



DEAF AND DUMB.

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"AUNT, dear, do come and sing to baby, to make her quiet," said little Jessie Baring to her aunt Amy, who was busily employed in writing a letter near the window, and seemed unmindful of the low, plaintive cry that issued from the cradle by the fire, which Jessie was strenuously rocking.

"Try to amuse him for a few minutes, Jessie," said her aunt, kindly, "while I finish my letter, or it will not be ready when the postman calls."

Jessie again rocked the cradle perseveringly, and called gently, "Baby, darling, baby—little brother Arthur—Jessie will sing to you till auntie can come."

And the little girl, who was not quite six years old, leant over the restless infant, and murmured in soft cooing notes a childish hymn that her aunt had taught her. Jessie had already shown a taste for music, and Miss Baring thought her little song very sweet, and wondered that it did not soothe the baby, who took no notice of his sister's voice, and continued to cry unceasingly.

"I must come and help you, Jessie," said her aunt, as she directed her letter and laid it ready for the expected postman. "I am afraid," she continued, "that Arthur has not your love of music, for he did not attend to your song." And Aunt Amy took up the child and carried him about the room, gently rocking him in her arms.

"No, aunty," said the little girl, with a very sorrowful look. "I can never quiet baby by singing to him; I suppose it is because I sing so badly."

Miss Baring smiled, but made no reply. Then an anxious expression passed over her countenance, and she began to sing one of Jessie's favourite ballads, but in rather a louder and more emphatic tone than was usual. The baby had ceased to cry; but he was playing with his own fingers and evidently was quite regardless of Aunt Amy's sweet and powerful voice.

"Why do you sing so loud, aunty," said Jessie; "I like to hear you sing softly."

"I want baby to listen to me," replied her aunt hastily, and she continued her song even louder than before.

"Stupid little Arthur," said Jessie.

"Poor little Arthur," said Aunt Amy, with a heavy sigh.

This was not the first time that Miss Baring had felt a pang of doubt and fear on this subject of her little nephew's power of hearing; but it had never before so forcibly struck her that there was indeed a natural deficiency in the lovely child who was almost as dear to her as if she had been his mother, and it was very painful to her to realize such an idea.

Jessie and Arthur Baring were the children of her only brother, who had died rather more than a year before the time when our story commences, in a retired village in the west of England, of which he was the devoted and laborious minister. Arthur Baring was a young man when he was called to his rest, but he had given his life to the service of his Master, and he was ready for the summons, though it was sad to leave a delicate wife and a little girl without his love and care. Some months after his death Mrs. Baring gave birth to a son, and only lived to give him and her little Jessie into the care of her sister-in-law, with a request that the infant might be called by his father's name, and a fervent prayer that he might follow his father's footsteps.

Jessie loved her mother fondly, and she shed many bitter tears over her lifeless form, and on the cold grave which contained both her parents. But she was very young, and the grief of children, however sincere, is happily short-lived, and when Aunt Amy returned to her pretty cottage, near Exeter, and took the two little orphans with her, it is not to be wondered at that new scenes and new amusements soon restored Jessie's cheerfulness.

The baby was an unfailling source of occupation and interest to the little girl. The last words which her mother had spoken to her were a prayer for God's

blessing on her and the new-born baby, and an earnest exhortation to her to be a good and devoted sister, and to strive so to live, and so to lead her brother in the right way that they might both of them follow their parents to the land of eternal joy. These words had made a deep impression on Jessie's mind, and her aunt took care that this impression should not fade away. She was a kind and a Christian woman, many years older than her brother Arthur, to whom she was greatly attached. Mrs. Baring could, therefore, leave her children to her care in a full confidence that she would be a mother to them, and this confidence was not misplaced.

For ten months the children had now been with their aunt at Belmont Cottage, and she had had the entire charge of them, assisted only by a young girl named Lucy Brown, who had lived with Mrs. Baring for two years, and begged to be allowed to accompany her children to their new home. The only other persons who had shown any interest in the orphans were Mr. and Mrs. Maitland, who resided in the parish of which Mr. Baring had been the curate. It was their habit to visit Exmouth occasionally, with their young family, in the spring, and during the time which they had spent there since Jessie and Arthur had been removed to Belmont Cottage, they had called several times to see them, and had promised to befriend them, for their parents' sakes, in any way that should be in their power. Mr. and Mrs. Maitland were rich, and they knew that Miss Baring's income was very small, and that her good and self-denying brother had not been able to make any suitable provision for his children; therefore they felt it to be a privilege to lend a helping hand towards their maintenance, and they looked forward to assisting them

still more when they should enter into the active duties of life.

Months passed on, and the little Arthur grew more and more lovely and engaging, but it also became more evident to his aunt, and to all who noticed him, that he was deprived of the sense of hearing, and that he must receive all his ideas and all his impressions through the medium of sight. This conviction was at first extremely painful to Aunt Amy, but after a time her mind became accustomed to it, and her affection was drawn still more strongly towards the child who needed more than ordinary care and attention to make amends to him for the natural defect which it had pleased God to lay upon him. To Jessie this defect was rather an additional charm, for it afforded full scope for her ingenuity in finding modes of communication with her little brother, and many subjects of amusement in the signs and gestures by which he soon learnt to make known his wants and wishes. Indeed, so clever did these two children become that they hardly seemed to miss the power of communicating their ideas by speech, the language of the eye and hand almost supplied its place.

Mr. and Mrs. Maitland omitted their visit to Exmouth for two years; but when they again brought their children to that beautiful and healthy place they did not forget to go to Exeter and call on Miss Baring, and to show the same kindly interest in her young charges.

