

BLIND AND DEAF.

Our young readers—and older ones too—will be sure to be interested in this picture and letter. It is the picture of little blind Helen Keller and her teacher, also blind; and the letter is a reproduction of one that the little girl wrote.

Helen Keller is the daughter of cultured and well-to-do parents, and was born in Alabama on June, 27, 1880. When about nineteen months old, she was attacked violently with congestion of the stomach; and to the effects of this disease are referred her total loss of sight and hearing. Previously she is said to have been of per-

Dear Mr. Bell,
I am glad to write you a letter. Father will send you picture. I and father and aunt did go to see you in Washington. I did play with your watch. I do love you. I saw doctor in Washington. He looked at my eyes. I can read stories in my book. I can write and spell and count. good girl. My sister can walk and run. We do have fun with Jumbo. Prince is not good dog. He can not get birds. Rat did kill baby pigeons. I am sorry. Rat does not know wrong. I and mother and teacher will go to Boston in June. I will see little blind girls. Nancy will go with me. She is a good doll. Father will buy me lovely new watch. Louise Anna gave me a pretty doll. Her name is Allie.
Good-bye
Helen Keller

ceased to talk, because she had ceased to hear any sound.

As her strength returned, she gave ample evidence of the soundness of her mental faculties. She learned to distinguish the different members of her family and friends by feeling their features, and took an especial interest in the affairs of the household. The little hands were constantly busy in feeling objects and detecting the movements of those about her. She began to imitate these motions, and thus learned to express her wants and meaning by signs, to a remarkable degree. Just before completing her seventh year, a skilled teacher from the Perkins Institute—Miss Sullivan—was engaged for her. At this age Helen is described as a "bright, active, well-grown girl," quick and graceful in her movements, having fortunately not acquired any of those nervous habits so common among the blind. She has a merry laugh, and is fond of romping with other children. Indeed, she is never sad, but has the gaiety which belongs to her age and temperament. When alone she is restless, and always flits from place to place as if searching for something or somebody. Her sense of touch is developed to an unusual degree, and enables her to recognize her associates upon the

'pin,' 'cup,' 'ball.' When given one of these objects, she would spell its name, but it was more than a week before she understood that all things were thus identified. In a surprisingly short time Helen completely mastered the notion that objects had names, and that the finger alphabet opened up to her a rich avenue of knowledge. Everything had to be named, and she seemed to remember difficult combinations of letters, such as 'heliotrope' and 'chrysanthemum,' quite as readily as shorter words. In less than two months she learned three hundred words, and in about four months she had acquired six hundred and twenty-five words,—a truly remarkable achievement.

She still used her gesture signs; but, as her knowledge of words increased, the former fell into disuse. Next, verbs were taught her, beginning with such as Helen herself could act, as 'sit,' 'stand,' 'shut,' 'open,' etc. Prepositions were similarly mastered, Helen was placed in the wardrobe, and the sentence spelled out to her. 'Box is on table,' 'Mildred is in crib,' are sentences which she constructed after a little more than a month's instruction. Adjectives were skilfully introduced by an object lesson upon a large, soft, worsted ball and a bullet. Helen felt the differ-



HELEN KELLER AND HER TEACHER, MISS ANNIE SULLIVAN.

slightest contact. Her sense of smell is very acute, enabling her to separate her own clothes from those of others; and her sense of taste is equally sound. In this respect she has an advantage over Laura Bridgman, in whom both these senses were reduced almost to extinction. She speedily learned to be neat and orderly about her person, and correct in her deportment.

The first lesson is an interesting epoch. A doll had been sent to Helen from Boston; and when she had made a satisfactory examination of it, and was sitting quietly holding it, Miss Sullivan took Helen's hand and passed it over the doll; she then made the letters d-o-l-l in the finger alphabet while Helen held her hand. "I began to make the letters a second time. She immediately dropped the doll, and followed the motions of my fingers with one hand, while she repeated the letters with the other. She next tried to spell the word without assistance, though rather awkwardly. She did not give the double l, and so I spelled the word once more, laying stress on the repeated letter. She then spelled 'doll' correctly. This process was repeated with other words, and Helen soon learned six words,—'doll,' 'hat,' 'mug,'

once in size at once. Taking the bullet, she made her habitual sign for 'small'; that is, by pinching a little bit of the skin of one hand. Then she took the other ball, and made her sign for 'large' by spreading both hands over it. I substituted the adjectives 'large' and 'small' for these signs. Then her attention was called to the hardness of the one ball, and the softness of the other; and so she learned 'soft' and 'hard.' A few minutes afterwards she felt her little sister's head, and said to her mother, 'Mildred's head is small and hard.' Even so arbitrary elements of language as the auxiliary 'will' and the conjunction 'and' were learned before two months of instruction had passed, and on May 1st she formed the sentence, "Give Helen key, and Helen will open door."

