eighteen or nineteen years after, her whole frame shook, and quivered with the recollection of the appalling feeling of desolation which she endured.

Consciousness had returned after the fever and delirium abated, and she supposing it was night, all being dark and quiet, lay still waiting for morning.

Interminably long seemed that night, without a sound, without a ray of light; she remembered listening for the clock on the stairs to strike,—surely an hour must be past, but no clock struck,—still she waited, and waited, and waited; at last, with a most painful feeling of weariness, she determined to get up, and go to her father and mother's door; for, to add to her discomfort, she could not make out why her sister who always slept with her, was not in bed.

Throwing off the bed-clothes, in order to get out, she was horrified by feeling all in the stillness and darkness, a hand laid on her shoulder, but not a word or sound. Between terror and weakness, the fright was too much for her

and with a piercing shriek she fell senseless on the bed, and coming to consciousness found herself in her mother's arms. Poor child! instinct told her it was her mother; and feeling some of the late terror at the stillness and darkness, she put her arms round her neck and said, "Please mother, light the candle." Her mother kissed her cheek, but never spoke; again she said, "Mother light the candle," and again the poor woman kissed her child, but never spoke. Then poor Fanny, getting more and more frightened, called out for Mary Anne, saying, "Mother can't move, or speak to me; come, Mary Anne." Mary Anne came to her, and took her hand, and she said, "Do light a candle." This time her poor mother in kissing her let some tears fall on her cheek. Terror took possession of the poor child; she thought something dreadful was happening in the house, and they dared not have either light or sound, but she never thought that it was herself; so sinking her voice into a whisper, "Tell me what is the matter, whisper to me," but still no sound, no answer; she could not see them, she could not hear them.

Then the dreadful truth of her deafness flashed on her mind: it came in listening for her mother's whispered answer; for it struck her, that though so near she could not hear her breathe.

When this fearful thought came to her mind in the most piercing accents, she cried out, "Oh, mother, mother, am I deaf?" To fold her closely in her arms was her mother's only answer. "Take my hand and squeeze it if I am deaf." This her poor mother did, who told me that poor Fanny then lay still without speaking for nearly an hour.

She had been thinking; a recollection of her illness had dawned on her mind, and she had taken in all the trials of her deafness; but that she was blind also had never occurred to her.

Again she asked Mary Anne to "please light a candle, for she could not hear them it was so lonely;" another strain to her mother's breast was again the only answer, but no candle came. "Can I be blind too? oh, mother am I blind?" and she felt her parent's breast heave and swell, and throb convulsively. "Oh, can't I see? Is there light in the room? Tell me, tell me." In this new terror she had forgotten the old one, had forgotten that she could not hear; but soon re-