



MOODY POCKET BOOKS 48

DR. WILSON'S stories of SOUL-WINNING



walter l. wilson

DR. WILSON'S STORIES
of
SOUL-WINNING

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SOUL-WINNING

By
DR. WALTER L. WILSON



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Dogs Are on the Outside

Probably no animal is loved by human beings more than the faithful dog. He finds a place in the human heart which in many cases is dearer even than the relatives. The tiny dog that can be held in the hand, or the Great Dane or the Mastiff, and all the dogs in between, find a place in the human heart that is interesting and enjoyable. They serve also a useful place in society, as the shepherd dog with the herd, the watchdog in the home, the Alpine dogs in the mountains to find the lost traveler, the Seeing Eye dog for the blind, and the lap dog in the home for the lonely. All of these delight their owners.

It was my privilege on one occasion to converse with a beautiful, well-dressed lady as she walked through a park leading a dog on a leash. I thought that perhaps she might be a candidate

for heaven, and so I paused at the side of the dog and began to pet the animal and rub its ears. The dog was quite pleased with this attention, and wagged both ends for joy. I saw that the lady was quite friendly, and so as I stroked the back of the dog, I said to her, "This is a beautiful animal that you have. Is it a greyhound?" My friend was not very well pleased with this remark, and said with a bit of sarcasm, "No, indeed; this is a Scotty!" I replied that I was not an expert on dogs and did not know a great deal about the various breeds. Then I asked her, "Is this what is called a full-blooded mongrel?" This aroused some more indignation as she affirmed, with quite a little emphasis, that this dog was not a mongrel, but had a pedigree, and was a prize-winning exhibit at quite a few fairs. She told me that this dog had won many ribbons for its perfections in various categories.

It was easy to see that these two were very fond of each other. She informed me that she bought special food for the dog, and had a very nice warm, attractive kennel for its home. I told her that the result of her care could be seen without any difficulty, for the dog was well fed and well groomed. When the lady saw that I was quite well convinced of the value of her beloved Scotty, and that I was quite ignorant of the merits of most dogs, she began to tell me the particular traits of her pet. I listened attentively, because I wanted her confidence, and I wanted

her to listen to my message shortly. When she had finished telling me about the merits of little Scotty, I felt it was time to apply some truths to her heart. All the time we were talking together, we were standing on the path not far from the entrance to the park.

As I continued to pet the dog, I remarked to my friend that when I saw a splendid person, accompanied by a very excellent dog, and when I observed that they were quite fond of each other, it made me feel sad. The lady was astonished at this statement, and I could see that she was really puzzled by my remark. She exclaimed, "Why would you be sad because I have such a fine dog for my pet?" That is the very question I wanted her to ask. I wanted her to feel that I had some information which would be of value, and I wanted her curiosity aroused to learn about it. My answer to her was this: "I know that you two are very fond of each other, and that you enjoy each other's company. I know also that when you die and go to heaven, you will have to leave the dog outside of heaven, for the Bible very clearly states, 'Outside are dogs,' and this is found in Rev. 22:15." I took my Bible from my pocket and read the passage to her. The thought seemed to disturb her, and she answered me with deep earnestness, "Mister, I would give my right arm if I only knew for sure that I would be in heaven with God. I have

never known how I could be sure that after I die I would go to live with the Lord."

Near to the place where we were standing, there was a park bench, and so I suggested to my friend that we sit upon that bench while I told her how she could be sure of going to be with the Lord at the end of the journey. She accepted my invitation quickly, and in fact eagerly. She had a genuine desire to be right with God, and was happy to find someone in whom she could confide, and to whom she could express her feelings. After we were seated I turned in my Bible to I John 5:12, and read to her: "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." She had never seen that passage, although she told me she had been a frequent visitor at a neighboring church, and had listened to many sermons. She informed me that no one had ever shown her the way of salvation, nor explained to her from the Bible how she could get rid of her sins. I explained to her that Christ Jesus is God's life. He gives life eternal, and He is life eternal. I assured her that if she wanted God's life, and forgiveness, and redemption, then she must trust Christ Jesus with her soul, and accept Him as her Lord and Saviour.

I called to her attention I John 1:7, in which we read, "But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son,

cleanses us from all sin." She was not slow to understand the passage, and saw quickly that salvation must come from the Lord Jesus, who is able to forgive because He shed His precious blood at Calvary. Her heart was touched, the darkness was dispelled, and the light of the Lord shone in her face as she accepted the message, received the Saviour, and found the peace that she had so much desired through the years. She forgot about the dog, her heart was filled with Christ Jesus. She exclaimed so gladly, "How wonderful it is to know that I belong to Jesus Christ, He belongs to me, and He has cleansed me from my sins. Now I know I shall live with Him forever."

That was a happy day for both of us. The Holy Spirit let me find a hungry heart in the park, and my new friend found the wonderful Saviour in Christ Jesus. Let us always be alert and watchful to find those who may be candidates for heaven.

Seeing Through Dark Glasses

It is most interesting to wander through a beautiful park on a hot summer day, to enjoy the restful quiet and relaxation from a strenuous life. It is also a splendid place to find those whose minds are occupied with the problems of life.

On such a day I found it necessary to go through a lovely shaded area en route to make a visit, and came across a very bright spot in the center of these woods where the sun was beaming, and the heat was quite noticeable. Sitting there in that open space and enjoying the bright warm sun was a lady taking a sun bath, and wearing very dark sun glasses. The thought came to me that perhaps she was a candidate for heaven, and might be meditating on her need.

As I passed along the path near her, I paused a moment and said to her, "Pardon me, lady, I

trust you will not think that I am intruding, nor feel offended because I have disturbed your meditations, but may I ask whether you are a Bible woman?" She did not seem to be distressed by my approach, but removed the dark glasses, and said, "No, there is no offense at all. I was just sitting here enjoying the warm sun, and wore these dark glasses to protect my eyes. I was not thinking of anything in particular. I am curious, however, to know why you would think that I might be a Bible woman. What did you see about me that would make you think about the Bible?"

It was really delightful to see the attitude of this friend, and the curiosity that had been aroused. No offense is usually given when the approach is wisely made. There must always be a feeling of friendship between the parties who converse, else it will be difficult to obtain a favorable response. It was easy to see that this lady was not distressed, nor did she reject the question that was asked.

I said to her that I was just reading in the Bible (I Cor. 13:12), "Now we see through a glass darkly." I continued, "When I saw your dark glasses, I thought perhaps it had some connection in your mind with that verse in the Bible. You were seeing through a glass darkly, and perhaps could not see too well." The attention of my friend was quite evident now, and she asked me with real interest, "Is that verse really

in the Bible? I have heard it quoted many times in my life, but never knew that it was a verse in the Bible. Would you please tell me what it means, for I never thought of applying it to myself." This was the invitation I was hoping to receive. I said, "With your permission, I will sit beside you and show you the meaning of the passage, and how it applies to you." She gave her consent, and with my Bible in my hand open so she could read it herself, I turned to the passage in order that she might be assured that I was not misquoting the verse. She read the passage herself, and then said again, "I do not understand it, nor see how it applies to me." I answered her that the probable meaning of it was that she did not see how bad she was, nor how good the Lord Jesus is. I explained to her that very few people see what they are in the sight of God, or realize how many sins are against them, and are on the record of heaven. She agreed to this at once. She admitted that she had never analyzed her own life, nor sought to make a record of the number and the kind of sins she had committed. I read to her, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3:23). I called her attention to the fact that it does not say how many sins, nor what kind of sins, but only that there were enough of them to hide the face of the Lord, and to make us unfit for His presence.

There was no immediate reply to this state-

ment, and I could see that she was going back over her life, and thinking of the faults, failures and sins which came to her memory. There was no resistance at all in her spirit, but rather she seemed to want the full revelation that our Lord would have for her. Her thoughts troubled her, and she said, "You told the truth. I never really did go over my own life and analyze it as I should. I certainly had on the dark glasses so far as my own case is concerned. What does God say about me that I may have overlooked?" I read to her Romans 3:12: "They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. . . . And the way of peace they have not known." I remarked that this is God's estimate of us, and not our estimate of each other. The Lord was working in her heart, so I changed the subject and began telling her of the loveliness and the sufficiency of the Lord Jesus.

This was a wonderful opportunity for me to unfold to her heart the saving power of Jesus Christ. I read that beautiful passage in John 1:12: "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them who believe on His name." In explaining this passage I brought to her attention the fact that she must be saved by One who was perfect, whose life was blameless, and who was sinless in the sight of God. Christ Jesus is that Person. I called to her attention the fact that the only one

who could put away her sins, and who could bring her into God's family was the One who Himself was sinless, and yet knew all about all of her sins. We read together Colossians 2:14: "Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross." She spoke quickly about it and said, "I certainly had on dark glasses about my own condition, and about the cross. I never knew before that my sins were laid on Jesus, and that God put them away because He died for me." I asked her to read the verse herself, so that she would know exactly what took place for her. As she read it, the joy of the Lord came into her soul, and the sadness that had been on her countenance was changed to the gladness of salvation.

She was most grateful to me and said, "I can never tell you how thankful I am that you stopped and talked to me about those dark glasses. Little did I know how ignorant I was, both about myself and the Saviour. I shall go home from this park and tell my friends that I no longer need the dark glasses. I have seen how wicked I am, and how precious the Lord Jesus is."

Saved in a Submarine

Who would ever think that a man could be saved in the bottom of the ocean, sitting in comfort on the sandy bottom of the sea? Yet this is exactly what happened.

Two sailor boys passed through our city on the way to Long Beach to join the fleet. They had been on furlough, and had a few hours' wait between trains here. One was a Christian boy who knew the Lord, but was not very active in his witness and testimony. He had a heart that responded to God's things, but did not promote very much Christian activity in his own life. His pal was a splendid young fellow who made a good companion in the training camps. These two were wandering about on one of the main streets of our city seeing the sights. They were complete strangers here, had no friends, and no acquaintances.

On Sunday afternoon two of our young people from the church were visiting various hotels in the business section of the city to leave invitations with the desk clerk inviting guests to the meetings out at our church. They saw these sailor boys in uniform and gave each of them an invitation, accompanied by a card that told the location of the church and the hour of the meetings.

Since the train on which they were to leave did not depart until about 10:00 P.M. and since the church was only a few minutes' ride from the railroad station, they decided to attend the service that night. They came in uniform and, of course, received a very cordial welcome, especially from the young people's group. They were made to feel at home, and soon found themselves among friends. One of our young ladies gave to the Christian boy a copy of my book *The Romance of a Doctor's Visits*. I do not know why the unsaved boy did not receive a book. The Christian lad took it with him, intending to read it on the train. Somehow he placed it in one of his bags, and then forgot it.

When the two sailor boys arrived at Long Beach they found that the submarine on which they were stationed was to leave that night. They hurriedly completed any preparations that needed to be made, and boarded the ship. The book still remained unnoticed and unread. Sometime during the night the submarine quietly slipped away for a trip to Japan. It was to be stationed on one of

the shipping lanes off the coast of Japan where they were to await the opportunity to torpedo a Japanese ship.

While the submarine was resting on the ocean bed, our Christian friend suddenly remembered the book he had received in the young people's meeting while he was en route to California. He searched through his baggage and found the book. He read it with delight, and was refreshed in his own spirit by the messages he found there. Having finished it, he gave it to his buddy with the recommendation that he read it carefully, and with the promise that he would enjoy it. The hours passed in the submarine were a bit dreary, and so the sailor boy was glad to get the book, and began to read it. The stories intrigued him. He began to realize that some of the cases mentioned there were just like his own case. Before he had gone very far in his reading, he began to realize that he too was a lost man, needing a Saviour. The Spirit of God reminded him that he was in a war, and might never come out alive. As this truth took hold of his heart, he watched more eagerly for the remedy.

In each of the stories that he read, he found that Christ Jesus and the seeking sinner came together, with the blessed result that the seeker found the Saviour to be sufficient. He read, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In another case, he read, "He that hath the Son hath life." In the

story about an aged sinner, he read in John 3:16 that he was to take the Saviour as God's gift to him; then in John 1:12 he read that he would become a child of God by taking the Saviour; also in I John 5:12, he read, "He that hath the Son hath life." This was sufficient for his heart. He bowed his head to his Saviour, and accepted Him as the Lord of his life, and the Saviour of his soul.

He finished reading the book where the various messages confirmed his faith, and returned it to his pal, saying, "I will never forget your kindness in giving me that wonderful book. I found Jesus Christ while I was reading it. I believe He gave me eternal life and I am His. Now, we are brothers, as well as pals."

How blessed it is to find that there is a welcome from the Saviour, whether we come to him in the parlor, or in the office, or in the church, or in the depths of the sea. "This Man receiveth sinners" anywhere, any place, any time.

“You Don’t Care for My Soul!”

The lady who was sitting in the back seat of the church attracted unusual attention because of her appearance. The collar of her dress reached almost to her ears. The skirt of her dress reached almost to the floor. She wore no jewelry, and no makeup. The hair was not curled, and one could see that she was seeking to be as plain as possible in her dress and appearance. She was a member of a religious group which believed in plainness of apparel, with no trimmings such as the world enjoyed.

This friend attended noonday services in the heart of the city, for she worked in an office which was close to the place of meeting. Each Wednesday noon, and Friday noon, she would be seen sitting attentively in the back seat, and listening intently. Just as the last word would be said in prayer, she was up and out of the door

quickly, without speaking to anyone. It seemed as though she wanted to avoid any personal conversation. No one in the church seemed to know who she was, or whether she was a Christian.

I had noticed that she left quickly after the service ended, and gave no one an opportunity to converse with her, and yet she came quite regularly to the meeting. I determined to contact this friend and find out something about her, and whether she really was saved by grace, or was an observer, or a seeker. Therefore, at the close of one of the services, I slipped away quickly to the door while the last hymn was being sung and waited for her to come. As she passed me, I greeted her with a handshake. She was not very enthusiastic in her reply, and just barely shook my hand as she hurried out. I obtained no information that day. When she came to the next meeting, I repeated the performance, greeted her at the door, and asked whether the Lord Jesus had saved her. She answered quite abruptly, "No, sir!" Then hurried away. At our next meeting, I again accosted her, and said, "I would like very much to talk with you about the Saviour if I may." She replied, "You care nothing about my soul, and neither does anyone else." At once she was gone. I could see very plainly that she was in some distress of mind and heart, and so decided that at our next meeting I would try to persuade her to remain and let me have a visit with her about the gospel.

When she returned at the next service, I had that opportunity.

As we met at the door, I said to her, "Would you have the time, and the desire, to sit with me a few minutes while I tell you about the Saviour?" She answered me, "I belong to the _____

_____ Church where we are taught the Bible, and taught to live like Christians. I notice that most of the people I know who claim to be Christians do not live like it, nor act like it, nor dress like it." I saw at once that she was judging the gospel by people's lives, which of course was not profitable, nor helpful to her. I answered this statement of hers by saying, "Really, I did not wish to talk with you about the customs and habits and ways of others, but only to tell you about the lovely Person and the wonderful work of the Lord Jesus Christ. I would like to help you to turn your mind away from the failures of men to the perfect and wonderful Person of the Lord Jesus." I could see that she was a bit restless, and so asked her if she were overstaying her time away from the office, and she replied that she should have been back to her work at once, and now she was late. I suggested to her that she arrange with the office to let her come in late on the next day of the meeting, so that we could have a longer visit together. To this she agreed.

At the next meeting I observed that she came in a little earlier than before. She passed by the

rear seat and came well forward near the front of the building. This encouraged me, for I could see that she really was getting serious and wanted help. At the close of the preaching she made no effort to leave, so I sat down beside her with my Bible, and said, "Can you remember when you had a meeting with the Saviour, confessed that you were a lost sinner, and then trusted your soul to the Lord Jesus Christ?" She looked at me in blank amazement and said she had never had such an experience, and really did not understand the meaning of it. I then asked her if she were a lost woman, to which she replied again, "I am in the dark, and I do not understand what you mean, and maybe I am lost, but I do not know."

I saw that it was time now to begin explaining her condition before God, and the provision made in Christ Jesus for her salvation. I read to her a part of Romans 3, which describes what we are in the sight of God. The story ends by the statement, "and the way of peace have they not known." She quickly accepted that statement as being true in her own life. She described in some detail her religious life, her effort to be good, and her activities in the church. She also added that none of this had given her peace in her heart. She was now getting disturbed in her mind evidently about getting back to the office. I observed this, and so brought our conversation to a close by saying, "I know you must

get back to work now, Miss H_____, so do come back again, and permit me to explain to you more fully all that the Lord Jesus would like to do for you." She replied that she would be back at the next service.