During Arthur's infancy they had shared his aunt's doubts and fears respecting him; but now there was no longer any room for doubt. Every experiment that it was in her power to try, had been tried, and had failed to elicit any consciousness of sound; and Jessie assured

them that when she and her brother were playing near the stone-quarries the explosions occasioned by the blasting of the rocks below had frequently startled her violently, but that Arthur had remained perfectly unmoved. Such being the case, it only remained to endeavour to remedy the evil as far as was possible, and these kind friends lost no time in taking the necessary steps to insure to the poor boy an admission into the excellent Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Exeter; it would, they found, be some time before he could be received as an inmate of the establishment; but they obtained permission for him to attend the school for a few hours every day, that he might become accustomed to the mode of instruction, and have his powers of mind awakened.

Both Jessie and Aunt Amy would have been much grieved if their darling Arthur had been taken from them altogether; but the plan arranged by Mr. Maitland gave them great satisfaction. It was Jessie's task to lead her little brother to the asylum on the morning which was appointed for his first becoming a scholar there, and Mr. and Mrs. Maitland and their two eldest children, Alice and Rose, were there to meet them, and to present the deaf and dumb child to the master. Poor Arthur looked rather scared at first, for he was not much in the habit of mixing with strangers, and he clung very vigorously to his sister's hand when one of the teachers attempted to lead him to the superintendent. The teacher immediately desired Jessie to accompany them, and his kind manner seemed then to inspire the little boy with confidence, and he remained very contentedly in the room while Mr. and Mrs. Maitland conversed with the head-master.

There were several classes of children in the long, airy room, receiving instruction in different ways from their respective teachers; and both Jessie and Arthur soon became very attentive spectators of the silent but interesting scene. Some of the classes were speaking on their fingers; some were writing on slates in reply to questions which were written on a large board that stood in front of them, and some were watching, with fixed attention and intelligent countenances, the movement of the lips of their teacher, who was imitating the action of speech, but without making any sounds.

In his own natural and untaught manner, little Arthur expressed his surprise and pleasure to his sister, and she replied to his inquiring looks and gestures by corresponding signs which showed no common quickness in a child of nine years of age. Their dumb language was not lost upon the superintendent, who, while conversing with the Maitlands, seemed to have an eye for everything that was going on in the room, and especially for the engaging pupil who had just been brought to him and the youthful teacher who had hitherto been his chief instructress.

"We must not attempt to dispense with the help of that boy's sister," said Mr. Eyre to Mrs. Maitland. "I see she has a natural talent for making herself understood without words. Could she be allowed to remain here with the child during his daily lessons? It would give him confidence, and also enable her to carry on his education at home much more efficiently. She might be trained to become a teacher in this asylum if her friends approved of it."

"She is an orphan," replied Mrs. Maitland, and resides with her aunt, to whom she is already very useful;

but I am sure she would consent to her spending some hours every day in this house, if it would be so much for the benefit of her brother. Jessie," she continued, beckoning to the little girl, who immediately approached, leading Arthur by the hand; "Jessie, would your aunt spare you for four hours every day, and would you remain here with your brother, and help to teach him, and learn how to teach him better at home?"

"Would I stay with my darling Arthur?" exclaimed the child eagerly. Then casting down her eyes, and colouring at her own boldness, she added, "I will ask Aunt Amy, ma'am, and I am sure she will let me stay."

Rapidly Jessie conveyed this proposition to Arthur by very significant signs, and he showed how well he understood her by throwing his little arms round her, and turning to smile gratefully at Mr. Eyre.

"That matter is settled, it seems," said the kind master. "And now, madam," he continued to Mrs. Maitland, "we will leave these children to take their first lesson by observing, in their own way, what is going on around them; and I shall have great pleasure in conducting you and your party through the establishment."

The Maitlands were much pleased with all that they saw, and they left the asylum with feelings of great satisfaction that they had been able to place the little mute boy in so excellent an institution, and under the care of so sensible and benevolent a man as Mr. Eyre appeared to be.

It was not long after Arthur's entrance into the Deaf and Dumb School, that his kind benefactors left Devonshire; but in that short time they had the pleasure of seeing that their young *protégé* had made a

decided progress. Both he and his sister had learnt to express all the letters of the alphabet upon their fingers, and were beginning, though slowly and laboriously, to spell out the names of objects which were pointed out to them. To the poor little boy this was often a wearisome task, and he would greatly have preferred his own more rapid, but very imperfect, mode of communicating his ideas. But Jessie's patience was untiring, and her quickness of apprehension won the praise of all her teachers. Her object was to be of use to her brother—that dear and only brother, who had been committed to her by her dying mother—and no difficulties could daunt her, and no repetitions weary her. Jessie was sure to succeed in what she had so much at heart.

XX.

In the small compass of this story it would be impossible to give anything like a detailed account of the institutions for the benefit of the deaf and dumb, or of the modes of instruction which are employed in them. It may be well that our readers should have some idea of the extent to which the deprivation of speech prevails among their fellow-creatures, and of the benevolent and very efficient efforts which are made for their relief.

It will probably surprise many who have made no inquiries on the subject, to hear that there are nearly eight thousand of these afflicted persons in England alone; and it may also excite their sympathy and interest to know that the establishments for their education are only capable of receiving five hundred. There are six of these institutions, and all of them, except the London Asylum, which was opened in 1792, have been founded during the last fifty years. They are chiefly supported by contributions and subscriptions, and we may hope that ere long several others may be established, and prove as successful as those already in operation.

The West of England Institution, with which our story is connected, was founded in 1827, and is situated at the pleasant town of Exeter. The usual number of deaf and dumb inmates is about fifty, and these, at the time of which we speak, were ably instructed and well looked after by Mr. Eyre, the master, and his assistants, Mr. Johnson and Ellen Roche, while the matron, Mrs.

Morgan, had the care of all the domestic arrangements, and took a most motherly interest in the well-being of her numerous family.

