

## LETTER FROM BROTHER SUNDERLIN

FORT EDWARD, N.Y.

„Greatly beloved” brother Russell:

Yours of the 18th came to hand Monday evening, 21st inst. I accept with gratitude the sympathy and love expressed, and I know that you will rejoice with me on account of returning health; in the Lord’s good time I have been directed to the remedy („Compound Oxygen”) that is now working great good to me.

I always feel like chiding myself when I begin to be lavish of special praises to God for health, or any of those things that men regard as blessings. It is „*Our Father*,” and sick or well, pain or ease, his *infinite* all abounding love is *the same*, and by each and every means, and all his dealing with me, he is „treasuring up his bright designs.”

This has sustained me, and though he let me down, *down*, DOWN, to a lone dreary waste of mind and spirit, where I had no strength, I was able by his grace always to gasp „Thy will be done.” Amen! It must be best; proceed O Lord with thy good pleasure in me, and burn up all the dross.

I thank you and appreciate the kindness that prompted you to send me the medical formula, and the doctor from whom it came also; but it so happened (?) that just before it came I had written to doctors in Philadelphia, regarding my case, and though they gave me no particular encouragement, but said: „We don’t see how you live,” I had confidence in the OXYGEN, and though I felt as though I could not afford the price, I sent for it. Before it came, I was much worse, and it found me in a direful condition; but it has just raised me right *up*—no guess-work about it.

One week ago last Saturday, it came about noon. I was so bad that night that it took five or six doses of morphine to quiet me, the next night *one*, and *none since*. The third night after it came I slept sweetly without any anodyne.

One week ago, Monday, I could not sit up to have my bed made, but got to one side to have it stirred and regulated—four days after the „Oxygen treatment” came I rode out. At first getting up I hobbled about on crutch and cane—I now walk about the yard a little thus, and can walk about the house with cane only. Of course it is a *new* strength, a sort of infantile life; but I am thankful for it, while my dear Lord understands that I do not undervalue my sickness and pain and sorrow and

darkness and gloom, which though intended for evil by the enemy, is among the „all things” working for good.

I had hoped to finish my last article for „Z.W.T.” but shall not be able to, in time for next issue. It is yet hard work to think and write, but I do not now feel the labor of hanging on to life.

With much love to yourself and dear sister Russell, and wishing to be remembered to all yours and ours, I am as ever,

Yours in Christ Jesus,  
J. C. SUNDERLIN.

Our readers will be interested in the above. Brother Sunderlin has been in the furnace of affliction for several months and unable to write for the TOWER. (His articles in this number, were written before his illness.) You will all be glad to know of his recovery, though since he has caught cold and got a set-back.

Regarding the remedy he mentions: It is called „*Compound Oxygen treatment*,” and is prepared by at least two firms in Philadelphia, Pa. Thinking that a remedy which has done our brother so much good might be of benefit to others, we wrote to see what terms we could make for our readers.

We have made arrangements by which you can have what are termed „*Home treatments*,” for *seven dollars and fifty cents*, the usual price of which is from ten to fifteen dollars. You can either address Drs. Feltwell and Fondey, Philadelphia, Pa., saying that you are a *Watch Tower* reader; or you can send your order to us and we will attend to it for you.

This remedy is specially recommended for Consumption and Nervous Debility and Spinal Weakness. By enclosing stamp for postage, and addressing as above, some printed descriptive circulars will be sent you. EDITOR.

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— October And November, 1882 —