

suffered many things of many physicians and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse. After being told by doctors at home, nothing more could be done for me, I went to a specialist in Montreal. He performed a very serious operation. I was there two months and two days before he pronounced me out of danger. It was months before I could sit up. He said I would have to come back when I got a little stronger and undergo another operation, and that I would never be anything but an invalid as long as I lived. I commenced to look to Jesus for help, as I had read of two young women that had been healed, and knew He was no respecter of persons.

The Lord helped me to get to the layman's camp meeting at Chesterville. I sought the great Healer for healing. I felt as anxious as I did for the pardon of my sins. I wanted strength of body to work for Jesus. The Lord revealed Himself to me. I saw Him standing before me and He enabled me to touch the hem of His garment. He said, "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole." Glory to His matchless name! I was healed on August 26th, 1894. I was made every whit whole.

That is nearly fifteen years ago. He is still my Great Physician.

Your sister in Jesus,

L. F. KIRKPATRICK.