

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 stooped 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 seem-

ed 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. Rheumatism and palpitation of the heart, that generally follow long cases of diseased liver and kidneys, were now almost constantly present, so that he could scarcely hobble across the room. His cough had become dreadful, with a greenish-coloured expectoration. His breathing had now become like that of an asthmatic. His money was now exhausted, and the little children were aiding their mother to supply the absolute wants by working in the mill, he being no longer able to perform even the light task some kind friends had provided him in the early days of his confinement to the house. We speak of this to show the sympathetic nature and noble magnanimity of the man, for it is a fact that should not be omitted that

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