

JOY UNSPEAKABLE.

A good story is told of a little blind child who once had a surgical operation performed that resulted in restoring her to sight. The oculist had skilfully pared off the integument which had prevented the light from passing through to the retina, and then the eyes were bandaged for awhile, until the wounded parts should be somewhat healed. At length the hour arrived when the bandage, which had from time to time been partially and temporarily removed, was to be removed altogether. Ah! what a moment of supreme interest and anxiety to all her friends, but more especially to the little patient herself, who as yet had never seen. This child, when her eyes could bear the light, and she was permitted by her kind physician to open them, and for the first time to look out upon all the beauty there was around her, realizing indeed as no words could ever show "that the light is truly sweet, and that it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun," cried out with delight, "O, mother, why did you not tell me it was so beautiful?" The mother, bursting into tears, replied: "I tried to tell you, my dear, but the words wouldn't make you understand." Precisely; and so, withal, is it with the Christian when he attempts to tell what is the joy unspeakable and full of glory, the peace of God that passeth understanding, the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, and what is the excellency of the knowledge of that Christ for whom he would, if necessary, joyfully suffer the loss of all things.

– Sel.