

So, instead of telling our patient in "15" that there was no occasion for so much anxiety, I attempted to put before him the remedy which God had so freely and so fully provided.

"O, but," said the poor man, "I have been such a hypocrite."

"Granted," replied I, "yet the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"There has never been such a sinner as I am."

"There has never been such a Saviour as the Lord Jesus." But he could not see Jesus; he could only see a moral leper, and could only cry "unclean, unclean."

With perfect assurance that He who had bruised, could and would heal, I left him. Business calling me out of town for a fortnight, I wrote to my friend and sent him a New Testament with many passages, which I thought applicable to his case, marked for him. During my absence I was very much before the Lord about him, and on my return was anxious to know of his state, so as soon as circumstances permitted, I found my way again to the hospital. On entering ward 15 my heart sank within me when I saw not only a vacant bed, but an unknown name, where I had seen so wonderful an exhibition of the Spirit's power two weeks before. My disappointment was brief, however; I soon learned that the patient had been removed to another ward, and found him in a distant corner, sitting, clothed, and in his right mind, reading his Testament.

"Well," I said, "are you rejoicing in the finished work of Christ?" With some hesitation he replied, "At times I am filled with joy, and then again clouds arise." But if the Lord were to call you at this moment what would be the result?" "O, I would surely be with Him." "Then," I said, "let us thank God for the salvation of a precious soul," and our hearts went out to Him for all His love and grace.