

# Miracles

in a  
DOCTOR'S LIFE



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WALTER LEWIS WILSON, M. D.

*Miracles*  
in a  
DOCTOR'S LIFE



# *Miracles*

in a

DOCTOR'S LIFE

By

Walter L. Wilson

MOODY PRESS

CHICAGO

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**Printed in the United States of America**

## Introduction

**W**HEN Mr. Samuel Levermore of London, England, answered the call of God to serve as a missionary in France, he announced his decision to his sister; whereupon she replied: "Sammy, you will be wasting your time. To find a troubled soul in France would be like looking for a 'needle in a haystack.'" "

"Yes," answered Mr. Levermore, "that is quite true, but you must remember, sister, that *the Holy Spirit knows where the needle is*, and He will direct me to it."

The leading of the Holy Spirit in daily life and service is one of the most precious experiences that a Christian may enjoy. It is probably a strange experience to many, for oftentimes the people of God do not realize the precious privilege granted them of relying upon the guidance of the Spirit in finding troubled hearts to whom He would have them speak.

That word of our Lord in John 12:26—"And where I am, there shall also my servant be"—is brought about through the yielded Christian who is led by the Spirit to that heart in which Christ is working.

These incidents which occurred in the life of the writer are related in the hope that many Christian workers may be inspired to take advantage of the gracious work of the Holy Spirit in soul winning, and that they will learn to depend upon Him to find troubled hearts and give wisdom in dealing with them.

WALTER LEWIS WILSON.

*Kansas City, Missouri.*

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
A LITTLE MAN IN A BIG CITY - - - - -	7
THE SPIRIT USED A SEWED FINGER - - - - -	11
PEG LEG TOM HEARD THE SPIRIT'S CALL - - - - -	16
THE SPIRIT KEPT SANDY FROM FINDING PEACE - -	21
LILLIAN WAS MISERABLE ON THE STAGE - - - - -	25
THE CANDLESTICK WAS NOT IN THE ARK - - - - -	29
TWO WORDS DID THE WORK - - - - -	33
THE TICKET DID NOT ARRIVE ON TIME - - - - -	36
THE WRONG ADDRESS, BUT THE RIGHT PERSONS - -	43
THE SPIRIT FOUND THE RUNAWAY BOY - - - - -	48
MISSED THE TRAIN, BUT CAUGHT A SOUL - - - - -	54
THE SENIOR AND HIS SWEETHEART - - - - -	61
AN ITALIAN AND HIS CRUCIFIX - - - - -	68
THE LOSS AND GAIN OF A JEWELER - - - - -	73
DARKNESS IN PHILADELPHIA AND LIGHT IN INDIA - -	81
THE INTERNE WAS SURPRISED - - - - -	86
THE SPIRIT WORKED AT MIDNIGHT - - - - -	92
NOT QUITE TWINS - - - - -	98
THE GARAGE MAN GOT REPAIRED - - - - -	104
ESTHER'S EXPERIENCE IN THE BASEMENT - - - - -	110
LOST ON MOUNT WILSON - - - - -	115

\* \* \* \* \*

SOME QUESTIONS TO ASK THE UNSAVED - - - - -	121
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# MIRACLES

## IN A

# DOCTOR'S LIFE

### THE LITTLE MAN IN A BIG CITY

**O**N THE fourth day of January, I made a trip to New York City to keep an engagement with a customer. For practical reasons, I decided to register at a hotel near the station and was assigned a room on the 18th floor, where the page deposited my baggage. By the time I had refreshed myself and was ready to leave, it was nearly eleven o'clock in the morning. Kneeling beside the bed, I asked the Lord of the harvest to guide me during the day and to use me for His glory. I prayed thus: "My Lord, this is a large city of seven million people, and I am just a weak, unknown servant of thine with no knowledge of the city and no acquaintance with the hungry hearts that may be here. Thou dost know where the needy ones are. Thou alone dost know whom Thou hast been dealing with. Here is my body—my feet and my lips. Wilt Thou take them today to some troubled heart and speak through me Thy words of light and life? Thank you, Lord, I believe Thou wilt do it."

Rising from my knees, I took my samples, price-book, and Bible, and went out to call on my customer. Walking east on Thirty-second Street, I found near the subway station a stationery shop, in the window of which was a small leather-covered note-book which attracted my attention. I was in need of a new prayer-book, for it was my custom

on the first of the year to make out a new list of my petitions to the Lord. The prayer and the date of the petition were placed on the left-hand page, and then a space was kept on the right-hand page in which to write the answer to that prayer and the date on which the reply was received from the Lord. This keeping books with God I found to be most profitable, as well as inspiring and encouraging. Here was the very book that I needed for the new year.

This shop was a very small one and was operated by a German who was very small of stature. As I entered the store, he at once accosted me and desired to know what I would like to purchase. I described the little book in the window and he at once obtained it for me. After a careful examination, I found that it was arranged just right for my needs and agreed to pay the price, \$1.10. As he wrapped it up, I asked the Lord whether this might be the person in whose heart He had been working, and followed the prayer with this inquiry: "Do you know what I expect to do with this little book?"

"No," he said, "unless you vill giff it to some friend for a New Year's present."

"No," I answered, "this will be used as a prayer-book."

A look of surprise and astonishment came over the face of the little German, and he at once began to unwrap the package, and to say: "I am sorry, my friend, but you have bought the wrong book. This is a blank book; it is not a prayer-book."

"I know it," I said quickly, feeling that the Lord had given an opening for a conversation about Himself. "You see I will make my own prayer-book out of this book, for I will write my petitions on the left-hand pages and will enter the answer on the opposite right-hand pages when the Lord gives the answer. I like to keep a record of God's

dealings with me and to know whether or not my prayers are being answered.”

I observed a deep earnestness and seriousness on the part of my new friend as I told him this story. He finished wrapping the package, placed the money in the cash register, and still holding the package in his hand, came from behind the counter to talk with me about this matter. Placing the book on the counter and taking hold of the two lapels of my coat, he looked into my face and I observed tears in his eyes. He was greatly agitated and with a voice full of emotion, he said: “Can you get to Gott?”

“Yes, indeed,” I replied happily. “Many years ago He saved my soul, and since then I have had the joy of knowing Him and walking with Him in happy fellowship. Would you like to find Him?”

It was easy to see that the Holy Spirit had found for me a candidate for glory. How earnestly the little man replied to my question, saying: “Mister, I have tried to find Gott for many years. I have gone around Manhattan and Brooklyn and the Bronx, night after night, attending many services, but failed always to find Gott. Can you tell me how to get to Him?”

“Yes,” I replied, “that is my principal business in life. Perhaps you have tried to get to God without going to Him through the Lord Jesus Christ. If you will come to Jesus Christ, He will bring you to God.”

“I then opened my Bible and read to him John 14:6—  
“I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.” We also read together I Peter 3:18—  
—“Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.”

Here was a heart not far from the kingdom. I remembered the promise of the Lord: “And ye shall seek me, and

shall find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." Here was one who was seeking, and surely he would find, according to the promise of God. The idea of coming to Christ first as the way to God seemed to be an entirely new thought to my friend. It puzzled him a little, and I saw that it needed an explanation. I sought to show him that there must be a mediator between God and men, and that Christ Jesus was that One. I also sought to show him how the work of Christ at Calvary was quite sufficient to satisfy the demands of God for his sins, and that at Calvary's cross the Lord Jesus was "wounded for *his* transgressions and bruised for *his* iniquities" (Isa. 53:5). We read together I Peter 2:24—"Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." Then we turned to Romans 5:6—"For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly."

My friend realized that he had no strength, and yet he was earnestly seeking for the forgiveness of his sins and wanting access to God as his Father. "How can I find Jesus?" he asked. "Where can I find Him?"

"You may just accept Him right now, where you are standing," I assured him. "Just bow your head and tell the Lord Jesus that you believe in Him, that you love Him, and that you trust Him just now with your soul's salvation."

He bowed his head at once, and said quietly, "Lord Jesus, I see that You came to die for me and to bring me to God. I believe in You and I come to You now with my sins for You to save me, and I believe that You do. I believe You will bring me to God, and I trust You with my soul."

My German friend had found the Lord, and the Lord had found him. The quest of years was at an end. The seeking heart had found a sufficient Saviour. The one who had been far off was now made nigh by the blood of Christ. Dark-

ness had been turned into day, and this friend had passed out of death into life.

As I left the shop with my prayer-book, I said, "Thank you, blessed Lord; how quickly You answered my prayer. How ready You were to take willing feet and a ready heart, and to bring these in touch with the seeking soul. I worship Thee for this." Looking at my watch, I found that about twenty minutes had elapsed from the time of the prayer in the hotel room until the prayer was answered, the work was finished, and a troubled soul had found peace in Christ.

The Holy Spirit is always ready, waiting and willing to lead the yielded servant in paths that are profitable. Let us learn to look to Him and to depend upon Him, so that we may be found spending our time wisely and be led by Him to those hidden hearts in whom He is working.

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### THE SPIRIT USED A SEWED FINGER

**A**MONG the many duties which I had in a large factory was that of being the factory physician, attending to the sicknesses and accidents which might occur among the employes. Quite a few women were employed in this plant, being principally occupied with the operation of sewing machines. Every safeguard was placed on these machines to prevent accidents, but in spite of this some employé would be careless and let the hand become entangled in the belt or in the wheels.

One morning, as I sat at my desk, preparing the mail for quotations and distribution to the various desks, one of the factory girls presented herself with a bleeding finger. I asked her to be seated by my emergency operating table while I examined the wound and prepared the dressings. Finding that it was only a superficial wound of the skin, I inquired, "How did this happen? You must have been quite careless or else your machine is out of order." She excused herself by saying that perhaps she had been a little careless and was sorry for the accident. I dressed the wound, reproved her for being so careless and urged her to exercise more carefulness in the future. I then phoned the engineer on the floor and asked him to have one of the mechanics examine the machine at which Bertha H—— worked to see if there was any fault with either the feed or the foot. He reported shortly saying that the machine seemed to be in perfect condition. After that, the incident was dismissed from my mind.

After about ten days, the same young lady appeared again at my desk with the same finger torn much worse than on the previous occasion. The finger needed more careful attention, the wound was deeper and of a more serious character. I carefully dressed it and repaired it, and again raised the question as to why she should permit this damage. Again she professed ignorance and said that she was sorry for permitting it to happen. I reproved her more forcefully than on the former occasion and told her that if she were injured again I would have to request the foreman to dismiss her from the service. Such carelessness made her presence undesirable. After she left the office, I phoned the foreman of the floor and asked him to make a personal investigation of her machine to ascertain if there was any fault in the equipment. He reported that the machine was

in perfect order. Again I dismissed the matter from my mind.

