

look through the thickest darkness, and he is always looking at you."

Thus they lived together very pleasantly, until by and by Paul got to be six years old. At that time the mother complained one morning that she was sick, and so weak that she could not stand up; she had to stay in bed the whole day, and was seized with a burning fever. The next day it was still worse, so that she lost her mind and became wildly delirious. Good old Martha watched over and tended both mother and child faithfully; but when another day passed, and still the poor woman was no better, the old woman ran to the doctor and brought him into the sick-room. The doctor was a kind, benevolent man; he felt the sick woman's pulse, asked a great many questions about her illness, and at last he shook his head. It is always a bad sign when the doctor shakes his head. When he saw little Paul lying in bed, he said, "That child must not stay in the room; he must be taken away immediately, for the woman is very, very sick. Has she no relations or friends to whom he could be sent?"

Then old Martha answered, "They have no relations, and few care to be the friends of the poor; but little Paul is blind."

The doctor took Paul out of his little bed and carried him to the window and seated him on his lap. After he had looked closely for a long time at the sightless eyes, a bright smile of pleasure passed over his face. Without saying a word, he took the child in his arms and carried him across the street to a large fine house that stood there. In this house lived some very rich people, friends of the doctor, who very readily agreed to his request that they would take care of the child until his mother got better. Emma, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the house, undertook the charge of him, and the kind-hearted doctor came every day to see him. After a good many days, as Paul was asking again and again for his mother, the doctor promised that he should go to her very soon if he would promise him to hold quite still while he examined his eyes, for they were very sick too and must be cured.

The boy promised, and kept his word from love to his mother. The doctor took a sharp instrument and removed with it the thick skin that had hindered him from looking upon God's beautiful earth and the bright sky, and restored to him the use of his eyes. Not a single cry of pain had escaped from Paul's lips as the sharp instrument cut into his eye, and only twice had he whispered softly, "O mamma!" The operation succeeded.

The next day the doctor permitted Emma, as a reward for her care of the little boy, to remove for a few moments the bandage he had tied over his eyes. Little Paul trembled over his whole frame as the first ray of light streamed into his opened eyes, and then exclaimed, "Now I'm in heaven, and the night is all past!" And as he saw the bright body of the sun—though just then it was almost covered with silvery clouds—he cried out, "There is God's eye!" He looked around him, and at the blooming Emma, who stood beside him, and asked if she was God's angel! But now the eyes had to be bandaged up again, so said the doctor.

The mother's illness was conquered through the skill and unwearied care of the worthy doctor; but the weakened woman recovered very slowly, and it was many weeks before she could leave her bed. The separation from her child gave her so much uneasiness that she could not get well as soon as she otherwise would, until the doctor discovered what it was that troubled her, and gave her his word that the boy was safe and well and well taken care of, and she should see him as soon as she was sufficiently better to bear it. But it seemed a great, great while to the longing mother.

It was a beautiful spring morning, and the mother for the first time had left her bed and was walking feebly across the room, when Emma led the boy, dressed in a new suit of clothes, across the street to the house in which his mother lived. She went up

the steep, high steps with him, opened the door very softly, and pushed him gently into the room. The mother stood near the window and prayed; she had not heard the door open, and little Paul stood timidly near it; everything was strange to him; he did not even know his mother. But Muntter sprang toward him, and barked so loudly with delight that the mother turned round.

"My Paul!" she cried as soon as she saw her child; and Paul, who knew her by her voice, was in her arms and on her bosom in a moment. The mother hugged and kissed him, and looking affectionately into his face started back in astonishment, exclaiming, "Great God! he sees!"

"Yes, I'm in heaven now," answered Paul with delight. "I have seen God's eye and one of his holy angels, and now the night is all past."

Overcome with happiness and gratitude, the poor woman sank upon her knees, and lifted up her folded hands; and Paul folded his little hands too, and raised them to heaven, as his mother had taught him long before to do, and a wordless prayer went up from the hearts of both to the throne of the highest. Then came into the mother's mind the remembrance of those parting words of her dying husband, "Trust in God! God never forsakes his people!"

Tears flowed from her eyes, and thus relieved her heart, that was almost crushed with the weight of the mercies that had been poured out upon her; and when little Paul saw her weeping, he, too, shed the first tears that had ever fallen from his eyes; but they were tears of joy.

Blessed Paul! may all the tears thou sheddest upon earth be such as these!

YOUR FATHER SEES YOU.

A LITTLE boy was desirous of having some tempting plums which grew on a tree in his father's garden. He watched his opportunity and stole into the garden, and was just about securing some of the plums, when his sister, who, suspecting his design, had followed him, whispered to him, "Your father sees you."

This was sufficient to prevent the wicked act.

Persons are often tempted to do what their heavenly Father is not willing they should do. Would that some kind voice could always whisper in the ear, "Your Father sees you." Remember this, young reader, whenever you are about to do anything wrong.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE "SINNY WORD."



ONE day this summer some little boys were out playing in the grove—Willie, Wilbur, Freddie, and Walter.

Cousin Walter got on the limb of a tree and went to reading, when mischievous Willie, thinking it would be very nice to do some mischief—for a rarity (?)—whispered:

"O, Fred, let's break the limb and let Walter down! Won't he be provoked?"

"Yes," said Wilbur, "and there would be a *sinny word* said too."

But the branch was not broken, and so, happily, the "sinny word" was not said. How many of my young readers, do you suppose, if they should be let out of a tree in such an unceremonious manner as proposed by Willie, or if in any manner suddenly tempted, or if things did not go right, would utter a "sinny word?" How many would be able to choke back the evil word that would be on their tongue's end waiting for utterance?

I hope, and certainly think, that *all* the members

of the Try Company, if they are ever tempted to use those naughty words, are *trying hard* to overcome the temptations, and if not already, will soon be so that they will not even *think* of uttering anything wrong when anything unpleasant occurs.

"Watch and pray," and *beware of the little "sinny words."*

Cousin GENIE.



THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

BY DR. HUIE.

Child. What can I do for Christ, mamma,
Who does so much for me?

Mother. Give him your youthful heart, my child,
And from all evil flee.

C. I think he has my heart, mamma,
And I detest all sin.

M. Then end each day with prayer, my child,
With prayer each day begin.

C. I pray both morn and eve, mamma,
And love God's word to read.

M. Act too, that all may see, my child,
That you are Christ's indeed.

C. All this I strive to do, mamma,
Can I do nothing more?

M. Yes, tell that Christ has died for us,
God's favor to restore.

C. To whom can one so young, mamma,
The Saviour's mercy teach?

M. To all you love, and all you know,
And all your voice can reach.

C. But there are dying souls, mamma,
In many a distant land.

M. Well, send them men to preach the word,
That they may understand.

C. How can I send them men, mamma,
Who am so weak and poor?

M. Help those who do, and that with prayer,
A blessing to secure.

C. If prayer could turn my pence to pounds,
I fain your plan would try.

M. Elijah, and the widow's oil
My answer will supply.

C. O yes! I see. I have not much,
But what I have I'll give;
And God may make some dying soul
Through my small pittance live.

M. Do thus, my child, and you will find,
When sun and stars are dim,
That Christ regards what's done for men
As if 'twere done for him.

THOMAS GRAY AND HIS MOTHER.

THOMAS GRAY, who wrote the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," was constant in his attentions and devotion to his mother in her life, and after her death he cherished her memory with sacred sorrow. We are told that Gray seldom mentioned her without a sigh. He wrote this tribute over her remains: "The careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom