

Never since, not for these sixty years, has he looked upon the green fields, or the beautiful flowers, or the starry sky. For these sixty years "the glory of the morning and of the evening" have been hidden from him. For these years he has been groping his way over the path of human life, and the world has seemed to him as dark mountains upon which his feet have often and often stumbled.

I was deeply touched by the old man's story, as well as by his countenance, which, though sad, was not altogether without a look of cheerfulness and submission. He was, alas, poor as well as blind. He was dependent on the charity of relatives little better off than himself. He was once young and healthy and hopeful. He is now old, decrepit, and dependent, and—worse than all—blind.

Was there nothing, then, that I could do for this poor blind man? Yes, there is one consolation possible to all. The name of Jesus can give peace and joy even to the most sorrowful. His grace can bind up the broken heart; I could speak to him of the Saviour. So breaking in upon the old man's sorrowful words—"Both eyes gone, both eyes gone!" I said, "But you have one eye left."

He was silent for a moment, so was I. Then he turned half toward me with a very puzzled expression of countenance and slowly replied, "One eye left! Why, what do you mean? Surely you would not make fun of me, would you? What do you mean?"

"I mean the Eye of Faith."

The effect was instantaneous and electrical. I shall never forget it. The wrinkled face became radiant with joy, though the voice was tremulous that replied, "Yes, oh yes, I have that eye left! Without that should be blind indeed. Sometimes, when all the world is dark around me, I seem to see my Saviour so clearly that all sadness and loneliness are forgotten. I think of His words 'I am the Light of the World'; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

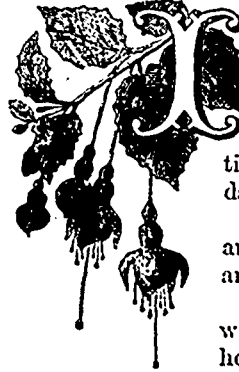
"And perhaps you can see all the better with that eye because of having no other."

"Yes, oh yes, I do believe it. Oh yes, blessed be our heavenly Father, we are not totally blind while we have that one eye left; and we can see Him all the better when we can see nothing but Him. Oh, how thankful we should be for the Eye of Faith!"

And the venerable man drew his right arm across his sightless eyes, from which the tears were flowing rapidly; but they were tears of gratitude and joy.

I heard, in his few happy words, the most conclusive of sermons on the "Evidences of Christianity." All the sneers of all the sceptics cannot have the weight of an atom with me in comparison with the old blind man's smile. All the cavils in all the writings of all the infidels do not disturb me while the trustful reverence of the old blind man's words is treasured up in my memory. Nor will I, can I, doubt our capacity to look within the veil, and to feel assured of the light and rest that remain there for the followers of our Lord, while it is given us to see with "The Eye of Faith."

GIANTS TO FIGHT.



"Wish I were a knight, and could kill some great giant," said Frank, after a long conversation with his mother on the knights of the olden time and the giant-killers of other days.

"Well, you can be, Frank, I am sure," said the lady. "There are still giants to be fought."

"Where are they, and where will I get suitable armour?" he asked.

"My son," replied his mother, "there is the giant of sloth, the giant of impatience, the giant of revenge, and many other very ugly monsters against whom you might wage unceasing warfare."

"Oh, but they are only imaginary giants, and I do not feel so anxious to engage in imaginary warfare. I want to do real fighting, mother;" and Frank gave an imaginary sword-thrust at an imaginary foe.

"Are you quite sure about the imaginary nature of your giants?" asked the mother. "It is not many days since a smaller boy than you came to his mother in anything but imaginary dread. His brother had threatened to do him grievous injury because he had meddled with some of that brother's curiosities. I thought then that Giant Revenge was anything but an imaginary being."

"I might relate an incident," continued the mother, "to prove the very serious existence of Giant Sloth, while it is only yesterday that a son of mine bid fair to be carried captive by Giant Impatience. Perhaps you happen to remember a certain boy who exclaimed quite fretfully, 'Oh, I do so hate Latin; I wish Latin had never been invented,' and the Latin grammar was shut up in a manner that added decided emphasis to the remark."

"There's another thrust at me," said Frank. "Upon my word, one would think I was the giant, mother, and that you was the giant-killer, intent upon slaying me."

"Not at all, my son; I do not wish even to wound your feelings; but you seem so desirous to become a knight and a hero, that I thought I should like to show you how easily you could enter upon a warfare in which all your bravery and martial feeling will be needed to ensure your triumph. You remember the description of the Christian's armour, 'Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.'"

"Well, I must try, mother—indeed, I must—to attack these great giants, and I remember just now the words father so often quotes: 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.'"