

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 was 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. The remedies he was taking did him no good. He was fast wasting away. Sometimes he would have such a faint, "all-gone," distressed feeling at the pit of the stomach that he felt like giving up in despair, for neither food nor drink would relieve this feeling but for a short time, when it would return again to depress him still more. The state of his disease had now so weakened his

mind that for the first time he began to be peevish, and almost fretful as a child, and even push his little children away from him as though he could not endure their playfulness, or even their caresses. His hands and feet had become cold and sticky. His flesh was wasting away, and the skin put on a dark, dirty appearance, so common in cases of stomach and liver diseases.

Finding that the medicines were doing him no good, he abandoned everything of the kind, having tried several medical men of eminence. He often said at a later period, if he could have found at the outset the remedy that finally effected his cure, he would have avoided years of distress and suffering. But disease, left alone, walks fast and always down hill. He stopped as he tottered about his house with a stick, and when he would try to straighten up and stand erect to ease his tender stomach, the weight of his clothes seemed to crush him down again, for his shoulders and chest were so tender and sore that he could not bear his clothes to touch him. His sides, shoulders, and back were now subject to constant pains. There was a sensation in the throat which caused a constant desire to clear it by hacking and spitting. His breath was offensive and the taste in his mouth was nauseating. The whites of his eyes were tinged with yellow and his countenance was sallow. Friends and neighbours who saw him would say, "Poor Tommy Briggs will soon pass away." He was really dying by inches.

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