Her receptive spirit led me to very earnest prayer for her, and I definitely looked to the Holy Spirit to give wisdom in talking to her about the Saviour. At the close of the service again she remained seated, and I sat beside her with my Bible. I read to her Romans 4:5, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." She was astonished at this truth. It had never been brought to her attention before that righteousness is a gift from God by and through the Lord Jesus. She expressed her surprise, as I explained the verse to her. We then turned to Ephesians 2:8-9. This added to the confusion of her thinking, for she had been indoctrinated with the doctrine that salvation comes by good works and good behavior. We read the passage together, "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." These passages so upset her thinking that she expressed a desire to know what does save the soul, for she saw clearly that what she had in the way of religion was not satisfactory to God. Now she had to hurry away again to her work.

When she returned to the next meeting, I read to her I John 5:12, "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." To this I added John 1:12, "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," and explained to her the need of receiving Christ for her own salvation. As I explained that truth to her, I read slowly and distinctly John 3:16, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." In explaining it to her, I called her attention to the fact that God gave the Lord Jesus to her, but she must take Him and that when and if she did take Him she would have eternal life. The Holy Spirit revealed this precious truth to her heart, and she exclaimed, "I see that it is Christ Jesus who saves the soul, and I am taking Him just now to save my soul." She left the meeting, radiant in her faith, and with the peace of God filling her heart. She became an ardent Bible student, filled with questions about the meaning of the Scriptures as she read them. She became at once an earnest Christian worker, carrying the message back to the church where she was a member, and seeking to win them for Christ. She became a servant of God in her own neighborhood, and invited her friends into her home for Bible study. Thus she proved her faith by her works.

The Cursing Barber

The nicest, cleanest barber shop in town was located on the north side of the square opposite the county court house. Almost the entire front of the shop was plate glass, giving an unobstructed view of the entire interior of the shop.

Scotty, the barber, had equipped the shop with the finest of barber equipment, placed mirrors in various parts of the room, had a table for reading matter, on which were the current issues of popular magazines.

Scotty was a very wicked man—anti-Christian, anti-church, anti-religious, and was vigorous in his opposition. He was a militant enemy of the Christians in that little western city. When a Christian would walk past his shop and would be seen by Scotty, he would at once curse and swear, holding up religion to ridicule, and calling down anathemas on the heads of the Chris-

tians. He was known all over the county as one who was an enemy of the church, an enemy of the preachers, and one who was definitely opposed to Christian ministry and teaching.

Scotty was not an old man, he was probably around forty-five years of age, with a lovely Christian wife, and two splendid children, a boy and a girl. Scotty did not hinder the attendance of his family at church services, but he would have nothing to do with it himself, would have no Bible visible in the house, and would mock at the messages brought home by the family. Apart from his antagonism to the church, Scotty was a pleasant, honest man. He paid his bills promptly, he did not gamble nor drink, and he would boast that he was just as good as any of these hypocrite Christians that he knew in the town. On every other subject except Christianity, he would converse freely and rather intelligently.

With those who had no interest in Christianity, he would play chess or checkers in the shop while waiting for customers. He was such a good man as a barber, that even some of the Christians would go to him when they needed a barber. The merchants of the city had confidence in him because he met his obligations promptly, and made a good name for himself in the business world.

The praying Christians in the town were constantly telling the Lord about this one who was

God's enemy, and their enemy. They knew that the Word of God had wonderful power to "break the rock in pieces," and would soften the hard heart. They were wise in their dealings with him and constant in their prayer for him. The Christian groceryman who served Scotty's family, and the Christian dentist who took care of those needs in the family, would speak kindly to Scotty about the Saviour. Sometimes through the mail Scotty would receive unusual gospel tracts containing warnings and invitations to Christ. He would glance at these and then destroy them, sometimes with an oath. The pastor of a neighboring church would sometimes go to the shop for service in order to seek some strategic opening for the gospel. The barber was very careful to avoid this issue, except to vent his feelings against the Christian religion which he called a fraud and a farce.

One day in the early fall, Scotty's customers noticed a roughness in his voice. When he spoke it was a bit harsh, and not clear and pleasant as it had been. Scotty thought that he had a cold, and purchased from the drug store some throat lozenges. He used these all day for several days, but the condition of his throat did not improve. As the hoarseness increased, his wife persuaded him to consult a physician. It seemed to the doctor that this was just a persistent cold which he could remedy by a stronger treatment. He did what he thought was best, but the throat

continued to get worse. Scotty himself was disturbed about this, and felt that he should have a more thorough examination than he had received. The physician also was impressed with the seriousness of the case and decided to have the secretion of the throat examined by a laboratory. He took a specimen from the throat, a specimen which he considered adequate, and sent it to the state hospital which was not too far distant. After a few days the answer came back—*cancer*.

Soon the word was spread around the town that Scotty, the barber, was afflicted with cancer of the throat. Of course, his business began at once to fall off. Men were afraid to have him breathing upon them while cutting their hair or shaving. Parents were afraid to send their children to the shop for fear of being contaminated. Even his best friends gradually stopped coming for service because of the fear of being affected by his disease.¹

The local physician was not equipped to treat the cancer with anything effective, but sent him to a neighboring city where he could receive the usual treatment for such a disease. Scotty drove to the hospital two or three times a week for treatments, but none of these were sufficient to stop the ravages of the cancer. Gradually his voice failed as the vocal chords were involved, and he was unable to converse.

¹ Note: Cancer is not contagious.

About this time, I passed through that little county seat and stopped to visit the county engineer, the superintendent of roads, on my way to conduct a service. While there I was invited to remain for supper, which I was glad to do. During the course of the meal my friends told me about the precarious condition of the barber, and suggested that I go to see him. This I did. I found Scotty sitting in the kitchen, his mouth and throat covered with bandages, and all the other evidences of the cancer were plainly visible.

I introduced myself to him and said, "I am a physician from Kansas City, who is deeply interested in the bodies and the souls of those who are sick. I came to tell you, Scotty, about a Man who loves you." Scotty shook his head to tell me he did not believe it. I may say at this point that Scotty could swallow neither water nor food. He was slowly dying of starvation. I continued my conversation with him, and said, "I know you have not been friendly to Jesus Christ, nor to His Bible, but that very Bible tells how the God of heaven loves you, even though you have been His enemy, and He wants to fix you up so that you can come and live with Him." Again Scotty shook his head in denial. I said, "Scotty, I know you do not believe it, but let me read to you the Saviour's own words: 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" I read it to

him slowly, quietly, but with definite purpose of heart so that he would get every word.

Scotty listened intently, and then I continued: "Scotty, God gave the Lord Jesus to you to save you. He did not come to save good people, but wicked people. Let me read this to you, and I read—'While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us,' for 'Christ died for the ungodly.' Scotty, the Lord Jesus wants you to believe His Word, come to Him with all your sin, and trust Him with your soul. The Lord Jesus said, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' " By this time, the tears started down the face of our friend. He closed his eyes a few moments, then he pointed up toward heaven, and then toward his heart. Again he pointed to heaven, and then placed his hand on his heart. He shook his head in approval, for he could not speak, and was telling me in this way he accepted Christ Jesus into his heart. I then said to him, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." A sweet peace filled the heart of Scotty. His wife broke into tears of joy as she saw that this one who had rebelled against God, and refused God's messengers, was now trusting the One whom he formerly had hated.

The news quickly spread around that Scotty had become a Christian. The believers who had avoided him now came with their Bibles and with words of comfort to pray with this new-born babe. He did not live very long to tell the

story, but those who came saw his confession as he pointed heavenward and then placed his hand upon his heart, while the tears of repentance streamed down his face. He had trusted the Prince of Peace, and peace filled his heart.

The Long Journey Was Successful

It is well for us to remember that we may gather a crop of tomatoes, or mushrooms, or radishes rather quickly, but we will wait a long time to gather a crop of pecans, or walnuts. So it is in this great business of soul winning. The seed we sow may produce a crop immediately, but on other occasions we may wait a long time for the fruit.

In the case which I am about to relate, this latter truth is evident. I was preaching in an eastern city in a union meeting held in a down-town auditorium. This series of meetings was largely for Christian workers, church officers and other Christian leaders. The messages were along the line of seeing God's blessing on our labors, and realizing God's peace in our souls. I mentioned rather frequently during the week that it would be well for us to examine ourselves

and see whether we are in the faith, and are truly born again, or whether we are just professing Christians, with no evidence of eternal life.

It was difficult to get acquainted with the people that were in these meetings, for many of them were working people who did not have much time for visiting, and many of them were quite of the mind that I was talking to someone else, and not to them. I felt rather defeated at the end of the week, for it did not seem to me that there were the results I hoped and expected to see.

One day there entered my office a splendidly dressed gentleman who was evidently a cultured, educated and wealthy man. He introduced himself to me and said that he had just driven in from this eastern city in order to have a visit with me. Five years had elapsed between the time of my meeting, and the time of his visit. He said to me that the reason he had driven over in his car was because he had been rather wretched in his soul during those five years since he had heard me preach in his home town. He mentioned one particular sermon in which I had stressed the fact that if we are saved, and have the gift of eternal life, then we should experience in some measure five things: We will love our Bibles constantly, we will love the Lord Jesus intimately, we will serve the Saviour faithfully, we will want to know the Holy Spirit as

our teacher devotedly, and we will love to give the gospel to others wisely. My visiting friend said that those five things had plagued him since he had heard the message. He had examined his life carefully and found these things mostly wanting. He was an elder in his church, he was serving the church on every occasion where there was a need, and yet his heart was never satisfied, and his soul had no peace nor rest. He told me that he finally decided to drive over to see me, even though it was many hundreds of miles. He did not learn whether I was at home, but as he said, "I just took a chance, because I was in such misery in my mind and heart."

I asked my friend if he felt that he was lost. He answered at once, "I have fought against that idea during these five years, but I am brought to the place where I must confess I do not have the knowledge of God, nor the peace of God, and so I must be just a lost, religious hypocrite." I reminded him that "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19:10). I assured him that it is the Saviour's delight to find those who want Him, and those who are ready to take Him. My friend had brought a Bible with him, and so he turned to the passage and read it himself; then he asked, "How does He do it? I want Him to save me, and I am ready for Him to do it." This question from a hungry heart was a joy to my soul. The Holy Spirit had already convinced him of his need,

and convicted him of his lost condition, so there was no need for me to present further his lost condition. He saw it, and felt it. And so I began at once to show the sufficiency of Christ to him. I quoted John 3:16, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He replied that he knew that verse, and did not disbelieve anything in the Bible. I did not want his mind to be occupied with his believing, but rather with God's giving. I therefore turned to I John 5:12 where we read together, "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." I explained to him that it was not a question of believing it was true, but rather a question of whether Christ was his own personal Lord and Saviour. He answered that all he had was a belief in the facts, but that now he was taking Jesus Christ for himself, and giving himself to the Saviour. The peace of God filled his heart, his soul was at rest, trusting the Saviour.

He left that afternoon for the long journey back to his home city, but he went with his heart singing, and his soul filled with the peace that passeth understanding. Shortly afterward he wrote me that he was having a wonderful time with the Lord, and was telling the story to his friends who could easily see the change in his life.

From the Parlor to the Kitchen

Mr. Manchester was not altogether happy in his home life. He and his wife were at odds with each other about religion. He had been taught that the Lord Jesus puts away all the sins of the sinner when the sinner trusts Him with his soul. His wife would not agree at all with this position. She had been raised to believe that salvation was to be earned by good works, faithful attendance at church, and holding out faithful to the end of life. They had many arguments on this subject and it disrupted the home in a way that made both of them very unhappy, and kept them from having sweet fellowship together. Mr. Manchester confided in me that this problem was hindering the peace of their hearts, neither one of them was satisfied, and the home was on the verge of breaking up.

I was invited to come to that home for supper

one evening. My friend asked me to bring up the subject somehow in an indirect way, and in such a way that his wife would not think that he had been putting me up to some trick in order to catch her unawares and start an argument. I assured him that I would be very careful about this matter, and would not give an offense to his wife by finding fault with her.

I went a little early to supper in order to have a visit before the meal, for it was necessary for me to leave shortly after the meal, and therefore we must have our visit early. I was led into the parlor by Mr. Manchester, for the wife was in the kitchen preparing the meal. He whispered to me that it might be helpful if my talk with him would be loud enough so that she could hear it in the kitchen, but without being seen. We began at once to talk about the things concerning the loveliness of Christ, and His power to save. We considered together Isaiah 44:22 in which we read: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto Me; for I have redeemed thee." We were impressed by the fact that He did not say that part of the sins were blotted out. We noticed that the passage did not say that they were blotted out up to a certain place in our lives. I called the attention of my host to the fact that if the Saviour did not blot out all the sins from the cradle to the grave when He died on the cross, then it would be necessary for

Christ to return and die again for the sins that were omitted at Calvary. He agreed with me heartily, and mentioned that he had not thought of that angle of salvation, though he had been convinced some years before that the Saviour finished the work, and that there was no need for Him to return and to suffer again.

We noticed together the New Testament passage on the same subject. It is found in Colossians 2:14, and proclaims the same truth as the one in the Old Testament. We read the passage aloud, loud enough so the wife in the kitchen could hear: "And you, being dead in your sins and the uncircumcision of your flesh, hath He quickened together with Him, having forgiven you all trespasses; blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross." We agreed together on the meaning of the passage, i.e., that *all* the trespasses were blotted out, and that *all* the broken laws were removed from the record, and that *every* wrong thing in the life of the individual *was* nailed to the cross as the Lord Jesus bore them in His own body.

There was quiet in the kitchen. There had been some noise of spoons, and pans, and lids being handled in the preparation of the meal, but all of this quieted down. We concluded that the wife was listening to the conversation, and so we kept our voices raised. I asked Mr. Man-

chester about I Peter 2:24 which reads: "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed." Did Peter mean to tell us that Jesus bore all the sins from the cradle to the grave, or just part of the sins? Did Jesus have a mental reservation when He died for us, and decided in His own heart that He would not die for all the sins, but only for those up to a certain point in our lives; but after that we would be on our own? My host said very vigorously, "That could not possibly be. Jesus did not work with mental reservations. All His words and ways and actions were transparent. He did not do a half-way job when He became our Saviour."

By this time the conversation had become so interesting to Mrs. Manchester that she came into the parlor carrying the dish towel in her hands, and she said to me: "What you have been telling my husband is most interesting to me. I wish I could have been with you here in the parlor and heard all the conversation." Then she sat down as though she intended to get the matter settled in her own soul, and not be bothered with cooking, nor making coffee, nor preparing salad. The welfare of her soul was evidently more important than the welfare of her body.

I said to her, "How many sins do you think the Lord Jesus bore in His body, I mean your sins?

Did He die for all of them? Did He bear all of them, and if not, where did the efficacy of His work cease? Where does the Bible tell you that the Saviour died for just some of your sins, and not for all? Let me ask you also, Mrs. Manchester, did the Lord Jesus die for you because you were good, or because you were bad? And let me ask you also, Did He give His life for you on the basis of your behavior in the future? Did He tell you in His Word that His death and the shedding of His blood would be of value only so long as you behaved, and kept the law to the best of your ability?"

You would have enjoyed looking at the face of this friend as I asked her these questions. She was astonished, and surprised, and a bit upset. Her husband very discreetly remained silent, but was sending a prayer to heaven that the light of God would be shed abroad in the heart of his wife. He did not pray in vain, for as I watched her, when she sought to answer my question, I saw that the light of God had revealed to her the sufficiency of the risen Christ on the Throne, and that she was just then trusting Him because of His wonderful work at Calvary.

She rose from the chair, went over to her husband, and said, "George, I have been absolutely wrong, and you were right. I did not realize that only Christ could save, I thought it must be Christ and me. I thought that if I did my best for God, that the Saviour would make up

the difference. How wrong I have been." She turned to me with deep gratitude and a sigh of relief as she expressed the peace that had now come into her heart. She said to me that she had never in her life realized how plainly the Scripture revealed our helplessness, and the Saviour's sufficiency.

We had a wonderful supper together, and all through the meal, and sometimes with tears, she told us of the way she had been deceived, and the wonderful peace she now enjoyed.

No Chair in the Temple

My chum had moved to California to enter the field of agriculture, particularly with the thought of studying more fully methods of grafting, transplanting and other experimental work with plant life. He purchased several acres in the vicinity of Los Angeles, and began to plant various kinds of bushes, trees, vines, et cetera, on which he expected to spend his efforts in making the products of these plants larger, sweeter and better.

