

Fanny Crosby's Life-Story.

—and as I suppose have all of us frail mortals: but notwithstanding these, we loved each other to the last. We were long spared bereavement: but he was taken sick in 1901, with asthma, and after a long illness, died on June 18th, 1902, of a complication of diseases.

He was buried in Brooklyn, not far from where we first established our little home, soon after marriage: and there, though I cannot see the mound under which he rests, I can touch the turf with my hands, and try to make his spirit feel that I am constantly lamenting his temporary loss.

CHAPTER XVII.—1845.

THE BLIND NOT SO EASILY DECEIVED—WAYS TO ASCERTAIN WHAT IS “GOING ON”—LOVE-MAKING BEFORE THE BLIND NOT ALWAYS SAFE—WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY OF THE MIND, HEART, AND SOUL—THE BLIND CHILD FROM NEW JERSEY—GRIEVES FOR HIS GRANDMOTHER—ACTING THE PART OF THE GOOD OLD LADY—THE LITTLE BOY HAPPY.

ALTHOUGH they cannot see what is going on around them, yet the blind are not by any means so easily duped, as many suppose: for there are numerous ways in which they can know what is “doing”, almost as well as if they could witness it with good eyes, under the clear light of a noonday sun. Little by-plays often take place near me, the existence of which I am not supposed to know: but of which, in almost every detail, I am fully aware.

Even surreptitious love-making has been attempted in my presence, the parties trusting to my physical blindness to serve as a wall with which to hide themselves: but I have

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been able, a few times, to laughingly inform these amiable but misguided people, that I was, really, an involuntary spectator of their actions.

There are many ways in which we perceive. Sound, for instance, has delicate modifications and variations, that no one who has no opportunity for making a study of them would suspect. Slight jarrings, and the sudden changing of currents of air, all have their effect upon most blind people.

Then there is that indescribable wireless telegraphy of the mind, heart, and soul—of which every one has more or less—whether perceived and utilized or not: and this the blind generally cultivate and employ to its utmost capacity.

Sometimes, however, especially with the very young, a certain amount of deceit can be successfully practiced. Occasionally it is for their own good, as in the following case:

In 1845, a little blind boy, six years old, was sent to us from a New Jersey town. Coming from a home where he had naturally been petted by every member of the family, into strange and more austere surroundings, he was of course sad and homesick, and cried all day and all night—when he was awake—for his old home and those whom he knew and loved there.

Playing Grandmother.

The Superintendent informed me, one day, that we should probably have to send him back again. "He keeps calling all the time for those he has left behind him, and especially for his grandmother. If the good lady could come once a week, or so, and talk with him a while, it would no doubt make him contented: but she writes that she is unable to do so."

It occurred to me that a little harmless deception would not be out of place here: and I made up my mind to act the part of grandmother, and visit the poor little fellow two or three times per week. I wrote to the good old lady, told her the circumstances, and what I wished to do, and asked her for all the information that she could give me, which would help in the impersonating.

She willingly responded, and, although only twenty-five years of age, I carefully "made up", in voice, manner, and conversational material, for the part of a grandmother of his own flesh and blood.

The next time I heard him calling for her, I rushed into the room, and exclaimed, "My dear little boy, Grandma has come! She wanted to see you so bad, she couldn't stay away another minute!"

"O Grandma, Grandma, Grandma!" the poor little fellow shouted, rushing into my

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arms, sobbing, meanwhile, with joy. "I thought you would *never* come!" He kissed me affectionately, not noticing, in his haste, the eradication of sundry wrinkles that he must have left on the dear old lady's face when he came away from home; and as soon as he was calm, he made an elaborate series of inquiries that put my memory and ingenuity to the fullest test. Not only the human friends and relatives, but every hen and chicken that he had left on the home-farm, had to be accounted-for. The recent behavior of several lambs, cats, a dog, etc., for all of which he had names, was subjected to strict and diligent inquiry; and, aided by the long letters that I had received, I was able to give considerable information, on a variety of subjects.

When he and I had both become a little tired, I said, gently, "Now Grandma must go: but she will come back again, very soon."

The little fellow was perfectly happy over the visit, and slept beautifully that night—dreaming, no doubt, of his dear old home and the loved ones there.

I kept up the little masquerade for about three months, and then gradually "tapered off"—finally ceasing the visits altogether: a Christmas box from home made a pretty good substitute for one visit, and he was soon be-

Thanks for Being Hoodwinked.

coming acquainted with his surroundings, and losing his loneliness.

I told him all about it, years afterward, when he had become a fine teacher, and one of the best grammarians that I have ever known: and he laughed over it with me, and thanked me for the bit of strategy with which we had managed to make him contented. "Otherwise, they might have had to send me back", he remarked: "and then I should probably have lost my education."