

next evening; and in teaching her to read we always chose one of these texts which she had learnt.

It seemed, before we began, an almost hopeless task to think of conveying to her mind the characters which stand for letters in the blind reading; but it did not prove so at all. Putting her finger on one of the most simple ones, I wrote in her hand that that stood for M, and then made her find me another; then I put her finger on O in the same way, and S and T followed. Then finding these united in one word, I told her to read it. She felt, and named each correctly, and discovering that it spelt "Most," she quite screamed it out in her pleasure: and thus she went on from time to time, overcoming one difficulty, then another, till she could read the texts she had learned, and finally the whole Scriptures. The empty heart, the unoccupied brain, had now food and work in abundance; with the faith of a little child she received "the truth as it is in Jesus." He had heard her prayer, He had heard ours. He was indeed her "friend." And though it was some little time before we could teach her about the Holy spirit, His work, and His offices, He had Himself been teaching her, and she was beginning to bring forth the fruits of that teaching, in love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, and meekness.

Her father and mother, who knew not the cause of it, nevertheless saw that there was a great change, a very great one. They used to say, "She is so patient now, never puts herself about, and is so loving to us, and so anxious to get us to Heaven."

With so few things entering her heart, those which did remain there abidingly: thus she retained with wonderful tenacity every text we had told her, every precept we had taught her. And so it was with persons. When Fanny was sitting with us one day, Dr. M. came to see me; he had attended her when she had the fever, and became "deaf and blind," but she had never met with him since. I asked him to take her hand, and see whether she would recognize him. As usual she felt his wrist, then raising her head and her eyebrows (her usual way of showing astonishment), she exclaimed, "Dr. M., Dr. M."

The one sense left to her was, as is usual under such circumstances, strengthened by the loss of the others. A day or two previously to this she had found out that I was not well by the measurement of my wrist; on shaking hands with her, she felt it, as usual, and shook her head very sadly, saying, "Middling well, indeed you must have the doctor."

Her belief too in what was told her was as strong as the faith of a little child; the fact of

the ever-loving presence of our Saviour was never doubted; and so fully did she realize it, that I have heard her literally talking with Him.

Never afraid of being alone now, she would sit with her raised Bible on her knee, and, perfectly unconscious of any one being present, would read a verse, and talk with her Lord about it.

I went in one morning when she was thus alone, and before I had time to reach her hand, and let her know that, some one was in the room, she had spoken to him about the verse she was just reading,—it was the fifteenth chapter of St. John, the fourteenth verse, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Looking up as though her Lord stood by her side, she said, "Oh, I like to hear you say that: you only told me before that you were my friend, the sinner's friend. I did not know that we were friends of yours." Then turning it into a prayer, as she had been taught to do, she said, "Teach me, O Lord, to do the things which you command me."

Such prayers as these were not likely to remain unanswered. No, I am convinced that they were answered to the full. Unless the Lord had intended mercy to her soul, like Manoah's wife, "He would not have shown her these things;" but His time was come to make "darkness light before her," and great was that light. His time was also come that, having revealed Himself to her on earth, He should take her to fill the place He had prepared for her.

We left H——, and received several letters from Mary Ann, written by Fanny's express wish, to convey to us some of the love and gratitude that swelled her heart towards our Lord, and us whom he had sent to her.—It was wonderful how clearly she understood the truths she had received; and yet I should not say "wonderful," for the Holy Spirit had taught her. She never seemed to confound the relative positions of ourselves and our Saviour. Though we were to strive to be holy, yet she perfectly understood that all our salvation was His. And though she felt deep gratitude to us, for having taught her to read, and opened a new life to her, yet she rapidly passed over her thanks to us, to give praise to Him who had sent us.

Her illness was short; death came somewhat suddenly upon her. We had received a most loving, touching letter from Mary Anne, with tender, grateful messages; and shortly another followed it, to say that our young friend was gone to her rest.

The Lord's time was come to teach her; the Lord's time was come to take her.

Like the vivifying power of the northern