

How monotonous ! How unvarying ! It may be so, but ask yourself this :—

Would I rather undergo this treatment for a year, and then be able to do and to live absolutely as other people, cured of my disease : or would I rather—getting worse and more feeble from day to day—die within a few years at most ? Or put it another way :—To what length will I go to save my life ?

Before concluding, let me give the reader one warning. Often, perhaps, during the treatment there may come some little set back ; a rise of temperature ; a hæmorrhage from no apparent cause. This or the other. Do not be disheartened, but go to bed and start from the beginning again. Be assured that rest is the cure, and that each time you have to return to the primitive first cure, namely, rest in bed, you will require a less number of days to bring you back to the right road.

Another consolation, if progress is slow, may here be offered. The body has to be taught to produce an antidote to the poison of the tubercle bacillus. At first it does so slowly, but later more and more rapidly : and thus every day you live is a day gained, for the blood is steadily gaining the power to neutralize the poison formed by the microbe, and thus to restore your life.