

membering this also, the poor child said, "Take my hand again, and squeeze it if I am blind too." Reluctantly poor Mrs. W. did this; and her deeply afflicted child laid her head on her mother's breast, and sobbed herself to sleep.

Poor, poor child! it was a mercy that she did not then, and at once, take in the full misery of her lot. Let us who have eyes and ears think of it,—seeing nothing, hearing nothing, ! what a living death! and yet thus she lived, if life it could be called.

Day by day, and hour by hour, poor Fanny began to realize her position:—let us thank God that it dawned upon her little by little. When she had to take food, how was she to know it? She could neither see them bring it to her, nor hear them tell her it was there. Poor, poor child! how could she understand many things? To lie in bed and sleep as much as possible was her chief wish; and when they would raise her, and try to get her out of bed, she would beg them to let her lie still; why did they forcibly take her out and dress her? Poor child! they knew it was not well for her to remain there, but they could not persuade or tell her this,—she could not hear! they could not write it down for her,—she could not see!

Let us picture this to ourselves for a minute, and try to realize its dreadful truth.—Suppose it had been you or I,—but we are spared, we can see and hear,—are we sufficiently thankful for these mercies? if not, let us think of this poor child, and ask God to make us more thankful. Do we use these gifts of hearing and seeing in His service? or do we abuse them, by using them only for ourselves or in the devil's service, by listening to that which is evil, and looking upon that which is vile? Let us ask ourselves these questions, and let us pray God not only to make us thankful, but to enable us to use all our powers for Him.

When I first knew Fanny she had grown up into a pretty-looking young woman, with beautiful eyes to look at, and a much more intelligent face than you could possibly have supposed, for one who had been shut out so long from not only mental culture, but also from that common knowledge which is gained by merely hearing and seeing things around us.

We can hardly conceive the state of mind of one, who, for whole days, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, is deprived of the power of taking in a new thought, or seeing a new thing.

My poor afflicted friend told me, that it was like being shut up in a cold dark box; that at times the feeling was so terrifying, that unless her sister or some one would come

and take her hand, she would faint away from nervous horror. Nothing to tell her that there was life around her! nothing to hear! nothing to see! nothing to do! for they could not teach her any thing: for, besides not being able to show what they wanted her to do, they could not explain it, for she could not hear. But a little comfort came at last. She had not felt her father's hands for many days, and a dread took possession of her mind that he was ill or dead. She asked after him over and over again, but received no answer. It was then that it struck her to ask them to write in her hand. She had learned to read well at school, and also begun to write. So her sister tried by writing a word; but Fanny had not sufficiently advanced in writing to be able to understand it, so she asked her sister to make every letter separately; this she managed better, and by it received the welcome information that her father was only "gone out." This new means of communication was a great delight; and her sister was kind and patient. By degrees they established a short-hand alphabet of their own, and the poor girl once more knew something of what was going on around her, but it was very little; for, in the first place, her sister was a dressmaker, and went out to work; and in the next, though they had shortened the way of making their letters, yet each letter had to be distinctly written in the hand and pronounced by Fanny before another was made, so that it was a long process to get through a short sentence.

Hearing of her case, I determined if possible, with God's help, to try to teach this poor afflicted one to read.

Having, through her sister, persuaded her to come to our lodgings, my young friend who was with me and myself earnestly supplicated the Lord to help us to teach her. I look back and think how faithful is He that hath promised, who also will perform; for He has said, "Ask, and ye shall have." We asked for power, for grace, for wisdom to teach her, and the Lord gave "abundantly, even more than we could ask or think."

Mary Anne having placed poor Fanny on a chair, I went up and took her hand. Instantly she perceived a difference, and straight-way slipped her other hand to my wrist, and felt its width, shaking her head as a sign of non-recognition. Her sister came in to our aid, and spelt in her hand, "strange lady." I watched her do this, and again taking poor Fanny's hand I began to write. She was puzzled by my letters, and said, "Please make the alphabet through." I did so, and she corrected me, showing the abbreviations they used for their letters: thus the small stroke across a capital "A" denoted that letter, and