Arthur and his sister continued to pay daily visits to this establishment; and Jessie derived almost as much advantage from the lessons she received as her brother did. She had a great desire to acquire knowledge, not only on her own account, but also that she might impart it to Arthur, and being possessed of the full exercise of all her senses, she was, of course, able to receive instruction in different ways, and more rapidly, than the "deaf-mutes" could do. She soon acquired a great facility in understanding the system of signs, by which the teachers conveyed definitive information to their pupils, and she delighted in watching the quick changes of countenance, the speaking eyes, and the intelligent expression of the whole face, by which the children showed how readily they comprehended this language of nature. Even minute facts and circumstances were thus communicated to them in a manner which Jessie had never dreamt of, and which it would be impossible to explain to the reader, but which we would strongly advise all who have the opportunity to go and see for themselves.

It was not until Arthur was seven years of age, and his sister twelve, that he was received into the asylum as a boarder. Owing to the great number of applicants, there were many names on the list for admission before his was entered at the request of Mr. Maitland. But as a day-scholar his progress had been very satisfactory, and he entered the establishment with the approbation of the teachers and the love of his fellow-pupils. In both these feelings his sister received her full share, and

though her daily visits were discontinued, and much of her time was now occupied in attending to her aunt, and assisting her in her household duties, she yet found time to go to the asylum twice or three times every week, sometimes accompanied by Aunt Amy, and sometimes to bring Arthur home to spend the evening with his admiring relatives and the few neighbours with whom Miss Baring kept up an acquaintance.

Hitherto Arthur's education had been carried on chiefly by signs, and by manual language, or speaking on the fingers. He had also been taught to write a little, and give replies in that manner to simple questions inscribed on the black board, as he had seen done by one of the classes on his first entrance into the school-room. But when he became an inmate of the asylum it was considered time to cultivate his power of speech, which, strange as it may seem to some of our readers, is actually as perfect with those who are called deaf and dumb as with those who have spoken from their infancy. The defect is in the organs of hearing—very rarely in those of speech also—and methods have been discovered by which deaf-mutes are taught to articulate distinctly, and both to read and speak intelligibly. They can also understand what is spoken by others, from watching the motion of their lips; and when this important step has been gained, the work of instruction goes on rapidly, and with almost as great effect as with children who have no defective organs.*

Jessie had long desired that Arthur should thus be

* The author has heard a deaf and dumb lady read a newspaper quite intelligibly, and also converse with a mutual friend who was also deaf and dumb, and with whom she had been brought up at Braidwood's establishment. The tone of their voices was guttural and rather monotonous, but by no means difficult to understand.

perfect language, and she had carefully watched the manner in which the teacher called forth the power of utterance, that she might practise it for her brother's benefit. She was, therefore, much pleased when one day, on entering the school-room—which she was privileged to do at any time—she heard Arthur distinctly repeat after Mr. Johnson the word "home." Tears rose to her eyes at this first intelligible sound which she had ever heard come from the lips of her beloved brother, and she then felt, as she had never felt before, the sadness of his natural defect, and the intense joy that she should experience if that defect could be not only mitigated, but removed.

But Jessie knew that this could not be. She could not now lead her brother to the feet of a merciful Saviour, and, in the simple prayer of faith, entreat Him to unstop the deaf ear and unloose the speechless tongue. No, the age of miracles has passed, but the age of science, and intelligence, and benevolence has come; and Jessie's heart was lifted up in gratitude to God, who had made her darling brother the subject of all these influences.

Arthur turned towards his sister, and smilingly repeated the word "home." Then Mr. Johnson called Jessie, and desired her to observe carefully while he again went through the lesson. He sat down on a form by Arthur, and made a sign to him to place his hand upon his throat. He then very distinctly uttered the same word "home," and the child repeated it. He afterwards moved his lips as if pronouncing the word, but without making any sound. Arthur shook his head, for he felt that there was no vibration in his teacher's throat; and he had been taught that this

vibration always accompanies the emission of vocal sounds. Mr. Johnson then yawned, and in various ways moved the muscles of his mouth and throat; but, as he made no sound, Arthur knew that none of these movements were caused by speech. Again he spoke distinctly the word "Jessie," and pointed to the boy's deeply-interested sister. The eyes of the little mute (?) sparkled, and quickly removing his hand from Mr. Johnson's throat to his own, he tried to imitate the motion of his lips, and to cause the same vibration which he had felt when his teacher uttered the word.

A very imperfect and inarticulate sound was the result of his first effort, but neither he nor Mr. Johnson were discouraged; and, after many repetitions and much perseverance, the task was accomplished, and the name "*Jessie*" was pronounced, to the pride and pleasure of both brother and sister.

From such small beginnings do great acquirements take their origin! The exercise of speech had peculiar charms for Arthur, and whenever he was with Jessie, either at the asylum or at Belmont Cottage, he continued untiringly to practise it. In an incredibly short time he learnt to pronounce the names of many persons and things, and to recognize the same words when uttered slowly and distinctly by others; and so delicate were his organs of speech, and so observant was his eye of the movements of the lips of those who addressed him, that he imitated their articulation with unusual sweetness and precision. Indeed, he became by constant practice so proficient in the art of speaking, that those who heard him accidentally, and were unconscious of his natural defect, did not detect it from the tone of his voice.

This new faculty was a source of great delight to Arthur and his sister. By means of speech and the system of signs, in which they daily became more quick and "intelligent, they could converse on all kinds of subjects; and the art of speaking on the fingers—or



Dactylology, as it is scientifically called—was almost given up between themselves. Only when they wished to speak without calling the attention of others, or when there was not light enough to allow Arthur to distinguish the motions of his sister's lips, did they have

recourse to the slow and imperfect manual language, which some suppose to be the only language intelligible to the deaf and dumb. Long before Arthur was admitted as a boarder in the asylum, he had been taught to spell and to express himself fluently by *Dactylology*. He had in that manner learnt arithmetic, as there are manual signs for the figures as well as for the letters of the alphabet; and the scholars were accustomed to put down their sums from the fingers of their teachers, and also to write from *dictation*—if we may so express it—in the same manner.

