

never to see even the faces of his parents, and brothers, and sisters. So I stopped to talk with him. He told me that his name was Robert, that his father was sick at home, and that his mother had to take in washing, and work very hard to get a living. All the other children had some kind of work to do, but as he could not see to work, he was sent after clothes for his mother to wash! I asked him if he did not feel bad because he was blind. He looked very thoughtful and solemn for a moment, and then he smiled—smiled just as I think the angels smile in heaven: "Sometimes I think it hard to have to creep about so. Sometimes I want to look at the bright sun that warms me, and at the flowers that feel so soft when I touch them. But God made me blind, and I know that it is best for me; and I am so glad that he did not make me deaf and dumb too. I am so glad that he gave me a good mother, and a Sunday school to go to, instead of making me one of the heathen children, that pray to snakes and idols."

"But, Robert, if you could see, you could help your mother more." I said this without thinking, and was very sorry as soon as I had said it; for the little boy's smile went right away, and tears filled his blind eyes, and ran down his pale cheeks.

"Yes," he said, "I often tell mother so; but she says that I help her a good deal now, and that she wouldn't spare me for the world; and father says I'm the best nurse he ever had, if I am blind."

"I am sure you are a good boy, Robert, I answered quickly.

"No, sir," he said, "I am not good, but have got a very wicked heart; and I think a great many wicked thoughts; and if it wasn't for the Saviour, I don't know what I would do!"

"And how does the Saviour help you?"

"O, sir, I pray to him, and then he comes into my heart, and says, 'I forgive you, Robert; I love you, poor blind boy! I will take away your evil heart, and give you a new one.' And then I feel so happy; and it seems to me as if I could almost hear the angels singing up in heaven!"

"Well, Robert, that is right; and do you ever expect to see the angels?"

"O, yes sir! When I die, my spirit will not be blind. It is only my clay house that has no windows. I can see with my mind now, and that, mother tells me, is the way to see in heaven. And I heard my father reading in the Bible the other day, where it tells about heaven, and it said there is 'no night there.' But here it is night to blind people all the time. O, sir, when I feel bad because I cannot see, I think of heaven, and it comforts me."

I saw now that Robert began to be uneasy, and acted as if he wanted to go on. I said, "Don't you like to talk with me, Robert?"

"Yes, sir, I do; and it is very kind of you to speak so to a poor blind boy; but mother will be waiting for the clothes."

This evidence of the little fellow's frankness and fidelity pleased me. I had become much interested, and made up my mind to find out more about him. So I took some money out of my pocket, and gave it to him, telling him to take it to buy something for his sick father. Again the tears filled his blind eyes.

"O, sir," said he, "you are too good!" I was just wishing I could buy something for poor sick papa; he has no appetite, and we have nothing in the house but potatoes. He tries to eat them and never complains; but if I could only get a chicken for him, it would make him better, I know it would! But I don't want you to give me the money; can't I work for you and earn it?"