Another ten days passed, when to my great astonishment Bertha presented herself to me a third time, accompanied by a sympathizing operator who helped her to the office. She fell into the chair rather overcome with the pain and I soon observed that it was the same finger which she had injured on the two previous occasions. This injury was really serious. The needle had penetrated the finger, piercing the bone and had broken off inside the bone. The only way to remove it was by splitting the finger down from the end, for the needle was embedded too firmly in the bone to be extracted with forceps.

I proceeded at once to do that which was necessary for the finger, and at the same time I told her that we could no longer keep her as an employé. It seemed to me that she was entirely too careless, and it was running too great a risk to have her in our employ. Having finished the dressing, I said to her quite earnestly, "Bertha, the Scripture says, 'Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.' This is a serious accident; you may suffer from blood poison. You do not know what complications may follow. Are you ready to meet God? Have you arranged with the Lord for your trip to eternity? Tell me, Bertha, has this ever been considered by you seriously?"

The question stirred her heart quite deeply. She leaned over on the table, gazed at me most earnestly, and said: "Doctor, you have asked me a question that has troubled me greatly for some weeks. I am not ready to die. I do not have peace with God, and this is the third time I have come to your office in order that you might tell me how to be saved. I was not careless at the machine, and there is nothing wrong with the machine. I deliberately placed my

finger under the needle the first time, thinking that while you were dressing it you would talk to me about Jesus. I went away from your desk disappointed. You said nothing to me about salvation, and I felt that you did not care for my soul. I spent most of that day crying because of my disappointment. As the days went by, my soul-trouble deepened and I decided to again place my finger under the needle; but this time to cause a deeper wound so that you would take more time in dressing it, and so perhaps would think about my soul. Again, you let me leave your office with no help for my heart. My distress was deeper than ever. I was so disappointed and heartbroken to think that you would not help me to be saved, that I cried most of the time since then, and have not been able to eat nor sleep as I should.

“This morning,” she continued, “I came to work with the determination to injure myself so severely that you would have to give me more time and perhaps would think of my soul. I deliberately put my finger under the needle. I was willing to suffer the pain and run the risk of losing my hand, if only I could get you to talk with me about the salvation of my soul.”

You can well imagine how my heart was condemning me as I listened to the heart-cry of this lost soul. What deep sorrow filled my heart as I was so forcefully reminded of the fact that I had been out of touch with the Lord both of those days when this girl came to my office. Evidently, I had come to work on both of those mornings without being in touch with the Holy Spirit. He was not guiding me. I had held my mind away from Him and used my eyes for other purposes. Was it possible that other broken hearts had come to me when I was out of touch with the Lord, and the opportunity to help them was lost? Thoughts of this kind

surged through my mind as I looked in the tear-stained face of this troubled soul, and heard her accusations of my indifference.

“You are right in your statement,” I said. “You did come to see me, and I did let you leave with no word for your heart and no gospel for your soul. I am very sorry and feel very guilty. I do ask my Lord to forgive me. Now that you have come again, I am happy to tell you of the Saviour who came to seek and to save that which was lost.”

I took my Bible and together we read Romans 4:7—“Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.”

“Miss Bertha,” I said, “there is a lovely Lord who can give you this blessing today. ‘The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins’ (Mark 2:10). I know that is what your heart wants, and I know that God wants to give you that blessing. In Luke 7:37-50, the story is told of a young woman who wanted the peace of forgiveness as you do. She came to the Lord Jesus, knelt at His feet, washed them with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head. The Saviour, seeing her desire, said to her, ‘Thy sins are forgiven . . . thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.’ He will do this for you, Bertha, if you, too, will kneel in His presence and tell Him that you trust Him. He came to save you, He died to pay your debt, and now if you present yourself to Him, He will forgive you at once.”

We knelt together at the side of the medicine cabinet, and there she told the Saviour that she believed His Word and accepted His forgiveness. Tears of joy now followed the tears of sorrow. Her soul was at rest. She and the Lord Jesus had met and her soul was saved. As she turned to leave the office, she paused a moment at the door and said:

"It was worth it, Dr. Wilson; I am so glad I did it, and I am so glad He did it."

Christian, are you in touch with God? Are souls turning away in sadness from your presence because you are out of touch and have nothing to give them?

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#### PEG LEG TOM HEARD THE SPIRIT'S CALL

**T**OM BAILEY was at one time a locomotive engineer. He was strong, rugged sort of a fellow with a happy, genial personality which enabled him to make friends readily. But there was no room for God in Tom's life; he never went to church, and used for his excuse the unusual hours of service in the cab of his locomotive.

One fateful day, as the great engine was plowing its way through the murky night with Tom at the throttle, there seemed to be an unusual number of hazards: the mist and the fog obscured the lights, extra trains were scheduled to run, the connections were unusually close, and the trip that night was a rather long one. Tom was very weary with the close vigil and became a bit drowsy from the drone of the engine. He did not see an open switch with the red light set against him. The huge, screeching mass of steel hurtled its ponderous body through the open switch, turned on its side, and burst open as the steam in the boiler became imprisoned.

Poor Tom was caught by one leg in the cab and could not escape. The scalding steam cruelly burned the leg, and

when he was finally rescued it was found necessary to amputate that limb. However, this handicap did not deter Tom from his determination to make good in life. He could not again serve the railroad, so he took up the trade of sail-making, an occupation which would keep him sitting on a bench with palm and needle, with fid and thread. Tom's big hands and strong arms soon enabled him to excel in this line of work.

One would think that such a close call and such a serious accident would have caused Peg Leg to turn his thoughts to God and eternity, but such was not the case. His companions now called him "Peg Leg Tom" for he wore a wooden leg always exposed and with no attempt at disguise. Liquor and tobacco made Tom quite filthy in his body, while his oaths and vile stories revealed the wickedness of his heart.

One day Tom applied at the employment office of our factory, looking for work in the roping department. His fine experience quickly obtained for him a position on the tent floor where the splices were made and the ropes were sewed to the tents. Although there were a number of Christians in the department, Tom was not interested in their conversations, nor in the gospel which they sought to proclaim. Evangelistic meetings were frequently held among the employes of the factory, but Tom would not only leave the building during the noon-hour meeting, but would endeavor to take others with him, so that they, too, would miss the message of the love of God.

The management of this institution decided to begin a revival meeting among the employes, holding services at the noon hour. A splendid evangelist was engaged and a special effort was made to persuade all the employes to attend the meetings. The Holy Spirit began to work in hearts from the

very opening day; hardened old sinners turned to the Saviour; flippant, silly girls from various departments were convicted of their need and trusted Christ; some of Tom's pals were reached and saved as the gospel was proclaimed. These began to talk with Peg Leg, urging him to come and listen if only for just one time. He did come; the Holy Spirit used the Word to grip his heart, and he saw the utter folly of continuing in his sins and going on to the lake of fire by rejecting the Saviour's love.

Tom would not come to the meeting the next day, but tried to forget his danger and his trouble by playing a game of cards in the adjoining alley with some who had no interest whatever in their souls. He knew that the Spirit was warning him; he knew that his days were numbered, for he was then about sixty-six years of age; he realized that his life had been filled with sin and wickedness; there was no peace in his soul over the card game, nor in the company of other scoffers. He had heard the cry from the preacher's lips, "The wages of sin is death." Over and over this message was repeated in his soul. He heard from the lips of another, "The wicked shall be turned into hell" (Ps. 9:17). His own conscience answered an "Amen" for he knew and realized his guilt.

There was no need of inviting Tom on the following day. He remained in his place on the bench eating his lunch, while the preacher urged those in the audience to turn to Jesus Christ. He called within their hearing, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" Tom had never turned. He was still on his way to the second death. The worry of it made him sick. One day he sent for me to come to see him in his home.

How gladly I responded to the call, looking to the Holy

Spirit for the right word to say to this old man who had spread wickedness and sin along his way throughout the years. The Lord of the harvest reads human hearts, and directs the worker to the seeker with the proper message of light and life.

Upon arriving at his home, I found Peg Leg Tom in bed, trembling with the fear of God upon him, and crying to heaven for mercy. I seated myself on the edge of the bed and began reading from Isaiah 53:5—"He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities." From this passage I turned to I Peter 3:18, "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust (that is you, Tom), that he might bring us to God."

"Are you ready to be saved, Tom?" I inquired. "Christ is ready. He has already paid the price, He has already suffered for you at Calvary, and He has died for your sins. You do not need to be lost. Your life is lost—you have wasted it in riotous living. Christ does not offer to save your past life, but He does offer to save you from your sins, 'For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost' " (Luke 19:10).

The messages from the Word of God were like balm to the broken heart of this repentant sinner. The Spirit of God had prepared the way before the messenger arrived. Tom saw himself in all his wickedness and sinfulness before God. He was profoundly convicted and sincerely repentant. He was waiting to hear the pardoning voice of the God he had offended. As the message fell on his ears, he became calm and quiet; his sobbing ceased, and with a clear, firm voice, he said in his Irish brogue: "I am glad the Lord Jesus will save such a wicked sinner as I am; I will trust Him now. I believe His precious blood will cleanse even the vilest

stains of old Peg Leg Tom." As he closed his eyes, I saw by the moving of his lips that he had surrendered to his Lord and had accepted his Saviour.

Three days after this wonderful event, Peg Leg Tom hobbled back to work. The news of his conversion had preceded him, so that upon his arrival he received a wonderful welcome from the many who had accepted the Saviour during the meetings and from the older Christians who had long prayed for him. His first request was for an opportunity to tell the folks what Christ had done for his soul. This privilege was granted at the noon hour, and about 150 employes listened in silence, as old Tom told the story of God's pardoning grace as best he was able. His tears of joy deeply affected his fellow-workers. The silence of the service was broken only by the weeping of many who had known him. What a battle had taken place! What a victory had been won!

That day was the beginning of a new life for our old friend. He became an earnest evangelist in his weak, faltering way. He lost no opportunity of urging his friends and unsaved associates to come to the Saviour. There was no wavering in Tom's testimony. His message was not much for oratory, but was wonderful in its convicting power. He lived three or four years before being called home to meet his Lord, and was a bright, happy sample of what God can do with the devil's wrecks. Will you not come to this same Saviour and let Him transform you?

