

TEMPERANCE.**TEMPERANCE WORK.—"HELP A MAN TO BE A MAN."****A VISIT TO THE CHURCH ARMY SAMARITAN OFFICE.**

Down in the midst of the great scotning mass of City life must we needs go if we would visit this later development of Church Army work. And what else is as satisfactory as a personal visit and personal intercourse? "Seeing is believing," runs the proverb; "faith cometh by hearing," teaches the Holy Book, and our whole attitude is changed towards a matter—be it what it may—when we have once entered into individual fellowship with it.

One afternoon in October we found our way to St. Mary-at-hill Rectory, E.C., a house in a side street off Eastcheap, and within rather more than a stone's throw of the Monument.

"Ring and wait!" is the inscription on a bell, which, if somewhat hard to pull, speedily brought an answer in the person of a young clerkly-looking man.

"Is Captain Gosling at home?"

We were shown into the office, while the Captain-in-charge was summoned.

The office is a long-shaped room, designed for the dining-room of the rectory, in the days when merchants lived with their families above their places of business, and spent week-day and Sunday alike in town, when the church, with its beautiful Grinling Gibbons carving, was filled Sunday by Sunday, and the Rector lived amidst, and ministered to, his people.

But nowadays we have changed all that! The merchants and men find the city too strait for them. The close, crowded streets are not judged healthy for wife or bairns; the master himself works better for a nightly breath of fresher air in the suburbs. Moreover, the rush of business into the city has increased both the value of land and house-rent to enormous charges, so finally the resident population has drifted away, and but two or three hundred parishioners are left in the once crowded parish of St. Mary-at-Hill. The church itself at the present moment has been closed by the sanitary inspectors. The rectory—thank God—after long years of idleness presents a busy scene.

Captain Gosling appears with a bonnie wee girl of three years old in his arms; mother and nurse are putting the twin babies to bed upstairs, and he gladly shows off his premises and explains the work to us.

The Samaritan Office, he tells us, is intended to help respectable clerks who are out of place, and, by tiding them over a period of stress and difficulty, to save them from sinking down into the casual ward, and thus losing almost every possibility of reinstating themselves in their own class of society. The capital of such a man is too often reduced to his respectable appearance in one only respectable suit of clothes.

To be continued.

Another New York Miracle.**A REMARKABLE AFFIDAVIT MADE BY A WELL-KNOWN BUSINESS MAN.**

Afflicted with Locomotor Ataxia for Fifteen Years—Did not Walk a Step for Five Years—Was Given Up by the Leading Physicians of New York City and Discharged from the Manhattan Hospital as Incurable—His Marvellous Recovery in detail.

From the New York Tribune.

For some time there has been an increasing number of stories published in the newspapers of New York City, telling of marvellous cures of various diseases. So remarkable are many of the stories in their nature, that much doubt has been aroused in the minds of the masses as to their authenticity. If they are true in detail, surely the occupation of the physician is gone, and there is no reason why anyone should die of anything but old age. If they are not true, it would be interesting to know how such testimonials and statements are obtained. The first question that arises is, Are there any such persons? If so, were they really cured, as stated, or are they liberally paid for the use of their names? The latter explanation is the one that no doubt suggests itself to the average thinking newspaper reader, and not without reason.

It has long been the intention of the Tribune to investigate one of the most interesting cases that could be found, and give the truth to the world as a matter of news. An especially good opportunity for investigation offered itself in the shape of the following letter, which came into the hands of a reporter from a most reliable source:

February 22d, 1893.

Gentlemen:—I feel it my duty to inform you what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have done for me. I have been cured with locomotor ataxia for fifteen years, and have been unable to walk without assistance for nearly five years. I was turned away from the Manhattan Hospital, Forty-first street and Park avenue, by Dr. Seguin, as incurable, and told I was in the last stages of the disease. I have been using the pills with water treatment since September last, and been improving since about November 1st. I can now go up and down stairs with the assistance of my wife, which is something I have not been able to do for the past three years. My pains have decreased so I may now say they are bearable, and I expect by fall to be able to attend to business."

Yours,

GEO. L'HOMMEDIU,

Sec'y Marchal & Smith Piano Co. Residence, 271 W. 134th St., New York City.

When the reporter called on Mr. George L'Hommedieu, at the residence of his cousin, Mr. Edward Houghtaling, 271 W. 134th street, he found him resting on his bed; he had just finished some writing for the Marchal & Smith Piano Company, with whom he has been connected as secretary for ten years. He met the reporter with a hearty

greeting and a grip of the hand that certainly did not show any signs of weakness or loss of power. To look at him no one would suppose that he had been afflicted for fifteen years with one of the most terrible diseases known to medical science, and pronounced incurable by some of the best known physicians of New York City. He expressed his perfect willingness to give a statement of his case for publication.

