

supply of corn, peas, potatoes and garden foods, so we made out, though these were hard times.

The next year we didn't plant so much cotton and more feed and food crops. This also was a very wet year. Good feed crops but not much cotton. Father was then seeing the need of diversified farming and was raising more hogs and cattle.

1905

Nineteen hundred five, the last year of our sojourn at Harmony was a memorable year to this writer.

The two preceding extraordinary wet years followed by this one had filled all the swamps and lowlands with water which stood so long that the country was filled with mosquitos, and now for a year or more there had been a scourge of malaria throughout the community. Chills and fevers in almost every home. The houses of that day were not screened and people had little or no protection from malaria breeding mosquitoes. During this year of 1905 they were worse than ever. Black jaundice began to break out. This dreadful death dealing disease was said to be the result of a long continued malarial condition causing the blood cells to break down. Death followed in many instances. Already several cases had occurred in our community and some deaths reported.

It was September 21st that my sister Ada, just two years younger than myself was taken sick. The doctor was called at once and he pronounced it black jaundice and began immediately prescribing for it.

Just two days later I was stricken down with unmistakable symptoms of the same dreadful disease. The doctor happened to be at our house at the time on his regular visit to my sick sister. Upon examination he gravely announced, "Another case of the black disease."

Two days later, on the 25th, my dear sister passed as a "Bloom plucked in the early morning of life," (Inscription on her tombstone) to be with her Lord. Ada had early in life accepted Christ as her Savior and had joined the church. Though I was saved at that time and had perfect assurance in my heart and soul, I had never told anyone, not even my mother.

They tried to keep me from knowing about my sister's death, because they thought the shock would be

too much for me and would lessen my chance of survival. This they failed to do. She lay in an adjoining room, and their weeping and sobs penetrated the wall between us. No one told me, but I knew she had died.

There was something very strange about this. It did not disturb me in the least to know she had passed away. I could scarcely weep about it. I recall that I chided myself inwardly that my sister was gone, a sister that I loved so dearly and yet I could feel so little sorrow about it.

Furthermore, I could not feel much concern that I too, might follow her in death. I was fully conscious of the fact that death could as easily and as likely come to me as to her, yet I was not at all alarmed. I had no fear and little regret at the thought of it.

But the disease was rapidly sapping my vitality away and the next day I was dangerously near death, although I was never at any time irrational. I knew everything that was going on about me.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

I saw my mother come into my room and kneel in prayer. No one else was in the room at that time. She remained on her knees only a short time, arose and went out. In twenty-four hours after that I was past the crisis and well on my way to recovery.

A few days later when I was well out of danger, my mother came to my bedside and told me that on the morning she came to my bedside to pray, that I was so low they had called another doctor and after consultation with our family doctor over my case, they called her aside and as tenderly as they could they said, "Mrs. Funderburk, you must brace up and be brave for you will shortly have to give up another one of your children. There is no hope for the boy." She said to me, "Son, I could not bear it. I simply could not bear to see you go. I could stand to see Ada go, for I knew she was a Christian and was prepared to go, but you were not prepared and I just couldn't stand it. I asked the Lord to spare you until you had made peace with Him and was ready to go. I came in here to your bed and prayed the Lord to spare you and from the moment I rose from my knees, I had full assurance that you would live. If God had spoken to me in audible voice I would have had