

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1875.

HOW BENNIE BINGHAM RECEIVED HIS SIGHT.

BY MARY WHITTAKER.

Bennie Bingham sat on a low seat at his mother's feet, as was his wont, while that lady sat at work. He was slowly and carelessly moving his fingers over the embossed letters of a richly bound Bible (Bennie Bingham was blind), which lay open on a chair before him. There was a look of dissatisfaction and disquietude steadily settling down on his fair countenance,—for Bennie was not happy; he knew nothing of that ineffable joy which illuminates the soul, and sheds a light on the path of so many blind people, even while they are yet children.

"I have been reading an account of the Creation, mother," he said, turning from the book with some show of impatience; "but I am not satisfied with it,—it merely says it was all very good. Now all the books of travels I have read, and all the descriptions that I hear of every place, and almost everything, say it is wondrously beautiful. You remember what you were reading to me last night about the grand mountain scenery of Switzerland—the glaciers and picturesque valleys,—the wild mountain gorges,—and the glorious sun-risings. You see how I remember the words, but I can't form an idea of it in my mind; it seems to me like a vague, undefinable confusion mixed up with the darkness, and the more I think of it, the more it seems to confuse me." Bennie had crossed

his arms on his mother's lap, and sat with his intelligent face upturned to hers, and even his blank eyes were more tenderly appealing to her sympathies than the most exquisitely expressive ones could have been. She sat gazing on him, utterly at a loss for what to say, or how to explain away his difficulty; long she had felt how hard it was to deal with his vigorous mind and his active, restless spirit. Hitherto she had exerted every power and influence to teach and induce him to be contented with his lot, and to lead him unto that true Light which lighteth every one that cometh into the world; but Bennie showed no disposition to yield,—he continued to murmur and complain.

"You believe that God made everything and that it is very good, Bennie," his mother said, at length, laying her arm on his shoulder; "you know how pleasant it is to enjoy His benefits."

Bennie's only answer was a sigh. "You can understand this much at least, my son," she pursued.

"I can't understand how anything looks," Bennie persisted, "of all the beautiful things you say you see, except darkness; but oh, I can see darkness!" and the poor boy stretched out his hands despairingly, and groped in a manner most painful to behold.

Mrs. Bingham's heart was wrung with