

plunge in the deep pool at the bend of the river. One morning when in one of my worst moods, some subtle fiend suggested to my mind the sweetness of death by drowning. How sweet and easy, I thought, as I stood upon the big rock ready to take my first plunge. In and down I went. Hell must have won, for I determined not to rise by any effort to the surface. What kindly power but that of Heaven gave me back my reason, and I saw again the light of day. Filled with amazement and horror at my daring and damnable folly, I climbed the bank with great strength and rapidity. Forgetful even of my clothing, I hurried from the pool into the house. There I sank upon my knees, and with heartfelt gratitude, thanked a merciful God for deliverance from so fearful a death. Suicide was always abhorrent to my mind and thought, at that moment more so than ever.

All day long I lay in a state of complete nervous prostration upon my bed. Later in the day someone knocked at the door but being so unwell, I refused to answer. My refusal to answer was the most criminal thing of my whole life. Failing to see me or gain admittance to the house, Peter Snyder and his son recrossed the river at the bend. Young Peter