

sive emphasis, and only correcting her in the unimportant matter of dates.

They had lived in that village about eighteen years. Her son, she said, had been as healthy and had grown up like other children of the village, and had been to school and had learned as well as others, and would not to-day turn his hand to any of them for reading and writing. But there were other children, and the ambition of the boy and the family necessities hastened him too early into the coal mines, the principal industry of the neighbourhood. A few years of hard labour in the damp and gloomy underground resulted, as one might naturally expect, in physically prostrating her good and faithful boy. First asthma developed itself (the result of indigestion, as the sequel will show), under which he suffered nine years, during which time he could never lie in bed, but slept in a stooping or reclining posture in an arm-chair. After several years labouring under his asthmatic burden, rheumatism was added to his sufferings, and for three years he was confined to the house. Every joint in succession became inflamed and swollen, his blood watery, and his skin transparent. He was treated during the three years by many physicians in succession. Besides asthma and rheumatism, which were apparent

enough to anybody, they finally declared that he had heart disease of a chronic nature, and beyond all power to cure. Thus, given up by the doctors, all hope, except the final spark of a mother's for her child, seems to have gone out like a candle. One evening, after some young friends had made a call upon her poor boy, and he had lapsed into a little doze in his chair, she sought a little mental diversion and change of her thoughts in the evening paper. Singularly, her eye rested for a moment on an advertisement of *Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup*. "James," she said, prophetically, "I have found a medicine that will cure you. But, my boy, how shall I get a bottle, I have not a penny by me at present?" "Mother," said the young man, "you never did fail yet and I know you will find some way to get it." James, just before he had become confined to the house, had got him a new pair of trousers, but had never worn them. "I took them," said Mrs. Thomas, "to the sign of the 'three balls,' and pledged them for enough to get one bottle of the medicine, and returned home with it. After taking half a bottle he could lie in bed, and in a few weeks," said she, "that boy was out of doors, the swelling had left his joints, the pain and tenderness had left his limbs and flesh, and he could breathe as well

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