

feeling of deep though silent reverence, burst into tears, and rushed into the adjoining wood.

His knowledge of religion was distinct and his feeling deep. He reflected on the mute answer of his parent, and resolved to follow up the intimation by addressing himself for information and assistance to the Great Author of existence himself. The round tower before mentioned was attached to a church, in which were heard at this moment (but not by the unfortunate youth) the voices of the monks, who chanted the evening service of their religion, accompanied by their small and sweet-toned cruits—a stringed instrument then in use. He entered the chapel, and proceeded, with his hands crossed and his head declined on his bosom, to the foot of the altar. He had no words to express his wishes, but the thoughts and aspirations of the heart flew to the throne of mercy, with a fervor far excelling that of many, who, being gifted with the faculty of speech, use it in prayer rather as a substitute than a vehicle for the feelings of the soul. He prayed long and ardently: with veneration, with faith, with confidence, and with resignation—for the soul of man, when once taught to know and love its God, needs no human instructions to teach it how to address and adore him. Perhaps the dumb boy's heart was better fitted to hear and understand the silent voice of heaven speaking within it, that his ears had never been open to the sinful sounds of earth.

I will not presume to represent in language that prayer which flowed to the bosom of the Creator without the aid of words. Enough is said when I mention, that pure and disinterested in its object, it was heard and granted.

The youth was yet on his knees—yet agitated by one of those divine consolations that make the “tears of devotion sweeter than the joys of theatres,” when he was seized with a sudden pain in his ears, followed by a discharge of thin liquid that seemed to burst within his throat. Immediately after, a multitude of new and wonderful sensations broke at once upon his spirit. How shall I give you any idea of their nature? Imagine yourself to stand in the centre of a spacious hall, which is filled with machinery in rapid motion; sending forth sounds of various kinds, stunning the ear with the clash of cymbals,

the rolling of drums, the pealing of artillery, the crash of falling towers, and the warbling of wild instruments, all mingling together in an overwhelming chaos of sound; and you may conceive something of the sensations which bewildered the affrighted youth. After some moments, however, this confusion of noises abated, and his sense acquired the power of distinguishing the natural sounds by which it was affected. He tossed his arms into the air, and remained for a moment fixed in an attitude of ecstasy and astonishment. He seemed as if he had been suddenly hurried into a new state of existence. The sound of his own breath, as he panted in the agitation of his spirit—the tinkling of the small silver bell that was rung at one of the closes in the service—the solemn voices of the choristers, with the murmuring of the sweet-stringed instruments—the sound of his own feet on the tessellated pavement—the whispering of the wind among the boughs that shaded the open window—all filled him with wonder, ecstasy and gratitude. His cheeks glowed, his eyes filled with fire, his brow was covered with perspiration, his heart swelled within his bosom, as if it would have burst with the strength and intensity of its emotions, until at length, oppressed almost to fainting with the intoxicating happiness that his new faculty afforded him, he flung himself at full length upon the ground, and found relief in a passion of tears and thanksgiving.

Neither was he ignorant of the great importance of the benefit which he had thus received. He perfectly understood that he had now acquired that great power, the want of which had hitherto kept him so far beneath the level of his companions, and shut him out from the walks of science and learning. He felt his soul expand within him as he thought of the happiness which the knowledge of this great blessing would confer upon his aged father; and here a new idea started into his mind.

To complete the joy of the latter, he thought it would be better to defer the communication of this rapturous intelligence until he had ascertained the capabilities of the sense, and acquired some portion of the information which it was able to impart. The idea no sooner presented itself to his understanding than he resolved to embrace it. He returned