

saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her; but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant and said, "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back.—I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children that honour their parents, and I believe he will bless you."—*Presbyterian Advocate.*

## THE BLIND GIRL.

Come, mother, let me feel  
The pressure of thy gentle hand in mine,  
And know that thou art near. Oh! love like thine  
Is as a ray of sunlight to my heart!  
Come, mother, talk with me; that voice so mild,  
Like music greets the ear of thy blind child.

This is the summer time;  
In at the open window perfumes come;  
And brother says the roses are in bloom,  
Of every beauteous hue the rainbow wears.  
Let me go out and breathe this morning air,  
And *touch* the flowers. Are they so very fair?

I hear the joyous song  
Of little birds, sporting among the trees;  
Say—are they beautiful to one that sees?  
Have they bright colours, such as have the flowers?  
Tell me their plumage, mother—joy I find.  
Thinking what you can see, though I am blind.

Here, mother, let me rest,  
Here, where I feel the soft breeze on my brow,  
With trees and fragrant flowers around me now.  
I thank our Father for the good bestowed;  
He doeth all things well!—I am resigned,  
Mother, it was His will, and I am blind.

Often have I been sad  
To think I ne'er could see His pleasant light—  
To think life's morning all to me was night;  
And oft, dear mother, I have wept alone.  
I pray God to forgive that sinful mind;  
He judged it for the best—and I am blind.

And now His will be done.  
At longest, in this darkness I shall stay  
But little time; then, mother dear, you say  
There is a glorious happy home of joy.  
*No night is there; all darkness thence is driven;*  
*None grope, none fall; there are no blind in Heaven.*

*Boston Traveller.*

## MOTIVES TO HOLINESS.

A man who has been redeemed by the blood of the Son of God should be pure.—He who is an heir of life should be holy. He who is attended by celestial beings, and who is soon—he knows not how soon—to be translated to heaven, should be holy. Are angels my attendants? Then I should walk worthy of my companionship. Am I soon to go and dwell with angels? Then I should be pure. Are these feet soon to tread the courts of heaven? Is this tongue soon to unite with heavenly beings in praising God? Are these eyes of mine soon to look on the throne of eternal glory, and on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet, and eyes, and lips should be pure and holy; and I should be dead to the world, and live for heaven.—*Albert Barnes.*