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THE SPIRIT KEPT SANDY FROM FINDING PEACE

SANDY, a Scotchman about thirty-five years of age, possessed a very tender heart and a most kindly disposition, although not quite so forgiving as he might have been. He was a handcraft workman by trade, thoroughly conscientious, and lived a life above reproach.

For about twelve years, Sandy and I were associated together in the same factory. He had, however, never spoken to me of his own accord, because he carried a grievance in his heart, forming a strong antipathy toward me. Although totally unaware of this particular aversion, I did know that he always avoided meeting or speaking to me, except on occasions when working conditions demanded it.

Sandy was more or less religious. He always stood for the best things of life, attended church when possible, and was always friendly toward Christian enterprises. Like many others, Sandy felt a hunger in his heart for something which he did not have. He never invited my ministry, nor did he attend any of my services.

One day, through the mercy of God and after much prayer, a revival of spiritual power swept through our factory. Many hearts were touched and many lives were transformed. Hardened sinners were broken down and many miracles of God's grace were witnessed. The Holy Spirit dealt with many men and women in every department of the factory. In our daily prayer meeting, which was held before working hours each morning, we pled with God for Sandy. He did not readily come to the meetings, but he had made many friends throughout the plant by his upright living and his kindly disposition. Earnest prayer was made to God for his conversion.

After the revival had continued about ten days, the president of the company came to my desk, and said: "I have good news for you. Sandy is in soul trouble today and told our chief engineer that he would like for us to pray for him, so that he might get peace in his heart." A number of us began at once to call on the Lord for the salvation of this excellent man. During the day, reports came to my desk about the efforts that were being made by one and another to help Sandy to accept the Saviour.

Scattered throughout the factory were some excellent Christian employes who were accustomed to do personal work. The foreman of the third floor sought to help Sandy as he pointed him to various gospel texts in the Bible. One of the carpenters, his Testament in hand, also sat beside him on the bench pleading with him to accept Christ. Others took turns seeking to bring the light of the glorious gospel into Sandy's darkened heart. All seemed to be of no avail, and as the hours passed, his darkness and trouble grew greater. He acknowledged that he was a lost sinner in spite of all of his good character. He confessed freely that he did not have peace with God, and that he seemed to be unable to understand the gospel, or to get the peace for which his heart so earnestly yearned.

The work was very heavy at that season of the year, and on this particular evening I found it necessary to work late at my desk, making estimates and preparing my mail to be dictated the next morning. The factory had closed at five o'clock and apparently everyone had gone home, except the night watchman and me. Seated at my desk busily engaged, the clock struck six and shortly thereafter I heard the bell ring on the time-clock.

Looking up through the glass window that partitioned my office, I saw Sandy just leaving the time-clock with his

*The Spirit Kept Sandy from Finding Peace* 23

dinner bucket. I picked up my Bible quickly, hurried out of the office to the front door, just in time to catch my friend as he placed his hand on the door latch to open it.

“Wait a minute, Sandy,” I said. “I was told today that our Lord has been talking to your heart, seeking to win you for Himself. Was I correctly informed?”

I observed that his eyes were red from weeping, and his whole body was in a nervous tension. He had had a battle royal all day long with the powers of darkness, and apparently had been defeated all along the line. He dropped his head and his hands in utter dejection and replied, “Yes, you heard correctly. I certainly would like to find peace. For twenty years I have tried to get peace with God, but seemingly He will not give me any peace. God does not want me and will not give me peace. All day I have asked Him for peace, and different ones of the boys have read the Bible to me, but with no success. I am sure that God will not save me at all, and I have about given up hope. Many times during the past twenty years I have been to the altar and cried to God for peace in my soul. I do not know why He does not give it to me.”

Taking Sandy by the arm, I led him back to the city desk over which a bright light was shining. I opened my Bible to I John 5:12 and read to him the following words: “He that hath *‘peace’* hath life; and he that hath not *‘peace’* hath not life.”

He looked at me rather startled, and said: “That is exactly what I believe. I did not know that a verse like that was in the Bible. Would you let me read it myself?”

Of course I was glad to have him see with his own eyes what the Bible really did say, for “faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.” I handed my Bible to him with my finger on the verse, and watched the surprise

that was plainly visible in his face, as he read the following words: "He that hath the *Son hath life*; and he that hath not the *Son of God* hath not life."

Looking up from the passage to me, Sandy said with deep earnestness, "Why did you read the wrong words to me out of this Scripture?"

"It was because you told me you had been seeking for peace," I replied. "God does not want you to seek for peace, He wants you to find His Son. Christ is 'The Prince of Peace,' and 'He *is* our *peace*.' Whenever you have *Him* for your Lord and Saviour, He will blot out the sin-stains, He will remove the doubts, He will give you eternal life, He will give rest to your conscience. You have been seeking for *peace* without the Giver. Christ wants you to find the Giver, and He will give you the peace that your heart desires. There is no such thing as having peace apart from the Lord Jesus Christ. I urge you, Sandy, to accept God's gift of Christ Jesus and He will give you the peace that your heart desires."

It was quite evident that the Holy Spirit had opened Sandy's eyes to see his real need. We immediately left the desk and went over into a little secluded part of the office where we could kneel together in prayer.

"Will you accept the Lord Jesus now, Sandy," I asked.

"Yes," he said, "and I will tell Him so."

We then knelt together and Sandy sobbed out to Christ his acceptance. It was not a very orderly prayer. It was broken by long pauses, mingled with his sobs and moistened with his tears. But in accepting Christ, he received the peace he had sought so long. The one verse, I John 5:12, had dispelled the doubts, dispersed the darkness, and brought the light of life. You, too, may have this same Christ, and with Him the gift of life and peace.

LILLIAN WAS MISERABLE ON THE STAGE

ON ONE of the great theatre circuits, there appeared a bright, happy dark-haired girl, who by her dancing and singing had won the hearts of many. She appeared to never have a care. She was attractive in appearance, delightful in conversation, and radiated happiness to those whom she met. This was Lillian in the public eye and on the stage.

In the dressing room and in the hotel Lillian was quite a different girl. There she frequently wiped the tears from her eyes; deep sighs would come from her heart. Sometimes after the performance, she would retire to her room, throw herself across the bed, and sob out her sorrow of heart.

Lillian's husband was afflicted with tuberculosis. He had been on the stage with her at various times and as a team they were in much demand. Now Willard was lying on his back, wasting away with that dreaded white plague, while Lillian was seeking to pay the bills by appearing in an individual sketch. It seemed most convenient for Willard to remain in Kansas City for medical treatment, for Lillian was frequently in and out of this center as she filled her engagements. As her husband continued to grow worse, the darkness in Lillian's heart became a greater burden, until she felt that she could hardly continue on the stage in her hypocrisy.

One day her distress was so great that at the close of her afternoon performance she asked the stage hands if there was any down-town church where she might go to find relief from the distress of her heart. They replied that they did not know of such a church, for they were not church-going men. One of them volunteered the informa-

tion that there was a factory down on Seventh street where there were a lot of religious people who gave away tracts and Bibles. Perhaps she could get some help there. She immediately accepted the suggestion and found her way down to our plant.

From my desk in the private office, I observed a lady entering the sales-room, weeping as she came. I went out at once, and said to her: "May I serve you in some way, my friend? I notice that you are weeping over some sorrow, and it would be a pleasure indeed if we might help you to bear it."

"I heard up at the theatre from one of the stage hands that you people had Bibles and gospel tracts, and probably would help me. Have you the time to listen to my story?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "it will be a pleasure to do so."

We retired to a private room in which conference meetings were often held and where prayer to God was made daily. Here, when we were seated, she told me the story of blighted hopes, thwarted ambitions and the dying husband.

Matthew 11:28 was brought to my mind at once by the blessed Spirit of God as the passage which this young woman needed. I was delighted to see how the Holy Spirit had been working in her heart through the past years, on and off the stage. How blessed it is that He will work anywhere and will touch lives in every situation! He had given Lillian to see the utter emptiness of all that this world offers in the way of pleasure and popularity. Her husband was out of the race. Her own heart was broken. Her future was filled with darkness.

"Let me read you this verse, Lillian," I said: "'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' This is what your heart desires. This is

what Christ is waiting to give you. He wants you to come directly to Him for His pardoning grace and His saving blood. 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' is what we read in I Timothy 1:15. He came to save you. In saving you, He will give you rest. Would you not like Him to take away your sins and relieve your heart of your burden?"

"Yes," she replied. "My heart is just over-burdened. It seems I can carry on no longer. I am at my wits end and do not know which way to turn. I am not getting very much for my work on this circuit, and the illness of Willard takes it all as fast as I can get it. It is getting harder and harder for me to dance and sing with a smile on my face."

"Will you not read this verse again, Lillian," I inquired, and at the same time handed her my Bible opened at Matthew 11:28. She made no reply, but read the verse. Over and over again she read it. The words seemed to entrance her. The call seemed to attract her. I could see that the person of Christ and the rest which He was offering to her troubled heart was enticing her to His side. Quietly she bowed her head in her hands and meditated on the passage. I remained quiet also, waiting to see what the Spirit of God would do to her heart. While waiting, I asked the Holy Spirit to reveal the Lord Jesus to Lillian's heart and to lift the load from her shoulders. I felt that He would not begin a good work in her and not finish it. While I was still praying, she spoke from her burdened heart, and said: "I will come to the Lord Jesus Christ today; I want His rest; I need His peace; I need Him. How glad I am that He has invited me to come. I will lay the burden at His feet and will trust Him with my soul."

"Lillian, is Christ Jesus your own Saviour now?" I asked. "Have you really taken Him? Do you believe that He died to save you and is living now to forgive you? If you do, let us kneel together while you tell Him so. He is in heaven and can hear every word you say. Would you like to tell Him what you think of Him?"

She seemed eager to do so, as she replied: "Yes, if you will tell me how."

I answered, "We will kneel together and I will tell Him that I am bringing you to Him by faith for His pardon and forgiveness; then you will tell Him that you are coming to trust Him. He is the living Saviour on His throne in heaven and will hear all that you say to Him."

We were soon on our knees in prayer. I told the Lord Jesus how glad I was to bring this lost sinner to Him for His salvation and redemption. Having finished, I said: "Now Lillian, you tell the Saviour what you think of Him."

