

helped, God putting it into the hearts of His people to share with their crippled brother. My needs have been all supplied and will, as long as I keep low enough to spend it all to His glory. I remember people often said to me, "It is well to be you, because you are having all your suffering here, you are sure of heaven." But, when I came under the inspection of the "Great Physician," I found that my heart was more diseased than my body. I knew that my suffering would not give me an entrance through the Pearly Gates. But, unlike the Insurance Company here, I was not turned away because I was too diseased; but the balm of Gilead was applied making a perfect cure.

My pathway grows brighter as I press on towards the New Jerusalem. At times I suffer great pain, but then comes the exceeding weight of glory:

My creeping days will soon be o'er,
Then I shall reach the other shore,
Where pain and sorrow are no more
Through an eternal day.

I have been asked to give my experience for print, and I do so only to exalt my Saviour, and hope that through reading it some souls may be helped.