It was by this useful, but rather tedious, process that Arthur and his sister had held communication in the dark ever since they had learnt it; and when neither sight nor sound could avail them, they could converse by spelling out their thoughts and wishes upon one another's hand. Thus does God permit his creatures, by the proper cultivation of their faculties and talents, to find for themselves many substitutes for "lost senses," and many sources of information, and enjoyment, and consolation in cases of severe deprivation. This is true of all trials and all afflictive dispensations—relief and comfort are to be found, if they are sought, where they are promised.

The powers of Arthur's mind, which were naturally very considerable, were fully drawn out by the judicious treatment to which he was subjected; and he became one of the many instances which prove that where it has pleased God to deprive his creatures of one or more of the faculties which generally belong to human beings, it does not necessarily follow that they should be deficient in the nobler gift of intellect, or be incapable of the highest cultivation and the most exalted sentiments.

It was usual when the friends of any of the pupils called at the asylum to permit them to witness the ordinary proceedings of the school, and also to test the progress of those in whom they were peculiarly interested by various experiments, such as reading from the motion of the lips, or replying in writing to any questions which they might propose.

When Arthur had been a resident in the institution for upwards of four years, and had become one of the most promising pupils, Mr. and Mrs. Maitland paid one of their customary visits to Exmouth, and, as usual, they very soon came over to Belmont Cottage, bringing with Miss Baring and Jessie, who was delighted to do the honours of the garden and shrubbery to her young visitors, the whole party walked to the asylum to see Arthur, and were received by him with every demonstration of joy. He was now a very fine boy of twelve years of age, and his speaking countenance and graceful, expressive gestures rendered him unusually attractive.

After the routine of lessons had been gone through, in all of which Alice and Rose Maitland took almost as great an interest as their parents, Mr. Eyre proposed that Mr. Maitland should question Arthur, in writing, on any subject which he considered suitable. The answers which the young mute gave showed very clearly that he had been well grounded in the principles of religion, and also that he was as thoroughly acquainted with all the ordinary branches of education as any boy not afflicted with deafness could be expected to be; and Jessie felt proud of her brother's proficiency, and deeply grateful to the kind friends through whose active bene-

voience ne had been enabled to enjoy such great advantages.

"Try him now on some more difficult points," said Mr. Eyre, with a smile of confidence. "Ask him some simple metaphysical questions, and I think you will be pleased with the intelligence and propriety of his answers."

Mr. Maitland considered for a moment, and then taking a slate, he wrote—

"What is gratitude?" and presented it to Arthur.

The bright smile that lighted up the boy's countenance as he looked up in his benefactor's face, and then glanced at Mrs. Maitland, very plainly showed that he was no stranger to the sentiment. Then he took his pencil, and in a clear bold hand, he wrote this beautiful reply—

"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."

The Maitlands were touched at this expression of the boy's own feeling, but they made no remark, and again Mr. Maitland wrote—

"What is hope?"

"Hope is the flower of happiness," was the poetical reply.

"What is eternity?"

"A day without a yesterday or to-morrow;—a time that has no end."

Once more Mr. Maitland wrote—

"Does God reason?"

Arthur did not reply so quickly to this question. He reflected for some time, and then wrote deliberately the following very intelligent answer—

"Man reasons because he doubts. He deliberates,

and then decides. God is omniscient. He never doubts; and therefore He never reasons."*

Mr. Maitland was more than satisfied—he was astonished at the intellectual powers which Arthur had displayed; but he forbore to express his feelings in the boy's presence, fearing lest vanity should creep in and spoil the modesty and simplicity which were as attractive in Arthur Baring as even his talents and perseverance. He, however, marked his approbation by a liberal donation to the institution, which highly gratified Mr. Eyre, and he obtained his ready permission for Arthur to return with his party to Belmont Cottage, and spend the evening with Jessie and her young friends.

* These replies, and others still more surprising, were actually made by the deaf-mute, Jean Massieu, who was afterwards a distinguished metaphysician. They are inserted here to prove the powers and capabilities which may exist in those who are deprived of the precious gift of hearing.

XXX.

"BROTHER, darling brother—lie still, Arthur, dear—what can I do for you?" said a tall, slight girl, who was leaning over a bed on which lay, or rather moved restlessly about, a suffering boy. The form is greatly changed—the little girl has become almost a woman; yet we think we recognize the same soft voice, and the same gentle, loving manner that made Jessie Baring so interesting in her childhood, and gave her so much influence over her young brother.

That brother was now the object of even greater care and solicitude than Jessie had ever before felt on his account. The small-pox had been very prevalent in some parts of Exeter during the spring, and Jessie had gone to a house in that part of the town on an errand for her aunt, who was not aware that the disease existed there. Arthur had accompanied his sister, as he very frequently did in her walks to the town and elsewhere during the half-holiday, when he was allowed to leave the asylum; and a few days afterwards he was seized with illness. For two days the nature of his malady was not suspected, but then it became evident that he had taken small-pox, and when Jessie went as usual to see her brother she was informed that she could not be admitted to his room as his complaint was infectious.

This was a bitter grief to Jessie, and she used all her eloquence to induce Mrs. Morgan, the matron, to allow her to visit the invalid, but all in vain. The rule was absolute, and could not be infringed. Suddenly an expression of joy overspread the countenance of the anxious girl, and she exclaimed—

"Oh, I am so thankful! Aunt Amy told me that I had the small-pox when I was a child, before Arthur was born. I had forgotten it; but see, Mrs. Morgan," she continued, turning up her sleeve as she spoke, "see here are two or three marks, which Aunt Amy said would always show that I have had the complaint. You know I cannot have it again, for I was very ill the first time, so there can be no objection to my going up to Arthur."

Mrs. Morgan smiled at her eagerness, and replied kindly—

"If I could really feel sure that you are safe from infection I should be very thankful for you to go to your brother. There is a great deal of sickness in the house just now, and I and the nurse have more than we can properly attend to. I will speak to Mr. Eyre."

"Oh, do, Mrs. Morgan; do ask him to let me be Arthur's nurse. I will watch him night and day, and no one can care for him as I do. No one understands him so well!"

