

call the sun. I can tell when it's out by my feelings, as well as you can with your eyes; but I daresay the world would get on nearly as well without it as with it, after all."

"Poor father!" Willie said to his little sister; "how sad it is to be blind!"

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Not far from the blind man's home lived one who called himself a philosopher.

"I don't believe there is a God," he would say; "or, at least, if there be one, the world, which has got into a great mess, would get on as well without Him."

Some listened, some admired, some laughed, some pitied him.

Among the latter was a little girl, his niece, who was allowed to spend a week with him.

The day before she left home, her father had said to her, "Amy, your uncle does not believe there is a God; he is spiritually blind."

"Poor uncle!" said Amy. "Will not God open his eyes? I will ask Him."

The first evening Amy spent with her uncle, she noticed that there was no family prayer, as at her own home. She thought of what her father had said, and spoke her thoughts aloud, as children do.

"Uncle," she said, "perhaps God lets you be blind because you don't ask Him to give you sight."

"What can the child mean?" said her uncle.

"Father says you are spiritually blind," said the child. "Oh, I am so sorry!" and she burst into tears.

"What nonsense is this?" said the great man, angry at the child's words.

She did not want to vex him, so she kissed him, and said, "Good-night," and ran upstairs to bed.

The next morning she came down, looking cheerful enough.

"Ah! that's the face I like to see," said her uncle.

"But, uncle, you don't laugh," said Amy.

"I don't see much to laugh at, little woman; but I like to have people bright and happy about me."

"Perhaps it's because he's blind," thought Amy, "that he doesn't see much to laugh at;" but she said nothing.

"And what have you done with last night's trouble?" asked her uncle.

"I've told God all about it," returned the child.

Her uncle was silent, not wishing to say a word that could disturb her faith.

"Father says you don't believe in God," said Amy, her eyes fixed upon him with a pitiful wonder.

"Your father ought not to say such things," said the philosopher, half ashamed; "he might trust me that I would not talk on these matters to you."

"But why not, uncle?" asked the child, still pityingly. "If you're blind I will pray for you."

"And so your father thinks me blind, does he?" laughed the philosopher.

"You must be blind if you don't see that there's a God," said Amy, with a child's persistency.

"Come to my knee, and say a prayer for me," he said.

Surely the Spirit was striving with him then. The child knelt down as she was told, and folding her little hands together, said earnestly, "Pray God bless poor uncle, and make him see, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Then getting up, "I'll say it for you every night and morning till you do see," she said, stroking his cheek caressingly, as if he had been naughty and in disgrace—as, indeed, she felt he was.

"But, uncle," she added, after a moment's thought, "you will say it for yourself too, won't you, every night and morning?"

She could not persuade her uncle to promise this, and she marvelled much that he could think it too much trouble to ask again and again for such a precious gift as sight.

There is no more to tell.

Miracles of love are still being wrought in God's universe. The bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness are shining everywhere. But unless the philosopher has taken the little child's advice, and gone humbly down upon his knees before God in earnest, persevering prayer, how can he see anything of His power and love? The eyes of man's understanding being darkened by sin and unbelief, he cannot see God.

Reader, how is it with you?

THANK GOD FOR THE BIBLE.

THANK God for the Bible, whose clear shining ray
Has lighted our path, and turned night into
day;

Its wonderful treasures have never been told,
More precious than rubies, set round with pure gold.

Thank God for the Bible in sickness or health,
It brings richer comforts than honour or wealth;
Its blessings are boundless, an infinite store;
We may drink at its fountain, and thirst nevermore.

Thank God for the Bible sent down from above,
Revealing to mortals God's infinite love;
A fathomless sea with its bright shining shore,
Where the glorified dwell and are safe evermore.

Thank God for the Bible—rich treasures untold
Are laid up in store in its city of gold,
That beautiful home of the saved and the blest,
Where no sorrow can come, where the weary find
rest.

Thank God for the Bible! how dark is the night
Where no ray from its pages sheds forth its pure
light;

No Jesus, no Bible, no heaven of rest!
Oh, how could we live, were our lives so unblest?

There are millions who wander in darkness to-day—
No Jesus, no Bible, no knowledge to pray;
God help us to feel, and to act, in His sight,
To render our thanks, now, by giving them light.

M. H. W.