At this time I had an injury to my back, and after having the back operated on to relieve the difficulty, I decided to go to California for a rest, and to seek to recover sufficiently so that I could remove the plaster cast which I was wearing. I wrote my friend George that I was coming, and he invited me to be his guest in his home. I had known his wife since she was a little girl,

and she joined heartily in the invitation. My stay lasted seven weeks, and was most enjoyable and profitable, for I was able to remove the cast and found myself quite well again. My chum would receive no remuneration from me for all his kindness and expense, so I looked around the house to see if there was a need of any particular bit of furniture that I might supply. I noticed that they did not have sufficient bookcase room for all their books. Books were lying on the table, and on the floor, and on shelves in the closet.

This I thought would be something I could supply which would fill a real need in that home. I therefore went up to the business district of the little city and found an attractive furniture store in which there was quite a display of chairs. I entered the store and was looking around the room to see if I could find any sectional bookcases, but I saw none. As I was observing the many chairs, an elderly lady approached me and asked if she might be of some use in helping me to find what I wanted. I told her that I was seeking some sectional bookcases, but failed to see any. She replied that they had quite a good stock of these in various colors, but that they were in the rear of the store and two clerks were working in that department now with some customers. She assured me that she would take me to them and would try to find for me just the kind I wanted.

Just when she had promised me her help, I

mentioned that she seemed to have a very unusual line of beautiful chairs. And then I added, "Do you know that the most beautiful building in all the world, and the most expensive building ever built did not contain a chair, nor a seat of any kind?" She was astonished at this statement, and asked me to sit down and tell her more about it. She herself sat down and waited for my explanation. I said to her, "Solomon built a temple, which was covered all over on the inside with matched cedar, and the cedar was covered with thick plates of gold. Even the floor was covered with these golden plates. The five pieces of furniture that were in the building were made of pure gold, or if they were made of wood, then that was covered with thick, pure gold. In addition to this, there were sockets on the walls of this beautiful golden room, and magnificent gems of many kinds, the finest in the world, were set in these golden sockets so that the light from the candlesticks would cause them to give forth beautiful, radiating colored beams of light. But in all of this, there was no chair or bench."

The astonishment of this lady was expressed by her as she said, "I have been in the church for many years, I have been a leader in that church and attended services constantly, but I never heard anything like this before. Is that building described in the Bible?" I assured her that it was, and that she would find the record in II Chronicles 2-5. Now her curiosity was so aroused

that she asked me why there was no chair in this beautiful building. I wanted her to ask that question, because that was the key to the truth I wanted to convey to her. I answered her question by saying, "The priests in the temple never finished their work. The people kept sinning and bringing their offerings, and the priests found it necessary to be constantly serving, constantly offering sacrifices, and constantly meeting the spiritual needs of those who came with their sheep, their turtledoves, or their bullocks. Because of this constant need, the priests must be constantly serving, and therefore there were no chairs, nor places of rest in this magnificent building. The contrast to this is found in Heb. 1:3, which reads, 'when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.' His work was finished for the sinner. No more sacrifice was necessary. All the sins of the believer were blotted out. There was no need for another sacrifice, for 'by one offering He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified.' "

Again my friend looked at me in complete astonishment and repeated that in all her Christian life she had not known this truth, nor did she know it was contained in the Bible. There was no antagonism in the spirit of this friend, but only a feeling of disappointment that she had never been told nor taught this wonderful truth from the Scriptures. Her mind was open,

and her spirit receptive. I waited for her to reply and she said, "I certainly do appreciate this revelation of God's way of salvation. Of course, the priest could not sit down if his work was not finished. We do the same thing in this store. My clerks do not sit down if there are customers to be served." This revealed to me that my friend with whom I was conversing was evidently the owner of this lovely store, and I asked her if she was. She replied that she was the sole owner, for her husband had died and left this business to her. Then she added, "I am glad the Lord Jesus finished the work for me so that I can sit down and enjoy the wonderful blessing of being saved by Him. If I had known this years ago, it would have saved me many hours of worrying and of distress. Deep in my heart I knew that I was not living as I should, so I worked harder at my religion, and yet had no peace nor relief. Thank you so much for telling me this wonderful message. I will never forget it. When I look at these chairs from now on, I will remember that when He had purged my sins, He sat down because the work was done. I will love Him now in a new way because of what He means to me."

Now that the great work of salvation was finished, she led me back into another department where I saw quite a variety of sectional bookcases. I selected five of these in the color that I thought would match the sitting room of my friend. I paid for them and instructed the

owner of the store to make delivery to the house of my friend, which was done the next day. So two transactions were finished, my new friend took the Saviour, and my host took the book-cases. It was the end of a perfect day.

She Was Not Under the Blood

Two hundred boys and girls, most of them teen-agers, were gathered in the log house at the Bible camp out in the woods. They had gathered together on that beautiful summer morning to enjoy and be blessed by the morning Bible lesson before going out to play. I had chosen for my subject on that morning, "How to find the gospel in the Old Testament." Most of these young folks had never been interested in the Old Testament. Somehow they felt that it was filled with difficult words, and dry genealogies, and wars among people that they did not know. The subject was very interesting to them, and so they were waiting eagerly for the message.

This was a convention of young people from various young people's groups out of different denominations, and from different parts of the state. The sponsor of each group had come with

the group to spend the week at this lovely lake resort. Among these sponsors was a lady about fifty-five years of age, who had brought with her seventeen teen-agers, who came with their Bibles, and with buoyant spirits to enjoy physical and spiritual blessings. When I was introduced to this teacher, I noticed that her Bible was well worn, and revealed that she had used it a great deal. It was "dog-eared," and many passages of Scripture had been underlined for emphasis. She sat on the front bench in this log house, with her young people arranged around her.

The subject of the message on that particular morning was proving to be of great interest to the young people, and to the teachers. It was a new line of thought to them, for the pictures of Christ in the Old Testament had not been pointed out to most of them. I told them the story of Cain and Abel, and showed how that the offering of the lamb as a substitute for the man was acceptable to God, whereas the offering of good works by Cain was not acceptable. The offering that is made for sin, and for sinners must be a blood offering, and the sacrifice must die. Then I told them the story of Abraham and Isaac on Mount Moriah, and how that the ram caught in the bush was taken as a substitute and a sacrifice for Isaac, for again there must be the death of the sacrifice for the offerer.

As I finished telling these two stories, I noticed that my friend, the lady teacher on the front seat,

was weeping. She turned her back toward me, and leaned over the back of the bench on which she was sitting. I continued my explanation by using the story of the Passover Lamb, as told in Exodus 12. It is a wonderful picture of the Lord Jesus and is referred to as such in I Corinthians 5. I explained an imaginary case, and told how that God had instructed Moses to tell the people of Israel that every man must take a lamb, kill it, catch the blood in a basin, and sprinkle the blood on the two sides and the upper lintel of the door on the front of the house. The blood was sprinkled on the outside of the door, and God said to Moses, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." I imagined there would be a prominent Jewish family in which the oldest daughter was named Sarah. She was a lovely girl, she was obedient to her parents, she attended to the teaching of the Rabbis, and lived an exemplary life. On the evening that the Lord had designated, she was studying at her books, when she called to her father, "Daddy, did you put blood on the outside of the door? Did not God tell Moses that every man must do it, and that the blood must be on every door?" She was quite interested because she was the first-born in the family. The father replied, "No, dear, I have not put out blood, because God did not mean this to apply to nice people like we are, and to lovely children like you are. You must always take God's Word for what it means, and not

what it says. Go back to your lessons, my daughter, your father knows best."

She did return to her lessons, but about 11:00 o'clock she was so disturbed that again she called her father and said, "Daddy, did God say that all the bad people must do it, or that everybody must do it? You know, Daddy, I am the oldest one of the children, and I do not want to die." Her father was irritated by this persistence of his daughter, and said rather sharply, "Sarah, I told you that you must not take God too literally. You know very well He was not talking about you, because our home is a good home. He was talking about that family down the street that lived such wicked lives. Go to bed, dear, and quit worrying; your father knows best." The dear girl was too distressed to go to bed, and could not sleep. She had heard that God had said to Moses that every house must be sheltered under the blood. She knew there was no blood on the door of the home where she lived. Just before 12:00 o'clock, midnight, she called her father again, and said, "Daddy, I am awfully afraid, for there is no blood on our door, and God told Moses that the blood must be on every house."

As the clock struck 12:00, the father heard a strange noise and hurrying to the bedroom of his daughter found that she was lying dead on the floor. God had kept His word. The father had interpreted it to suit his own feelings and fancy.

If he had put the blood on the door-post, as he had been instructed, it would have shown to the angel that he believed God. The absence of the blood proved he did not believe God. I then continued addressing the audience with the plea that each one of them believe God, trust the living Saviour, and get under the blood of Calvary.

The lady on the front seat continued to weep as I told the story, and as I concluded the service. An appeal was made for those who would trust Christ to rise and say so. Many of the young people did rise, and in a very intelligent manner told that for the first time they had seen the value of Jesus Christ, and His death for them at Calvary. After the confessions were made, I left the platform and went to the weeping teacher to ask her the reason for her grief. She told me quickly that she was quite sure she had never come under the blood. She decided she was a hypocrite, a professing Christian, but never had believed God about the Lord Jesus. This stirred my heart, and so I kneeled beside her and said, "I certainly shall tell the Lord Jesus how He has neglected you. It isn't fair that He should shed His blood for others, and omit you." Having said this to her, I began to pray and said, "Lord Jesus, I cannot understand why You neglected this woman, and did nothing for her while You were dying for others." She took hold of my shoulder and exclaimed, "Don't tell Jesus that, that isn't right, and it isn't so!" Of course, I wanted her to

see that fact, and so I said again to the Saviour, "Do tell this friend why You did nothing for her at Calvary. You shed Your blood for others, You died for sinners; why did You not do something for this person?" My friend exclaimed quickly, "How foolish it is to talk that way! Of course, the Saviour did not neglect me, He was dying for me, and He blotted my sins out—His Bible says so. How ever could I doubt it!" The peace of God filled her heart, and the joy of the Lord changed her countenance from sadness to smiles. Christ Jesus had become real and precious to her.

The Girl with a Curl

"My daughter is preacher-shy, and she will not come to hear you preach. I told her yesterday that you are a physician, and would give a very interesting talk on things which she would enjoy." This conversation took place between the mother of the girl and myself at the close of a service in which I was preaching especially for young people. Of course, this case interested me very much, for every physician wants difficult cases. I assured her that if the young lady came I would deal with her kindly and wisely with an effort to win her heart for Christ. The mother herself was not too far along in years. I could see that she had a gentle, kind disposition and would endeavor to help the girl rather than to force her. As she left me, she assured me that she would take my message to the young lady,

and hope that she would be back the next night, and the daughter with her.

The next evening as the people began to gather, I watched to see whether the mother and the daughter would return. At first I was disappointed, for I did not see them. However, after the first two songs had been sung, they entered the building together and took seats at the rear of the auditorium, the only seats that were unoccupied. I was sorry to see that the daughter had brought along her chum, another young lady about the same age—they appeared to be about twenty years old. The two girls were not interested in my message. The mother listened attentively, but the daughter and her friend were filled with merriment, and were exchanging jokes, or making comments of some kind to each other that caused quite a little laughter.

As I gave the message to the audience, I kept looking to the Lord in my heart that the Holy Spirit would touch these girls with something that would affect their souls. Each part of my message seemed to fall on deaf ears so far as these girls were concerned. I question whether they even heard what I was saying. They evidently had decided before coming that they would not be caught by religion, nor give in to the preacher's pleadings. The daughter probably came to please her mother, and brought along her friend for moral support in withstanding any

call from the preacher that might lead her to action.

When the meeting closed, a number of friends were seeking the Lord at the front of the church, and some little time was spent in helping them. I kept looking back to see whether the mother had gone, and had taken the daughter with her. To my delight I saw that they were remaining behind awaiting the opportunity to come and speak to me after I had finished dealing with others. After waiting a while the way seemed to be opened and they came to the front of the church to speak to me. The mother said, "Dr. Wilson, I wish to introduce you to my daughter Louise, and her friend Miss Martin. I told my daughter that you were a physician, with a wide experience, and that she would enjoy your message." As the three friends started up the aisle, I looked to the Holy Spirit to tell me what to say so that it would be easy to begin talking about the need of the heart. When they were about half way up the aisle, I saw my point of contact. This young lady had a curl in the middle of her forehead. It was one of those curls that seemed like an upside-down question mark, plastered against the forehead. They are sometimes called "spit curls." I decided to use that curl as my opening statement.

After the mother had introduced me to the young lady, she added, "Louise, this is the doctor that I spoke to you about at home, and told

you how much blessing he had brought to my heart." I extended my hand to her, shook hands with her most cordially and said, "Miss Louise, I cannot tell you how glad I am to have the privilege of meeting you personally, and of knowing you. For many years I have sought to find you. I really did not know whether I ever would meet the girl I was seeking, but you are the girl." She looked at me with astonishment and asked, "Why would you want to see me? You never even knew about me, and certainly you could not have been trying to find someone who is a stranger." I saw that her attention had been gained, and a bit of confidence was there, and so I replied to her question, "Many years ago, when I was just a little boy, I learned a poem. It was written by Longfellow for his grandchildren. The poem is this, 'There was a little girl, and she had a little curl, right in the middle of her forehead; when she was good, she was very, very good, and when she was bad, she was not very bad!'" My young friend eagerly took the words from me and said in a rather excited tone, "That is not the way the poem goes. The poem says, 'when she was bad, she was horrid!' and I tell you, Dr. Wilson, that's me. When I get mad, I tell you I am like three devils. I surely do get mad."

As Louise made this statement, I could see that she was very much in earnest. She was looking right into my face, watching my expression

to see how I would be affected by her reply. I seized her hand for another handshake, and said, "Do let me tell you again how glad I am to see you, and to hear you say that you are such a bad girl." This surprised her, for she thought I would perhaps scold her, or reprove her in some way. She did not shake hands very cordially, because she was so surprised at my attitude. She remarked in a very earnest tone, "Why should you be glad to hear me say how bad I have been?" This is what I wanted her to say, and so I replied quickly, "Because you are the very girl that the Lord Jesus came to save. He did not come to save good girls, but bad girls. Jesus said one time, 'I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' In another place, He said, 'While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' Miss Louise, the Lord Jesus has been wanting to find someone who would admit that she was really bad, and needed someone to save her from the wrath of God. You are the girl. The Father in heaven, seeing your need, sent the Lord Jesus to you to make you His own child. You need Him, and He wants you. Let me read to you what He says, 'But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them who believe on His name' (John 1:12).

The tears began to flow from the eyes of that lovely girl. She said to me, "For a long time I have known that I did not have the faith or the

peace of my mother, but I enjoyed tantalizing my mother, and pretending that I was antagonistic to the church, and to the things she believed. And all the time, Dr. Wilson, I had a real hunger in my heart for that which my mother enjoyed so much." She closed her eyes and whispered to the Saviour, "Lord Jesus, You came for me, and I am trusting You right now. I am so glad You did not leave me alone when I was pretending to be Your enemy. I love You because You wanted me."

And so the scene closed, with the mother and the daughter weeping together, their arms around each other, while the friend who came with Louise was bewildered by the whole transaction, did not understand, and did not seem to care. One is taken, and the other left.

The Question of the Engineer Was Answered

A telephone call was received in my office by my secretary. The gentleman calling requested an interview with the doctor. After consulting the schedule, the doctor informed his secretary to tell the gentleman that he could call the next day at 1:00 o'clock. The friend came, according to the arrangement, and I found myself face to face with a very fine-looking young man who apparently was quite disturbed in his mind about some important matter.

He introduced himself by saying, "I am Mr. F_____. I am engaged as a tool and die engineer, and have a splendid position. I have been distressed, however, as to whether I am engaged in the right business. I like my work very much. I have a mind that loves mechanics, and am succeeding at my work. There is, however, a strong urge in my mind to enter the Christian ministry. I have tried to shake it off. I have tried to think

that it is just a spirit of unrest of some kind, and yet the idea persists that I should be a preacher. I expressed my desire to my mother, and she suggested that I interview one or more preachers and get their opinion of the course I should pursue. She gave me the names of three preachers that she thought would give me good counsel. The first one I called was too busy to see me, and I could not make a date with him. The second one I called was out of the city. You are the third one on the list, and I am glad to find you willing to listen to my story."

