

lay her hands upon me. On Tuesday, February 15th, her answer came as follows :

WILCOTTVILLE, CONN., *February 24th, 1879.*

MISS CARRIE JUDD :

I received a line from your sister Eva, stating your case, your disease and your faith. I can encourage you, by the Word of God, that "according to your faith" so be it unto you ; and besides you have this promise, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." Whether the person is present or absent, if it is a "prayer of faith" it is all the same, and God has promised to raise up the sick ones, and if they have committed sins to forgive them. Now this promise is to you, as if you were the only person living. Now if you can claim this promise, I have not the least doubt but that you will be healed. You will first have to lay aside all medicine of every description. Use no remedies of any kind for anything. Lay aside trusting in the "arm of flesh," and lean wholly upon God and His promises. When you receive this letter I want you to begin to pray for faith, and Wednesday afternoon the female prayer-meeting is at our house. We will make you a subject of prayer between the hours of three and four. I want you to pray for yourself, and pray believing and then *act faith*. It makes no difference how you feel, but get right out of bed and begin to walk by faith. Strength will come, disease will depart and you will be made whole. We read in the Gospel, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." Write soon.

Yours in faith,

MRS. EDWARD MIX.

Is it any wonder that in my utter weakness, my confirmed helplessness, and, above all, my lack of faith, that I was tempted to smile unbelievably at the words "get right out of bed and begin to walk by faith?" My conscience reproved me for my unbelief, and I began to pray for an increase of faith. I left off all medicine at once, though I confess it was with a struggle, for I was very dependent upon it for *temporary* alleviation of my extreme suffering. At the hour appointed by Mrs. Mix members of our own family also offered up prayer, though not in my room. Just before this, I seemed to have no power, whatever, to grasp the promise. Terrible darkness and powerful temptations from Satan rose to obscure even the little faith I had, but, suddenly, my soul was filled with a childlike peace and confidence, different from anything I had ever before experienced.

There was no excitement, but, without the least fear or hesitation, I turned over and raised up alone, for the first time in over two years. My nurse, Mrs. H., who had taken care of me for nearly a year, was