

hast turned my mourning into dancing. Thou hast put off my sackcloth and girded me with gladness."

If further confirmation is needed, see the book of Job, the 3rd chapter especially, when in the profoundest depths of depression, he even cursed the day in which he was born. "Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul, which long for death, but it cometh not; which are glad when they can find the grave? Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?"

I quote so largely from the blessed book, because I hope that some of my readers, almost overpowered by gloomy forebodings, may find help, and much more, from my own personal experiences, and from their confirmation by God's word. Of the Psalms in particular, it is evident that all of them which express our strongest emotions could have been born only out of deep, personal experience; some,

"When gladness wings our favorite hours;"

others, when we are almost disposed to repeat that anguished cry of our Savior: "My God! my God! why has thou forsaken me?" Only thus originating could they have lived in the memory of man for so many ages. As in water face answereth unto face, so the heart of man; and I earnestly hope that some afflicted brother or sister who has been crying out: "All Thy waves and all Thy billows have gone over me," may be helped by this recital of my sufferings, and much more helped by realizing that the Great Father of our spirits, who pitieth his children, who knoweth their frame and who remembereth that they are dust, has caused special Psalms to be written even for them.

To resume the description of my own experience:

I entered Yale College in my 17th year; and can remember that, even before that time, I had times when I lost my usual interest in my studies. Twice in college they were entirely suspended; but neither my parents nor myself at that time had any idea what was the matter with me.

While tutor of mathematics at Yale, from '34 to '36, I was similarly affected; so, also, when pastor of the old South Congregational Church in Andover, Mass.

I was at last compelled to resign my pastorate, and became Principal successively of the Abbott Female Seminary and the High School for young ladies at Greenfield, Mass., and afterward accepted the charge of the Second Greenfield Congregational Church. During the latter part of this charge I made many of my sermons on foot, walking long distances, and trying by

severe exercise to get the better of the incipient attacks. Never, however, was I able to effect this. An attack might be longer or shorter duration before it prostrated me; but it always had but one issue. Struggle as I would, fight as I could, against it, my condition was that of the man lost in the quicksands, so vividly described by Victor Hugo. Walking carelessly over its treacherous surface he first notices that his freedom of movement is somewhat impaired; but he thinks little of this until he finds it more and more difficult to lift his feet. Alarmed at last, he vainly tries to escape to the firmer land, only to find that each step he takes sinks him deeper and deeper until the engulfing sands reach his lips, and his shrieks of agony are stilled. His head disappears; only the faint motion of a sinking hand is visible, and soon every trace of him disappears for ever.

The first light thrown upon my case was by a German physician who told me that my brain troubles were caused by blind piles; but he failed to cure me.

I shall never forget the remark of an electric physician, who, in 1853, while passing his hand over my neck, exclaimed: "How can a man with the flesh over his spine, in such a rigid condition, be otherwise than miserable?" This was the first time that my attention was called to the abnormal congestion of the flesh over the whole length of my spinal column. "You will be happy," said he, "as soon as I relieve you of this congestive condition." He worked upon my spinal column at intervals for several hours a day, rubbing and kneading it, much as they do in the massage treatment, all the while passing a current of electricity through his own body into mine, till at last he effected what seemed to be a perfect cure. He died before I could avail myself of another treatment.

So intimate is the connection between this rigidity and my mental depression, that they are never dissociated; but in vain have I called the attention of able physicians to this feature of my case. When it began to develop they never succeeded in arresting it.

While considerable time, often several months elapsed from the time that I could first perceive that another attack was coming on, recovery from these attacks has almost always been very rapid. Let me describe my recovery from my last attack, which had lasted over three years. In the winter of 1891 I suffered from grip, complicated with other dangerous symptoms. Our change of residence in Dayton, in April last, seemed to my daughter to give me considerable relief, although I was not myself assured that I was substantially better. In walking to church