

people catch at straws, I laid hold upon another hope. A Methodist preacher informed me that his wife had been cured of the same trouble that afflicted me by a specialist in Toronto, in whose private hospital rheumatism was made a specialty. I went and took the hot cylinder treatment for four months, returning at the expiration of that time pronounced by the physician in charge an incurable. That was seven years ago, since which time I have never been dressed. I have only been able to sit up for a limited time, and for the last five years have lain on my back, only sitting up while my cot was being made. At present, half an hour every other day is my limit.

I thought I had reached my heaviest trial when I realized what it meant to be an incurable. I can not describe the feeling, the strange sinking at the heart which came upon me when I realized that for the