

ways) a few verses every day, and sometimes I read a great deal, having had a convenient book-desk invented, which, fitting over my prostrated body, held the book in proper position before my eyes. Then another thing, I was able nearly always to listen to talking without much additional pain, and in the same way was permitted to speak for Him. Also, during the last two years, when in a highly nervous condition, I was able to write,—just lying on one side and using the muscles of the hand from the wrist joint. In this position I wrote between two and three hundred letters. All of these powers were to me inestimable blessings, and I have trusted, and am still trusting Him, for results for good from His use of my lips and pen.

One thing that, during the years of my illness, I sometimes wondered at, was, that the Lord never gave me the slightest intimation concerning my future, whether I must lie there for many years, or shortly be taken Home; or whether He would ever make me well and able to work actively in His vineyard in the world or not. Of course, *humanly* speaking, there was *no* possibility of a cure, or even of alleviation