"Could your aunt spare you, Jessie, if Mr. Eyre and the doctor were to allow you to come? You must not go backwards and forwards, if you once undertake to nurse your brother, for fear you should carry the complaint elsewhere."

"I will go home at once and ask Aunt Amy. She will not refuse anything that is for Arthur's comfort, if the doctor permits it. May I go and speak to him, dear Mrs. Morgan, and do not forget to tell him that I had the small-pox so badly that my aunt said I was not expected to live."

Mr. Elridge, the medical attendant, was in the house, and he immediately came to Mrs. Morgan's room; and

after some conversation with Jessie, and a careful examination of the marks on her arm, he pronounced that she had decidedly had the small-pox, and might attend a patient in the same complaint without any fear.

"I see you have good courage," he said smiling, "and I do not think you will stumble at your post when watchfulness is required. You had better go home now, and return again at eight o'clock, prepared to remain until your brother has passed through the disease."

Gratefully Jessie hastened back to her home; and, as she expected, her kind aunt made no serious objection to her devoting herself to her brother during his illness. She did indeed feel anxious and uneasy both for Arthur and his sister, and she knew that she should feel very lonely while Jessie was absent; but she let no selfish considerations weigh with her, neither did she let her niece perceive that she had any doubts or misgivings as to her being secure from infection. She only kissed her affectionately, and asked for God's blessing on her efforts for Arthur's safety and perfect recovery; and she promised to send Lucy the following morning with all that she thought would be requisite for her comfort during her stay at the asylum.

By the time that Jessie arrived there, and was taken to her brother's bedside, the disease had made great progress. The fever was very high, and his face wasted and swollen, and the eruption, which too surely shows the existence of this dreadful complaint, had begun to appear.

Arthur showed great pleasure at the arrival of his sister, and so evidently preferred her attendance to that of any other person, that Mrs. Morgan gave him up

entirely to her care, only visiting his room occasionally to see how he was going on. That night he was very restless, and suffered a great deal of pain; but Jessie could always soothe him, and she hardly left his bedside. At daybreak he fell asleep, and in the morning he seemed better, and was able to converse with Jessie, and with the teachers who kindly came to visit him. But towards night he became much worse, and the fever ran so high that he was quite light-headed, and Jessie was obliged to have the assistance of the nurse, as he no longer knew her, and she could not keep him quiet.

It was very sad to see the poor dumb boy trying to express his wandering, incoherent thoughts; and only Jessie could at all comprehend his wants, or interpret his wild gestures. This alarming state continued for two days and nights, and his attendants felt great anxiety on his account; and even though the fever then abated, and his senses returned, that anxiety was not removed. Poor Arthur was fearfully weak and exhausted, and the swelling of his face had so greatly affected his eyelids, that his eyes were entirely closed.

This was indeed a trial; for now the ordinary modes of communication were cut off, and the deaf and dumb boy was blind also! It was sometimes more than Jessie could bear to see his helpless, isolated state, and the tears which she had resolutely kept back so long as her brother could perceive them, now often flowed unchecked while she knelt by her darling Arthur's bed, and poured out her heart in earnest prayer for his recovery, and for the restoration of his sight. Jessie knew that blindness is not unfrequently the result of small-pox in an aggravated form, especially where vaccination has either been neglected, or only partially

successful, and unhappily the latter had been Arthur's case; and, owing to the death of his mother, and his aunt's want of knowledge on the subject, it had not been repeated. Therefore his sister was well aware that there was much to fear for him. The medical man gave her all the encouragement that the case admitted of, and he told her that the preservation of her brother's sight would, humanly speaking, depend on the care and perseverance with which she observed his directions and applied his remedies. He need not have feared, whatever good nursing and careful watching could effect, was done for the dumb boy.

There were many days of anxious uncertainty, during which Arthur was as totally deprived of the sense of sight as he had all his life been of that of hearing. Then did he and Jessie find the full benefit of having been accustomed to speak in the dark on one another's hands. It was now the only way in which Jessie could communicate with her brother, though she could still understand the motion of his lips, even when, as was frequently the case, he was too weak to utter the sounds which he had been taught to articulate. So occupied was Jessie in attending to the patient's wants, and so engrossed was her mind with anxiety for the recovery of his health and his sight, that for some time the sad disfigurement of his handsome features and engaging countenance was scarcely regarded. But when the danger was past, and the affection of his eyes began to subside, her heart was troubled by fears for his outward appearance, which she was almost ashamed to confess to herself; and she neglected no precaution that could avert the ravages that small-pox has so often made on fair young features, and which, thanks to the

blessed discovery of vaccination, are now so seldom seen.

It was long before Arthur was sufficiently recovered to take any pleasure in reading; but as soon as he could see the action of Jessie's lips, she began to read to him short prayers and passages of Scripture, and also to relate to him anything which she thought would divert his mind. And there was also another source of amusement which perhaps some of our readers may think it impossible for the deaf-mute to enjoy, but which nevertheless he took great delight in, namely, his sister's singing.

It is a fact, and a very interesting one, that the deaf and dumb are capable of feeling sounds. The sense of touch is with them, as with the blind, peculiarly acute; and the vibration caused by different tones can be distinguished by them in a very wonderful manner. Some deaf mutes find great pleasure in laying their hand on a pianoforte while it is being played, and they evidently perceive and enjoy the modulations of sound; and others, whose perceptions are still more acute, can feel the tones of the human voice, by either placing their hand or resting their head against the chest of the singer. This was a common amusement with Arthur; and often during their walks had he and Jessie sat down on a grassy bank, and whiled away their time, she singing all the hymns and ballads with which her memory was stored, and he leaning his young head with its shining curls against her shoulder, while one arm was passed round her neck, and gently laid upon her throat to *feel the air* she sang.

This was now a sweet resource to poor Arthur in the long weary hours of his convalescence; and Doctor



"ONE ARM WAS PASSED ROUND HER NECK AND GENTLY LAID UPON HER THROAT TO *feel the air* SHE SANG."