She did so, and said: "Jesus, I come to You to be saved. I know You came to save sinners, and I want You to save me. You said that if I would come to You, You would give me rest. I believe You will, and so I do come to trust myself to You. Won't you bless Willard also? He doesn't know You and he is dying. Do save my husband. Do help me to tell him about You in such a way that he will believe." Her weeping closed the prayer, and we arose from our knees to rejoice in the wonderful peace of God.

Let us ever be looking for troubled souls among those who are in the amusement world. Their hearts are heavy. They are not always in private what they are in public. Let us always be on the alert to find those who want help from heaven.

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THE CANDLESTICK WAS NOT IN THE ARK

**D**URING the winter months, I had the privilege of teaching a Bible class of pastors who requested some messages on how to find Christ and the gospel in the Old Testament. It was an interesting class, and the men seemed to appreciate very much the help received in regard to the types and shadows found in the messages of the prophets. During the course of the lessons, we came to a discussion of the seven articles of furniture in the Jewish tabernacle.

The wonderful pictures of Christ seen in the various parts of the tabernacle filled the hearts of these preachers with new joy. Among the things discussed was the ark of the covenant found in the holy of holies behind the veil. This ark with the mercy seat upon its top presented many beautiful pictures of the Lord Jesus in His Diety, His humanity, and His sacrifice. I asked the question, "What was in the ark of the covenant? Who knows?" There was a long pause and no one seemed ready to answer. Finally the pastor of a large, well-known church arose, and said, "Since none of the other brethren seem willing to venture a guess, I will suggest that possibly the candlestick was in the ark." His reply was received with silence by the other members of the class. They did not know whether his answer was correct or not.

The ignorance which was displayed by this reply rather startled me, and it was with some difficulty that I restrained my feelings of amusement. An explanation was immediately given to the men, in which I called their attention to the fact that the candlestick was probably larger than the ark and was located in the holy place on the outside of the veil, and separated from the ark by the veil. We

also observed that the purpose of the candlestick was to give light throughout the holy place, so that the priests could go about their service in attending to the altar of incense and the table of shewbread. This purpose could not be served if the candlestick had been inside the ark and covered over with the mercy seat.

At the close of the class, there was quite a discussion about how little had been taught in the seminary with regard to the meanings of the figures, types and shadows of the Old Testament economy. A few days after this peculiar incident occurred, I was visited by this pastor who had made the peculiar reply, and he informed me that he had come to my office to find Christ. "Do you know," he said, "that after leaving the class the other day, I went home to my study and thought over the ridiculous answer that I had given to your question. It occurred to me that perhaps I was just as ignorant on other matters in the Bible. I started to give myself an examination on my own state and condition before God. I wrote down the questions on a sheet of paper and then wrote out the answers, as I subjected my soul to a thorough test. I was really alarmed at my ignorance of things which should be of prime importance. I came to the conclusion that I had had quite a religious experience without really meeting the Saviour and receiving eternal life from Him.

I looked at the gentleman in amazement. I could see that his heart had been deeply touched by his condition, and that his soul was filled with hunger for the truth of God and the light of Christ. He continued his story, saying: "How I ever got through the seminary and these several years of preaching without having eternal life, I cannot understand. I can see now that I learned only the mechanics

of Christianity and have never felt the life-giving touch of the Lord Himself. I learned the theory, I embraced the theology, but now I want the Lord Himself. Do tell me how to meet Jesus Christ.”

My heart was deeply touched by this appeal. The Holy Spirit had used that strange incident concerning the candlestick to reveal to my friend the darkness of his heart and the need of his soul. What a wonder-working person He is! What peculiar methods are used by Him for reaching hearts! Who would ever have thought of reaching the heart of this well-known and much-loved preacher through such an obscure passage as the one in Exodus concerning the candlestick and the ark. The Holy Spirit is sovereign and may use any part of His own Word to bring about His own results in His own way.

Soul-winners should let the Spirit of God fill their hearts and minds with all the Word, from Genesis to Revelation, that the soul can absorb. They should not confine their ministry to a few gospel verses. Every part of the Scripture has life in it, and is profitable for man's heart and mind. What part of the Word should I use with this pastor? The question was running over and over in my mind as he sat there telling me his story. I sought to diagnose his case as he talked with me, and finally decided that he had learned the facts without appropriating them for his own heart. He had learned that the Lord Jesus came to save men, but had missed applying that salvation to himself.

I asked my friend when he had received the Lord Jesus as his own personal Saviour. “Have you really had a personal meeting with Christ, or did you just decide to live a Christian life and enter the ministry as a means of bring-

ing blessing to others and of making a living for yourself?"

"Really, doctor," he said, "as I have examined my life in the last few days, I am convinced that such a meeting never took place. Christ has been to me a wonderful, historical character, a pattern of good men, the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners, but I have never yet met Him face to face, confessed to Him my need, and made Him my own Lord."

"Have you noticed John 1:12?" I asked. "It reads like this: '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.'" The preacher saw immediately the simplicity and the beauty of belonging to Jesus Christ personally, and at once accepted Him. The gift of Jesus Christ became a reality in his soul and the peace of God filled his heart. I followed this Scripture with another found in I John 5:12—"He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." I read the passage to him slowly and with some emphasis on the word "*hath*." He saw the point readily and his faith was strengthened. "Yes, I see the point clearly, Dr. Wilson," he said; "Christ is my own now. I have met Him today and He has become my Lord and Saviour. Thank you so much for showing me the way to Him."

Have you, dear reader, personally made Christ Jesus your own? Have you met Him for yourself? Do you enjoy that blessed experience today?

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TWO WORDS DID THE WORK

**N**OT always is it necessary to listen to a long sermon before the Holy Spirit works in the heart. I found this to be true one Sunday morning as I went to a suburban church to conduct a service. I had asked the Holy Spirit to anoint my lips and prepare some heart for the message. The text chosen was Hebrews 1:3, in which are the words, "*By Himself.*"

In these two words we find all other means and methods of salvation excluded. The whole clause is, "When he had by himself purged our sins, [He] sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." God's gracious Spirit was present to impress upon hearts the blessed fact that Jesus did "by himself" purge our sins. The message, divided into several parts, sought first to show who this blessed One is who did such a wonderful work. Next, the need of the heart was emphasized, a heart that needs purging. Following this, the sinfulness of the heart was described in order that we might comprehend in some measure the great need of such a Saviour.

The audience listened quite intently as I sought to show the reason why Jesus must do the work "*by Himself.*" Only He had the authority. No one else had the power. All others were guilty and could not participate.

A young lady about twenty years of age was seated in the audience near the rear. Her deep interest was manifested by the careful attention which she paid to each part of the message. I frequently asked the Lord, as the sermon progressed, to make the message effective, for it is always my desire to see the light enter dark hearts during an address. While it is not necessary that the listener wait until the close of the message before accepting Jesus Christ,

I observed that this young lady had received no light. At least she did not receive the light that delivers. Her mind continued to be perplexed and her countenance downcast.

At the close of the address I gave an opportunity for those in the audience who would like to be saved to come forward for further help and personal consultation. While the audience remained seated, Miss A—— arose and came down the center aisle. Just as she started toward me, an elderly gentleman on my left, with his wife on my right, started forward also. Upon reaching me, Miss A——, who was weeping, said: "Doctor, I am a Sunday school teacher in this church, but Jesus has never yet purged my sins. I want Him to do that for me this morning; I want to be saved."

By that time the two elderly people reached me, and the lady said: "Doctor, this is Miss A—— who is one of our finest church girls. She is a pattern to our young people."

I turned immediately to them and said, "You will pardon me, please, but it will be necessary for me to be left alone while I am dealing with this young lady, for she has just expressed to me her desire to be saved and has confessed that she is lost. Please do not disturb us."

Permit me to digress from my story long enough to say that it is quite injurious for any friend to interfere with the soul-trouble of another who professes to be a Christian. Often when a child wants to be saved, the mother will interfere with the evangelist and will assure him that her child is a beautiful Christian. Sometimes people in the church will interfere in order to assure the preacher that their friend is already a saved person and is living a wonderful life. Let me beg of you, *never* do this. If a person is in soul-trouble and if God's servant is desirous of helping that

one, you should leave them absolutely alone, otherwise you may hinder the salvation of a soul.

These elderly friends responded to my suggestion, so turning to Miss A——, I asked her to read the text with me again. I had her read it for herself. This she did two or three times: “When he had *by himself* purged our sins.”

“Whose sins did the Saviour purge, Miss A——?”

She listened to my question, looked again at the passage, then re-read it. Turning to me, she looked so earnestly as she inquired, “Was it my sins that He purged?”

“Yes, my friend,” I replied. “He came to save you. At Calvary’s cross He died for you. At God’s right hand, He waits to apply to you His saving work of Calvary. Why do you not believe Him and quit doubting?”

She replied at once, “I do believe Him. I never saw before that He ‘*by Himself*’ did it all. I have sung that old song, ‘*Jesus Paid It All*,’ but I never really knew that He did. Thank you, Doctor, I am so glad that He did it all ‘*by Himself*.’ ”

Miss A—— returned to her home with a new life in her soul and a new peace filling her heart. As a token of her gratitude, she painted for me a beautiful text bearing the inscription “BY HIMSELF.” Having framed this, she presented it to me, and it is now upon the wall above my desk.

I trust that each one who reads this message will learn this great truth as Miss A—— learned it.



## THE TICKET DID NOT ARRIVE ON TIME

HAVING been confined to my bed for a number of months because of a severe illness, I was obliged to take a vacation out of doors, so that I might regain my health. It was therefore planned that this rest period should be in California, hoping that the warm days, the new surroundings, and the healthful atmosphere would contribute materially toward a rapid recovery to normal health and strength.

About the time of this decision, a letter came from a friend in an eastern city, whom I had befriended some years prior to this occasion when he was in deep distress. In this letter my friend confided that he had never felt entirely satisfied nor happy in regard to his expressions of gratitude to me in lieu of the kindness shown him at the time of his deep need. He therefore requested the privilege of sending some appropriate gift and urged me to tell him frankly what that might be.

Inasmuch as this friend was quite able to give liberally and seemed deeply desirous of doing so, I explained to him that because my health made a trip to the Pacific coast quite necessary, I would be most happy and grateful to receive from him a ticket to California, if that seemed to be his pleasure. The date given him for the contemplated trip was June 28th.

On the morning of June 28th, having finished my correspondence, I closed my various business matters and left the office for home, there to await the ticket which should have reached me through the mail that day, since word had been received from my friend that the ticket would be sent on time; however, it did not arrive.

