

this is one, that my school-fellows are good enough to come here to me to school, as we call it, and we are very happy together."

"I have sadly interrupted your school, my dear," said I; "but if you will let me sit down by you, I will not disturb you, and shall be very pleased to hear what you have to say."

So I passed an hour with Nelly whilst she heard her companions say their Scripture lessons for the school on the morrow. When all was finished, and Nelly prepared to go home, I asked her permission to accompany her, as I was anxious to hear more of this young disciple. We reached her mother's cottage, and when I entered and she had withdrawn to some domestic duty, I sat down by her mother, and asked her to tell me all about Nelly's blindness.

"Ah, madam," said the mother, "never was parent blessed with such a child. It is nearly a year and a half since she was struck with blindness, in a storm, one day when she was returning from school. She was always a good girl, and attended her church and her school regularly; but it seems as if the Lord had blessed her affliction to her, for now she is truly a child of God. But I am afraid you will think, perhaps, she goes beyond what her years would allow, for since her blindness she has taken to going amongst the villagers who are ill or in suffering, to read to them, and do any little office of love and kindness for them that no one else would think of; and when any of them are ill, or unhappy, or the children are sick, they send for Nelly, and she reads to them and comforts them with words from the Holy Book. Sometimes she sings hymns to the children, and tells them how Jesus loves them, until the little ones look round as though they expected to see the loving Saviour of whom she speaks."

I was truly delighted at the account I received of my little blind friend, and determined in myself that she should be helped in every way to do that patient work of a child-missionary which she had, by God's help, so successfully begun. The next day I visited Nelly, with the view of hearing from her the reason which had impelled her to the work she had so zealously undertaken.

"What was your reason, my dear Nelly, for thinking that you could be useful to the Sunday-scholars, and also to the sick and suffering?" said I.

"May I unbosom then all my heart to you, dear lady?" said Nelly; "for then I hope to be able to make you understand how it was that I thought I could be of service to my school-fellows and to the sick."

She drew from her pocket a list of the names of her scholars; on the other side of the paper were those of some bedridden women, and others who had, as they said, no time for reading the Bible.

"When I first lost my sight," she said, "I suffered much, but after a little time, knowing that it was my Father's hand which had sent the blow for some wise end of his own, I looked around me to think what I could do to show God my penitence for having shown angry feelings."

"One morning I had been into the village for my mother, and was crossing the green just outside the rectory, when I heard some boys who were at play using such bad words, that I seemed compelled to feel my way to where I heard their voices, and having found that I was close by them, I begged them not to use such bad words, telling them that God could hear them. The boys began to laugh, as is too often the case, when another lad, who had been standing a little apart, came up and rebuked the others, saying, 'How can you be so rude!' and then, in a soft whisper, 'Do you not know it is the little girl who was struck blind?' and 'Mother says that because of her affliction all hear what she has to say.' Those words sunk very deep into my heart; and although I am a child, I felt that, as I was blind, many of my amusements and occupations would now be lost to me, and, therefore, as the boy said my blindness made the people listen to me, I thought perhaps I might make the girls of the Sunday-school learn their lessons more correctly. I would have them with me yonder in the field, and I could say a chapter or a psalm to them, and repeat some hymns, and then God would see that I was sorry for being impatient when He chose to afflict me. So I prayed God to direct me and to help me, and one Sunday, after School, I asked the girls if they