While Mr. F. was giving me this information I was watching him closely to see whether this was a passing fancy, or whether the conviction had really taken hold of his heart. It did not take long to see that he was intensely in earnest. I said to him, "Do you really want to be a preacher?" He answered firmly, "Yes, I do. I think I could influence people to be good, and I believe that I would be a blessing to the community by my Christian activities." I replied, "Mr. F_____, let me inquire whether you want to be a saved preacher, or a lost preacher. Do you want to help the people to be good, as a means of happiness and salvation, or do you really want to know your Bible and your Saviour, so that you can win people for Christ, and talk to them intelligently about God?" It was easy to see that he was quite surprised at my question. He expressed this by his answer. He said, "I do not really

understand what you mean by being saved or lost. I have never lived a wicked life, and I am a member in good standing of _____ church here in the city. I teach a class of boys, and sponsor one of the young people's groups in my church. The pastor thinks I am quite a valuable member of his congregation. Is that not enough to answer your question?" The reply made by Mr. F_____ revealed his ignorance of God's Word and of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. He, like so many others, had the idea that religious exercises, and association with Christians established relationship with God. He had not been sitting under the teaching of a man of God who himself was born again.

I said to him, "Mr. F_____, what would you say to a person who wanted to be saved and become a Christian? What do you tell the boys in your class? How do you instruct the young people with whom you work?" He answered, "I tell them to be good, to come to church, to read their Bibles, to obey their parents, and to be honest in all their dealings." He made this statement to me confident that he was doing the right thing. I could see that he was satisfied with his program, and yet wanted a more intelligent approach to these young people, and wanted a wider sphere of service in which his whole time would be devoted to church life.

My next question was more personal, as I asked, "Mr. F_____, why do you wish to go

into the ministry?" He answered quickly, "I want to be of greater service to more people, and I want to learn how to study the Bible, and how to understand it, so that I can really preach with conviction and see people become Christians." "That is a splendid desire that you have," I said, "and I commend you for it. However, you will need to know how to be saved yourself before you can tell another how to be saved. When did you meet the Lord Jesus; when did He give you eternal life; and when did you realize that you had passed out of death into life? Tell me the story of your conversion." My friend was quite perplexed by that question, and did not know how to answer. I was surprised to see tears appear in his eyes, and this made it clear that he was deeply in earnest about his own personal condition. I felt that now it was time to change the subject from preaching to his personal salvation.

Mr. F_____ was sitting across from me at my desk, with his elbows on top, and his face in his hands. The tears by this time were flowing rather freely. He was not looking at me, but was engaged in thought as he searched his own heart to see what was wrong there. I then asked Mr. F_____ if he knew any verse in the Bible. He replied that he had learned a verse some years before, but did not altogether understand it. "Tell me the verse, Mr. F_____, and perhaps I can explain it to you." He quoted John

3:16 clearly and distinctly, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Then looking him right in the face, I said, "Mr. F_____, who did God give Jesus Christ to? God had to give Him to some person. He could not give Him to animals, or trees, or mountains. God gave His Son, the Saviour, to some person to save him. Who do you think it might be?" He did not reply at once, and then said, "I do not know who God gave Him to." "Do you think, Mr. F_____, that God might have given the Lord Jesus to George Washington, or to Abraham Lincoln, or to the Queen of England?" "Yes," he replied, "no doubt He did." "Very well," I said, "I have named three persons that perhaps God gave His Son to; now you tell me one person to whom you think God might have given His Son." No answer came at once from my friend. He thought for quite a few minutes silently, weeping. Suddenly he looked up at me and said, "Doctor, God gave Jesus Christ to me, He is mine. I have taken Him just now." He was unable to speak for a while, his heart was too full, the tears were flowing too freely. He was overwhelmed with the truth that God had given Jesus Christ to him to save his soul. He was filled with the joy of it. He cried and laughed at the same time. Just at this juncture, my Associate Pastor entered the room, and I introduced him to his new brother.

Mr. F_____ made reply, "Jesus Christ is mine; He took me today, and I took Him. We belong to each other. I never realized before that God had given Jesus to me."

As we left my office, and entered the outer office, he greeted my secretary and with deep emotion, "Lady, I met God today; I never knew God before; He gave me Jesus Christ today; He saved me today; I am His child." He then made his way to the outer door and stood in the doorway silently weeping, with his face in his hands. He was really speechless with the joy of it. He walked slowly down the steps to the sidewalk and across the church yard to his car. He carried the message back to his church, and his classes, and became at once a very blessed and successful soul winner. He is now preparing for the ministry, studying the Word of God, and practicing what he finds in that blessed Book.

They Received the Wrong Advice

At the close of our breakfast in the home, and while engaged in prayer, I said to the Lord: "If it is Thy pleasure and will, please let me meet with somebody today, who would like to have help for the soul. Or, if it please Thee, Lord, let me cross the path of someone to whom I may tell the story of Thy love." I left for my office with the happy expectation of an answer to that prayer which would bring glory to the name of the Lord.

When I arrived at the office, I found a gentleman and his wife waiting for me. They were a middle-aged couple, looking prosperous in their appearance, but with sad countenances. They were from a small town in the southern part of the state where he was serving as a counselor to farmers for the State University. He was an expert in the handling of crops, the care of domestic

animals, and other such matters. They were members of a church in that little city, but were not active in Christian service.

As I interviewed them, they told me the story of their background, and then informed me that at Easter time they were quite impressed with the fact that the Lord Jesus Christ was a living Saviour to whom they were strangers. They had not been interested in Him as the resurrected One, nor had they known Him personally. The celebration at Easter time left them with hungry hearts, and with a desire to have that hunger satisfied. They consulted the pastor of the church which they were attending, and was informed by him that probably they had not been baptized by the right person, and in the right way. He informed them that they should be immersed by him, and thus receive forgiveness of sin and eternal life. They replied to the pastor saying that they had already been immersed by a man in whom they had confidence, but that no change had come in their hearts and lives because of that transaction. They felt they did not need to go through that process again because the former experience had not helped them.

They went back to their home in perplexity. After some days of this unhappy feeling, they consulted the pastor of another church in the same town. After he listened to their story about their unsatisfied hearts, he informed them that the pastor to whom they had gone was not an

orthodox believer. He assured them that his church was the right church, and if they would permit him to baptize them and then join his church, their heart hunger would be satisfied, and they would be true Christians in every sense of the word. To this they replied, as they had to the other pastor, that they had already been immersed by a godly preacher whom they felt was orthodox, and that no visible results had followed. They did not feel that they had eternal life, and they saw no changes in their habits and ways. They left this second pastor still unsatisfied in their hearts.

Again they waited awhile hoping that some strange thing would happen to give them peace, and then they consulted their family physician. He gave them a thorough physical examination, but found no evidences of physical trouble. As they tried to explain their hearts' hunger to him, and their desire to know God, he concluded that their trouble was mental. He advised them to go to St. Louis and consult a psychiatrist. He explained to them that a good psychiatrist would analyze their thoughts and give them good advice. They left for St. Louis, found the psychiatrist that was recommended by the family physician, and submitted themselves for an examination. He gave them certain tests and sought to analyze from their story the cause of their trouble and ascertain the remedy. He finally informed them that in his judgment they needed "shock

treatments." He requested that they go to the hospital the next morning, and that he would give them the type of treatment that he felt was necessary.

As they left the doctor's office, the wife said to her husband, "The trouble is not in our heads, it is in our hearts, and this man has no remedy for us." After arriving at their car where it was parked, suddenly the wife said: "You may remember, dear, that a few days ago I received a magazine from my sister which told of a Christian psychiatrist in Kansas City who had helped many hearts and lives when they were perplexed about spiritual matters. I think we should go and see him before we do anything further about it." To this the husband agreed, and they drove to Kansas City.

All the time they were telling me these experiences, I was listening closely and watching their faces. I saw a mixture of emotions, a mixture of helplessness, and of hopefulness, which I hoped would soon be changed, and I was not to be disappointed. I had decided in my own mind that neither of these lovely folk had ever met the Saviour, nor had they been told God's way of salvation. I could see that they needed Christ, and not good advice. Having ended their story, they waited for me to diagnose the case, and suggest the remedy.

I began my part in this precious transaction by saying, "Have either of you ever met the Lord

Jesus Christ, fallen in love with Him, and trusted Him for salvation?" They replied at once, "No, we have never had such an experience, and do not really understand what you mean by it." I saw that it would be necessary to explain God's way of salvation to them, and so I said, "In the Old Testament, the people of Israel brought a lamb for an animal to die for them, and for their sins." They assured me that they had read that story in the Old Testament. I then continued by saying, "In the New Testament days, these days, we have the Lord Jesus Christ. God sent Him to you, first that He might suffer for your sins, and then that you might accept Him, the resurrected Christ, so that He would be yours, for your salvation, and to give you the gift of eternal life."

I now turned in my Bible and read to him, "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6:23). In explaining this, I said: "You will notice that eternal life is a gift from God. You cannot earn it, you cannot work for it, you never will deserve it, you just accept the gift because God loves you, and offers you His Son gratis."

The husband was in deep meditation, listening closely and attentively to every word. I saw he was analyzing this truth, which was so new to him. I waited a few moments, and then read to him from Heb. 1:3: "When He had by Himself purged our sins, He sat down on the right hand

of the Majesty on High." "Do you see, friends, that the Lord Jesus has already purged the sins? He did it at Calvary. It is recorded in the past tense. He wants you to believe it. He sat down because the work was done, and He could rest. He wants you to feel the same way about it." My friend leaned forward, his eyes filled with tears, and he said to his wife: "Dear, I never saw that before. Jesus Christ put my sins away. That is wonderful. I believe Him, I believe He did it. Don't you see that, Louise?" She shook her head sadly, and said, "No, I do not feel any different."

I saw it was time now to help her personally, and so I read to her John 3:16 and said: "I suppose you believe this verse is true." "Certainly," she said, "I believe it is true." "Then let me ask you, my sister, to whom did God give the Lord Jesus to save that person. Do you think He might have given Him to you, to save you, to put your sins away, and to be your own Lord and Saviour? He certainly did not give His Son to trees, or mountains, or cattle. He had to give Him to some person. Whom do you think that person might be?" I saw the light come into her face, and tears into her eyes, as she explained, "He gave Him to me, Dr. Wilson, He certainly did! Isn't it wonderful that God gave Christ to me, and I'm taking Him today." Her whole demeanor was changed, as her husband's had been a few moments before. Peace had filled their

hearts. The Holy Spirit had revealed Christ to them. As they wept for joy, they embraced each other, for now they were one in Christ.

When their emotions had subsided a bit, they said: "Why didn't those preachers tell us this story down home? None of them told us we needed the Saviour; they didn't even suggest it. How wonderful it is that God sent along the magazine to tell us about you. Why, you are not a psychiatrist at all, you are just a saved preacher, and that's what we needed all the time. Dr. Wilson, when we get back home, we certainly will take the gospel to those preachers, and to that doctor, and let them know that people need Jesus Christ."

They have written since then to tell us how God is blessing their testimony, and their ministry in that little city. The fruit remains.

"All the Fat Is the Lord's!"

Mr. Henry weighed about three hundred pounds. He was not only a very fat man, but he was big all over. He entered a church in an eastern city, and I greeted him in the lobby of the church by saying, "Good evening, sir; I am so glad you came tonight. Are you a citizen of this city?" "No, I am not," he said. "I live about twenty-one miles from here, and have a hardware store in that community. I heard on the radio that a doctor was holding meetings at this church, and I decided to come and hear what the doctor had to say." "That is fine," I replied. "Did you bring a Bible with you?" "No, I did not," he said, "but I have one at home." "Do you think you could find Leviticus in your Bible?" I asked him. He answered, "Yes, that's easy to find, it is in the front part of the Bible." I then asked him if he would look up Lev. 3:16

after he went back home, and read that verse. I informed him that verse may have been written especially for him. He assured me that he would do so. He took an envelope from his pocket and wrote the reference, Lev. 3:16, so he would not forget it.

Several days later, my friend returned, and as he entered the church, I saw from his face and his actions that a great event had taken place in his life. He was radiant with the joy of the Lord. There was no hesitation about his attitude. He came to me at once and said, "Doc, I read the verse, and as soon as I read it, I got right down on my knees to pray." (The verse reads, "All the fat is the Lord's," and he weighed about three hundred pounds.) "When I prayed I said, 'Lord, if all the fat is Yours, then I will give You all the rest of myself, You can have all of me, because You died for me.' "

His heart was filled with gratitude, the joy of the Lord came from his lips, and I could see that he had met with Jesus Christ, and they too were joined together in eternal bonds. He listened to the preaching that night, as I was explaining to the people the sufficiency of Christ Jesus in saving the soul. It was the very message he needed. It established him in his faith, and made him more of an intelligent believer. He found that the Saviour had purchased him with the blood of the cross, and therefore would take care of him. He saw that his sins had been blotted

out as recorded in Col. 2:14, and he worshiped his Lord who did it for him.

Some months after this incident, I met a preacher from the community where my friend lived. I asked him if he knew a hardware merchant by the name of Henry who lived in that town. He replied that he knew him very well, and said, "That man is the most active preacher that I know. He closes his store at 6:00 o'clock, goes home to supper, cleans himself up, and then takes his car with a loud speaker arrangement on it, and a moving-picture arrangement in it, and visits villages and communities for miles around, giving the gospel, giving away tracts, and showing films from the Moody Bible Institute. He is a real soul winner, and is held in high esteem as a godly businessman.

The Scripture says, "By their fruits ye shall know them" (Matt. 7:20).

They Got What They Wanted

At 11:00 o'clock Sunday morning, just as I was ready to conduct a service at a Bible camp, a gentleman and his wife approached me, and asked for an audience at the close of the meeting. This I was glad to grant. This couple took their places near the platform and listened quite intently as the Word of God was expounded. They had their Bibles with them, and turned to the passages as I quoted the various Scriptures.

The service closed at 12:00, and since dinner was not to be served until 12:30, there was time for us to converse together. We sat down on some benches out under the trees near the tabernacle. Immediately the conversation was opened by the husband who said, "We drove one hundred twenty-five miles this morning to see you. We both are distressed in our spirits and have been for quite some time because we cannot find

what we want." I saw that they were both deeply in earnest, and so of course my curiosity was aroused and I sought to ascertain the cause of the trouble.

I asked them to tell me the cause of the distress and promised to help them if I could. The wife answered quickly and said, "We want to be righteous, and sinless, and pure: We belong to _____ church in J.C., and our teachers teach us that we should be sinless and have no evil thoughts, desires nor actions. We want to be so clean and pure that we can go to heaven when we die. We want to be as near perfect as possible, so we can be what Jesus wants us to be. We have been trying for years to get to the place where we felt that all of our sins were gone, and we would have no evil thoughts. We have prayed for this, we have read our Bibles to find the answer, we have cried out our hearts' desire to God many times. Somehow it always evades us, and we find ourselves back where we started. One thing we cannot understand, Dr. Wilson, is that the preachers who preach these things to us are not sinless themselves. I know this because the preachers who visit our church live in our home, and they are no different from us. They sin just like we do. Please tell us what God's answer is to this problem, because we must have peace about it."

This battle that was going on in the hearts of

these two is a rather common battle in the minds of those who desire to be right with God, yet do not know how to get that blessing. Since these two friends had their well-worn Bibles with them, and I saw that they wanted God's thoughts about their difficulties, I asked them to turn to Romans 5:17. They did so, and we read in that verse that some "receive abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness." I asked them to notice also in verse 18 that the righteousness of the Lord Jesus is a gift for all men, and brings justification with it. They had never seen this truth before, and did not know that God's righteousness is obtained as a gift, and not as a reward. I also called their attention to Romans 3:22, where we read that the righteousness of God "is by faith of Jesus Christ." That also was a new thought to them, for they had been led to believe that they could obtain righteousness by self effort.

We were going over these points very slowly as they read the passages in their own Bibles, and I could see by their expressions that it was not altogether clear to them. I therefore had them turn to Romans 10:3. I said to them, "Perhaps you are seen in this verse as those who are ignorant of God's righteousness, and are going about to establish your own righteousness. You have not succeeded very well. You have found that there is no peace in pursuing that path, and

so today I want you to notice that God's righteousness is a gift to you the moment you trust Jesus Christ."

There seemed to be some ray of hope now in the hearts of these friends, and they were waiting for a clear explanation of this wonderful truth. I asked them to turn to Romans 4:6. We read verse 5 for the connection, and then I commented on the expression, "Blessed is the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works." They seemed to be puzzled by the expression, and asked for an explanation. I sought to help them to understand the passage by using the illustration of the commoner who marries the King and immediately is the Queen of the country. The position of the King as the head of the nation is imputed to the wife, and she becomes the Queen only because she belongs to the King. I told them of the poor girl who was courted by a millionaire, and married him. Immediately his credit standing and his social standing were imputed to the girl who was so poor before they were married.

So it is with God the Father. His Son, the Lord Jesus, is rich in righteousness, holiness, grace, and purity. When we fall in love with Him, believe in Him, receive Him, and become His own bride, then God the Father imputes to us all the place, position, character, and standing of His Son, Christ Jesus. His righteousness becomes

ours, His holiness and purity are given to us. These are gifts from God because we belong to His Son.

