

not in a condition to bear a lengthened conversation, and yet I was anxious to say something that might be helpful to him in his time of need. Then, led as I believe by the Divine Spirit, I spoke to him with an abruptness such as I had never shown to any one in affliction before. I said, "Christ did not come to make any blind proposition to us. John, in the first chapter of his Gospel, verses 11 and 12, tells us that He (Christ) 'came to His own and His own received Him not, but as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.' Now, that is very simple and very plain. Faith is too often darkened by a multitude of words. It means just to receive Christ as your Saviour and Master. If you so receive Him He will now give you the right to be His child." Then and there I believe he accepted Christ, and so far as I know never wavered till he was received to the home above. Indeed, I have been so assured by those who visited him daily after his return to his own home. The light of Heaven that shone in his soul when an infant in the arms of his "old black mammy" down in Dixie now came to abide forever. And so the next day when Mrs. Murray called to see him she found him rejoicing in his new-found Saviour.

The day before the doctor left the hospital for home I called to see him, and speaking to him as an old friend in a cheerful, assuring way, I said, "Well, doctor, the promises are all right and Christ is all right. He is true to His promises, is He not?" With an ineffable smile of joy, and tears of gladness, he