

IF THOU SHALT CONFESS WITH THY  
MOUTH THE LORD JESUS.

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IN the summer of 1889, I was in a town north of Toronto one morning, and while talking with a merchant of the place, a well known Doctor entered and mentioned that he had just come from visiting a patient named S—, who was dying of consumption. I was led to ask for further information regarding the dying man and found he had been what people call a “hard case” and had wasted his life with “riotous living.” Upon asking if I could see him I was told there would be no difficulty in doing so. Starting off in the direction of the house I soon was at the gate when I heard the groans of the poor fellow which accompanied each breath.

The woman of the house upon being asked if I could see the sick man said that while I was welcome to come in and see him, she was afraid I could not make him hear, as he had been quite deaf for several days.

I was shown into the room where he was, and I shall not forget the sight for many a day.

Upon the bed with his head and shoulders propped up with pillows half sitting and half lying was a man of about 45 years of age wasted to a skeleton. His long dark hair and beard tossing about as he restlessly turned from side to side, evidently in great pain. His mouth opening to its full extent at every breath which was drawn with great effort, and escaped with a groan.

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