All the time I was explaining this to them, they were intently looking at the passage, Romans 4:5-6. I was praying to the Holy Spirit that He would enlighten their minds, and reveal the value of Christ to their hearts. Suddenly the light of heaven shone upon them and they both saw the truth of imputed righteousness for them. They rose quickly from their seats, threw their arms about each other, the tears were coursing down their cheeks, and they could hardly speak. I heard them say, "I see it, I see it! God gives us righteousness because we trust His Son." They sat down again, still weeping, and remained in silence for a few moments, and then said, "We never saw those passages in the Bible before. We belong to Jesus Christ, and God has made us righteous right now. Our prayers are answered, our search is ended; why didn't our preachers tell us this wonderful truth long ago."

They rose to leave for the dinner table, and then decided they would not stay for lunch. They were so filled with joy and peace they decided to hurry back home, and to tell their fellow members of the church the marvelous deliverance they had found, and the precious wonderful truth of the gift of righteousness.

I trust that many other hungry hearts reading

this message will find the truth so often given in the Scriptures, "The Lord is our righteousness."

The Dentist Was Not Like God

Because of the need of having some dental work done, I visited Dr. B _____ in his office. He had a splendid reputation as a dentist of exceptional ability, and so although he was a stranger to me, I went to him for the work I needed. I had a slight acquaintance with his delightful wife, and heard that she was a devoted and a happy Christian. I waited for him in the reception room until he finished helping another patient, and then we were alone. I said to him, "Doctor, I need some work done, and heard that you were unusually good in your profession. My name is Dr. Wilson, and my father, who was a physician at one time lectured to the students in the school where you graduated." (I had been looking at his diploma on the wall.) He wanted to know who told me about him, and I

answered that it was through some friends of his wife.

He invited me to be seated in the dental chair, and as I did so, I said to him, "Doctor, I understand that you are not like God." He smiled at this and said, "I suppose that is so. I do not claim to be a saint. I do attempt to give the best kind of service and to be honest with my patients. What do you have in mind about me?" I replied that I had read recently in the Bible that God breaks the teeth of the ungodly. It is recorded in Psalm 3. I then suggested that he try not to break the teeth of the ungodly. He was quite amused at this statement, and quickly assured me that he had never seen that passage in the Bible, but that he certainly tried not to break the teeth of anybody.

He did his work splendidly for me that morning, and asked me to return in one week for further work, which I told him I would be glad to do. At the end of the week I returned to his office. We greeted each other cordially, and I said, "Doctor, I have found another way in which you are not like God." He tossed his head and with a smile said, "Boy, you have nothing on me. I have been thinking about what you said last week, and have found a good many other ways in which I am not like God. What do you have in mind now?" I replied that I had been reading in the Book of Amos that God gave Israel cleanliness of teeth by withholding food from them

(Amos 4:6). "I know that you use a machine to give cleanliness of teeth, and so you are not like God." The conversation ceased for a while because he was doing some difficult work in my mouth. We were not silent very long when he said, "I have been thinking a great deal about how unlike God I am. Things I had forgotten have been coming back to my remembrance, and it has made me very unhappy. I never really analyzed myself before, but I can see very well that I need to have something done to me in order to be what God wants me to be.

This was an open invitation to tell the story of God's provision for our need. I was sitting in the chair, and so could not read to him, but I quoted to him, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." I reminded him that the only one who could blot out all our sins must be the One who knows them all. He also must be someone who is willing to do it, and who is authorized by God to do it. That One is Jesus Christ. We did not finish our conversation because other patients were waiting, and my time was about up for the engagement. The Doctor urged me to return in about four days for further work. When I came back, I found he was really in earnest about his relationship to God. Fortunately, we were alone again in his office. He expressed the hope that at the end of the journey he would have eternal life and go to heaven. I assured him that God wanted to give him eternal

life now. I explained to him that the Scriptures taught plainly that salvation is a present gift, and taking my Bible I read to him, "In whom we have redemption, through His blood, the forgiveness of sins" (Eph. 1:7). He was quick to notice that it was in the present tense. I also read to him I John 5:12, "He that hath the Son hath Life." And this also he noticed was in the present tense.

He expressed astonishment at this fact. He had always thought that no one could know he was saved until the end of life. He did not know that God saves the soul in this life the moment that soul trusts Jesus Christ. This truth engaged his attention and won his heart. To think that he could be saved now, and know it, was a revelation to his mind. It changed his thinking, it gave him a desire to experience that blessing.

On the occasion of my next visit some days later, I found that my doctor friend had had a meeting with the Saviour. Alone in the presence of his Lord, he had trusted his soul to Jesus Christ, he had believed God as Abraham did. He had trusted his life to the Lord Jesus as Paul did. He had the peace that passeth understanding given him by the Prince of peace, and became a follower of the Lamb. Today this servant of God, saved by grace, is himself a teacher of the Scriptures, and has been used by the Lord to bring new light and new blessings to many people. He is one of God's messengers, bringing

God's message to the patients who come to him for physical help, and leave his office with the added blessing of spiritual help. Be sure you too have a meeting with the Saviour of sinners, and He will give you eternal life now.

The Pullman Conductor Was Curious

When the Pullman conductor came through the car in which I was a passenger, he collected my ticket. He did not look at me at all, he just took the ticket which I handed him, checked the destination, and turning it over checked the stamp of the agent who sold it to me. He put the ticket in his pocket and started off to the next berth. As he did so, I caught hold of his coat-tail and pulled it. He felt the tug, and looked around to see who did it, and why.

It was in my heart that perhaps he was a candidate for heaven, and I used this method of getting his attention so I could talk with him. He looked at me rather severely and said, "What do you want?" I replied, "I am mad at you!" He expressed himself with a "Huh!" and went on his way collecting tickets from the passengers. What I had said to him bothered him, so after

he had checked in all the Pullman passengers and finished making his records, he came back and sat down beside me. He then said to me, "Why are you mad at me; what have I done to hurt you?" He was quite concerned, of course, for the Pullman company and the railroad company are very careful about offending any passenger. I looked at him earnestly and said, "I am mad at you because you ignored me." This seemed to surprise the conductor. He answered rather quickly and impatiently, "Do you expect me to get the family history of everyone on this train? I am not paid to do that, nor do I have the time." I told him that I knew all of this was true, but, said I, "I do not like to be ignored. I want to have some attention paid to me." The conductor now felt that he was talking with someone who was a bit "off the rails." He said so plainly. "You must be a 'nut.' Whoever heard of any conductor inquiring into the personal life of his passengers? I do not know why you should expect me to pay special attention to you." "This is the reason I am mad at you," I said. "You did not look at me once, you just looked at the ticket. You did not care whether I was old or young, rich or poor, fat or thin, white or black, educated or illiterate. In fact, Mr. Conductor, you completely ignored me, and I don't like it. I want some attention paid to me personally."

By this time the conductor was convinced that

he was talking with one whose mentality was not what it should be. I am sure he thought I had escaped from some institution. I had his full attention, for no one had ever talked to him in that manner before. I waited a bit to see what effect my crazy statements would have on his mind, but I did not have to wait very long. He said to me, "Mister, I cannot understand what you are getting at. You do not look like a crazy man, but you certainly talk like it. Where do you think I would get in my business on this train if I stopped to take the pedigree of each passenger? I would never get my work done, and the passengers would think I was nosing into their business when I had no right to do so. Now, you tell me, mister; what's on your mind?" This statement proved to me that my purpose was being accomplished. His interest was aroused. He was ready to listen to my proposition. I realized it was now time to tell him plainly what was on my mind and on my heart.

Quietly and calmly I said to him, "Mr. Conductor, I am quite sane, and have control of all my senses, but I felt I must tell you a secret. I am going to heaven in the same way that I am going to Detroit. You were only interested in seeing that my ticket was a good ticket, and that it belonged to me, and that the destination was plainly marked, and that it bore the stamp of the issuing office. You did not care about me, you only cared about that little piece of cardboard.

You saw that it was all right, therefore, you let me ride, and did not question me at all. I am going to heaven the same way. I have a ticket; it was punched at Calvary with nails. It is my ticket, I own it. It was given to me as a gift, but it bears the stamp of heaven. God sees that this ticket is mine. He therefore accepts the ticket, which is Christ Jesus my Lord, and says to me, "Walter Wilson, you can ride right into heaven, because your ticket is all right, even though you yourself have not been all right." The conductor listened attentively, and then said to me with earnest tones, "Mister, for several years I have been trying to find out God's way to heaven. I want to go there. I certainly do not want to be lost. Your illustration is the best answer that I have had, and the only answer that seems to me to be sensible. Tell me something more about it." I could see that the Holy Spirit was working in the heart of this man, and was happy to explain the gospel more fully to him.

I read to him John 14:6 where Jesus said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." I explained to my friend that if he belonged to Jesus Christ, then he could go wherever Christ went. Christ would so cleanse him through the blood of the cross, that he could go into Heaven and be with God the Father. I also explained to him Acts 13:38-39: ". . . through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all

that believe are justified from all things, from which he could not be justified by the law of Moses." He saw that this was in the present tense, and was a blessing to be enjoyed now. The whole plan of salvation was made clear to him by the Holy Spirit. Turning to me he said, "I believe this message, I am taking Jesus Christ at His word, and I believe that He is my Saviour. It is very clear to me that He came to save me, and I am letting Him do it just now. I certainly am glad you pulled my coat tail, mister." This conversation and this presentation of the truth did the work in the soul of that conductor, and he expressed his deep gratitude to me when I left the train the next morning at Detroit.

You too may be welcomed in the gloryland if Christ Jesus is your ticket. He was authorized by God the Father to save you.

Saved Above the Clouds

The Lord Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost. The lost one might be in a submarine at the bottom of the sea, or it might be a nurse up in the cherry tree, or a railroad engineer beside his engine, or a policeman on the beat. The case I shall relate to you here is that of a hostess serving on a plane eastbound from Kansas City. She was a young lady of about twenty-five years, very pleasant in her attitude toward the passengers, quite accommodating to the mothers with babies. As soon as we were at the altitude where we were to fly, she checked in the passengers. As she passed through the plane writing down the names of the passengers, she came to me and saw that I had my Bible open and was preparing to read. She did not remark about it, but continued through the plane until her records were finished.

I had a window seat, and the aisle seat was vacant. After awhile Miss W_____ came and sat down beside me, and made the remark, "What strange book is that you are reading?" I was quite surprised at the statement and the question, for I did not suppose there was anyone in our great country who did not recognize a Bible at once on seeing it. I replied that "this was the Bible, sometimes called the Scriptures, and usually called the Word of God." I said to her, "Do you not have a Bible, Miss W_____?" She answered, "No, I have never had one. I have been raised like a heathen. My mother belonged to one church, and my father to another church, and neither one wanted me to go to the church of the other. Neither one of them had a Bible, and so I have just been in the dark all the time about that Book. I had heard about it, and thought that perhaps some day my curiosity would be satisfied, and I would learn something about it. When I saw you with that strange Book, I thought perhaps you could help me."

I replied that I was very happy indeed to tell her about the contents of the Book, and said, "This Book is mostly about you and the Lord Jesus." This was quite a surprise to her, and her interest deepened. She answered me by saying, "Tell me what the Book says about me." I did so by reading to her Romans 3:10-18. I told her that this passage was God's description of her. It is not what your friends think about you, nor

even your enemies. It is not what you think about yourself, nor your neighbors. God is revealing in this passage what He thinks about you, as He looks down from heaven and sees your life, your words, your character, and your deeds. She listened most intently as I explained the passage to her, and called her attention to the universal character of the passage. It says we are *all* under sin, none righteous, none that understandeth, none that seeketh after God, all gone out of the way, none that doeth good, and the way of peace have they not known.

She turned to me and with deep earnestness said, "How could they know all about me and describe me so fully? For those verses certainly tell what I am." It was my turn to be surprised, for I cannot remember when any moral, upright, lovely person, as she seemed to be, immediately accepted God's diagnosis of the case. My answer was, "The Holy Spirit told Paul what to write about you, because He knows all about you, for He is on earth listening to every word, and understanding all the thoughts." For a few moments she was a bit stunned. The thought of her condition being written down so clearly in the Scriptures amazed her. Then she said to me, "What does the Bible say about Jesus?" This invitation indicated to me that the Holy Spirit was dealing with this young lady in a very definite way. I read to her Matthew 1:21, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save

His people from their sins." I also read to her that beautiful well-known verse, John 3:16, and explained to her that God had sent the Lord Jesus, His own Son, to put away her sins by His precious blood, so that she would never perish, and to give her eternal life, so she could live with God.

She seemed to understand readily that she needed to take the gift of Jesus Christ whom God had given to her. In order to help her to see this more fully, I read John 1:12: "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." I added to that I John 5:12, "He that hath the Son hath life." She meditated a few minutes on this wonderful truth, then bowed her head and said, "Lord Jesus, I see from the Bible that God sent You to me to save me. I want You to do it right now. I have wanted to be a Christian, but never knew how, and never knew about Your Book. Now I am trusting You, and I thank You that You have blotted out my sins."

She was called away at this point to take care of a passenger that was in need, and very shortly we arrived at the airport in Chicago, and landed. I waited behind and let the other passengers get off the plane, so that I could be the last one to speak to Miss W_____. I shook hands with her at the door and said, "Miss W_____, what is the Lord Jesus to you?" She replied with happy animation, "Dr. Wilson, He is my Saviour. He

put away my sins. God gave Him to me, and I belong to Him. I surely am going to tell my friends all about it."

And so we parted, having had a meeting with the Saviour, through the sweet influence and guidance of the Holy Spirit up above the clouds. It can happen anywhere. Let each one of us be sure we have a tryst with Christ wherever we may be.

How to Balance the Account

The President of Brown & Company was a splendid Christian man, who was known around the plant as Mr. J.C. He was always interested in the welfare of the souls of those with whom he came in contact. Among those who worked in his office was a bookkeeper named Sam, who had shown some little interest in Christian things, but who seemed to be unable to get the facts straight in his mind. He and Mr. J.C. had rather frequent talks together about the church, and God, and eternal realities. No matter how much explanation was given to his inquiries, he did not get straightened out in his mind, nor did he have peace with God.

It was necessary one day for me to visit this office on a matter of business. After we finished our conversation about the business, Mr. J.C. suggested that he introduce me to Sam with the

thought that perhaps he could be helped spiritually. I began the conversation by telling him that my son was also an auditor and bookkeeper, and that possibly they might know each other through the accounting society. He indicated that he did not know my son. I asked him if he enjoyed his work, and he replied that he lived on figures, day and night, and the more intricate the job, the better he was pleased with it. I asked him whether he used the single entry or double entry system, and remarked to him that I had studied both systems in high school, but was never much interested in either one.

When he saw that I had received some information on his favorite work, he began at once to be a bit more friendly. He asked about my business, and I informed him that I had several kinds of work that I enjoyed: tent making, molding steel, operating a laundry, giving lectures on advertising, practicing medicine, and preaching the gospel when there was an opportunity. This information really did arouse Sam's imagination, and he began to ask me some questions about my work. I was glad to give him some of the details and watched for an opportunity to get at the real subject, the welfare of his soul.

After I had answered his inquiries, I said to him rather earnestly, "Will you please tell me how you balance an account?" He replied at once that it was a very simple matter. He said, "When

a purchase is made, we enter the charge in the ledger. When the amount is paid, no matter who pays it, then it is placed to the credit of that account, and so the account is balanced." Of course, I knew that this was the case, but I wanted to get his mind fixed on that fact. I asked him then whether there was any other way to balance the account except by having the payment made. He replied that there was no other way that he knew of. I then asked him whether it was essential for the man who made the debt to be the one who paid it. He replied that this was not necessary, anyone could pay the debt who had a desire to do so, and the money with which to do it. This is, of course, just what I wanted him to say.

I placed my hand upon his shoulder and said, "Have you figured how your debt to God, as recorded on His books, can be paid? No doubt you want that account settled and balanced. What is your plan for balancing that debt?" His answer to me revealed that he had been trying to decide this question himself and was really in earnest about it. He looked up into my face and said, "That question has troubled me for some years. I have gone to church and listened to sermons, but no one told me the answer to that problem. I have talked to my boss here in the office, but somehow I have never found the answer."

I looked to the Holy Spirit for wisdom in answering his inquiry, and said, "Did you ever sing the song, 'Jesus paid it all'?" He replied,

"Yes, I have sung it many times, but have never seen much of interest in it." I then told him of the statement of our Lord Jesus on the Cross, "It is finished." I explained to him that all the work necessary for his salvation was finished at Calvary. I told him that the Lord Jesus had been raised from the dead, and is now on the Throne, with power to forgive, to save, and to cancel the debt. It is His blood that puts away the sins, and blots out the guilt. The living Christ must do it, and does do it, for each person who puts his trust in Him.