"In fact," said Mr. L'Hommedieu, "I feel it my duty to give my experience to the world for the benefit of my fellow-men and all those who may be suffering with the same affliction, many of whom, no doubt, have long ago abandoned all hopes of ever being relieved.

"I am 51 years of age, and was born in Hudson, N.Y. I served my time in the army, being corporal of Company A, 21st N. J. Volunteers, and I believe the exposure of army life was the seed from which has sprung all my sufferings. It has been about fifteen years since I noticed the first symptoms of my disease. The trouble began with pains in my stomach, for which I could find no relief. I consulted Dr. Allen, of Yorkville, and also Dr. Pratt, since deceased, and with remarkable unanimity, they pronounced it smokers' dyspepsia. This seemed probable, for at that time I was a great smoker. The pains, however, gradually became more severe, and began to extend to my limbs. The attacks came on at intervals of about a month, and while the paroxysms lasted I was in almost incredible misery.

I did not leave a single stone unturned in my search for relief, but grasped at every straw. Finally I was advised by Dr. Gill to go to the well-known specialist, Dr. Hamilton. He gave me a most thorough examination, having me stripped for a full half-hour, and told me he could find no trace of any disease excepting one nerve of the eye. A year later my friend told me that Dr. Hamilton privately said that I had a very grave disease of the brain.

"My condition continued to grow more critical and I was barely able to walk when I went to the Manhattan Hospital, at 41st and Park avenue. I continued treatment there for six or eight months, under Dr. Seguin, who treated me chiefly, with injections."

Here Mr. L'Hommedieu pulled up his trouser leg and showed the reporter the scars of innumerable punctures; continuing, he said:

"I must confess I felt relief for the time being and gained some hope; urgent business matters, however, compelled me to give up the hospital treatment, and it was but a short time until I was as bad as ever. From this on I grew rapidly worse. The pains were more intense, my legs were numb, and I felt I was growing weaker every day. I returned to the hospital, and this time was under treatment by Dr. Seguin. He treated me for about three months, and then, for the first time, I was told that I had locomotor ataxia and was beyond the aid of medical science. Dr. Seguin also told my wife that there was no hope

for me in the world and to expect my death at any time. I was now a complete physical wreck; all power, feeling and color had left my legs, and it was impossible for me to feel the most severe pinch, or even the thrust of a needle.

"If my skin was scratched there would be no flow of blood whatever, and it would take it fully six weeks to heal up. In the night I would have to feel around to find my legs. My pains were excruciating and at times almost unbearable. I would take large doses of morphine to deaden the pains and be nearly dead the next day from its effects. About five years ago I learned that Dr. Cicot, of Paris, claimed to have discovered a relief for locomotor ataxia in suspending the body by the neck; the object being to stretch the spine. I wrote to Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, of 285 5th Ave., about the matter, and at his request called to see him.

He was so interested in my case that he made a machine, or rather a harness for me, free of charge. It was fitted with pads and straps to fit under the chin and at the back of the neck, and in this position, I would be suspended from the floor twice a day. Although I received no benefit from this treatment, I shall always feel grateful to Dr. Sayre for his great interest and kindness.

"So severe had my case become by this time that I could not walk without assistance, and was almost ready to give up life. I had a great number of friends who were interested in my case, and whenever I read anything pertaining to locomotor ataxia, they would forward it to me with the hope that it would open the way to relief.

"It was in this way that I first learned of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. A. C. James, of the well-known piano firm of James and Holstern, 335 E. 21st St., with whom I had business connections, read in the Albany Journal of a case of locomotor ataxia that had been cured by Pink Pills. Mr. James showed me a statement and urged me to give the pills a trial. I confess I did not have the least faith in their efficacy, but finally consented to try them. I sent to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. for my first supply in September last. I took them rather irregularly at first with the cold water treatment. In a very short time I was convinced that I was getting better and I began the use of the pills in earnest, taking about one box every five days.

"First sign of improvement was in November, 1892, when I had a rush of blood to the head and feet causing a stinging and pricking sensation. Feb. 22nd, 1893, was the first time in five years I had ever seen any sign of blood in my feet. From this time on I began to improve. My strength and appetite have gradually returned; I now have perfect control of my bowels, and the pains have gradually left me. I can sit and write by the hour and walk up stairs by balancing myself with my hands. Without doubt I am a new man from the ground up, I have every reason to believe that I will be hale and hearty in less than six months.

GEORGE L'HOMMEDIU,
JENNIE E. L'HOMMEDIU.