

violent relapse, and, in spite of everything that could be done for me, I continued to fail. I rallied a little in the autumn, but only temporarily.

In January, 1879, my mother's mother, who had lived with us for years, and who was very dear to me, died at our house, after a short illness. I was so low at the time that there could be no public notice of her death, and only a few intimate friends were admitted into our silent house.

By the middle of February, my weakness was so great that most of the time I could scarcely speak in a whisper, and sometimes could only move my lips. Often the exertion of whispering one word would cause the perspiration to start profusely, and I would lie for hours needing something rather than ask for it. I could take no solid food, whatever, and it exhausted me greatly to swallow even liquid food.

My disease had grown into blood consumption ; I was emaciated to a shadow, and my largest veins looked like mere threads. Nothing could keep me warm, and the chill of death seemed upon me. A great part of the time I lay gasping faintly for breath, and I suffered excruciatingly. Even the weight of my arms and limbs seemed to be almost unendurable, and this terrible strain was constant. My pulse could scarcely be found, and I was not expected to live from one day to the next. Everything that the most skilful physicians could do for me had been done; only the "Great Physician" could restore me by His almighty power. I have no doubt that it was ordered by Providence, that, just at this time, there should appear in the daily paper a short account of the wonderful cures performed in answer to the prayers of Mrs. Edward Mix, a colored lady, of Wilcottville, Conn. The article represented her as an earnest, humble Christian, who simply professed to be doing God's work. She had, herself, been cured after years of ill health, by the prayers and laying on of hands of a Rev. Mr. Allen, of Springfield. Mother mentioned these facts to me, and the more I thought on the subject, the more I felt that a letter must be written her in regard to my own case. I had often heard of faith-cures before this, and there had been read to me some portions of W. W. Patton's book, "Remarkable Answers to Prayer," but, although not discrediting them, none had ever produced so great an impression on my mind as this short account of Mrs. Mix. I waited a few hours, then requested my sister to write her that I believed her great faith might avail for me, if she would pray for my recovery, even if she were not present to