

Rev. Wm. R.



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• MITTIE, THE BLIND CHILD.

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(From the *Little Pilgrim*.)

Did you ever thank God for your eyes dear children! Those two bright, clear, happy eyes that He has given to drink in the pleasant sunshine, the beauty of the flowers, the glory of the rainbow, and the sweetness of your dear mother's smile!—Listen now to a story of a child to whom He never gave eyes to look upon any of these beautiful things.

It was on a sunshiny morning—some where in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean—that a gentleman, whom sea-sickness had imprisoned in his state room since the first roll of the ship, took courage, from a cup of coffee and the calmness of the sea, to crawl upon deck. As he stood at the head of the narrow stairway, clutching a rope to support his tottering steps, he heard a glad child's laugh. Looking up, he saw a little girl, about five years old, quite at her ease, on the turning and rolling floor trying to “jump rope” with a knotted end of a ship rigging which had been given her by an old sailor. The brisk breeze had brightened her cheeks, and curled her flowing hair in no very orderly manner. Mr. L. thought of his own little daughter over the ocean, and his eyes filled.

“Come to me, my dear!” he kindly called, reaching his hand towards the child.

She stopped her play, looked up as though half frightened, half astonished, and then began carefully to creep towards the outstretched hand. He lifted her to his lap and kissed her coral lips.

“Whose little girl are you?” he inquired.

“I'm nobody's little girl,” she replied in a touching tone. “Only God takes care of me and sometimes Captain I——”

“How, where is your mamma?”

“Mamma is in Burrampooter; I'm not her little girl any more.” Here a tear rolled down her cheek. “I'm going to New York,” she said “to be uncle's little girl. But New York is a great way off, isn't it, sir?”