"You must have the living Lord Jesus as your own Lord and Saviour, for only He can balance the account. When you put your trust in Him, He at once applies the value and the virtue of His wonderful work at Calvary, and places this to your account, and in this way the account is balanced, the debt is paid." As soon as I had explained the truth in this way to him, I saw the light of heaven come into his face, and he said, "I see what you are trying to explain. Christ is the head bookkeeper. He applies to my account what He did for me on the Cross. I will put my trust in Him right now. I am so glad you explained this to me, for now I see the meaning of 'Jesus paid it all.' He paid it all for me. I surely will love Him for it, and will explain this to those in my home who are just as perplexed as I am. Christ is mine, and finally I have peace in my heart."

**Let those who read this message look up with
gratitude to the Saviour on the Throne, and with
deep thanksgiving sing, "Jesus paid it all."**

The Washing Was Hung on the Line

In the lonely hours of the night, when all is quiet, and strange noises are mystifying, those who are ill seem to get depressed, and their condition gets worse.

It was on one of those nights that I received a telephone call to come to a home far out in the eastern part of the city. A neighbor was calling for a friend who lived next door, and who had no phone. She did not seem to know what the trouble was with her neighbor, but told me that the neighbor was an elderly woman, and had been sick in bed for three days. I took along in my satchel various kinds of medicines, not knowing the character of the case.

Upon arriving at the address, I found a beautiful little cottage, which showed by the yard,

the walks, and the porch that the friend who lived there was a neat and attractive housekeeper. The neighbor saw me come and came over at once to take me into the home, for the sick friend could not come to the door, and she lived alone. We entered a very delightful little place, clean and attractive, and showing every evidence of good care. My friend took me into the bedroom where I saw a lovely white-haired lady lying on an old-fashioned four-poster bed, which had been raised to about the height of a hospital bed. I introduced myself to her, and the neighbor interrupted to say that she had phoned for me to come and help in this needy case.

The sick friend was not emaciated, nor did she show signs of being in pain. I therefore took my stethoscope, listened to the heart and lungs, but found nothing unusual there. I then took her blood pressure, and found it was normal. I also checked the blood to see whether there was any anemia, but found none. I inquired concerning her feelings as to whether there was any pain, and where the pain was located. She replied that there was no pain anywhere, but that she just felt sick and depressed all over her body.

My heart and mind were studying her case all the time the examination was being made. I came to the conclusion that hers might be a case of distress in regard to her soul's welfare. This is often the case, and is not unusual. I placed

my instruments in my medical bag and said to her, "Tell me, my friend, whether you are afraid to die." She burst into tears and replied that she constantly lived in the fear of death, because she did not know what God would do with her after she died. This confirmed my diagnosis of the case, and so I removed my Bible from my medical satchel, and opened to the passage in Matt. 11:28, which reads: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I explained to her that the loving God in heaven knew that she would be distressed about this matter, and so He sent the Saviour to meet her need, make her fit for heaven, and then take her there when it was time to go. I asked her whether the three days she had spent in bed was caused by her fear of the future. She replied immediately that it was. From this I could see very clearly that she was in genuine soul trouble, and was ready for the Saviour.

I read to this troubled soul, "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree" (I Peter 2:24). I read it slowly, and called her attention to the fact that it must have been her sins Christ was bearing, because He had none of His own. I also read to her Colossians 2:14 in which we are told of Christ's "blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, that was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross." I explained to her that God the

Father had taken the record of all the sins in her life, and had nailed them to Jesus' cross, so that the Saviour took the punishment for her. As she lay quietly meditating on these precious truths, I read to her, "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (I John 5:12).

My sick friend seemed to be troubled by this statement, and I could see she did not understand it. I then explained to her that God sent the Lord Jesus to her so that he could give her 'eternal life, and apply all His wonderful work of the Cross to her need and her record. "You must take this Saviour yourself, my friend, then He will be yours, and you will be His. He will give you eternal life, cleanse you from every sin stain, and thus make you fit for heaven. When it is time to go, this Saviour will come after you, or send for you, and take you right into God's presence, washed, cleansed and wearing the robe of righteousness." As I finished this message to her, I saw a bit of the sunshine of heaven spread over her face. The peace of God came into her heart, she believed God, trusted Christ, and entered into rest for her soul. I bade her good night and left, with this parting word, "If you need me tomorrow, have your neighbor phone me, and I will come." The next morning, about 10 o'clock, the neighbor phoned that my sick friend had finished her washing and hung it out on

the line. The storm was passed, and the peace of God filled her heart. Christ is the remedy for every troubled soul and spirit.

The Barn Was a Poor Hiding Place

Some folks are really afraid that God will give them a blessing, enrich their lives, and make them fit for heaven. They try to hide from God, and to avoid meeting those who love them, and would like to help them.

Such was the case with young Mr. Lee. He was an industrious boy, always working at something, and could adapt himself to most any mechanical work. He was not an artist, but he loved to sing, and loved to be with those who were educated and cultured. He had some very fine friends who were Christians, but he preferred the company of others. Mr. Lee was not a bad person, as the world calls badness. He went to church on Sundays, if it was convenient. He was not a scoffer. He was just one of those ordinary young men who wanted a religious flavor to a worldly life. He had heard the gospel from some of his

friends who really knew the Lord, but the call of the world was stronger than the call of the Saviour.

Two of his friends decided one day to hunt up this young man and see if they could not persuade him to come over the line to Jesus Christ. They knew he was not an enemy of God, but they also knew that the world, and worldly ways, were quite attractive and held a strong influence over his life. Mr. Lee lived on a little farm outside of the city. I happened to be one of the two friends who decided to call on him, and we drove out together to see this prospect. The house in which he lived was on a prominent place by the side of the road, and he enjoyed sitting on the porch when there was no necessary work to do, and watch the cars go by. On this particular afternoon, he was sitting on the front porch enjoying his after-dinner smoke. We did not notice him on the porch, but he detected us as we came down the road, and he quickly disappeared from the scene. When we arrived at the house, he was nowhere to be found. His wife was busily engaged in the kitchen, and when we inquired of her concerning his whereabouts, she remarked rather casually, "You will probably find him down behind the barn."

We made our way down to the barn, and around at the rear we found our friend sitting on an old box, smoking his cigarette, and hoping we would not find him. He looked up as though

he was greatly surprised, and greeted us with a very pleasant smile. He was naturally a jovial person, with a very gracious spirit, and he made friends easily. His was a real friendship, for he was no hypocrite. My friend and I soon found a place to sit down behind the barn in order to have some conversation with him about the purpose of our visit. I said to him, "Mr. Lee, I am not sure that you are glad to have us come to see you." He broke into the conversation at this point to assure us that he was very glad we had come. "However," he said, "when I saw you fellows coming down the road, I was still at my after-dinner smoke, and I didn't want you to see it. That's the reason I hid out down here. I suppose my wife told you where I was." I assured him that we were not there to find fault with his smoking, but only to encourage him to give his life to the Lord Jesus and to the Holy Spirit, so that his days would count for God.

My friend who was with me quoted to him Romans 12:1-2, which read, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God." Mr. Lee listened attentively because he had a reverence for the Bible. He had some years previous to this

attended an evangelistic service at which he professedly gave himself to the Lord. The Word of God appealed to him as being absolutely true and binding on men.

It seemed to be the right thing to do to explain the verse in detail to our friend, and so I reminded him that the man who enlists in the army gives himself fully to his government. The man who marries a wife gives himself fully to her. That one who gives himself to his employer does so without reservation. So those who trust Jesus Christ give themselves to God the Father, they yield obedience to the Holy Spirit, with no mortgage on themselves. He answered rather emphatically, "I know that all this is true. I have been fighting it in my own conscience, and have really been trying to run away from God. I am glad you fellows came after me. I want you to help me to get back to God."

We could see that he meant this with his whole heart, and so we prayed together behind the barn, and committed him to the care of the great Shepherd of the sheep, and to the ministry of the Holy Spirit through His Word. Mr. Lee was in the church the following Sunday and has since become an elder in the church, and an example to God's people of a devoted follower of the Saviour.

A Hopeless Cripple Could Sing

Achsah was a crippled girl who lived in a modest cottage on a very busy street. Her whole body was paralyzed so that she could only move two fingers on each hand, and have a limited movement of the two arms. In seeking for some form of work to occupy her mind, she had learned to string beads and thereby make necklaces and bracelets. A kind friend had made a tray to set across her breast in such a position that she could pick up these beads of various colors, and arrange them on strings in beautiful patterns. These bracelets and necklaces she sold to those who visited her, and in this way was able to make a few dollars to help with her expenses.

The family of this afflicted girl was not very sympathetic with her. They gave her little attention, and really criticized many things in her

life, which gave her a very sad attitude, and a very heavy heart.

One day a friend told me about this young lady, and her affliction. My interest was aroused, and shortly thereafter I called to see her. I found a very attractive young lady, about eighteen years of age, and quickly saw that she had an unhappy home life, and eagerly sought outside company for fellowship. We had a very nice visit together, as I admired her work, and spoke of the very clever way in which she handled the beads, though she was so badly handicapped. She told me with some pride how she delighted to mingle the colors in the strands in order to obtain the best effect. She mentioned a number of friends who had purchased the beads from her, and expressed their pleasure and gratitude at finding such beautiful articles to use for presents.

Our conversation about these lovely articles led me to comment on Malachi 3:17, and I read the passage to her: "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." This verse greatly interested Achsah, and she asked the meaning of it. Instead of answering her directly, I asked whether she was a member of some church, and she replied that she was and told me the name of the church. She added, "I am a member in that church of the Esther class, but they never come to see me, and neither does the

preacher. A few people in the church have been to see me, but they never talk to me about the Bible, or about God. They only tell me about the social events in which I have no interest. I am so glad you have come to talk to me about God, and the Bible, for I often think of the meeting with God, and wonder if He will be glad because of my handiwork, or whether something more is required."

This gracious invitation to tell her about our lovely Lord opened the door for my message. I began at the Scripture that we had just read and explained that the Lord makes us His children by purchasing us with His precious blood. Then He makes us His property by workmanship, so that He deals with us in our lives to make us the kind of people He wants us to be. We become "mine" by purchase, and we become "mine" by workmanship. Achsah was quite intrigued by this explanation and said, "I would like to belong to Him; will you tell me how?" To this I answered, "Let me read to you John 1:12: 'But as many as received Him [the Lord Jesus], to them gave He power to become the sons of God.'" I then explained to her that when any person takes the Lord Jesus to be the Lord of his life, and the Saviour of his soul, he at once comes into God's family, and becomes one of God's jewels. I sought to make it clear to her mind and heart that jewels are made by God. He only can make a ruby, a sapphire,

or a diamond. All she would need to do would be just to accept God's gift, the Lord Jesus, and at once that blessed Lord would make her one of His jewels. In order to help her further, I remarked that God polishes jewels after He makes them, but He does not try to polish pebbles and stones. They are not worth it.

This whole story was so new to Achsah that she was unable to grasp the truth clearly, but promised me that she would think it through, and hoped that I would come back to explain it to her more fully. A few days later I returned to see this interesting girl. I found her waiting for me, and expecting me. As I sat down beside her, she said, "Tell me that story again, Doctor, the one you read in the Old Testament." I read the passage to her from Malachi 3:17, and said, "God, the Father, will give you to the Lord Jesus for Him to give you a place in His family, make you one of His jewels, give you the robe of righteousness, and give you the gift of eternal life, so that you will be His child." I then quoted to her I John 5:12: "He that hath the Son hath life." At this point Achsah showed in her face that a new light had dawned in her heart. She said rather excitedly, "I see that wonderful truth. God gave Jesus to me, so that He could make me one of His jewels. I love that, and I am so happy to take Jesus for myself. I want Him to make me a shining, lovely light for His glory." Her joy was beautiful to see. The perplexing problem

of her life had been solved, and she was rejoicing in this new relationship with the precious Saviour.

Achsah lived about a year after this wonderful event. Those who came to see her remarked on her lovely faith, and the happiness that seemed to fill her heart. At each opportunity she told them that she had met the Saviour, and He had made her His jewel. When she found that the day of her departure was at hand, she requested her family to have me conduct the service at the church, which I was glad to do. The group known as the "Esthers" were present at the funeral, and each one was dressed in white. As they passed the casket, each one dropped a flower upon her breast. When I told the story of her conversion to the group, I could see a strange look of surprise and doubt on some of their faces. They had thought that because she was so patient in her suffering, and so thoughtful and kind in her attitude toward others that therefore she was always a Christian. They could hardly believe it that this beautiful girl needed salvation. There are still those who think that building a good character is equivalent to being a Christian. The Word of God, however, clearly states, "Except a man be born again, He cannot see the kingdom of God."

Bedfast and Boardfast — Yet Free

While in a series of meetings, I was asked to visit a shut-in out in the country. The only information I received about the case was that this was a young person who was unable to leave the house, but enjoyed having company. The next day a friend came with his car and drove out to a lovely little cottage on a farm. The place was well kept and I could see that the occupants were thrifty people, though I was not prepared for what I found inside the house. It was nearly the noon hour when we arrived at this home, and we were met at the door by a middle-aged gentleman, who greeted us most courteously, and invited us in. I saw that this gentleman was not the shut-in we had come to see. After the ordinary greetings, he said, "I suppose you have come to see Ruby." I replied that I had heard there was a friend in this home who was not

able to come to the church for the services, and therefore I decided to bring the church to her.

Our host then made himself known to me as the father of the girl who was ill in another room. He led us into the sick room, and I saw the friend I had come to see. She was a girl of about sixteen, dark hair and dark eyes that seemed to dance with joy. Her face was full of smiles. Her radiant spirit had a deep effect upon my heart. This young lady was afflicted with arthritis, which had made her a cripple, and she was unable to move. Each arm was tied to a wooden board about three inches wide, and the length of the arm. Each leg was fastened to another board, which extended the length of the limb. Her head was elevated on two pillows, and across her breast was a lectern tilted so that the book which lay upon it could be easily seen and read by this patient.

Her father explained to me that his daughter had been afflicted with this dread disease for a number of years. It had rendered her helpless. His wife, the girl's mother, had died a few years before this, and so he was left alone to manage the house, cook the meals, and take the full care of the daughter, the home, and the farm. He seemed to have a happy spirit as he related this sad story to me, and told how he enjoyed his great responsibility. He would go out early in the morning to do the chores, then come in and get breakfast for himself and the daughter. After

this he would take care of the daughter's personal needs, comb her hair, change her garments, and then arrange the Bible on the lectern opened at the place where she desired to read. He would then leave the house, go to the fields, and take care of the crops, the garden, the repairs, and whatever needed to be done on the farm. He would return to the house before noon, wash the dishes left from breakfast, make his bed, do the necessary sweeping and dusting so that he could keep the house neat and orderly. Then it would be lunch time and he would prepare the noon meal. Of course, he must always feed Ruby, for she was helpless, and could not move a hand. After the meal was finished, he would return to the farm work until supper-time. In the evening he would prepare the meal, feed Ruby her portion, and then after his own meal, he would clean up the kitchen and prepare to spend the evening with his beautiful daughter.

Both of these were God's children. They had met the Saviour, they had trusted the Lord Jesus, and His precious blood, and were lovers of the Scriptures. Ruby would tell her father the things that she had learned from her study of the Bible that day. At the noon hour, the father would turn the page if Ruby so desired. She would meditate on what was before her eyes while praying and expecting that the Holy Spirit would teach her His thoughts and truths as she read.

As I sat beside this wonderful Bible student,

I found she had become rooted and grounded in the faith. I saw then that the Holy Spirit was her Teacher. She had many sweet, precious thoughts to give to me from the portions she had been reading. I said to her, "Sister Ruby, do you not feel hard against God for leaving you here in this condition? What is in your heart about the relationship of your Lord to you? Does this affliction bring bitterness into your spirit?"

She replied with some animation, "No, indeed, I just love to be here. I do not need to worry about work, I am not distressed about business, I do not have to wash the dishes, nor do the chores. I think it is wonderful that God would give me the honor of lying here as His child just to love Him, and be loved by Him. God is so good to me, for I have a loving father who cares for me in a wonderful way, and I have no worries at all about anything. If my Lord wants me to lie here, I am happy to be here. I love to tell my friends about the precious things I am learning from my Bible. There is nothing else for me to do, so I just lie here and sing. I am looking forward to the day when I shall see Jesus, and then I shall walk, and run, and serve my precious Saviour. I left that home with my heart refreshed, and my spirits rebuked. I had seen an example of true faith and trust.