Elridge, who sometimes came in while the brother and sister were thus engaged, gave it as his opinion that Jessie's musical talent would conduce as much to Arthur's recovery as any other part of her gentle and judicious treatment.

As soon as the doctor considered his patient in a fit state to derive benefit from the visits of the chaplain, Mr. Leslie, who acted in that capacity at the asylum, began a daily attendance. He was in the habit of conducting a service for the inmates of the establishment every Sabbath-day; and the deaf and dumb scholars soon learnt to follow the motion of his lips, and to understand the simple discourses which he addressed to them. In the same way he now read and prayed with Arthur, and also carried on lively conversations with him and his sister. Jessie had seen Mr. Leslie several times before, but she had never been acquainted with him; she had, however, felt a great wish to know him from the regard which Arthur had expressed for him, and the way in which he had spoken of his talents, and his kind attention to the deaf-mutes. He had, from the circumstance of having a deaf and dumb relative, been in the constant habit of holding intercourse in the various ways employed for those thus afflicted; and although he had only been connected with the asylum for a few months, he was already able to converse with the scholars, and even to give them a weekly lecture on some instructive subject, as well as to attend to their religious education.

Jessie's manner and appearance struck Mr. Leslie as peculiarly pleasing and unaffected; and her devotion to her brother, of which he had heard many affecting traits from the matron, excited a strong interest and sympathy

in the young chaplain. But especially was he touched, when one evening, as he approached the door of Arthur's room, which was open on account of the summer heat, he heard the boy in a sweet though monotonous and plaintive voice, say to his sister, "Sing to me, Jessie; I am very weary."

This strange request from a deaf-mute was immediately complied with; and Mr. Leslie was charmed with the taste and feeling with which Jessie sang. He could not bear to move lest he should disturb her; but stood still and listened with an emotion that he had seldom felt before. He had often heard deaf and dumb persons articulate, and he well knew that they could understand the lip-language through the medium of sight. He had likewise seen some of the inmates of the asylum manifest pleasure when they felt the vibrations of an organ or pianoforte; but he had never met with a case where the soft and gentle sounds of a female voice could be thus enjoyed by one totally deaf. It did indeed seem impossible, and Mr. Leslie almost doubted his own ears; but when, after listening to several airs, and, lastly, a very beautiful hymn, the chaplain advanced to the open door, the picture which met his eyes very plainly showed that Arthur could *feel* his sister's singing if he could not hear it.

Jessie sat on the side of Arthur's low bed, on the outside of which he was lying dressed. Her back was towards the door, and her brother was reclining with his head against her shoulder, his face upturned toward hers, and his eyes—which had now recovered all their brilliancy and beauty—fixed on her features, with an expression of the deepest attention, and the fondest love. It was evident that he was conscious of the sense of

what Jessie sang, as well as of the sound; and the young chaplain inwardly thanked God who had so wonderfully made even the delight of music attainable by the, *so-called, deaf and dumb*.

So rapt was the boy, and so entirely was his attention occupied, that he did not perceive Mr. Leslie until Jessie's hymn was concluded. Then he held out his hand to his friend; and he laughed merrily to see how his sister coloured, and seemed abashed at his entrance.

"You have been giving pleasure to the *hearing*, as well as to the deaf, Miss Baring," he said respectfully. "I was not aware that you had cultivated your musical talent so highly. May I ask who has been your instructor?"

"Only my aunt," she replied; "it has never been in her power to give me any other teacher."

"Have you any good exercises for your voice, Miss Baring? You could do much for yourself by that means."

"No, I only practise in the simplest way," replied Jessie; "and my aunt corrects me, as she has a very accurate ear."

"Might I take the liberty of calling at your aunt's house?" said Mr. Leslie, with a little hesitation. "I should have pleasure in lending you a book of the very best singing exercises, which belongs to my sister. She insists on my singing with her when I am at home, and she begged me to practise here; but I have very little time for music. May I take the book to your home, Miss Baring?"

Arthur knew what Mr. Leslie was saying; and, seeing his sister hesitate, he replied for her very intelligibly. "Yes, sir; do go and see my kind Aunt Amy."

Jessie smiled consent; so the point was settled, and the visit paid that very evening. It was not the only time that Edward Leslie called at Belmont Cottage; and for Aunt Amy found him both good and agreeable; and Jessie discovered that he had much more knowledge of music than he professed, and that he was quite capable of giving her very useful instructions. The acquaintance therefore ripened into intimacy, to the general satisfaction of all parties.

XX.

THE art of drawing was very much cultivated at the asylum, as being one in which deaf-mutes might excel as greatly as those who had the gift of hearing. Arthur Baring had early shown a talent for design; and he was one of the most promising young draughtsmen at the time when he was attacked with small-pox. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to sit up and occupy himself, he resumed his drawing, and found much pleasure in it; but he also began to manifest a talent for another branch of the art, which is much more rare, namely, for modelling.

It happened one afternoon, when Jessie was sitting by his side working, that he took up a lump of wax which she had been using for her thread; and, after playing with it until he felt it soft between his fingers, he began to mould it into a miniature bust. Jessie watched his proceedings, but did not make any remark until he looked up smiling, and placed the little head before her. The features were those of Mr. Leslie, which were very strongly marked; and Jessie recognized them at once, and she determined to encourage her brother in this new pursuit.

The following day she returned to the asylum, with a good supply of pure white wax, which she had procured at a chemist's; and she proposed to Arthur that he should take her likeness. The boy was delighted; and so cleverly and industriously did he work, that, before his sister left him, he had produced a very striking resemblance of her profile in relief, and fastened

it on a piece of black paper, to show the outline more distinctly. Jessie wished to take this proof of Arthur's skill home to her aunt; but he begged to keep it until he could exhibit it himself on the next evening, when Aunt Amy was to come and see him; and he desired his sister not to mention his attempt to Miss Baring, that he might see whether she would recognize it. The wax portrait was therefore placed carefully over the chimney-piece; and Arthur told Jessie by signs that he should now be able to look at her after she was gone home.