The afternoon mail delivery did not bring the expected

letter. This disturbed my mind somewhat, so I slipped down stairs to a little room in the corner of the coal-bin which had been modestly equipped as a prayer room. Here I could get away from our four little children to talk with the Lord. The furniture in this small sanctuary consisted of a soap box and several minor pieces, together with an accumulation of old newspapers. Kneeling there, I poured out my heart to the Lord of the harvest, telling Him of my disappointment. My desire was to board the particular train that He wanted me to take, and to occupy the very car in which He might have some friends with anxious and willing hearts to hear His Word.

The Lord gave me peace about the matter, for the case had been committed wholly to Him, and the Holy Spirit was trusted to take complete charge of the ticket, the train, the time of leaving, and every matter connected with the journey.

The next day's mail was equally disappointing—in fact, five days elapsed and still no ticket came. I went often to the little, crudely-improvised sanctuary in the basement, asking the Lord to reveal to me the cause of the delay, and, furthermore, what unusual thing He had in store for me on this journey. I felt as though there was something peculiar transpiring, and watched daily in order to discover the good hand of the Lord and to discern His will concerning my path.

Having waited until the third of July without receiving the ticket, I went to my office purposely to purchase the ticket myself, being fully convinced that my friend had failed to make good his promise. While sitting in the office, meditating over with the experiences of the past few days, a special delivery letter came containing my ticket. Immediately my heart pulsed in deep gratitude to God

for His kindness in sending the ticket, even though He had not yet revealed to me by His Spirit the reason for the delay.

On my way home, I purchased some fire-works for the children, in order that they might celebrate the Fourth of July, and at the supper table I informed the family that I planned to leave that evening for California. The children immediately formed a committee of protest, demanding a picnic such as they had enjoyed in previous years, and suggested that it was hardly fair for father to take a long vacation and leave them with none. This seemed quite reasonable on their part, and I felt it was the Lord's good pleasure that I should remain another day and share with them the joys of this annual celebration.

On the evening of the Fourth of July, I boarded the train for California. The hour was late and the passengers in the sleeping cars had retired for the night, therefore there was no opportunity to serve the Lord, nor to seek for needy souls. In the morning the train stopped in western Kansas, where breakfast was being served in the station of a small town. A number of passengers alighted to take advantage of this opportunity. However, to my disappointment, I noted that the conversation of the group gathered around the table did not savor of spiritual things, and I found no evidence of the working of the Lord in those parts.

As the train proceeded on its way, I requested the porter to bring me a writing table, upon which I placed my Bible, a concordance, and a book on prayer which I was enjoying. As I interested myself in Bible study, a lady approached the table, whom I had not previously observed in the car. She seemed to be about fifty years of age and was dressed in deep mourning. It was quite evident that

some great sorrow had overtaken her for which she sought comfort.

Quickly looking to the gracious Spirit of God for wisdom and His leading, I greeted the friend by saying: "I observe that you have had a great grief in your life, and I would like very much indeed to share the burden with you. Would you not like to sit down with me and rehearse the story of your sorrow?"

"Yes, I would," she answered, and at once seated herself at the table opposite me.

"Are you a minister?" she asked.

"Partly so," I replied. "Some of my time is spent preaching and some in other labors. I love the Scriptures, however, and would like so much to help you with your problem, if there is a burden upon your heart. Will you permit me to do so?"

With an expression of eagerness and leaning forward, she said earnestly: "I was reared without knowledge of the Bible, although surrounded by religion. Not only did I attend church daily, but gave liberally of my means and supported every enterprise of the church, thus contributing my time and effort. My husband, a judge of some prominence in a western city, together with the children, were in hearty accord with me in my religious zeal.

"One day a neighbor presented me with a copy of the New Testament, something I had never seen before, nor had I ever read it. How interesting I found it to be! One thing that seemed particularly inspiring to me was the freedom which all the folk had who wanted to come to Jesus. They came directly to Him, with no one in between. They brought every distress to Him, as well as all of their questions. To me it was wonderful to observe how tenderly

the Lord dealt with them, and how quickly He forgave the sins of those who came with broken hearts.

"This unusual freedom with Christ affected me so deeply, that in a few days I called on my minister, and asked him whether Christ, when on earth, had a private secretary. 'No,' he replied, 'He did not.' Does He now have a private secretary? 'No,' he answered, 'He does not. Why do you ask me?' Because I want to get to Jesus myself, I said; I want to get right into His presence and hear Him forgive my sins. I want to know that He has done it Himself, like He did for the people in the Bible."

My friend then explained how she had left her pastor at the close of this conversation with him, to again read the Scriptures and to seek someone who would show her the way to the Saviour. "When I saw your Bible," she continued, "I thought surely you were a minister, and could tell me how to find Jesus, for I feel I must get to Him soon and receive His forgiveness."

Because of her religious experiences, I turned at once to the book of Hebrews, and read of the priestly work of Jesus Christ in blotting out and putting away the sins of every one who came to Him in faith. We read in chapter two, verse 17, that "Christ made reconciliation for the sins of the people." It was her sins He came to blot out. We next read in chapter seven, verse 25, that "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him." We read, too, in chapter one, verse 3, that "When he had by himself purged our sins, sat down." The two words, "By Himself," particularly impressed her.

"I never realized that before," she said. "I knew that Jesus had done some things for my salvation, but I thought that the church must do much more and that I should do a great deal." Turning my Bible around in order that she

might see the passage, I asked her to read the verse for herself.

As she meditated on the blessed truth that Christ "by himself" had purged her sins, we turned to chapter nine, verse 26, and found this message: "But now once in the end of the world (age) hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." The light was beginning to dawn in this darkened heart. Never before had she realized what Christ had done for her. It was a new revelation to her heart that the Saviour at Calvary had actually put away her sin. Again, we turned to chapter ten, verse 17, of the book of Hebrews, and read, "And their sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

Her troubled heart found peace at once, and extending her hand across the table, she said with tears of joy, "I see so clearly now that my Saviour has taken my sins away and they are gone." She closed her eyes in worship and thanked the Redeemer for His love to her.

"You did not tell me about your sorrow," I said.

"No, I did not," she replied, "and you will be surprised when I say that I am glad this sorrow came when it did. While in Blackstone visiting my sister, I purchased my return ticket with Pullman reservations, intending to begin my journey on the night of June 26th. This would have brought me through Kansas City on the night of June 28th. On the 26th, my sister became quite ill with appendicitis, and died on the 28th. The funeral was held on July 2nd, and I left that evening which brought me through Kansas City last night. I feel deeply thankful to God that He has permitted me to be on the train that you are on with your Bible, otherwise I would have gone home unsaved and be still in my sins,"

She was unaware of the gratitude and worship that surged through my soul at that same moment, because of the wonderful way in which the Holy Spirit had handled this entire matter. Noticing my agitation, she asked the reason. I then told her the story of my exercise of soul concerning the trip. My plans were to leave Kansas City on the night of June 28th. However, the Spirit of God, knowing she could not come through that night, caused my friend in New York to delay sending the ticket, thus hindering my departure, and delaying my trip until the night of the Fourth. This remarkable example of the leading of the Spirit so stirred our hearts that we bowed together in reverence, while I offered our united praise to God for the leading of His Spirit and the saving power of Jesus Christ.

At the conclusion of our conversation, my friend arose, walked to the rear of the car, and as she passed from seat to seat related to each passenger in the car the story of her wonderful conversion.

Let me remind each Christian worker that the Holy Spirit is still the Lord of the harvest. He arranges times and seasons. He brings about peculiar circumstances which work out for the salvation of men. Let us learn more and more to depend upon Him to lead us to troubled hearts, and to bring together in His own peculiar way the seeking Saviour and the needy sinner.

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THE WRONG ADDRESS, BUT THE RIGHT PERSONS

THE train had just entered the boundary limits of a great city, when the porter aroused me from my deep sleep and informed me that we would soon be in the depot. There was no time for reading the Word, nor for a season of prayer, for the train had come to a stop by the time I was fully dressed and all the passengers were leaving.

Because I intended spending only a day in that city, I checked my baggage at the station, took my sample case and went at once to the office of my customer. At four o'clock, after completing our business transactions together, I left him and started back to the station. Because I had been deprived of my morning period of meditation, this lack of spiritual food and preparation caused me to feel not only heavy of heart, but disappointment filled my soul as I walked down the street.

A large hotel was located on that street. Entering, I went up to the mezzanine floor where I sought to be alone with the Lord. I confessed to Him my failure that day, my neglect of prayer, and also my omission to read the Scriptures. I then asked Him whether in His infinite grace He would not find some way to give a message through my lips to some troubled heart in that strange city. Having waited on the Lord a while, I felt convinced that He would find some work to do through me that evening.

About 5:30, while sitting in the coffee shop, the Lord reminded me that there abode in that city the son of a friend of mine who lived out West. I knew that this son was not saved, and at once accepted it as from the Lord that I should visit this young man and give him the gospel. Obtaining a telephone book, I soon found his address and decided to call at his home. Arriving there. I found a duplex

building with his name on a plate by the door leading upstairs. I rang the bell which opened the door, permitting me to enter the hall. At the top of the stairs stood a young woman who inquired what I wanted. I was not surprised to see a young woman, for I had been told that my young friend had recently been married.

"Is this where Charlie Johnson lives?" I asked. "I am a friend of his and came to visit him."

"Yes, come right up," she invited, very courteously.

As I reached the top of the stairs, she escorted me into a very attractive living room, nicely furnished, but dimly lighted. On the opposite side of the room, stood a lady and a gentleman whom she introduced to me as the sister and brother-in-law of Mr. Johnson. Taking my overcoat and hat, I was invited to be seated, whereupon I inquired whether or not Charlie was at home.

My heart was impressed with the opportunity presented of giving the gospel, and I was much in prayer that the Holy Spirit would give the right words and would guide in the conversation. In reply to my inquiry, Mrs. Johnson said: "I am sorry, but Charlie is not home; he is working nights now."

"How splendid that is," I said. "His business must have increased greatly since he has found it necessary to put on both a day and a night shift."

She looked quite surprised upon hearing this, and said, "Charlie is not in business; he is an engineer and just now is working on a night shift at the city water-works."

"Is not his father a merchant in Loganville?" I asked.

"Why no," she said, "his father is a carpenter and lives in Jackson. I married him there."

