

*"He hath done all things well: He maketh both the deaf to hear,
and the dumb to speak."* — ST. MARK vii, 37.

WHERE scented Linnia's shiver
Adown the green wood's belt,
And winds the sunny river,
A child of silence dwelt;
Deaf to the tenderest pleading
A mother's voice can own,
Dumb to God's interceding—
A living human stone;
Mute to each sweet emotion,
A dead leaf on life's tree,
Lost in its mighty ocean,
Wrecked for eternity.
The Master's servants found her,
Her hushed lips made no sign,—
But God's compassion round her
Lifted a shield divine.
From valley, land, and river,
They brought the wanderer in,
Where love toiled to deliver
The soul from chains of sin,
Until the darkened casement
Let in the light from heaven,
On gloom of earth's debasement
And healed its evil leaven.
Her deaf heart heard the story
Of Him whose touch restored;
Her dumb soul learned the glory
Of Christ the living Lord.
Led by His grace and spirit,
Ere half life's day was done,
God called her to inherit
The Kingdom of His Son.
There with the saints forever,
The crowned and the strong,
Beside the crystal river,
She sings the first-born's song.

M. J. K.

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