The Mayor's Daughter Nearly Missed It

A union service was being held in the old brick church in Southern Springs, a small southern village where the folks made their living largely by entertaining tourists and those who came for the benefit of the waters. Several churches joined together in this effort for our Lord. I had the privilege of bringing the addresses, morning and evening, in the central church, and the meetings were well attended by the various pastors and the members of their flock. The morning services were for teaching the Christians, and the evening services were for soul-winning messages.

Because of the fine attendance Sunday morning of those who were not church members, I decided to use a gospel message instead of a teach-

ing message. The portion chosen for the sermon was Luke 16, beginning at verse 19, where we read the story of Lazarus, the beggar, and the wealthy man who was lost. In this story, I called attention to the fact that no good actions were recorded about Lazarus, and no bad actions in regard to the rich man. The case was one of character, and not of conduct. The story reveals that which happens after death. I explained to the audience that because of who he was, Lazarus went to be with Abraham, who was with God. The rich man, because of who he was, descended into hell immediately after death. Lazarus was a believer in God, as Abraham was. The rich man rejected the Word of God, and had no interest in God's claims. The story reveals that there is not a second chance to be saved after death. We also learn from the passage that there is a life after death, and there is a place of bliss and comfort, as well as a place of sorrow and suffering. The Saviour reveals to us also that we will know each other after death, but will not be able to extend any help of any kind to those who die unsaved.

The audience was very attentive. They listened eagerly, and evidently were applying the message to their own hearts. An invitation was extended for those who would like to be saved to make their way to the platform where there was a place to kneel and pray. I saw in the audience one pastor whom I knew more intimately than

the others, and I called on him to come and help the daughter of the mayor of the city as she knelt at the platform. Quite a few others had come also, for her example had encouraged others to seek the Lord. This servant of God did come with his Bible and kneeled beside Miss Betty to read to her the Word of God. I could hear what he was saying to this young lady, and was surprised to notice that he was reading to her passages that referred only to Christians. The verses he used had no gospel in them, but did have very sweet comfort for sorrowing saints. While he was trying to help her, I was busy helping others who had come forward. After some minutes, my pastor friend came to me and said, "This young lady has some sin in her life which she is not willing to give up. She will not tell me what it is, and so I suggest that you have someone else talk with her."

Of course, I knew her trouble, for she had not been given the way of salvation, nor had my brother explained to her the Person and the work of the Lord Jesus. I went right to her and laid my open Bible on the railing in front of her, and had her read John 1:12: "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them who believe on His Name." I did not explain the verse to her, but said, "Put your finger on this verse, Miss Betty, read it slowly, carefully and prayerfully at least twenty times. When you have finished

reading it twenty times, I will be glad to come and help you understand the verse." I left her with the passage before her, and went away to help others. Of course, I kept watching her to see what evidence there might be in her countenance as she read the passage. It was only a few moments until I saw the light of heaven shine in her face, and I knew that something had happened. Immediately I went to her, and she exclaimed with joy, "I have taken Him; I see that He came to save me, and God gave Him to me. I have never known that before." Tears of joy filled her eyes as she hurried away to tell her father and mother that Christ Jesus had saved her, and blotted out her sins. This example of her conversion had a blessed effect upon many in that city, and she began to "blaze it abroad." Her life was changed and she became a missionary to those around her as she told of the saving grace of God.

"I Am a Fatalist!"

These words were spoken to me by a well-dressed gentleman who seemed to be a man of some means, and with a good education. His whole manner indicated that he had been well trained, and was undoubtedly a successful man in business. He had come forward at the close of a gospel meeting and said to me, "I enjoyed your sermon tonight, Dr. Wilson; it contained many excellent thoughts, and I can see that you believe what you preach. What you said, however, does not meet at all with my idea of things, for I am a fatalist. I believe that if you are born to be saved, you will be saved; and if you are born to be lost, you will be lost. I believe we live a game of chance, and nobody can know anything at all about the future, nor what will happen to us when we die."

It seemed to me that this friend was honest in

his statement, and that his conclusions concerning spiritual matters were a result of quite a little thinking brought about by his educational processes. I have found through the years that many men reason themselves out of the path of faith by false conclusions and human deductions. I shook hands with this friend and said to him, "I am glad to meet you, for I love to converse with those who think, and who are interested in coming to a conclusion that is definite. Now that you tell me that you are a fatalist, let me assure you that I too am a fatalist. You might not have recognized this position from the message I gave tonight, but really, since I am talking with you personally and privately, let me assure you that I believe as you do."

This was quite a surprise to my new friend, and he looked at me in amazement. He said, "I certainly would never have thought that you and I agreed on this subject. I did not get that idea from your sermon, and do not see how it can be true." I wanted him to be puzzled by my statement, for I have learned that the presentation of an unusual truth is more effective than conversing along conventional lines. I explained my position to him by saying, "I am sure that I was born to be saved, and so I am saved. The Lord Jesus came to me some years ago, and the Holy Spirit enabled me to see that Jesus Christ is the Saviour of men, and that I could and should trust Him with my soul. I did this, and

so I know I am a saved man. It is quite evident to me from your statements that you have not received Jesus Christ, and therefore I conclude that you are one of those who is born to be lost, and so you are. From this you will readily see that I am a fatalist as you are. I was born to be saved, and so I am; you were born to be lost, and so you are."

The friend did not reply to that statement, but turned away and soon disappeared in the crowd. I was quite impressed with the sincerity of that friend, and took his case to the Lord when I returned to my room at the hotel. I hoped that the man would return the next evening to the service. When I rose to speak the next night, I saw that he was there, and seated well toward the front. He listened intently to my message, sometimes bowing his head as though he was in deep meditation. At the close of the service, he was one of the first to come to me, and said, "You told me last night that you thought I was born to be lost, and so I am lost. Now listen to me, Dr. Wilson, I do not want to be lost. I have been thinking about this matter since last evening, and I have decided that maybe God would change His mind, and let me come to Him. I hope He will. I want to be a Christian. I have seen enough of the world, with its sorrows and disappointments. I want something better than I have been able to find in the business or the social world."

This was really an invitation for me to give

him some personal attention, and so we sat down at one side of the auditorium where we could be alone, and I presented to him the love of God, and the willingness of the risen Christ on the Throne to accept any sinner. I read to him John 6:37, "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." I explained to him that the Lord Jesus was able and willing to cleanse him from his sins, and to give him the gift of eternal life. We read together John 3:16, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Following this we read John 1:12, "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." I explained to him that the gift given in John 3:16 was to be accepted, or taken, or received as in John 1:12. He listened intently to my explanation, and then we read I John 5:12, "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." These Scriptures revealed the Lord Jesus to my fatalist friend, and he accepted Jesus Christ. The light of God had shown in his dark heart, and he left the church satisfied that he was born to be saved.

Yale and Vassar Combined

The prosecuting attorney in a large populous county, the teacher of a Bible class attended by over 200 men, through the ministry of a radio preacher, found the Saviour and became an ardent and devoted Christian lawyer with a splendid reputation. In his office there were a number of other attorneys who were associated with him in his large law practice. Among these there was a Jew who was well educated, and exerted quite an influence on those around him.

I visited the county attorney one day in order to bring him some additional help for his soul, and as I passed by the door of this Jewish lawyer he hailed me and asked for an interview. As I took a seat in his office he exclaimed rather earnestly, "Doctor, what in the world has happened to my boss? He is not the same man that he has been. He seems to have become a Christian. He

talks about God, and about prayer, and we never heard him express such sentiments before. He talked about his big Bible class, but we never heard him talk about Jesus Christ like he does now. Tell me what you told him, and explain to me how your message has completely changed his manner among us here in the office."

Of course, I took advantage of that wide open invitation, and answered, "Your chief met the most wonderful Jew that ever lived. He trusted his soul and his life to that Jew, and at once his life was changed. The one he came to know was Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and the Jew to whom the world owes every grace, every kindness, every sweet attitude and attribute of the human heart. God has arranged it that His Son, a Jew, has power to transform men, and make them what He wants them to be."

My answer seemed to puzzle my listener. I saw that he was a bit perplexed, and so continued by saying, "Do you follow the Jewish religion?" To this he answered, "No, I am not what is called an orthodox Jew. I have a religion of my own, which seems to me to be both logical and reasonable." "Where did you find this religion?" I asked. He answered, "At Yale, where I received both of my degrees." I requested him to tell me about his religion, and he answered that he believed in the hypothesis of evolution. He informed me that he had studied many religions, but that he had found in the "evolution" line of

thinking that which satisfied him more than anything else.

I pulled my chair up close to the desk, and looking him full in the face, I said, "Mr. Rosen, do you know anything in the world that improves with age? Suppose you owned two magnificent draft horses. You turned them loose in the wilderness to be unattended for three or four years. Would their offspring be fine, big animals like the original pair?" He answered at once that they would not, but would decrease in size and strength. I then asked him whether a field of wheat, which had been completely cleared of every weed, would reproduce itself in a fine crop of wheat if it were left to itself, and the seed was self planted. He replied that he doubted whether there would be a good crop because of the abundance of weeds that would grow. Again I asked him whether an orchard of fine apples, if unattended, would continue to bear splendid fruit after two or three years. He replied that it would not.

By this time, Mr. Rosen was beginning to see my reasoning. I felt free to become more personal, and so said to him, "You told me that you graduated from Yale. May I ask you whether your wife also is a university graduate?" He replied that she was a graduate of Vassar. I then asked him whether he had any children, and he answered that he had one little girl about ten years of age. I then put this proposition to him,

"If you have obtained the finest education Yale can give, and if your wife has received at Vassar such a splendid education, does it not follow that your little girl would be of unusual mentality, exceptionally bright, and would reveal the product of two wonderful parents? Suppose, Mr. Rosen, that your little girl had been shut up in a room when she was born, and in some mysterious way was kept well fed, clothed and warm, but never saw a human face, nor heard a human voice, would she be today an accomplished, educated, beautiful, cultured girl?" He replied that she would not, but rather would be more like an idiot.

I immediately called his attention to the fact that his theory was not working very well in his own family. No matter what training the parents had, it would not be evident in the child without help from the outside. Nothing is self-developing. Chemicals deteriorate. Minerals deteriorate. Vegetables and animals revert to type, and the child will not develop because of any inherent qualities. There must always be outside help.

My friend listened very intently, and then said, "My theory does not hold water. I am discarding it today. Now tell me, Doctor, how I can get what happened to my chief." At this point I presented to him John 1:12, "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." I assured him that God knew that his heart would never be satisfied with human philosophies, and mental processes, only Christ Jesus, the Jew, who was and is God Himself, could change the human heart, deliver from sin and fear, and make one fit for heaven. I explained the gospel clearly, the good news about the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ, and Mr. Rosen listened without interrupting me. He then leaned over on the desk and said to me very earnestly, "I cannot accept Jesus Christ. My parents did not believe in Him, and all my teaching has been against Him. I thank you for telling me the story, but I cannot accept it."

I left his office sad and disappointed. He had discarded his foolish philosophy contained in the hypothesis of evolution, but refused the lovely One who said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

I trust that no one who reads this story will turn his back on the only Saviour of men.

The Dentist Took a Chance

Dr. Richards served as a dentist in a mid-western city, and built up a good practice. He was honest, and thorough in his work. He had a pleasing personality, made many friends, and became a deacon in the large church near his home. One day, as he journeyed on his summer's vacation, he passed through Winona Lake, Indiana, because he had heard about that great Bible conference, and wanted to see what it was like. He had never been to a Bible conference, though he had read about them in the monthly magazine of his denomination. While at Winona Lake, he visited the book store and purchased a copy of *The Romance of a Doctor's Visits*, which is found in the Moody Colportage Library. As he read the book he found the story of a man whose condition of heart was quite like his own. The man was religious, had good standing in the

community, was respected and honored as a man of the church. This man discovered that he obtained no peace in his heart from all his religious activities.

This story convinced the Doctor that he too needed something else besides religion. He was a successful dentist, he was well received in society, but somehow he had no peace in his heart, and no rest in his spirit. He felt the need of something more than just religious activity, and good character.

He decided to lock up his office and fly to Kansas City to see the one who wrote the book, and who had this interesting experience, about which he had read. He did so without first learning whether I would be at home and could be seen by him. Of course, the Holy Spirit is always guiding in the affairs of troubled hearts, and He knew that this seeker should not be disappointed. I was at home, and received a telephone call from one of the downtown hotels to see if he could make an appointment with me that evening. We were just at supper at the time, and so I asked him to come at 7:30. He did so. He was a splendid young man about 35 years of age, and impressed me as one who was deeply in earnest, and not just a curiosity seeker.

We sat in the parlor, and he began the conversation by saying, "I read in your book *The Romance of a Doctor's Visits* about a man whose case is quite like my own. I am in good standing

in the city where I live. I have a splendid dental practice, and I am a deacon in the church. I have a wife and two little children whose hearts are with me in my Christian activity. In spite of all of this, I know there is something wrong with me. I get nowhere in my Christian activity, and do not know for sure that I belong to the Lord. I flew over here hoping to find you, and I want you to tell me what you told that friend about which I read in your book." I answered him by saying, "Are you a lost dentist?" He did not answer at once, but was thinking the thing through. Then he said, "I do not know whether I am or not. Certainly I do not have the thing that would make me satisfied with God, and give me the feeling of security."

I asked him then if he knew any verse of Scripture that he could quote. He drew a little Testament out of his pocket, and without opening it said, "I learned a verse in Sunday school, and really I am ashamed to say it is the only verse I know." He then quoted correctly John 3:16, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I then reminded him that God sent the Lord Jesus to be the Saviour. He came to save from sin and to give the gift of righteousness, and then eventually bring us to God after being made fit for God's presence. He listened intently as I explained this truth to him, and then I said,

"Doctor, do you realize that you are a lost man, and need Christ Jesus to save you?" He answered, "That certainly is my condition. I had never heard that expression used, and at first was puzzled about it. Now I see that I need someone to put away my sins, and make me fit for heaven." This opened the door for the application of the gospel, so I asked him, "Is it not true that it takes two to make a gift, the one who gives, and the one who takes?" "Yes," he answered, "it is true." To this I replied, "The verse you quoted tells us that God gave His Son, and God is looking for a taker. To whom did God give His Son?" My friend, the doctor, threw his head back on the big upholstered chair, and looking up to heaven said, "God, You gave Jesus Christ to me, and I am taking Him right now. I want you to know, God, that I am trusting your Son with my soul, and I know that He came to save me." The doctor at once entered into peace. His heart was at rest. He expressed his gratitude to God for the gift of His Son, and his gratitude to me for showing him the way.

The doctor returned to his hotel that night with a song in his heart. He and the Saviour had met together. The next morning he flew back to his home, told his wife and family about the Saviour he had found, and they had a time of rejoicing together. On Sunday, he arose in the church to tell the congregation of his experience with the living Saviour who had saved his soul

and had given him the peace that passeth understanding.

A few days later the doctor phoned me by long distance phone to tell me the good news that three others in the church had found the Saviour through his testimony. He began to testify to his patients, and found that Christ Jesus was really a personal Lord in his life, and a living Redeemer for his soul. Because I had told him in our conversation about the Holy Spirit, and his need of knowing that Gift also, he had trusted the Holy Spirit with his life and ministry. This made him outstanding in the community as a spiritual man.

Let us not be satisfied to go on living in the dark, or living a fruitless life. Christ Jesus saves the soul, and the Holy Spirit saves the life.

The Successful Unsaved Preacher

Melvin was a newspaper reporter of one of the great city dailies. He was particularly interested in social affairs, and wrote splendid articles which attracted attention. When he saw that this line of ministry was of interest to the readers of the paper, he sought for ways to enlarge his usefulness. He came to the conclusion that if he entered the Christian ministry, he would have a wider influence and would make impressions that were more permanent. Having come to this conclusion, he applied for admission to the seminary of one of our large denominations, and was accepted.

Our friend was a very versatile man, well educated, cultured, and a polished public speaker. He was well accepted at the school, and soon learned the language of divinity students. He studied the Bible daily, with a real genuine

desire to become the finest preacher in town. His zeal, his energy, and his prolific use of attractive phrases soon made him a favorite in religious circles. He had never met the Saviour personally, though he had learned the doctrines, and could set them forth quite clearly. He took part in the assembly services of the seminary very acceptably. His teachers looked upon him as an ideal student.

