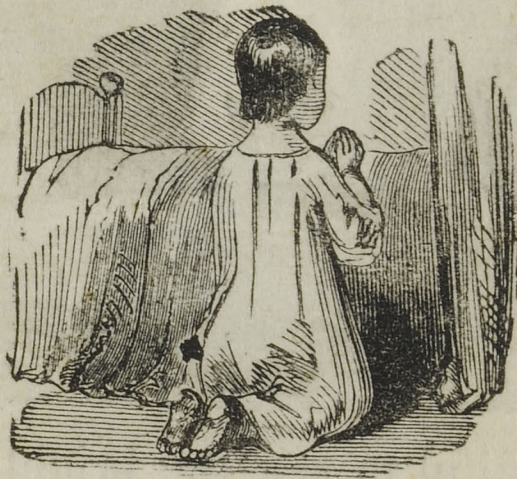


DEAN'S  
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THE  
**BLIND CHILD.**



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## THE BLIND CHILD.



IT is beautiful to see the bright sunlight, and the green trees, and the wild flowers, and the moon and stars. But little Paul could see none of these things, for he was blind.

His mother was poor, and his father was dead ; but the last words he said to

his weeping wife were, "Trust in God! God never forsakes his people!"

Now the poor mother was all alone in the world with her blind child. And she must work diligently with her needle for her living; but that she did not mind. Sometimes she did not come home for the whole day, for she had to go to work for strangers from early morning until late in the evening; and all that time the blind child was alone. But good Martha, the old woman who lived over the way, came several times, in the course of the day, to look after little Paul. But then she could not stay with him long. "Munter," a little puppy-dog, and Bibi, a dear little canary-bird, staid with him all the while. The canary-bird used to sing him its sweetest songs; and when the little boy let his hand hang down over the side of the bed, Munter would run up and lick it; when Paul wanted to get up, this same sensible Munter would take hold of his little coat-sleeve, and lead him up and down the room, that he should not run against a table or a chair.

The happiest time for the little boy was the evening, when his mother came home. She used to tell him, while she sewed away as fast as she could, of the blessedness of heaven, and of the good God and all the holy angels; and she entertained him with beautiful stories until late—until he shut his eyes for very weariness. “When we get to heaven,” she said sometimes, “the night will be at an end. But God’s eyes can look through the thickest darkness, and he is always looking at you, even at this moment.”

Thus they lived together very pleasantly, until Paul was six years old. At that time the mother complained one morning that she was so sick, that she could not stand up; she had to stay in bed the whole day, and was seized with a fever. The next day it was worse, so that she lost her mind, and became delirious. Good old Martha tended both mother and child faithfully; but when another day passed, and the poor woman was no better, the old woman ran to the doctor and brought him into the sick-room. The doctor was a

kind, benevolent man; he felt the sick woman's pulse, asked a great many questions, and shook his head. When he saw



little Paul lying in his bed, he said: "That child must not stay in this room, he must be taken away immediately."

Finding they had no friends, and that little Paul was blind, the good doctor took him out of his little bed, and carried him to the window. After he had looked

closely at the sightless eyes, a bright smile passed over his face. Without saying a word, he took the child across the street to a large, fine house. In this house lived some rich people, friends of the doctor's, who readily agreed to take care of the child till the mother got better. Emma, the daughter, undertook the charge of him, and the kind-hearted doctor came every day to see him. After a good many days, as Paul was asking for his mother, the doctor promised he should go to her very soon, if he would promise to be quite still while he examined his eyes, for they too must be cured.

The boy promised, and kept his word. The doctor took a sharp instrument, and removed a thick skin that had hindered him from looking upon the bright sky, and restored to him the use of his eyes. Not a cry of pain escaped from Paul's lips as the sharp instrument cut into his eye. The operation succeeded.

The next day the doctor removed the bandage he had tied over his eyes. Little Paul trembled as the first rays of light

streamed into his opened eyes, and then exclaimed: "Now I'm in heaven, and the night is past!" And as he saw the sun—though almost covered with silvery clouds—he cried out: "There is God's eye!" He looked around him, and at the blooming Emma, and asked if she was "God's angel!" But now the eyes had to be bandaged up again.

The mother's illness was conquered by the skill and care of the worthy doctor; but the weakened woman recovered very slowly.

It was a beautiful spring morning, and the mother, for the first time, was walking feebly across the room, when Emma led the boy, dressed in a neat new suit of clothes, to the house in which his mother lived. She opened the door very softly, and pushed him gently into the room. The mother stood near the window, praying; and little Paul stood timidly near it; everything was strange to him; he did not even know his mother. But Munter sprang towards him, and barked so loudly with delight, that the mother turned round, to see the cause.

“My Paul!” she cried, as soon as she saw her child; and Paul, who knew her now by her voice, was in her arms and on her bosom in a moment. The mother hugged and kissed him, and looking into his face, started back in astonishment, exclaiming, “Great God! he sees!”

“Yes, I’m in heaven now,” answered Paul, with delight. “I have seen God’s eye, and one of His angels, and now the night is past.”

Overcome with gratitude, the poor woman sank upon her knees and lifted up her hands; and Paul folded his little hands, too, and raised them to heaven, as his mother had taught him long to do; and a wordless prayer went up from the hearts of both to the throne of the Highest. Then came into the mother’s mind those parting words of her dying husband: “Trust in God! God never forsakes His people!”

Tears flowed from her eyes, and relieved her heart; and when little Paul saw her weeping, he, too, shed the first tears that had ever fallen from his eyes; but they were tears of joy.