The next afternoon being Sunday, Mr. Leslie came as usual to perform the service in the chapel; and, as Arthur was not yet allowed to join the other pupils, the young chaplain visited him afterwards, and prayed and conversed with him in the language which they both understood.

Arthur was very attentive; indeed, without the most undivided attention, it would be impossible for a deaf-mute to follow anything of a continued discourse, even from the most intelligent teacher. But Arthur kept his dark eyes fixed on Edward Leslie's face; and his own lips moved as he followed the words of prayer and praise; and it was evident that he entered into the full meaning of all that was spoken.

When he ceased speaking the boy remained for a little time on his knees, and seemed to be in silent prayer; and Mr. Leslie stood watching him with a very deep interest. It just then struck him very forcibly that until Arthur had been taught to attach a meaning to written and spoken words, his prayers, if he used any, must have been a purely abstract sentiment; and that even now, when he had been so far educated as to

be able to communicate with his fellow-creatures by various kinds of mechanical language, his inward communion with God must still consist in feelings unexpressed by words or signs. He closed his own eyes, and he tried to form an abstract idea, or to conceive of abstract prayer; but he found it impossible to think or feel without the aid of words; and he felt more strongly than he had ever felt before, the heavy affliction that is laid on the deaf and dumb, and the duty of affording them every advantage, and every mode of instruction of which they are capable of availing themselves.

When Arthur rose from his knees, Edward Leslie said to him—"Did you then pray in words?"

"Yes, I saw in my mind the words of a prayer that Aunt Amy taught me to use at the end of the service at church."

"But do you always pray in words?"

"No, no—I *feel* prayer, and I *feel* thanks. I feel that God is good, and that I am weak and evil. Words are of no use for that. I only pray in words when I shut my eyes, and fancy I see the prayers in a book; but I like better to feel it."

"God has given you a faculty, Arthur, which we do not possess. I wish I could understand it. But as you can form no conception of what *sound* is, and can only receive ideas by the eye or the touch; so we can form no definite notion of thoughts and feelings without the aid of words."

"We shall understand it all in heaven, sir," said Arthur, with a bright smile. "When my eyes were closed I often thought of the sad condition of the blind, and how they could have no idea of what sight is; and when I could open my eyes again and see I felt what it

must be for the blind to open their eyes in heaven and see God! Will it not be the same thing to me, if I am one of Christ's redeemed, to enter heaven? I shall have my ears opened, and I shall hear the angels sing God's praises!"

"Surely you will," replied Edward Leslie, as he looked at the deaf boy's speaking face, and thought how mercifully the Lord had dealt with him; and how his simple faith and trust would, one day, be rewarded by sounds of glory and beauty of which he was now as utterly unconscious as the blind are of the appearance of colours.

Their conversation was here interrupted by a knock at the door.

"I *felt* that," said Arthur, as he went to open the door.

"And I *heard* it, but did not feel it," replied his friend, as Miss Baring and Jessie entered the room.

They had not been there many minutes when Aunt Amy happened to look up towards the mantel-piece. She immediately rose, and approached the wax picture; and gratified the young artist by pointing at once to Jessie, in token of recognition.

Mr. Leslie had not hitherto perceived it, for his back had been turned to the fire-place; but he also went to examine it, and pronounced an equally favourable judgment; and he gave it as his opinion that Arthur ought to study the art of modelling. He did not return to his seat, but stood gazing at the portrait with much interest. At length, he said in a low voice, "It is very strange—it is certainly like *her*."

"Why is it strange, Mr. Leslie?" asked Miss Baring; "surely Arthur intended it for Jessie."

"Yes, and it is a very good likeness of your niece.

But it is also like one for whom it was not intended. It bears a strong resemblance to my mother."

"That is certainly strange," said Aunt Amy. "Did you ever observe any likeness in Jessie to your mother?"

"I have seen a look that was very familiar and very pleasant to me," answered the young man with a smiling glance at Jessie, who was very busily occupied in interpreting the conversation to Arthur; "but it never struck me until now that the resemblance which I observed was to my dear mother. She died many years ago, but I have not forgotten her, and this profile brings her features strongly to my remembrance."

"Jessie is very like her own mother," observed Miss Baring. "We have a picture of her before she married, when she was Constance Hamer, which——"

But Aunt Amy's sentence was not fated to be concluded.

"Did you say that Jessie's—Miss Baring's—mother was Constance Hamer?" exclaimed Mr. Leslie, looking round, and speaking so emphatically that Arthur saw every word.

"Certainly I did," replied Aunt Amy, looking rather astonished at his eagerness. "Why is it so wonderful, Mr. Leslie?"

"Because—because, *my* mother's name was Constance Hamer also; and surely they were relations."

This announcement caused great interest to be felt by the whole party, and an explanation followed which we will give more briefly than it was arrived at by the joint efforts of Aunt Amy and Edward Leslie.

It appeared that Edward's maternal grandfather, Mr. Hamer, had emigrated early in life to Canada, and

had married and settled there. His daughter, Constance, became attached to a young naval officer named Leslie, whom she married, and followed to England. Her happiness with him was very brief, for in two years he died in a distant climate, and left his wife with one little boy. She returned to Canada, and dwelt in her father's home until her son Edward was nearly seventeen, when she died, and Mr. Hamer sent his grandson to be educated in England.

A younger brother of Mr. Hamer's had remained in his native land when the elder brother emigrated; and it was a daughter of his—also called Constance, after her grandmother—who became the wife of Mr. Baring and the mother of Jessie and Arthur. It was, therefore, clearly proved that these latter were relations of Edward Leslie's, and that he might claim the privilege of calling them cousins—a privilege of which he appeared very well pleased to avail himself.

