

would linger in bodily agony several days longer, yet at the very time he had mentioned he exclaimed, "Jesus and the bright angels are coming again to take me." He then calmly folded his hands, and fell asleep in death.—*S. S. Advocate.*

### Laura Bridgman.

Laura Bridgman is a blind girl, who lives at Boston, Mass. Poor little girl—quite blind! She has never seen the beautiful sun, nor the sea, nor anything in the world. How then does she know anything about it? Did her kind mother tell her about it all? No,—for the girl is deaf, she cannot hear a sound. No word has ever reached her ear. And as she is blind and deaf, she is dumb too.—Deaf, dumb, and blind! And her sense of smell is so imperfect, that the sweet scent of flowers gives her no pleasure. Poor Laura Bridgman! did ever any one receive fewer gifts from God than she! And yet the one sense that she has left her, the sense of feeling, was a precious gift, and that sense was exercised and trained, and she was taught to read from a wooden alphabet, representing pictures of things in the raised wood, which she felt at her finger's ends, and understood, just as you would understand colored pictures when you saw them. Thus Laura Bridgman, though deaf, dumb, and blind, was not left to grow up as one of the lower animals, without feeling, or understanding or thought. She had a soul within her, and that soul was educated, and she comprehended that it was God who made her, and that he loved her, and took care of her, and made her happy; and her heart loved God, and she was happy in him.

Now, among other things that she learned by the aid of those wooden pictures, was this: that the poor Irish children were starving; she learned the history of their extreme misery—how they wandered about crying for bread, and at last, weary and heart-broken, lay down to die. The sightless eyes of the blind girl were filled with tears for the

Irish children. But what could she do to help them? Perhaps some of my young readers, with all their gifts and abilities, with their clear-sighted eyes, and their quick-hearing ears, and their little talkative tongues, never stopped to ask, "What can I do for such poor children?" Perhaps they were asked to help them, and they said, "I cannot do anything." Did Laura Bridgman—blind, deaf, and dumb Laura Bridgman—say she could not do anything? No; she said, "I can do something, and I will do it." And she sat down to work, and day after night, and night after day, she plied her needle, and at last she had finished a beautiful piece of embroidery, which was sold to the merchants, and the money that was paid for it procured a barrel of flour, and the barrel of flour was sent to the starving Irish, as Laura Bridgman's offering to their poverty and woe.

Dear children, how much better off you are than the poor blind girl! How many talents have you received from God! Are you using your five talents as well as she used her solitary one? Never—never turn away from the distress that calls upon you for help. When you are tempted to say, idly and carelessly, "I can do nothing," think of Laura Bridgman and her barrel of flour.—*Missionary Repository.*

### THERE'S BEAUTY EVERY WHERE.

There's beauty in the washing wave,  
When the storm is raging high—  
There's beauty in the quiet stream  
As it gently glideth by.

There's beauty in the cloudless night  
When stars are shining clear,  
Or darkness shuts them from the sight—  
There's beauty every where.

There's beauty when the morning dawns  
And gives to earth her light,  
And when the fading sun proclaims  
The slow approach of night.

There's beauty in the verdant lawn  
When buds their blushes wear,  
And when the ice-king holds his court,  
There's beauty every where.

There's beauty when the Christian kneels  
In humble prayer to heaven—  
When o'er his soul hope sweetly steals,  
And tells of sins forgiven.