

all to Thee. May this year be very fruitful in blessings, more so than all past years. Gather the little ones in our schools into Thy fold. Look on their youth, and guard them from the perils of opening life. On the young men and women look with gracious love and care, and may past years of teaching and training issue in full decision for Christ. Thou art reviving thy work in many schools. Oh, revive it in ours! In my class, too, O God, let Thy Spirit graciously work. And fit me for receiving the blessing I have implored. Now I consecrate myself afresh to thee, body, soul, and spirit, to be more, and do more for Thee than ever. Lord, accept the surrender I now make of myself to Thee! Be with me through this year; and if, as it rolls on, I and my scholars should be parted by the stream of death, may we rejoin each other on the opposite shore!



Blind Nelly, the little Missionary.

PART I.

I was sitting one evening, as was my wont, by my window, which overlooked a lane, then gay with wild flowers, when I was attracted by low, sweet sounds of singing. Listening, I heard it was the singing of children, which to me is very charming, especially when it is, as it was then, sacred music which is sung. Raising my eyes towards the direction from whence the sound proceeded, I saw quite a crowd of children assembled round one who, by some means, was raised above the rest. I had been absent from this my country home for some time, and had not yet had an opportunity of knowing much of what was going on in the village, so that I could not conceive the reason of the gathering. They were not at play, nor could I tell what they were doing. All were standing, apparently listening to the words of a child little larger than themselves. For several evenings I had observed the same sort of meeting, but with fewer numbers. Being rather curious to know what was going on, I folded my work, and, taking my garden hat, strolled into the field, where a sight met my view

which will not soon pass from my memory. As I approached, the singing stopped, but in crossing the lane I had caught the words of an evening hymn. On drawing nearer, I found that each child was conning a lesson; and out of what book?—the Bible; and the figure on the mound was evidently their little teacher, for she sat while the others stood.

I think it would be difficult to picture a sweeter face than that of Nelly Day, the girl who sat on the mound. Her's was a beauty of expression, although beauty of colouring and feature was not wanting. But the mark of a mind at peace with God was there, and a look of that heavenly peace which passeth understanding, which God giveth to them who have come to Him through faith in their Redeemer, and who have found hope and joy in believing.

As I approached nearer, I was astonished that Nelly did not notice me as the others had done; but my surprise was great when she said to the girl nearest to her, "Is there not some one here, Jessie?"

I answered her myself, and on looking nearer at the earnest face of Nelly, I found that the dear child was blind!

"Do not let me interrupt you, my dear," said I. "If I judge rightly, you are teaching these your companions from memory, as your sad affliction does not allow you to read."

"Yes, madam," said Nelly; "but when my memory fails me for some chapter or verse, I have a book here—a Bible—which is used by the blind, and which I can read as well almost as I used to read before I lost my sight."

All this was said with such a sweet, modest, and happy spirit, that I was quickly convinced that this child, for she was hardly more, was yet in deed and in truth a child of God, and an inheritor of heaven.

"You were not always blind, then?" said I.

"No; my blindness was occasioned by a flash of lightning, which struck my eyes as I was coming home from school. My mother had everything done for me, but the doctors said the case was hopeless; so I am quite resigned to what God chose to send me. I have many pleasures; and