From this the step to reading the raised type of the blind was an easy one. "Incredible" as it may seem, she learned all the letters, both capital and small, in one day. Next I turned to the first page of the 'Primer,' and made her touch the word 'cat,' spelling it on my fingers at the same time. Instantly she caught the idea, and asked me to find 'dog,' and many other

words. Indeed, she was much displeased because I could not find her name in the book." She soon added writing to her accomplishments, and carefully formed the letters upon the grooved boards used by the blind. On the 12th of July she wrote her first letter, beginning thus: "Helen will write mother letter papa did give Helen medicine Mildred will sit in swing Mildred will kiss Helen teacher did give Helen peach," etc. This well justifies the statement that she acquired more in four months than did Laura Bridgman in two years. Letter-writing is quite a passion with her, and, as she is also able to write by the Braille system, she has the pleasure of being able to read what she has written. Her progress in arithmetic is equally remarkable, going through such exercises as "fifteen threes make forty-five," etc. As examples of her powers of inference, the following will do service: she asked her teacher, "What is Helen made of?" and was answered, "Flesh and blood and bone." When asked what her dog was made of, she answered after a moment's pause, "Flesh and bone and blood." When asked the same question about her doll, she was puzzled, but at last answered slowly, "Straw." That some of her inferences are not equally happy, the following illustrates: "on being told that she was white, and that one of the servants was black, she concluded that all who occupied a similar menial position were of the same hue; and whenever I ask her the color of a servant, she would say, 'black.' When asked the color of some one whose occupation she did not know, she seemed bewildered, and finally said, 'blue.'" Her memory is remarkably retentive, and her powers of imitation unusually developed. One of her favorite occupations is to dress herself up, a performance which she accomplishes not always with success according to our ideas. Her progress continues, and each letter is a marked improvement upon its predecessors.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

THE FELT DRUGGET.

A lady I know relates the following incident, which, I am sure, will prove to many how our Father knows all our needs, and will definitely answer prayer for definite needs. I will try to tell the story in her own words.

"That drugget has many times strengthened my faith. I say to myself, God gave me that in answer to prayer—'The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want.' My dear friend, I prayed for that drugget, and it came; it came most unexpectedly, and yet expectedly. Ours was in rags, worn to shreds; so John and I managed to cover the space by putting an old green tablecloth on the floor under the table, together with sundry pieces of old carpet, and over them all we spread and nailed down tightly a clean washed damask crumb-cloth, which looked as if we only wanted to preserve the velvet pile carpet. We had only two strips of that—one on each side of the room. Nevertheless I felt the linen crumb-cloth very chilling that bitter winter, and I feared my dear John would suffer in consequence; so I prayed and prayed that God would be pleased to send us a new drugget by Christmas."

"Did he?"
"Listen, dear, it was so remarkable that I never see that drugget without thanking him, although so long since it, that now the last bit is in the scullery. Christmas Eve came; eight o'clock, nine, ten, and eleven o'clock struck, but no carpet. John took his candle and went to bed. I waited for Tom. Tom came in at last."

"Have you got your present yet?" said he.

"No, but I am waiting for the van to bring it; I'm quite expecting that present this Christmas Eve."

"I didn't say what, but at twenty minutes past eleven a van drove up, a huge parcel was delivered, and that parcel contained a good, handsome felt drugget. John was so surprised on Christmas morning, he couldn't believe his eyes; for Tom and I had nailed down the drugget before we went to bed, so delighted were we at our Christmas Eve present; and I, oh, my dear, you can fancy what I felt, so full of praise! I had no idea who sent the carpet. I took it straight from God."—Emily P. Leakey.

fect health, and unusually bright and active. She had learned to walk, and was fast learning to talk. The loss of her senses thus took place about seven months earlier than in the case of Laura Bridgman, though Helen seems to have been as much if not more developed at nineteen months than was the latter at twenty-six months. In both cases a slow recovery was made, and a painful inflammation of the eyes set in. It is recorded of Helen that she "soon