

that he would provide for Mittie—poor sightless Mittie, who could learn little in that uncivilized land. So, with many tears and prayers, that missionary mother had packed her Mittie's small trunk and placed her in the care of a friend—the English lady before mentioned—to be transported to our country. What but a mother's prayer guarded the helpless darling in her lonely wanderings?

On arriving at New York, Captain I—— and Mr. L—— made inquiry everywhere for Mr. Wythe. Directories were searched, streets ransacked and questions repeated hundreds of times, to no purpose. No relative of the poor blind Mittie could be found.

“Leave her with me, captain,” said Mr. L—— “I am soon to return to London, but before sailing I will place her in an Asylum for the blind, and see that she is comfortably cared for.”

Instead, however, of placing Mittie in the State Asylum of New York, her friend took her to a southern city, where he had business connections, and left her in one of those beautiful retreats which nature and art have combined to adorn for those whose eyes tell not night from day, nor beauty from deformity.

Kind voices welcomed the little stranger, but they were voices she had never heard, nor hoped to hear. For the first time since she sobbed good-by on her mother's lap, her hope and faith faltered. She felt she was alone in the world, and she sought out a corner to cry. Had the superintendent particularly interested himself in the child, he would have found out her history, and probably have sought some communication with her parents. But setting down her name as a charity scholar, he forgot that she was not an orphan.

And Mr. L——? His sympathies had been strongly enlisted, and he really intended to find out the mystery. But he was a man of the world and immersed in its busy cares. Having placed a sum of money for her use in the hands of the director, with permission to apply to him in any other emergency, he returned to his English home—and only remembered the blind child of the voyage at moments when his own laughing Carrie climbed into his lap.

One among a hundred children; Mittie was well educated in all that the blind can learn. She was taught how to read the Bible, from which her mother had read to her, by passing her small fingers over curiously raised letters. She learned to sew, to braid, and to write, strange thoughts that young head used to frame, for that unsteady hand to jot down in its crooked wandering over the paper. She learned to sing the sweet hymns of her schoolmates and to touch for herself the keys of the piano, whose melodies had almost made her fancy herself in Heaven, only that she had been told in Heaven she should see like other children! Sometimes, in her dreams, she would find herself on a soft couch with strange perfumes and sounds about her, and would feel warm tears dropping, one by one, on her forehead, while a dear arm pressed her closely.

“Mother! dear mother!” Mittie would cry, and awake—to find no mother.

Years had passed—when again a ship was nearing the forest of masts in New York harbor. On the deck sat a pale lady in deep mourning, with traces of tears upon her cheeks. Her children clung about her, with wonder in their faces.

“Oh, beautiful America! the America you have so often told us about,” cried a sweet voiced girl of twelve. “Mamma, does it look as it did when you went away?”

“Mamma, did you live in any of those great houses?”

“Mamma! plenty Pagodas here?” chimed in the youngest boy, whose eyes had taken in the numerous church spires. All spoke at once, but the mother answered neither. Her heart was too full. She had gone from that shore a