

From Midnight To Noon.

A GLIMPSE AT THE PERSONALITY AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF HELEN KELLER, THE DEAF AND DUMB AND BLIND GIRL.

(Silver Link.)

Every one who reads knows something of the fascinating story of Helen Keller's life. When Helen was six and a half years old—she is now sixteen—a teacher went to the Alabama home of this thrice afflicted little one, and by love and infinite patience made the beginnings of an education. The quick brain and loving spirit of the child centred further public interest upon her after her arrival in Boston, and her rapid progress in the realms of knowledge has been watched with amazement and delight by the whole world. Such an intelligence as Helen manifested would be accounted phenomenal in an ordinary person, and when one considers

knows absolutely no evil—that she has never heard of bad people or bad books. It is true that her own personal experience has been marvellously free from contact with even the lesser evils of falsehood, deceit, etc., and that her soul is one of rare and beautiful innocence. Nevertheless, while Helen has not learned the darker side of life in the rude way that most people have had to learn it, she does know, quite thoroughly—through the best literature of the world—of the base and ignoble aspect of humanity. The crimes and sins of men have been made most real to Helen through her study of history, and so delicate and sensitive is her soul that she often leaves her history class, weeping as though her heart would break.

French and German this remarkable girl reads with ease and pleasure. She has studied Latin as well, and is eager to undertake Greek, which, however, may or may not be given to her.

The impression prevails that Helen is somewhat of a curiosity, to be exhibited by a teacher before her accomplishments can be known. The thought of her physical limita-

dously and pleasantly. There are lacking altogether the harsh and strident tones common to the voices of the deaf. If you have not mastered the simple manual language, Helen will understand your conversation by placing one finger gently on your lips, with the thumb on your throat. Thus does she 'hear' articulate speech. But if you can speak with your hands so much the better, and, be your fingers ever so deft and rapid, that hand lightly resting on yours will catch every movement.

Imagine Helen sitting in a wide window-seat in her home in Cambridge, 'an ideal home,' she termed it, in speaking to me of the subject. Her right hand touches yours in conversation, though she glories in the fact that she herself never uses the manual speech, talking entirely with her lips. Her face is toward you, as though through those sightless eyes she would read your features. Her lips are constantly lingering on the border of a laugh, and the slightest jest will call forth her merry laughter. When especially pleased she will partly upraise her hands, bringing them together clasped into her lap, bending her body slightly forward, all in manifestation of intense animation. While you speak she listens attentively, showing no sign of full comprehension till your sentence is finished, although she doubtless knew what you were going to say before you had formed a dozen words. This is but one of the countless evidences of the gentle refinement of her nature.

Every added moment in the presence of Helen Keller has increased my wonder at her great knowledge; her thorough familiarity with the world of life and letters; her natural brilliancy; her marvellous power of intuition, that is so great as to strike you at times as almost weird; and, above all, her joyous, sweet, and loving spirit. 'I am perfectly happy,' she remarked the other day, —William T. Ellis.



HELEN KELLER.

that all teachings must reach her through the double walls of her deprivations, her accomplishments appear nothing short of miraculous.

Helen Keller's bright sayings, keen questionings, and beautiful deeds soon became famous. The grace and elegance of her many letters and other writings drew wide attention. Additional interest was created by her outreachings after a knowledge of God, or, more correctly speaking, after the indefinable Something that was realized only when she found God.

Of the Helen Keller of the past there is not now opportunity to speak. To-day she is a winsome, companionable, cultured young woman; none more so. A preliminary examination in English, French, German, and history, identical with that required for entrance into Harvard College, she already has passed most creditably. Helen's wide and intimate acquaintance with the best literature of the world accounts for her remarkable proficiency in this branch of study. She has read nothing but the good, but with that she is perfectly familiar.

There have been many errors prevalent concerning Helen Keller. One is that she

is so appalling to the average person that he cannot conceive of her as an independent and self-reliant being. By some the presence of her teacher, to explain and comment, is believed to be necessary when Helen speaks. Although I should have known better, I myself had half a notion that I should have to 'talk down' to her when we met. Two minutes in her presence banished that idea. Her well-filled and well-drilled mind expresses itself with freedom and spontaneity in a vocabulary rich and choice. Of few persons can it be said, as it truly can of Helen Keller, that they are charming conversationalists. The almost lost art of conversation is hers to a striking degree.

Picture the girl if you can. As she advances with extended hand to meet you, you perceive a lithe, graceful girl of ordinary height, with dark brown curls hanging in profusion about her neck and shoulders, and with a frank, open face that is wreathed in smiles. The hand that shakes yours with utmost heartiness is small and delicately moulded. From the lips that love and patience have opened to vocal speech, proceeds a cordial greeting that strikes the ear melo-

Money.

(By Miss F. H. Knapp, in 'Hand and Heart'.)

CHAPTER IV.

'And what is life? An hour-glass on the run;

A mist retreating from the morning sun;
A busy, bustling, still repeated dream.

Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought,

And happiness? A bubble on the stream,

That, in the act of seizing, shrinks to naught!

—John Clare.

After the feeling which we have seen existed between Mildred Linton and Howard Latimer, it will not surprise any one to hear that the latter often indulged himself in writing sonnets to 'To the Beloved of my Heart,' etc. Sometimes these were completed, but not often; for they were generally thought by the 'poet,' to fall so far short of the excellencies of character they were intended to portray that, after a few lines of 'loves' and 'doves,' and 'hearts' and 'darts,' etc., etc., they were thrown aside as altogether inexpressive and unworthy of their subject. Hence these effusions had never yet found their way to the object of them.

But one day such a happy idea crossed his mind, and his pen had worded it so nicely, that he had really written it out in fairest characters on richly-embossed paper, and he was actually thinking of sending it to her. Still he hesitated, and for two or three days it remained in his pocket.

One night, after a little party at his mo-