

would come to the meadow yonder and learn their lessons with me. I hope, dear lady, you don't think me presumptuous, but I felt as though I was obliged to do it."

The child had become excited whilst talking to me, and I tried to soothe her with words from the Book she loved so well.

"Remember, my dear Nelly," said I, "that the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth; so perhaps you would never have become the useful missionary you are, had it not been for your affliction; and do not forget that through much tribulation we inherit the Kingdom. Our Saviour was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; yet, like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

Nelly seemed cheered by this conversation, and I promised her that any help she might require I should be very happy to give her.



### A New Year's Prayer.

LIFE cannot rest—the unknown year before us  
Waits for the coming of our ling'ring feet;  
Nor can we know if tempests shall break o'er us,  
Or the fair glory of home sunshine greet.

Veil of the future, we ask not thy rending,  
Or prophet's power to live in scenes afar;  
At the child's cradle, with the Magi bending,  
We wait the guidance of the morning star.

In Time's great loom, life's warp and woof are  
twining,—

Help us to weave a fabric pure and strong,  
Divinely fair, whose hues shall bear the shining  
Of heavenly light, nor change with wearing  
long.

Father, lead on! life's sands are falling slowly,  
Hold our right hands, our feet with counsel  
guide;  
We rather in these vales would wander lowly  
Than on the heights, miss Jesus from our side.

Remind us night is near, and day decreasing,  
Our labour lasts till ev'ning veils the sky;  
Help us to watch and pray with love unceasing,  
And ever on Thy heavenly arm rely.

Bless Thou our work, and send a golden harvest  
To crown the labours of the coming year;  
The field is Thine, and Thine shall be the glory,  
Grant reaper's joy to dry the sower's tear.

ISA KAR.

### A Mother's Memory of a Golden Text.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

THE following touching little incident was published in the *Gate City*, (a daily paper in Keokuk, Iowa,) after an Institute held there by the editor of the *Sunday School Journal* in May last. We are sure that our readers will thank us for its republication.

During Dr. Vincent's recent lecture upon "Methods of Teaching in Sunday-schools," a sad, sweet memory of other years floated back to me. It had been my plan to keep two blackboards in the nursery, one for the Golden Text and central thoughts of the Sabbath lesson, the other for week-day exercises. The children took turns in printing the texts and important passages—printing that the youngest might read readily. This was done on Sabbath afternoon, after which the board was hung against the wall, where it remained before their eyes until the following Sabbath, when, after the return from school, it was erased and succeeded by the new text. It was Maymie's turn—the little fingers traced it clearly, distinctly—that Golden Text—that last precious legacy—that "Light in the Window" that was to shine out upon the utter desolation that followed.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly, but then, face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

It hung there before me, this blessed assurance, through the weeks of suffering that followed. Sabbaths came and went, but no other text supplanted it. The end drew near. I bowed above her in an agony of woe. "Raise me up, mamma," she said. One little fluttering hand stole about my neck, the other pointed to the Golden Text, and then, with a hopeful, loving look in her eyes, she whispered, "Face to face, mamma; face to face!"

Ah, mothers! ye who have loved and lost can best understand how that dying voice hallowed this glorious promise—illuminated with a heavenly radiance the words I had, until then, indeed seen darkly.