A look of astonishment came over all our faces, for it was quite evident that I was in the wrong house. "I can-

not understand this," I said, "for Charlie's father told me that he was engaged in manufacturing small motors for washing machines, and that he was doing quite well at the business. It is evident that I doubtless secured the wrong address of my friend, and I shall leave. I trust you will pardon me for intruding, and I am sorry if your evening's visit has been interrupted by my coming."

Mrs. Johnson smiled, while all three of them arose to tell me good-bye. "I believe I know what your trouble is, doctor," she said. "There is another Charlie Johnson who lives at this same number and on this same street, but he lives on the east side of town and we are on the west side. His home is just forty blocks straight east of us on this very street. I know that his father lives in Logansville, for we get his mail frequently and I have noticed the post-mark on the envelope."

This peculiar coincidence caused my heart to cry out to God, for I felt that this visit was planned by the Lord. Many thoughts were going through my mind while putting on the overcoat. Approaching the center of the room to bid good-bye to the sister and her husband, I observed, lying on the center table, a well-worn Bible with dog-eared corners. I knew that dog-ears on books could not be purchased at the bookstore. These come only by long and frequent usage. Picking up the Bible, carefully and prayerfully, I inquired: "Do you read this book, Mrs. Johnson, and do you love it?" At once all three of them became deeply interested. They looked at each other with astonishment, and then at me, as though their minds were stirred to ask some important question. "Yes," she answered quickly and firmly. "We love that Book in this home."

"Have you found out from its pages how you may be saved and know it?" I inquired.

By this time the hearts of these friends were so stirred that they could not restrain the tears. They looked at each other in such a peculiar way that I sensed immediately that some strange thing was transpiring with which I was not familiar. After she regained control of her feelings, Mrs. Johnson asked, "Do you understand that Bible? Can you tell us how we may be saved?"

"Yes, indeed, that is my principal business in life," I assured her. "I would be so glad if I could help you with it."

She urged me to remove my overcoat again and to be seated. We now drew up our chairs near the table, were comfortably seated, when Mrs. Johnson said, "Dr. Wilson, when you rang the door-bell, we three were on our knees praying that God would send someone to show us the way of salvation. We have been meeting here every Friday night to pray for help. All summer long we have gone to services here and there, and have heard some wonderful messages. Somehow none of these sermons have helped us. What we want to know is how to get rid of our sins and to obtain eternal life. We know that Jesus does it, but how does He do it? Can you answer this question?"

It was not difficult to see that the blessed Lord of the harvest had answered my prayer, and led me to the very place where the Lord Jesus was working and wanted to enter in. Each one obtained a Bible, while I took mine from my pocket, and we all turned to Luke 19:10. There we found the statement of the Lord Jesus, saying, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

"It is you three that He came to save," I continued. "Your heart should be very glad indeed to know that God saw your need and provided for you a Saviour who is both

## *The Wrong Address, but the Right Persons 47*

able and willing to save. Will you let Him save you tonight?"

Their faces now were aglow with anticipation. They were drinking in every word, and reading the message for themselves out of their own Bibles. Mrs. Johnson then asked: "But how does He save anyone, doctor? That is exactly what we want to know."

Turning to I Peter 3:18, we read aloud: "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." "By suffering for you," I explained to them, "He took the punishment for your sin, He took the whipping you should have had. God made Him suffer for your sins, that you might trust Him with the saving of your soul, and enjoy God's favor and forgiveness."

We then turned to I Peter 2:24, and read: "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." "He bore them for you three friends," I said. "It was your own sins which God laid upon Him and took off of you. God now invites you to accept the Lord Jesus as His gift to you. He is at God's right hand, able to save, and will save you now, if you will trust Him with your soul."

Hesitating here in the conversation, I perceived that these three friends, while observing each other, were apparently meditating as though permitting the Word of God to bring light to their hearts. Presently Mrs. Johnson arose, and said, slowly and deliberately, "We want to take Christ and are ready to accept Him right now; we have just been waiting through these long months for someone to tell us how we could come to Him and how He would save us."

"Let us kneel together then," I suggested, "and tell Him so." We knelt around the table and each one of them spoke personally to Christ, thanking Him for dying for them and bearing their sins away. They spoke to God and thanked

Him for sending Jesus to save them from their sins. What a precious sight it was that night to see these three turn to Christ and find in Him all that their hungry souls longed for!

After we arose, I told them the interesting story of my experience that day; how I had looked to the Spirit of God to plan the evening for His glory. How I had given to Him again my lips and my feet that He might through the use of them find some troubled hearts. We thanked the Lord together for the wrong address where I found the right persons ready to received the redeeming grace of God.

What a joy it is to the Christian worker when the discovery is made that the Spirit is ready and willing to direct us to that home or that heart where He is working and where He wants us to deliver His message. Let us learn to expect and rely upon His guidance in our daily lives.

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### THE SPIRIT FOUND THE RUNAWAY BOY

**I**N A LITTLE village on the Atlantic sea-coast, there lived a godly family in whose home the Son of God and the Word of God were honored. The father said grace at the table before meals, the mother prayed with the children before they left for school, and in the evening before retiring the father read the Scriptures and commended the family to God in prayer.

There was one son in this home who resented so much religion, as he called it. He was embarrassed before his

friends when they came to the home and found that prayer was offered at the table. He was irked by the constant prayers of his father and mother for God's gracious care of him, and their pleas for his salvation. He preferred a life of careless resignation to the call of the world and the invitations of his worldly friends. Paul was his name, but he was quite unlike the Paul who was God's servant and loved the name of his Lord.

Day after day, Paul planned and schemed some way to escape the religious atmosphere of his home. He did not want to grieve his mother's heart, nor cause a scandal in the little village, but he finally decided that he would quietly slip away, leaving no address, and make his way to some distant city where he would not be known, and where he would not be pestered with the prayers of Christians and the pleas of his loved ones. This he did one dark night, after arranging with a stranger who was travelling west to take him as a passenger. He gathered a few things together secretly and slipped away for parts unknown. The Holy Spirit arranged it so that his pocket Testament was in the hip pocket of a pair of trousers which he took with him.

Paul was not a lazy boy. He had learned a good trade in stucco work and therefore decided to go where there was a stucco factory. He had learned that there were two such factories in Kansas City, and therefore made his way to that western city, where he applied for work. His splendid training and excellent ability soon won for him a place of responsibility in the stucco factory.

Of course, there was consternation the next morning in the little eastern home when it was found that Paul was missing, and that he had taken his garments with him as though he intended not to return. His mother and father gathered the family together to pray. Earnest pleadings

went up to God for the runaway boy. They told the Lord that the Holy Spirit knew where the lad would be found, and asked that his heart and his footsteps might be directed back to the home again. They knew he had left because of their godly activities. They supposed that he would seek the company and fellowship of the ungodly, where both his life and soul would be in great danger.

Nearly a month went by with no word to calm the heart of the weeping mother, or to quiet the spirit of the praying father. One day a companion of Paul incidentally mentioned to the father that he had received a postcard from Paul bearing the Kansas City post-office stamp. This at least was a clue to his whereabouts. Inquiry was made as to the names of various stucco firms in the West, and the names of the two in Kansas City were ascertained. The father at once sent a letter to each of these institutions, asking whether Paul had been hired by them. Both firms replied to the inquiry, and one of them in the affirmative, stating that they had such a young man in their employ.

The next step was to find out some point of contact in Kansas City. An evangelist was holding services in the church where the boy's parents had their memberships. In talking to him about their sorrow, they mentioned that the lad was in Kansas City, and was employed by one of the local firms there. They asked whether he had ever been in Kansas City, and whether he knew any person who might be interested in the welfare of their wandering lad. He replied that he knew a doctor there who was engaged in soul-winning work, and would no doubt be happy to look up their son. He gave the parents my name and address, and soon I had a letter from them with the details.

After reading the letter from this heart-broken father and mother, I kneeled in prayer and read the letter to the

Spirit of God, knowing that He could and believing that He would direct me to a meeting with Paul. I then wrote a letter to him and asked whether he would come to my home on Friday evening to have supper with me as my guest. I mentioned that being away from home, no doubt his heart was hungry for fellowship with some young people, and he would find such an opportunity in my house. It happened that on this particular Friday evening, the young people from our church were to have a fellowship party in which they would sing gospel songs and choruses, have Bible games, and listen to some message from the Word. In the letter I gave him my telephone number and asked him to phone his acceptance. The letter was sent on Monday.

No word was received until Thursday evening. About 5:30 that evening, I answered a ring at the front door, and found standing there a tall, splendid-looking young man about twenty years of age. I greeted him and asked how I could serve him. He replied, "I am brother Paul J—— from \_\_\_\_\_, New Jersey."

"Did you say you were brother Paul?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Since when did you become my brother?" I asked very earnestly. "Come in and tell me all about it." We were soon seated in the living room, while my heart was praising God for such a quick answer to prayer.

He related the story of his departure from home, the hardships along the way, and the strife that was going on in his heart because of his decision to turn away from God and from his godly parents. He had obtained a room not very far from the place where he was employed and had become a chum of another godless young man who was working in the same plant. He had gone with this evil

companion and entered into things which were quite wicked, even in his own sight. There was a battle going on in his soul, because he knew he was wrong and that one day he would have to reap what he sowed. The story he related concerning the wonderful way his heart had been reached was about as follows:

“Last Tuesday my chum and I were working on a scaffold, placing some stucco work in position, when my pal lost his balance and fell to the pavement below, striking his head, and was instantly killed. I saw him fall, heard him strike, and knew that he must be dead. Quickly I hurried down to him, but found that he was dead. God spoke to my soul immediately with terrible conviction. Why was he taken instead of me? Why did God leave me when I was such a rebellious sinner? Why did God spare me instead of punishing me? All of these questions rushed through my soul with great vividness, until I was in a tremble and could work no more. I knew that back home mother and father were praying for me. My Sunday-school teacher was praying; my pastor was praying. Was it possible that these prayers had preserved me, so that I was kept from death and given another opportunity to be saved? After the body was removed, I returned to my room miserable, wretched and convicted. There I found your letter which had arrived in the morning mail. As I read it I was sure that God had put you on my trail to bring me to the Saviour. I wondered, of course, how you knew about me. Who had told you that I was here! How did you know that I had no friends and really did want the company of some young people!

