

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long ;
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree ;"
The poor boy sigh'd, and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see !"

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there:
How beautiful for me who sees!"

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade ;
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made."

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! He has not given ;
But, tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in Heaven ?

"No, dearest Edward, there all see,
But why ask me a thing so odd?"

"O, Mary, He is good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God !"

Ere long, disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild :
His widow'd mother wept and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "O, never weep for me !
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where, Mary says, I God shall see.