

rest of the journey I should belong to the ranks of the totally disabled, and be to those whom I loved most and who most reciprocated my love a burden and a care.

Once more I was mistaken, for a deeper sorrow and a heavier affliction awaited me in the darkening of the world and the fading of those faces, the light of whose countenances meant so much to me.

If my ideal had been less exalted, my hopes less sanguine, and my prospect of success less promising, I might not have suffered such mental agony, such soul torture, in being reduced to my present condition.

As I look back over it all now, I can not realize what I know I have passed through; but of one thing I can confidently affirm, and that is, that the declaration of my earlier ministry regarding the sustaining power of the Gospel of Christ holds good. If it had not been for this, I never