“The conviction of my danger in view of eternity made me forget for a while your invitation and I began searching through my things to see whether I could find a Testa-

ment. That evening a special delivery letter came from my mother, having been addressed to the firm for whom I was working. In the letter was a plea from mother not to try to run away from God, but rather to receive the Lord Jesus and let Him satisfy the longing of my heart. She enclosed in the letter a Gospel of John with some verses marked for me to read. One of these was John 3:36—"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." This verse deepened my conviction and stirred my soul greatly. I read mother's letter again and read the verse again, then kneeling beside the bed, I told Jesus Christ that I would believe Him and accept Him. I did not want to die and go to hell. I was miserable in my sins and rebellion, and knew deep down in my heart that only He could give me peace. I took Him gladly, and immediately telegraphed mother that her prayers were answered and her lost boy was 'found.' "

What a time of rejoicing we had together in my parlor! I had asked the Lord to let me win this boy for Christ, but He graciously did it through his own mother. I had thought of the Scriptures that I would use in dealing with him, but the Holy Spirit had other plans. He answered my prayer for the boy's salvation, and also permitted me to find the boy; but He did not give me the honor of pointing him to the Saviour, as I had hoped. The mother's prayer, the mother's Gospel of John, and the mother's marked verses were used by the gracious Spirit to do the work in the boy's heart.

I wrote a letter to the parents, telling them all the story as far as I had touched the boy's life. Shortly afterward I baptized him and sent him home rejoicing.

Thus we see a duplication of the story of the Ethiopian

eunuch. The Spirit knows where the troubled heart is; He knows where the praying souls are. He controls the chain of events. He sends the right message just at the right time. Let us learn more and more to depend upon His wonderful ability to reach the hearts and lives of those who are dear to us.

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#### MISSED THE TRAIN, BUT CAUGHT A SOUL

**W**HILE in the waiting room of the railway station of a great city, waiting for the train to be called, I sat reading my Bible and was deeply engrossed in the subject attracting my attention, and thus failed to notice the approach of a gentleman who appeared to be a prosperous business man. As he sat down beside me, he asked: "Are you a minister? I see you are studying the Scriptures and this would lead me to believe that you are both a Christian and a servant of God. I am pastor of the Bethany Church in the southern part of the state and always rejoice when I see another who loves our Lord and His Word."

This was a happy greeting and cheered my heart. During my travels I had not seen a devoted Christian for some time and was happy to make this acquaintance with one who seemed to be out and out for Christ. We talked together over the things of the Lord and especially the subject I had just been studying.

A period of about fifteen or twenty minutes had elapsed when our train was called, and to my delight I found that

this friend was traveling in the same direction, although our reservations were in different sleeping cars. As we boarded the train, I asked the pastor whether I might come back to his car and visit with him as far as we could go together. He replied that he would be delighted to have the opportunity. As the train left the station, I took my Bible and went back to the last Pullman, where I found my new friend reading the Scriptures. We had a wonderfully happy time together, comparing Scripture with Scripture, and passing on to each other precious thoughts about Christ which we had received from the study of the Word. The train made many stops, but being engrossed in our subject, I paid little attention to its movements.

At six o'clock the train made quite a long stop, and the cars seemed to be maneuvered back and forth considerably in the railway yards at that place. Shortly the train started up again and I called the porter to tell him that I did not belong in that car, but that I did belong in the car that was going to the western part of the state and asked if he would kindly let me know in case the train should be broken up and the cars separated. The porter immediately exhibited much concern, and cried out to me quickly: "Boss, dis train was done broke up in dese yards, and your train has done left on de other track. You'd better jump off quick."

I hurriedly said "Good-bye" to my pastor friend, ran to the door, and jumped off in the railway yards, before the train had attained much speed. My hat, overcoat, and baggage were all in the other car, which was already speeding on its journey.

The yard-master saw me leap from the steps of the moving train and came walking down the tracks to ascertain the cause of my trouble. I told him of my predicament, at the

same time wondering in my heart what the Lord had for me to do in this peculiar circumstance. I knew quite well that the Lord ordered the steps of His servants, and therefore sought immediately to find some troubled heart to whom the Holy Spirit would bring the gospel through my lips. The yard-master assured me that he would take care of the matter to my entire satisfaction. He would telegraph along the line, catch the train with a message, and have my possessions properly cared for until I could catch up with them on the next train. He also very kindly offered to let me sleep on a cot in his office that night, for the train was due to go through at about 2:30 o'clock in the morning. He did not seem to be interested in spiritual things, although I made an effort to engage him in conversation on that subject.

In the yard-master's office there were many telegraphers, brakemen and other men connected with the work in the yards, but none of these gave a ready ear to my message about Christ, and I found no opening at all for reaching any souls. At seven o'clock, I went out to find a restaurant. The town was very small, not over fifty or seventy-five inhabitants, and the only place to eat was a little lunch counter where the railroad men could get a bit on the run. It was not at all inviting, in fact it was difficult for me to eat in the place, but there was no other place to go. I purchased a loaf of bread because it was wrapped in waxed paper and therefore sanitary, obtained a bottle of milk which I knew would be clean, and these sufficed for my supper. As soon as I returned to the yard-master's office, I heard the ringing of a church bell and made inquiry of the yard-master as to whether there was a church in the little village.

I found that there was just one church which served the entire community for miles around, and that night was the

one night in the month when a service was held there. The Lord had not yet revealed to me why it was my lot to be in that little place under such peculiar circumstances. I kept looking to Him for guidance and asking Him to show me the work He would like to have me do there.

Having learned the directions to the church, I went over to attend the service. There I found a pastor who had at one time served a church in my own city. We soon were in happy fellowship with each other, and at his request, I took the evening service, giving a message on that wonderful text: "Sir, we would see Jesus." Only about twenty-five people were present in the meeting, but among them was a young lady about twenty-five years of age who seemed unusually interested, and paid close attention to all the message. At the close of the service she came to me weeping, and said: "I have been wanting to see Jesus since I was a little girl. It is not clear to me yet how to find Him. I would like to come to Him and to be saved by Him. My prayers seem to reach only to the ceiling of my room. God seems so far away. I cannot find Him. Can you help me?"

I did not wonder now why I had missed the train. My question was answered. Here was a soul in the dark, hundreds of miles from my home and in a little village where she had not much opportunity of learning the Word. The Holy Spirit arranged the missing of that train for the very purpose of permitting this young woman to receive the answer to her prayer for light. The Lord of the harvest knows where the troubled soul is to be found and He guides the willing worker to the earnest seeker. Let us learn this secret. It is a most essential one if we would not spend our time running aimlessly here and there, seeking by our own wisdom to find someone who wants our message.

I requested the young lady to sit down with me, while we read together the precious story of God's wonderful love. Isaiah 45:22 came before us, and we read: "Look unto me, and be ye saved." And so I said unto her, "Look away from yourself, your sins, your fears, and your favors to the Lord Jesus who died for you on Calvary." With these words I sought to turn her attention to Christ Jesus, God's only Saviour.

"Will you watch Him there on Calvary, and know that He was dying for you? He was taking your punishment. He gave Himself to save you from being lost. He paid your debt that you might come boldly into the presence of God, knowing that all of your obligations had been fully met. He says to you in Matthew 11:28, 'Come unto me.' You may come just now, just as you are and where you are. You may accept Him just now by faith, and trust Him fully with the saving of your soul."

These words did not seem to bring peace to this troubled heart. I therefore sought to change the line of truth a little, and said to her, "When you go to see a doctor is it not because you believe that he is able to meet your need and to cure your disease?"

"Yes, certainly," she said. "Several times I have done that."

"And when you go to see the dentist is it not because you feel that he is able to stop the pain and repair the tooth?" She nodded her head in reply. "Just so you come to the Lord Jesus Christ, believing that He is able and willing to blot out all of your sins and give you the gift of eternal life. Will you come to see Him now about this important matter?"

"I will," she said. "It is quite clear to me now. I always knew that Christ was the Saviour, but it did not

occur to me that I had the privilege of coming to Him myself and receiving Him for my own Saviour. I belong to Him now and will be so glad to serve Him with all of my heart."

Again my heart went out in gratitude to the Holy Spirit for His wonder-working grace, and for the marvellous way in which He had arranged this interesting meeting. I returned to the yard-master's office, and in the early morning hours continued my journey on the next train that carried me to my destination. Arriving there, I found that my baggage, hat and overcoat had been well cared for, and they were returned to me in good condition.

Four days after this wonderful event, I began my homeward journey, and when we arrived at this little junction point, I stepped off the train to see if I could find the yard-master and to thank him again for his kindness to me on the previous occasion. He was out near the track to meet the train, and when he saw me, came hurrying to greet me. Both his arms were thrown about me in an affectionate embrace. Tears filled his eyes. His heart seemed to overflow with joy. "I have been watching every train since you left, so that I would be sure to see you again," he said; "for although you told me you would return this week, you did not mention the day. I knew you would be glad to hear the story of what happened after you left."

I could easily see that something wonderful had taken place and knew that the story would have to be told quickly, for the train was only held there long enough to attach the dining car.

"Tell me," I said, "what the Lord has done."

"That is just what I want to do," he said. "The lady who was saved at the church the night you were here is my daughter-in-law. For several years she has bothered us

in our home, talking about Jesus, wanting to find God, and often wept as though her heart would break. We had come to the conclusion that she was a little bit crazy about religion, and were afraid she would lose her mind completely. That meeting at the church, however, certainly made a new girl out of her. She came home singing, burst into the room with the exclamation, 'I have found the Lord; I am saved; Christ Jesus has saved me, and my sins are gone. Oh, what peace and joy have filled my heart.'

"My wife and I could not sleep that night," he continued. "We saw the wonderful change in her heart and knew it was a very real work of grace by God. The next morning we sat down and had her tell us all about the sermon and about your talk with her. She told us how she had been to *see* Jesus, and how He had revealed to her that His death on the cross paid her debt and blotted out her sins. She made the message so clear to us, that both of us have trusted the Lord Jesus as our Saviour, and we, too, are saved. How I wish you could stay a while and tell us more about this wonderful Saviour."

Just at this point the conductor of the train called out, "All aboard," so I jumped on the steps of the moving train, as he cried out: "Good-bye, doctor; God bless you. Thank God you ever came."

Thus again the Holy Spirit proved Himself to be the Lord of the harvest, ready and willing to guide the servant of God to the heart that had been troubled by Himself. Let us yield more and more to His guiding hand! Let us look more often to Him! Let us be more supple in His care!

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## THE SENIOR AND HIS SWEETHEART

THE young people in every age have had a special place in the eyes of the Lord. Often in the Scriptures do we find young men selected by the Lord to carry out His great purposes and plans. The ministry of our Lord Jesus was finished when he was thirty-three and a half years of age. David was chosen to be king when he was probably less than twenty years of age. Samuel as a boy received the message of the Lord concerning Israel.