Arthur fully entered into the whole story, and expressed great satisfaction at the newly-discovered relationship; and Aunt Amy was most kind and friendly in begging Edward Leslie to come to her cottage whenever he could find leisure to do so, and to look upon her as his aunt also. But Jessie said very little, and looked shy and embarrassed. She had regarded Mr. Leslie as a being altogether superior to herself, and her admiration of his goodness and his talents had been mixed with a sort of reverence. She, therefore, found it difficult to look on him as her "Cousin Edward," or to reply to him composedly when he addressed her as "Jessie."

All this little awkwardness did not, however, continue very long. Edward's kindness and Arthur's joy, and Aunt Amy's perfect ease of manner, soon set all to

rights. The evening was spent at the cottage, whither the whole party adjourned, and where Miss Baring produced old family letters and portraits that established the connection between the young people beyond a doubt, and placed them all on the most comfortable footing imaginable.

Soon after this happy discovery the Maitlands once more visited the neighbourhood, and again showed the same lively interest in Arthur and his sister. The proficiency of the dumb boy in drawing, and also his first attempts at modelling, were brought to their notice, and they were desirous that such decided talents should be cultivated. They, therefore, provided Arthur with all the materials requisite, and also arranged that he should take lessons from a sculptor of considerable ability who resided in the town.

His health was now quite re-established, and hardly a trace of the fearful disease remained to mar the beauty of his fine intelligent countenance. He had been five years in the asylum, which was the usual time allowed to each pupil, but Mr. Maitland made an arrangement by which he could remain for some years longer, and assist in the instruction of the younger children, while, at the same time, he would have many means of improving himself, which he could not enjoy if he resided with his aunt, whose limited income prevented her from giving even to Jessie the advantages which she desired for her.

V.

Mrs. MATLAND was not long in discovering that Mr. Leslie regarded Jessie with feelings of very deep interest, and this did not surprise her. But Jessie's youth, and also her poverty, rendered any thought of marriage impossible at present, and she and her husband agreed that it would be wise to remove her from the neighbourhood, and place her at a school in a distant county, where her musical talent might be so cultivated as to enable her to use it for her future support.

Both Miss Baring and her niece gave a grateful consent to this proposal; and Edward Leslie raised no objection. But it was a sad day to all when Jessie left her aunt, and brother, and cousin, and went to dwell among strangers. Arthur's time was, however, now so entirely occupied by his new prospect of modelling, that he missed his sister less than he would formerly have done; and the success of his attempt was so great, that the sculptor assured him he might hope one day to execute works in marble that would prove lasting monuments of his talent and skill.

Jessie also made great progress under her new instructors, and when she returned to spend her vacation at the cottage, Aunt Amy was proud of the taste and execution displayed by her former pupil, and even Arthur, as he laid his head gently on her chest, could feel how powerfully and melodiously her notes gushed forth; and tears of pleasure rose to his eyes.

Some happy evenings were spent at the cottage, when Arthur and Edward were both able to join its

innates. But the vacation soon passed away, and Jessie returned to school.

Again the summer came, and again she was welcomed at the cottage, and the joy of seeing her brought colour to Aunt Amy's cheek and light to her eyes. But soon Jessie perceived that she was much changed in the last few months. She had herself been long aware that her health was declining, and that her days on earth would be few, and but for her anxiety respecting her niece she would have welcomed the approach of death. This anxiety was, however, greatly lessened by Edward having declared to her his attachment to his cousin, and his determination to offer himself as her husband as soon as he could also offer her a home; and she knew that in the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Maitland would watch over and provide for her.

Gradually and rapidly she sank, and her death was a severe blow to Jessie. But she was of an energetic disposition, and she had many motives for exertion. She therefore returned to school, and resumed her studies with even greater diligence than before, and her progress was so great that she became ere long a musical teacher in the establishment—a position which had been the object of her ambition.

For more than a year she remained in that situation without visiting Exeter, where she no longer had a home; and when the Christmas vacation commenced, and all the pupils were joyfully departing, poor Jessie thought she should again have to remain almost alone in the establishment. It was, therefore, a joyful surprise when she was one day summoned to the drawing-room, and found Arthur waiting to receive her. He had been sent by the Maitlands, who had lately returned from a

year's residence on the continent, to escort his sister to their house in Shropshire, to keep the Christmas holidays, and a short time sufficed for her preparations and her happy journey with her brother.

She was most kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Maitland, and by her former playfellows, Alice and Rose, now almost grown to womanhood. But there was another individual of the party, who was quite as glad to see Jessie as any of her friends. Edward came forward to greet her with such a happy expression of countenance that she at once read good tidings in his eyes.

"The Vicar of G—— welcomes you to his parish," said Mr. Maitland, smiling.

"And he joins with us in hoping that you will consent to make it your parish also," added Mrs. Maitland.

Jessie looked from one to the other, at a loss to comprehend their meaning; so Alice drew her away, saying—

"Come with me, Jessie, and I will explain all this mystery."

The story was soon told—it was only the continuation of the Maitlands' former kindness. The old vicar, to whom Mr. Baring had been curate, had died just after Mr. Maitland came back to England, and he had immediately presented the living to Edward Leslie, whose high character was well known to him, and in whom both he and his wife felt a peculiar interest from having observed his attachment to their favourite Jessie.

All obstacles to the union of the young people were now removed, and the wedding took place as soon as the needful preparations could be made. It was the wish of both Jessie and Edward that Arthur should give up his situation as teacher of drawing at the

asylum, and reside with them in their comfortable vicarage; but he wisely determined to preserve what he called his "noble independence," and prosecute his studies as a painter and sculptor, while, at the same time, he retained his home among his old friends at the asylum, and gained his own maintenance by instructing others.

The deaf-mute worked with skill and industry, and he became a distinguished artist and the pride of the establishment in which his talents had been drawn forth and cultivated. But for the advantages which he had there enjoyed those talents might have remained dormant; and it was a lasting source of thankfulness to Mr. Maitland that he had been permitted to be the means of placing Arthur Baring where all the best qualities of his head and heart were developed, and where he was enabled to become a striking proof of the wonderful way in which God frequently makes amends to his creatures for the loss of one sense by the perfection of another.

