

Where There is A Will, There is a Way

In France, there once lived a poor blind girl who obtained the Gospel of Mark in raised letters and learned to read it by the tips of her fingers. By constant reading, these became callous, and her sense of touch diminished until she could not distinguish the characters. One day she cut the skin from the ends of her fingers to increase their sensibility, only to destroy it.

She felt that she must now give up her beloved Book, and weeping pressed it to her lips, saying, "Farewell, farewell, sweet word of My Heavenly Father!" To her surprise, her lips, more delicate than her fingers, discerned the form of the letters. All night she pursued with her lips the Word of God and overflowed with joy at this new acquisition.

