

not raise her eyes as I entered, and, on a nearer approach, I perceived that she was blind.

Saying that I was one sent to bring glad tidings of good things, I began to tell them the story of Christ, his love, his sufferings, his death. They listened attentively, and tears rolled slowly from the sightless eyes of the young girl. It was, indeed, tidings new and wonderful unto them, for, like others of the simple peasantry of France, they were accustomed to sing sweet hymns and murmur devout orisons to "blessed Mary, mother mild," while Christ and his salvation were hidden from their hearts. The next day, and the next, I visited the widow's poor cottage, and Jesus, the good Shepherd, gave me new cause for thankfulness, in permitting me to guide both mother and daughter to the fold of peace.

Poor sightless Marie! how was she affected when I told her of Him who opened the eyes of the blind, and read to her how blind Bartimeus sat by the wayside begging, when he cried unto Jesus of Nazareth passing by, and received sight! Then an irrepressible longing, such as she had never known before, a longing for God's blessed gift of vision, seized upon the poor blind girl; not that she sighed to behold the blue heaven, or the golden light, or to look upon her mother's smile, or gaze in her young brother's laughing eyes. No, not these; but she longed to read the blessed words of Jesus, when he said, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

There dwelt then in Dijon a man of God, who had gathered around him a few blind, whom he had taught to read and work. I sought him out, told him of Marie, interested him in her, arranged that she should come one hour every morning to learn to read, and procured for her a Bible with raised letters for the blind.

You should have seen her delight as she started off next morning—a warm, bright August morning, one hand locked in her little brother's, and the other fondly clasping the precious Bible, to take her first lesson. Alas, poor Marie! it requires a delicate touch to distinguish the slightly raised surface and nice outline of the letters, and her fingers were hard and callous with the plaiting of straw. Again and again was the effort made, but to no purpose. But one day, as she sat alone, sorrowfully chipping with her little knife the rough edges of the straw, a happy thought occurred to her. Could she not cut away the thick, hard skin from her fingers, and then it would grow anew, smooth and soft, like the rosy fingers of a child? And so she whittled the skin from the poor fingers, heeding not the pain; was it not that she might read the Word of God? But the straw work could not cease—it brought bread—and the wounded fingers were slow to heal. When the reading lesson was tried again, warm drops trickled from the bleeding fingers along the sacred line. It was all in vain.

After the first bitterness of her disappointment, Marie strove hard to be cheerful. "God had opened the eyes of her soul," she said, "and ought she not to praise him?" And the new Bible! Ah, surely she must carry it back; some happier blind girl might pluck the fruit from this tree of life, and find healing in its blessed leaves. And holding the dear volume near to the beating of her heart, she knelt by her white cot to pray: "Dear and blessed Jesus, who lovest the poor and openest the eyes of the blind, I thank thee that thou hast not hidden thyself from a poor blind girl. And since I cannot read thy heavenly words, I pray that thou wilt whisper them into my soul, that my spirit may not be dark like my poor eyes. I can hear thee with my ears, dear Jesus, and thou knowest that I love thee and love thy holy book." And she touched the open Bible with her lips. O joy! To the soft lips, the slight indentions on the raised surface are clearly perceptible; they trace the sharp outline of the letters with unerring accuracy. With a low cry of joy, she passes line after line across her eager lips, she turns the leaf, the lips lose not their power. It is all clear, all easy now. The lips could do what the toil-hardened fingers could not—they could read.

A twelvemonth after I visited Dijon. The low kitchen wore its old look, but what a beaming, happy face was Marie's, as she sat in her rude chair, her basket of straw at her feet, reading her beloved Bible! Blind, it was full of light. "N'est il pas heureux," she murmured in her rich, musical tones, "n'est il pas heureux de baiser ainsi les douces paroles pendant que je les lis?"—Is it not blessed to kiss the sweet words as I read?

Dear eloquent lips, which the cold clay kisses now, told me this little tale, and I listened with starting tears, thinking how the poor blind girl would rise up in the judgment to condemn the many, who "having eyes, see not."

Reader, do you love the blessed words of Jesus, with a love, heart-deep, heart-warm, as did the poor blind girl of Burgundy?—*Traveller.*