

my mistakes that made me suffer so much; but had I seen that all God was bringing me through was for my own good, it would have been a small matter to me, but I did not see one ray of light as far as the end of it was concerned. Mysterious as the road was, it was plain to me. It was all the work of God to raise up a seed to serve him in holiness all their days. My mistakes were many, for I thought the Lord would cut off all belonging to me, because of the non-attention to the work that God had given me to do. But what daring mistakes the people made: 1st, I was out of my mind; 2nd, My family were so neglected, my husband heartbroken, my father and mother persecuted. They said that my weak body had such an effect on my mind. I want to ask, Why do not other weak bodies affect minds? Let the ministers and physicians answer this question, for it is not in my profession so to do. The greatest of all mistakes was to say that it was all the devil's work, and imagination, and that a determined will and a headstrong selfishness would lead me to such acts of faith, and such carrying forth of messages. It matters little whether they were ignorant mistakes or not, for it is the heart that the Lord looks to, and the motives that actuate the breast. This is the easiest way to see if our motives are pure, to search the word, and ask with the poet,

What shall dust and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too.

Keep pride out of sight, vain man, all dust, all mortal, all immortality stamped upon us. Then the mistakes we make tell loudly of what is in the inner man. But our Lord makes no mistakes.

The Reproaches I Bore.

It may seem that I want to clear myself of blame; and as my head troubled my neighbors so much, I may be allowed to use the homely words, weak in one point. Could a weak woman