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A Wonderful Life.

Just twenty-five years ago, on June 27, 1880, there was born in Tuscumbia, Alabama, a baby girl whose career for the past eighteen years has been watched by an ever-widening circle of friends and admirers. And why? Not because of her brilliant physical endowments, but rather from the lack of them and from the marvellous way in which the spirit within has triumphed over the limitations of the body and has achieved with all the handicap what many another, with fully equipped physique, has failed to attain.

Blind, deaf and consequently dumb from the age of eighteen months, the afflicted little one was cut off from all communication with the world until six years of age. Then, after seven weeks of patient, unremitting effort, Miss Annie M. Sullivan succeeded in opening intelligent intercourse with her through the sense of touch. From that time forward her progress was rapid. She learned to communicate with others through the sign language, interpreting their signs by holding the hand. At once she learned to read and write, and at eight could write a letter that would have done credit to an older child with all its faculties.

Later she learned articulation, so that now she can speak fluently and naturally. She also learned to interpret the speech of others, by placing one finger on the lip and the other on the throat over the larynx.

After steadily pursuing her studies, under the constant guidance primarily of her beloved teacher Miss Sullivan, who has been her inseparable companion at whatever school she might be, she entered Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass. There after only two years more than ordinary girls take for their course, she obtained her degree of Bachelor of Arts, with distinction. She not infrequently contributes articles to well-known periodicals, and has published a story of her life that is of deepest interest.

When taken to 'see' art galleries, the collectors of sculpture are examined most thoroughly by her magic fingertips. Ready hands place ladders where she can reach all points of the figure she may be examining, and the flush of pleasure suffuses that expressive face as she exclaims, 'How beautiful, how beautiful it is?'

The triumph through the sense of touch over the greatest difficulties is well expressed in some lines by Florence E. Coates, in an Exchange, dedicated to Miss Keller:—

Life has its limitations manifold:

All life; not only that which throbs in thee,
And strains its fetters, eager to be free.

The faultless eye may not thy vision hold—
Maiden, whose brow with thought is aureoled—

And they who hear may lack the ministry,
The august influence of Silence, she

Who brooded o'er the void in ages old.

Prisoner of the dark, inaudible—

Light, which the night itself could not
eclipse,

Thou shinest forth Man's being to reveal.

We learn with awe from thine apocalypse

That nothing can the human spirit quell,

And know him lord of all things, who can
feel!



HELEN ADAMS KELLER

(Alice S. Hallam, in 'Frank Leslie's Monthly.')

For thee the outer world is dark,
Without a dawn or morning lark;
For thee, the inner world is bright —
An endless day of perfect light.

Thou canst not hear the beat of waves,
Nor see the mead the brooklet laves;
But, echoed in the verse of men,
Thou hearest voice of sea and glen.

No shade envelopes sculptured art;
Thy hand interprets to thy heart;
Although no painting thou canst see,
The soul of beauty lives in thee.

The tones of music, sweet and clear,
'Tis true that thou canst never hear;
But deep within thy soul doth lie
The sense of all things that are high.

But if this record of triumph is one that draws all hearts towards her who has attained it, what of the patient, faithful teacher through whose loving ministrations it was made possible? Miss Sullivan's life stands out as one of the greatest examples of self-sacrifice, heroism and devotion that the world has known.

When the announcement was made that Miss Sullivan was to be married to a gentleman whose interests had followed lines somewhat similar to her own, it came out that Miss Sullivan would not consent to the engagement till she had ascertained that Helen's entire sympathy would be with her in the matter, and that her old pupil would still remain with her life-long teacher-friend as a member of the new home.

Miss Keller has only just completed the years of girlhood. The fruitful years of maturity are still to come, in which she will, without doubt, fulfil amply the promise of her early career.

'Keep the soil of life soft, its sympathy tender, its imagination free, or else you may lose the elementary quality of receptiveness, and all the influences of God may be in vain.
—F. G. Peabody.

A Prediction Verified.

(G. C. Vyse, Bilalaria, Rajputana, India, in the 'C. M. Gleaner.')

A few years ago there stood on a little hill in the midst of the village of Lusaria a small hut, above which waved a white flag, denoting it to be the dwelling of some holy man. Here lived Surmal Das (i.e., pure-hearted servant), the guru, or teacher, of the Bhils, who was looked up to by all the countryside as a being worthy of reverence, almost of worship. Before his death many of his disciples gathered round the old man and asked him, 'Whom ought we to worship?—Ram, Krishna, etc.?' He answered, 'No, after my death you will worship a God with a new name, which shall be told you from a book. This book shall be offered free, and my religion, Brahmanism, and other religions shall vanish, and this one new religion shall spread throughout the land. But, alas! many of my followers will not accept this religion until it is too late. Then they shall seek to purchase it for money, but shall not be able. This place on which we are now sitting shall become a place of worship—God's ground.' On being asked when this should take place he replied,