

the long stroke of small "t" (as when written) stood for it; either the pronoun "you" or the vowel "u" was made by touching her shoulder; and the dot was sufficient for "i." Though this shortened it very much, still it was a long business to spell through a whole sentence, Fanny repeating each letter as you wrote it, and then each word; but she was very quick, very patient, very cheerful, after the first tremor of nervousness: at coming to strangers wore off, and she began to talk, asking me my name. I wrote it in her hand, and she pronounced it very fairly, though a difficult one; then followed questions as to my age, whether I had a father and mother, and how many brothers and sisters. She was much surprised when I told her that I had lost both parents: she said, "Poor thing! poor thing!" and tears came into her eyes. How beautifully was the law of love exemplified in her! with her deep, deep trial she could yet weep for another! and when I told her that I had a blind sister, she was full of interest, full of questions.

In this way we spent our first evening.—She was all anxiety to come again, and on feeling my wrist pronounced my name. My young friend then took her hand, and she felt her wrist, saying as she did so, "Little lady, little lady;" and by that name she always went afterwards.

Poor Fanny! we had talked of her, we had thought of her; and we had prayed for her; we had talked and thought of how little we could comprehend the small amount of knowledge she had acquired, cut off as she was, when six years old, from all means of obtaining it, even as much as a heathen or a savage might obtain, from outward things; then spending eighteen years, and only one person to converse with, and this in so laborious a manner, besides this one person often being engaged twelve hours out of the fourteen.

Fanny's ignorance, and likewise her knowledge, were equally subjects of amazement with us. Sometimes the most simple word in our English language was unknown to her, chosen by us perhaps for its simplicity, while a more complex one, which we were driven to use instead of the simple one was perfectly intelligible; and the word which she did not know was seldom either a noun or an adjective, but more frequently an adverb, which was of course more difficult to explain or change.

Her sense of touch was good, but taste was entirely gone, and also smelling.

Out of the five senses, only one left! My friends, especially my young friends, think of this, when you walk out into the balmy fresh country air, laden with the scent of new-mown grass, or lilacs, and other sweets, and thank

God with your whole heart that He has spared you this sense; and when you enjoy the food He has provided for you, do not forget that unless He had spared you the faculty of "taste" you would have none of this enjoyment; and oh, do not, do not forget that Eyes and Ears are His gift, that at any moment for our misuse of them, or even our non-use of them for Him, He can take them away! Remember the talent hidden in a napkin, and the command "Take from him that which he hath." Let us not provoke the Lord, who gave us these good gifts, to deprive us of them.

Fanny's voice, too, was wonderfully affected by not hearing,—at times a high pitch, at times a low deep tone, but there was always cheerfulness in it.

When we found her apparently quite at ease, I asked her, "would she like to learn to read?" she said, "she feared she could not." I told her my sister had learnt; then she was quite willing. "But," said I, "we must pray for help." When she did not understand any thing, she would shake her head, and still hold out her hand,—this she did now. I repeated the sentence, and she then said, "I don't know what you mean." We found that this poor young woman did not know the use and power of prayer. Greatly it astonished us, and how it could be we were some time in finding out. She had learned to read, had begun to write, and yet knew nothing of prayer. When we knew more of the family, we were not astonished; her parents were well to do, but a godless couple. She had been sent very early to one of those schools, of which I fear there are still some few remaining, where the Bible and prayer were unknown, and she failed to learn at school what she had not been taught at home. Her sister, who was kind, gentle, modest, and unassuming, was also sadly ignorant in regard to religion, yes, far more ignorant than the youngest of our Infant School scholars.

In as few words and as simply as I could, I told Fanny of a God in Heaven, who made her, and to whom she must pray for all she wanted. She seemed not only aware of the existence of God, but she believed in Him.—Then I told her of our sinful nature, and of God's love, in sending His Son to die for us, so that if we believe in Him and love Him, He will take our sins upon Himself, and that God will accept us for His Son Jesus Christ's sake, who is the sinner's friend. Then we wrote in her hand a little prayer, and asked her very often to pray, "Lord Jesus, make me Thy true child; be my friend, and help me to read and understand about Thee."

Every evening we wrote some plain, simple text in her hand, which she repeated to us the