

Lord, that I had gone whither He had not called me. Never, since my first being led to faith in Jesus, had I felt so utterly paralyzed, so entirely shut up from Christian work. *Something* seemed to bar me back from every effort to engage in the old, loved employment of preaching. My own health and my husband's failed from time to time, and many circumstances not necessary to mention here, combined to thrill into our hearts the query put to the wandering prophet, Elijah:

“What doest thou here?”

O how wearily I longed for the dear old flag of England! How my home-sick heart loathed the uncongenial surroundings of the strange city, and longed for the refinements and christian sympathy of *my home*.

Yet every subject of distaste and weariness would have become utterly insignificant, had the Lord shown me that He had a work for me there. This consciousness of living for Jesus and in His continual presence, can render the loneliest, most unhomelike spot a paradise to many a toiling missionary in foreign lands; *but I had it not*. Ever more and more clearly sounded in my ears, the command:

“Arise and depart, for this is not your rest!”