He finished his courses at the seminary and was properly ordained by the authorities of the denomination. He had no trouble in obtaining a suburban church. The membership at the time he accepted that pastorate was 145, and a Sunday school attendance of 186. Melvin became an active servant of the church. He preached well and fluently. He gained the confidence of the people and the attendance began to increase quickly. He served that church seven years, and at the end of that period counted the members at 812, and the Sunday school attendance 880. He was considered in the city as a foremost minister, with a great future awaiting him. He urged the people to bring their Bibles, and to study their Bibles, and to become educated, intelligent church members. He strengthened the cause of missions, and promoted those societies in which the women served the church in various capacities. But all the time, Melvin was unsaved, had never met the Saviour, and never stressed the gospel in his preaching. He had the theory, but did not have eternal life.

One day a call was received from this preacher requesting me to come to his church for a series of meetings on the Book of Revelation. He mentioned that he had read the book clear through once, but did not understand it. He explained that his people were asking him about the book, and he was unable to give them a satisfactory reply, except that he did not understand it himself. I was very happy to accept the invitation, and arranged to go for the two weeks of meetings. I found a delightful audience of very friendly people waiting for the sermon. I took for my subject the first night the place in the Book of Revelation given to the "Lamb of God." I sought to show the people how that Christ was very often referred to by this title because God would ever keep before every mind and heart the fact that Jesus died on Calvary at the hands of wicked men, and under the definite will of God, so that we might be saved.

The second night I took for my message the place that "the blood" has all through the Book of Revelation. I sought to make it plain that it is only those who wash their robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb who are permitted to come into the presence of God. I read to the people how that "they overcame him [the Devil] by the blood of the Lamb." We noticed also that the songs were about the blood of the Lamb. Those in heaven gave credit to the Lamb of God, and to His precious blood for

their right to be in glory. We noticed that no one said anything about his good works, or his religion, or his church, or his character, but only sang about the Lamb, and His blood.

My friend, the preacher, was listening very closely during this second message. The first lesson given had stirred his heart. The second message stirred his mind. He did not spend much time visiting with the people after the service, but soon made his way to the manse which was near the church. I rejoiced in my heart as I saw that the Word of God was affecting this splendid public servant. I bade him goodnight as he left, and mentioned that I would be praying that the Holy Spirit would bless His Word to all of our hearts.

When I went to the church the third night, he met me at the door and said, "Doctor, please permit me to take the first part of the service. I have something to tell the people." I replied, "Certainly, I shall be glad to have you do so. I am your guest, and am happy to follow your instructions. When the preliminaries of the meeting were finished, Melvin arose and said, "Friends, you have had an unsaved preacher in this pulpit for seven years. I have lectured to you on religious and popular subjects, and you have responded by bringing your friends. The church has grown from a small number to a large number. We have been forced to build additional rooms, and to enlarge the auditorium, as you

know. All of this time, you have had a religious lecturer who only had a mental conception of the way of salvation. Last night, after the messages on the blood and the Lamb, I retired to my home quickly after the service. I was convinced that I had no song about the blood. I realized I had no personal relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ. I went to my study alone, kneeled in the presence of God, and for several hours examined my life, the condition of my soul, and confessed to God that I was a hypocrite, pretending to lead you friends into this new life to which I myself was a stranger. At 5:00 o'clock this morning, I surrendered to the Saviour, I accepted Him, I believed and confessed to Him that it is only through the merits of His precious blood, and through the gracious power of the living Saviour on the Throne that I received forgiveness, and the gift of eternal life. Friends, you now have a saved preacher, and from this day forward, I will preach to you Jesus Christ, Him crucified, and the wonderful truths that affect the life of the Christian."

The audience was deeply moved, and others followed his example, confessing that they too had religion, but no Saviour. Many hearts turned to Christ because of his testimony. The Holy Spirit began at once using Brother Melvin. His gift in the gospel made him well known, and today he is pastor of one of the largest churches in that denomination in that city.

We should each one examine ourselves to see whether we have passed out of death into life, and whether we, individually, have a living Saviour on the Throne in Heaven.

They Met in a Restaurant

Louise was a lovely blonde, with a host of friends, but with a retiring disposition. She was admired for her talents, her gifts, her beauty, and her attractive personality. She went to church on Sundays and enjoyed the fellowship, but did not enter into the Christian activities. She was not too well acquainted with her Bible, but read it occasionally and found it to be too dry and uninteresting to hold her attention. She held an important position in the office of a contractor and builder, and her ability soon brought about a promotion which caused the other members of the office force to be quite jealous of her. This feeling distressed her so much that she resigned and sought work elsewhere.

The place which she subsequently found was one in which she received a larger salary and was entrusted with much more important work to

do. After some weeks she discovered to her sorrow that the influential members of that firm belonged to a faith which was not at all acceptable to Louise. These friends did not force their religion on her, but they made it quite evident that she should join them and participate in their religious exercises. This daily warfare gave Louise quite a headache. She rejected completely that which their religion taught them, and would respond by various Scriptures which she had learned as a child, and from the various pastors to whom she had listened.

At noon Miss Louise usually ate her lunch at a very attractive restaurant near the place of her employment. Another young woman about her age also ate her lunch in this restaurant, and Louise was attracted to her because she seemed to be one of the same sort as herself. This young lady always bowed her head and expressed her gratitude to God before eating. Louise had not seen this done before, no other persons in the restaurant did it, and she really admired the courage of this one who publicly gave thanks to God.

Several days passed by without either of these speaking to the other. Finally, Louise said to the young lady, "Why do you bow your head at the table before eating?" The answer came rather reluctantly, for this person was very retiring in her nature and did not easily make friends, "I am a Christian and believe that we should be

thankful to God first for the Saviour, and then for the food He gives to us. Each time I go to the table, I thank the Lord for being so good to me, and for providing the food for my needs." This testimony affected Louise quite deeply. She compared this new friend with herself. She had every blessing heart could wish, and yet was not grateful to God. After this she and her new friend conversed at the table at each noon hour. The new friend did not tell Louise about the Saviour, did not explain the gospel, and made no effort to help Louise spiritually.

One day Miss Mabel, the new friend, asked Louise what she was going to do for the summer vacation. Louise replied that she had made no arrangements, and did not know just what she would do. Mabel then suggested that they go together for their vacation and spend two weeks at the Lakes. This suggestion appealed to Louise and she agreed that they would arrange to go together for this outing. The arrangements were completed and they left together for an anticipated time of joy and fellowship at the lake resort. They arrived at the resort on Sunday morning. I had been having a week of special services at this vacation spot, for it was a Christian camp where the Word of God was taught mornings and evenings, but many forms of entertainment were available. She heard different persons on the grounds talking about some special messages I had given during the previous

week, and Louise expressed a desire to learn more about the subjects that were discussed. Friends told her that perhaps she could find some of my books in the gift shop located in the hotel. She went to this store and was told that all of my books had been sold, except one, a copy of *The Romance of a Doctor's Visits*, and this one had the covers torn off. She could purchase it for five cents. She bought the book and went out on the lawn under a shade tree to read it. As she read it, the Holy Spirit revealed to her that "all her righteousnesses were as filthy rags." She noticed also that salvation is a gift, for "the gift of God is eternal life."

The effect of the messages that she read left her in tears. As she sat weeping with the book in her lap, a missionary passed by, a friend who was home on furlough, and seeing her distress went to her side. She told him that she would like to be saved, but did not know how. He at once presented to her the Lord Jesus about whom she had been reading, and explained to her that since God sent the Lord Jesus to save her, she should permit Him to do it. He quoted to her, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11:28). He called her attention to Luke 19:10, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." He also told her that "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, being put to

death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit" (I Pet. 3:18).

Louise was ready for the message, she realized her need, she saw from the Scriptures that the Lord Jesus came to save her, and so she trusted Him with her soul, and believed in Him as her Lord and Saviour. Smiles replaced the tears, peace replaced the turmoil, she rested in Christ Jesus, the living, risen Saviour. The rest of her days at this Bible conference were spent in earnest and devoted study of the Scriptures as she learned more and more of the loveliness of Christ, and the precious truths of the Scriptures. She returned to her work with a new joy, and with a new message for her friends. This lovely Saviour is still available to any who read this story, and have not yet found the peace the heart hungers for.

The Detectives Could Not Find Him

Dr. Leonard was a very prominent pastor in one of our large cities. He was loved by the whole community and honored by the city fathers. He had a son who had come to maturity with a rebellious spirit against the church, and therefore against his parents. The father and mother sought to help the young man to know the Lord, and to love the way of righteousness, but to no avail. He rebelled against "religion" as he called it, and wanted none of it. His parents guarded him very carefully from worldly influences, had him attend church with them regularly, and sought by patience and kindly counsel to bring him to Christ.

The young man endured this for some years, in fact, until he had finished his schooling and graduated from college. He then felt that he could safely and properly sever his relationship

with his family, and go out into the world on his own responsibility. One night he took a few belongings, leaving most of them in his room, and during the night slipped away unseen, and unheard. The next morning the parents found his bed had been untouched, and most of his garments were there. His books and many other personal belongings were in their accustomed place, but the traveling bag was gone, and the young man was nowhere to be seen. He dropped out of sight during the night.

The father employed a national detective agency to find the boy. Photographs were sent throughout the country. The homes of his relatives were secretly watched. The mail that went to the relatives was inspected. Telephones were tapped in places where there was a possibility that the boy might be contacted. All of this was to no avail. The lad apparently had just evaporated from society. The father spent a great sum of money seeking to track down his son, or to get some information concerning his whereabouts.

It was my privilege to conduct a series of meetings in that city. The church was located near a hospital and the meetings were attended by patients from the hospital, nurses, and others from different parts of the city. The Spirit of God was moving among the people, hearts were being touched, and each evening there were those who expressed their desire to know the Saviour.

On one of these evenings, an usher came to me as I was helping a nurse with a spiritual problem and said, "There is a young man on the front seat who wishes to have a personal visit with you." The nurse had a meeting with the Saviour that evening and returned to the hospital new born, and with a new Saviour, and with a new song. As soon as she left, I went to sit beside the young man, who looked much older than he really was. Here is the story that he related to me:

"Five years ago I slipped away from my home during the night, taking only a few things with me. My father is Dr. Leonard, whom you may have known as the leading preacher of this city. He and my mother were devoted to me, and kept insisting that I go with them to the church and participate in the church activities. I rebelled against this program for I wanted to see the world, and to enjoy the things in the world which were denied to me by my parents. I saw other young men who lived as they pleased, and seemed to be much happier than I. I felt that since I was a grown man I should have the right to live as I pleased, go where I pleased, and do what I pleased. Still, as the preacher's son, I knew it would never be proper for me to go out openly into the ways of the world, and thus disgrace my parents.

"After leaving my home, I took up lodgings down in the part of a slum district where a

thought I could be hidden from the eyes of the godly people who associated themselves with my father's church, and with other religious groups. I grew a beard as you see, and this completely disguised my looks. I bought some old clothes at a pawn shop, so that I would not be recognized. I went in for sin rather heavily. I began to do all the things I had been wanting to do. I began to drink, to smoke, to carouse generally with others who were living for the Devil. I contracted some diseases which are the result of that kind of living. I found it much more difficult to obtain work than I had anticipated, and therefore had to live in the cheapest surroundings, in filthy rooms, and to eat in the cheapest places I could find. Dr. Wilson, I have had five years of that kind of life, and all the time knowing and seeing in the papers that my father was making every effort to find me. I knew that my mother was praying, and all the congregation in the church joined in praying that John might be found. I fought my conscience. Bible verses kept coming to my mind reproving me, for I knew very well that I was building up a terrible record which must be met some day at the judgment throne. I made up my mind that I had had all the life of sin that I wanted, and was ready to come back to my home, and to find the Lord.

"Last night I came to the definite decision to seek some way out of my wicked ways and come

back to my father and mother. I did not want to return as I was. I wanted to return to them in complete separation from sinful things, and with a heart ready to follow the counsel of my father and mother. As I passed along this main street, I noticed the sign in front of this church that a doctor would give an address this evening. I thought that since the address was to be in a church, it would have something to do both with God and with the body. I needed help in both ways, and that is the reason I came to the service tonight. The message you gave was exactly what I needed,—so here I am, tell me what to do."

I read to the young man from Luke 15, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." I could see that this sweet invitation of our Lord affected his heart. He had been thinking that God would be very severe on him because of his deliberate disobedience to the truths that he had learned. When I saw that this thought was in his heart, I read to him the story of the prodigal son in this same chapter, Luke 15:11-32. I said to him, "You will notice, John, that the father was waiting for his son; he was waiting with kisses, with a ring, with shoes, with a fatted calf, and with a new robe. He was waiting to give a wonderful welcome to his wandering boy. You will notice also, John, that the father said nothing whatever about the path he had taken, the ingratitude, nor the sins that had been committed. The father took the same position as God in the

Old Testament when He said to the one who was repentant and returned to God, 'None of his sins that he hath committed will be mentioned unto him' (Ezek. 33:16). The Saviour is waiting for you to come, as you are, just now, and the Saviour will welcome you, and so will the Father Himself."

The tears came to John's eyes. He bowed before the Lord, and kneeling to Him, he trusted his soul to Christ, and gave himself back to his Heavenly Father. The work was finished in his soul. As he rose from his knees, he extended both hands to me, and said, "I am going straight home now. Probably father and mother have retired, but I will ring the bell, and when the butler comes to the door, I will tell him to tell my parents, 'John has returned home, safe and saved.' " That must have been a wonderful reunion.

The Grocer Looked For Ghosts

The grocery store operated by Mr. Ed H_____ was located one block from the church in which I was holding services. Most of the members of that church lived in the immediate neighborhood and traded with Ed. His store was attractive, well stocked, and the neighbors felt that his prices were right. He did a flourishing business.

One evening the pastor of the church said to me, "Have you noticed this fine grocery store one block down the street?" "I have noticed it," I said, "but I have never met Mr. Ed who operates it. I would like to meet him. I understand that many of your members trade with him. Is he a Christian, and a member of your church?" The pastor informed me that Ed was not a member, and neither did he attend the church services. The members frequently invited him, but he always had an excuse. He was short handed in the

store and had to spend Sunday cleaning it up, replacing the stock, and getting ready for a big business on Monday. The pastor asked me if I would go and see him, which I promised I would do.

The next day I came to the store and found no one there but Mr. Ed. I introduced myself to him by saying that I was a friend of the pastor of the church up the street a block, and that I had heard good things about his business, the good merchandise he sold, and his gracious way with the customers. I then said to him, "I understand that you have a number of confessors in this store, and I came in to see them." Ed seemed to be somewhat disturbed by this remark, and looked quickly around the store, but saw no one else besides myself. He said, "You must be seeing ghosts! I do not see any ghosts, and I see no one else but you in the store with me." Again I said to him, "I see the confessors very plainly." And with this statement I again looked around the store in all directions, at the shelves, at the counters, and at the bins. He watched me do it, and again he said, "If there are ghosts in this place, I have never seen them, and I don't see how you can see them. Show me these confessors you are talking about. I would like to see them myself."

I pointed to a shelf full of cans and said, "There are some of these confessors. Some cans are saying, 'I am full of prunes.' Others are say-

ing, 'I am full of beans.' Some of the bottles are saying, 'I am full of ketchup.' " I called Ed's attention to the fact that every can, every bottle, every sack was confessing its contents, each one was full of something.

Turning now to Ed I said, "What are you full of, Ed?" He answered immediately, "Baseball!" My reply was, "Is that not the reason why you never talk about the Lord Jesus to anyone? If he were in your heart, if He occupied your mind, you would talk about Him. You would let the people know that you are full of Him." He hung his head and thought for a while about my statement, and then looking up, said, "You've got something there, preacher. It certainly is true that everything in my store confesses what is in it, and they tell the truth. Nothing in here is misbranded. I will have to think through this business about myself, because I had never thought of it that way. I have tried to be honest with everybody, I live a clean, good life, but evidently that is not enough." I answered him, "No, it is not enough, for Jesus said, 'He that confesseth me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven' (Matt. 10:32)." I also read to him Romans 10:9, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

A customer entered the store just then, and

we had to discontinue our conversation. Ed said to me as he turned to wait on the customer, "I will be over tonight to hear you preach." "I'll look for you tonight, Ed, and will give you a good welcome." Ed did come that night. He listened closely to the message, and at the close of the meeting was so surrounded with grateful friends expressing their pleasure at his coming that there was no opportunity for me to help him. He did express his own pleasure at being there, and how much he enjoyed the service. The next day the pastor phoned me that he had just called on Ed in the store to make a purchase, and found him rejoicing in the Lord. He had been saved following the meeting in his own home. He read again the Scriptures I had given him, and saw that he must belong to Christ. He knew that the Saviour had gone to Calvary, but only now did he realize that Christ had really died for him. He accepted the Saviour fully.

Ed became a fine testimony for the Lord in the neighborhood. He joined that church, and became one of the Lord's best "confessors" in that part of the city. What do you confess in regard to Jesus Christ?

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