

medical aid, and "wear out the disease," as he expressed it. For days he sat in his chair resting his aching head on his hand with his elbow on the table. In this, also, he made a sad mistake, for if he had taken a simple timely remedy, his pain and suffering might have been averted. Although he was shortly able to go out and resume business, still, he was not well. He would have frequent attacks of illness, and be confined to his house for days at a time, and these ill turns came on oftener and oftener. He soon began to have dizziness, or vertigo, so bad that he was often in danger of falling when rising up suddenly from his chair. His tongue became coated, and a disagreeable taste destroyed all inclination to eat, and even what food he took lay like a load on his stomach and made his breathing difficult.

We speak of the poor man's sufferings with the more minuteness in order to show the noble and generous character of the man, for it will be seen that in all his long years of physical suffering and mental distress, Thomas Briggs never faltered in his devotion to his family. At the solicitation of friends he called a physician, but either the medical men mistook the nature of his disease, or their medicines were not

adapted to his complaint, for he continued to grow worse and worse. His bowels had now become so sluggish and costive that he seldom had a movement without the aid of physic. The blood was thick and stagnant. The stomach and liver had become wholly deranged. The kidneys, too, sympathised with the disease, for the secretions had become thick, scanty, and high coloured. His disease may have thus been called dyspepsia or indigestion, and every one knows how much suffering this dreadful disease entails. His appetite was gone, and what food he did eat distressed him. After eating there were disagreeable eructations, or belchings of wind, caused by the fermentation of the food in the stomach. Frequently he would throw up what food he ate soon after taking it, for his stomach was so much diseased that he could not retain it. But during all this distress and suffering he had never yet lost his patience and equanimity of mind, and was ever kind and affectionate to his family; his only anxiety seemed to be for their welfare.

But the little savings that he had laid by for his family were fast wasting away. A small inlet with a large outlet soon empties a reservoir so did the large expenditures with small earnings soon exhaust the capital of our noble friend.

(Continued on page 4.)

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