

and all that is in it, He said it was good. Then He made one man and called him Adam, and one woman and called her Eve. They were the first man and woman that ever lived in the world.

The Lord God was very good to them, for He had made them like himself. And they were very happy indeed, until that wicked spirit, called Satan, came and led them into sin. They did not do as the Lord told them, but went and did as Satan told them, which was very wrong. And so the Lord God drove them out of that happy place.—*Little Child's Magazine.*

### The Little Blind Girl.

Let me tell you who was the happiest child I ever saw.

She was a little girl whom I once met travelling in a coach. We were both going on a journey to London, and we travelled a great many miles together. She was only eight years old, and was quite blind. She had never been able to see the sun, and the stars, and the sky, and the grass, and the flowers, and the trees, and the birds, and all those pleasant things which you see every day of your lives; but still she was quite happy.

She was by herself, poor little thing. She had no friends or relations to take care of her on her journey, and be kind to her; but she was quite happy and content. She said, when she got into the coach, "Tell me how many people there are in the coach: I am quite blind and can see nothing." A gentleman asked her, "If she was afraid." "No," she said, "I am not frightened. I have travelled before, and I trust in God, and people are always very kind to me."

But I soon found out the reason why she was so happy; and what do you think it was? She loved Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ loved her; she had sought Jesus Christ and she had found Him.

I began to talk to her about the Bible, and I soon found that she knew a great deal about it. She went to a school where the mistress used to read the Bible to her; she was attentive and had remembered what her mistress had read.

You cannot think how many things in the Bible this poor little blind girl knew. I only wished that every grown-up person in England knew as much as she did. But I must try and tell you some of them.

She talked to me about sin, how it first came into the world when Adam and Eve

ate the forbidden fruit, and how it was to be seen every-where now. "Oh!" she said "there are no really good people. The very best people in the world have many sins every day, and I am sure we all of us waste a great deal of time, if we do nothing else wrong. Oh! we are all such sinners! there is nobody who has not sinned a great many sins."

And then she talked about Jesus Christ; she told me about His agony in the Garden of Gethsemane—about His sweating drops of blood—about the soldiers nailing Him upon the Cross—about the spear piercing His side, and blood and water coming out "Oh," she said, "how very good for Him to die for us! and such actual death! How good He was, to suffer so for our sins."

And then she talked about wicked people. She told me she was afraid there were a great many in the world, and it made her very unhappy to hear how many of her schoolfellows and acquaintances went on. "Cut," she said, "I know the reason why they are so wicked; it is because they do not try to be good—they do not wish to be good—they do not ask Jesus to make them good."

I asked her what part of the Bible she liked best. She told me she liked all the history of Jesus Christ, but the chapters of which she was most fond were the last three of the book of Revelation. I had a Bible with me, and I took it out and read those chapters to her as we went along.

When I had done, she began to talk about Heaven.—"Think," she said, "how nice it will be to be there! There will be no more sorrow, nor crying, nor tears. And then Jesus Christ, will be there, for it says, 'the Lamb is the Light thereof,' and we shall always be with Him; and besides this, 'there shall be no night there: they need no candle, neither light of the sun.'"

Just think of this poor little blind girl. Think of her taking pleasure in talking of Jesus Christ. Think of her rejoicing in the hope of Heaven, where there shall be no sorrow, nor night.

Dear children, are you as happy and as cheerful as she was? You are not blind, you have eyes, and can run about and see everything, and go where you like, and read as much as you please to yourselves. But are you as happy as this poor little blind girl? Oh, if you wish to be happy in this world, remember my