It has often been my desire to present Christ to the young men, the young women, and the boys and girls in our schools and colleges, and frequently I have asked the Holy Spirit for the privilege of ministering Christ to these young lives. One day He gave the opportunity. A call was received from the principal of a large high school in one of our great cities to speak to his students. There were eight hundred and forty-two young people in the auditorium to hear the address.

I reached the schoolhouse a few minutes early. The principal accompanied me into the auditorium just as the students were entering to take their seats. We walked down one of the side aisles, but as we neared the front of the room approaching the platform, a teacher requested an interview with the principal for a few minutes. Standing alone, waiting for his return, one of the seniors, a lad of about seventeen, approached me and with a cynical look, almost a sneer, he said: "Are you the preacher that is to address us this morning?"

"Yes," I replied, "I will talk to you young people about some interesting things that perhaps you will enjoy."

"It isn't likely that I will enjoy it," he said, "because I don't believe the 'bunk' that you preachers put out."

"Well," I exclaimed, "that is interesting. Now that you have told me what you do not believe, perhaps you might like to tell me what you *do* believe. I am far more interested in what you *do* believe than in what you *don't* believe."

"I will believe only what I can understand; none of that mystery stuff for me," he replied very emphatically.

The principal now returned, and the young man went back to his seat by the side of his red-headed sweetheart, and I accompanied my host to the platform. It was a typical group of lively young folk who had gathered for this morning's session. They were full of jokes, enjoyed their fun, and were a little slow to settle down and become quiet when the principal arose to open the session. He made a few brief announcements, and then introduced me to the audience.

The young man who had spoken with me was seated in the front row in the senior section. Turning to the principal, I asked: "Would you have any objection if I should request one of your seniors to come to the platform for a few moments?"

"Certainly not," he replied.

I then addressed the audience, and said, "You have in your midst a very wonderful young man. He is, of course, a senior. A senior is one who knows everything, and knows that he knows everything. I would like to request this young man, with whom I have just had a brief conversation, to come to the platform. He has only now told me that he believed nothing that he could not understand. I will ask this young gentleman if he will please explain to the audience how it is that a black cow eats green grass, which makes white milk, and churns yellow butter, and

then makes red hair on his sweetheart, when she partakes of it.”

The students in the auditorium enjoyed the question greatly. They knew this young man and were delighted with his embarrassment. Since he did not come to the platform, I continued: “Perhaps this friend would also like to explain to you young people why it is that he will blow his hands in the winter to warm them, and will blow his coffee to cool it. He might wish also to explain to you why electricity is turned into one box to make ice and into another box to bake bread.”

The laughter throughout the building was soon changed to deep thinking, as the boys and girls realized that many things in life must be taken by faith, and that explanations are not always possible. These two young people on the front seat listened most attentively to the address which lasted for one and a half hours. Throughout the lecture there was a constant comparison made between the miracles of the Lord seen in nature and the miracles recorded in the Word of God. I called their attention to the remarkable transformation that takes place when a caterpillar (an upholstered worm) encases itself in its home-made casket and is changed into a beautiful butterfly. How hair is changed to scales—a million to the square inch. The many legs of the caterpillar become only six legs on the butterfly; the yellow color becomes a beautiful red; the crawling instinct becomes a flying instinct. Thus will God take the life of a sinner and transform it, until it glows with the beauty of the Lord and is fragrant with the graces of heaven.

A handful of sand is deposited by the Lord in the heart of the earth. Great heat is applied from beneath and ponderous weight from above until, when it is found by man, it

has been miraculously changed into a beautiful, fiery opal. God takes a handful of clay, deposits it deep in the earth, applies great heat beneath it, with a stupendous weight upon it, and when it is found by man it has become a beautiful amethyst, prized most highly. God takes a handful of black carbon, plants it deep in the bowels of the earth, treats it with heat from below, presses it with the rocks of the mountains from above, and transforms it into a glorious diamond, fit for a king's crown.

From these wonderful miracles in nature, I pressed and stressed to those young people the fact that they, too, might have their lives transformed, their souls changed, their hearts renewed by trusting fully in Christ Jesus, the Lord of life.

I next called their attention to the marvelous accuracy of God in His operations in the three great kingdoms of earth—the animal kingdom, the vegetable kingdom, and the mineral kingdom. This accuracy may be observed in the hatching of eggs. For example, the eggs of the potato-bug hatch in 7 days; those of the canary in 14 days; those of the barnyard hen in 21 days. The eggs of ducks and geese hatch in 28 days; those of the mallard in 35 days. The eggs of the parrot and the ostrich hatch in 42 days.

Applying these scientific facts to the students, I said, "The lives of each of you young people may be ordered by the Lord in a beautiful way for His glory, if you will only entrust Him with your life, and receive Him as the Lord of your life and the Saviour of your soul. If you try to regulate your own life, it will only be a mess and a failure. Only the One who made you can successfully direct you. Only the One who made the brain and the heart can successfully guide them to a profitable end.

"God's wisdom is seen in the making of the elephant.

The four legs of this great beast all bend forward in the same direction. No other quadruped is so made. God planned that this animal would have a huge body, too large to live on two legs. For this reason He gave it four fulcrums so that it can rise from the ground easily. The horse rises from the ground on its two front legs first. A cow rises from the ground with its two hind legs first. How wise the Lord is in all His works of creation!

“God’s wisdom is revealed in His arrangement of sections and segments, as well as in the number of grains. Each watermelon has an even number of stripes on the rind. Each orange has an even number of segments. Each ear of corn has an even number of rows. Each stalk of wheat has an even number of grains. Every bunch of bananas has on its lowest row an even number of bananas, and each row decreases by one, so that one row has an even number and the next row an odd number. The waves of the sea roll in on the shore twenty-six to the minute in all kinds of weather. All grains are found in even numbers on the stalks, and the Lord specified thirtyfold, sixtyfold, and a hundredfold—all even numbers.

“God has caused the flowers to blossom at certain specified times during the day, so that Linneus, the great botanist, once said that if he had a conservatory containing the right kind of soil, moisture and temperature, he could tell the time of day or night by the flowers that were open and those that were closed. Thus the Lord in His wonderful grace can arrange the life that is entrusted to His care in such a way that it will carry out His purposes and plans, and will be fragrant with His presence. Only the God-planned life is successful. Only the life given over to the care of the Lord is safe.

“God performs a great miracle when He causes the limb

of a tree to grow straight out from the trunk for a distance of forty, fifty, or sixty feet, and with no other anchorage than perhaps fifteen or eighteen inches of fibres which lose themselves in the trunk of the tree. No human being has discovered how to apply this principle in the construction of buildings or bridges. The God who can do this is able to work miracles in your life as well. Dr. Robert G. Lee has called attention to the fact that God takes oxygen and hydrogen, both of them odorless, tasteless, and colorless, and combines them with carbon which is insoluble, black and tasteless. The result of this combination is beautiful, white, sweet sugar. How God does it, I do not understand. I only know that He can take your life—drab, useless and fruitless, and transform it into a beautiful garden of the sweetest graces for His glory. He will do it for you, if you will trust your life to Him.”

I came to the conclusion of the message, and prayed to the Lord of the harvest that these young people might find Jesus Christ. Especially did I pray for the young man who would not believe what he could not understand. The principal dismissed the assembly, and the young senior with his red-headed sweetheart left the room, quite subdued and fully convinced that he was on the wrong path.

As the principal stood by my side on the platform, watching the pupils leave the room, he suddenly turned to me, and I saw that there were tears in his eyes. He said, “Doctor, I have been deeply impressed with the perfections of God. I had never before noticed the beauty of that passage, ‘Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.’ I would like for the Lord to make me what He wants me to be. Will you tell me, please, how to find that Saviour this morning? I want Him to be the King of my life and the Prince of my heart. My life has had too many

failures in it. I am going around in a circle and getting nowhere. I want the Lord to take charge of me today."

I opened my Bible to I John 5:12, and read: "He that hath the Son hath life." Then I said to him, "If you will this morning accept Jesus Christ, He will at once take charge of your life and will mould you as the potter moulds the clay. Will you trust Him with your soul? You have the privilege of trusting; He takes the responsibility of transforming."

The professor took my hand in a cordial clasp, and said: "I will accept Him just now. I have made a wreck of my own life, although apparently I have succeeded in educational circles. I believe that Christ Jesus will make me anew. I will trust Him to change me and make me a real Christian."

"You may safely trust the Saviour," I assured him. "He died on the cross to save you; He lives in heaven to keep you. As God by His sunshine and rain transforms the ugly bulb in the black soil, so that it sprouts forth with a beautiful, white, fragrant lily, so He will take your life and bring out of it that which will bring joy to His heart and blessing to your fellow-men."

"Thank you, doctor," he said earnestly; "and I thank the Lord also that He has sent you here with this message for my soul."

The Holy Spirit led the way into this fertile field and found a ready heart for His own wonderful message. Let us seek great things from our God, and the Holy Spirit will gladly bring about the circumstances and arrangements necessary for successful service.

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## AN ITALIAN AND HIS CRUCIFIX

THE servant of the Lord has the privilege always of looking to the Holy Spirit for special wisdom in dealing with special cases. The story which I am about to relate illustrates clearly how the Lord of the harvest will direct the conversation when the points of view are quite divergent.

A convention of Christian young people had been convened and the chairman had requested me to give a series of messages on personal soul-winning. The delegates brought with them unsaved friends in order that the messages might be a blessing both to the saved and to the unsaved. Among those accompanied by an unsaved friend was a young man who had formed the acquaintance of an Italian lad whose heart was quite dissatisfied with his religion. The first day of the convention these two sat together and listened to the messages, but gave no opportunity for personal conversation.

The message given the second evening of the Conference seemed to touch the heart of the young Italian, and he remained after the service for a personal talk. The Christian boy brought him to me, and we retired to one side away from the crowd and talked together about the great provision God has made for the soul. I did not know at the opening of that day that the Holy Spirit would give me the privilege of ministering to one of a foreign nation, nor to one of the Roman Catholic faith. We never know what lies ahead in the affairs of the day. It is our privilege to look to the Spirit to direct our steps and to make our contacts. The One who led Phillip to the chariot on the Gaza road will lead you also on the road of life.

After the usual introduction, I inquired of Bennie whether

he had a religious faith and if so, what it was. He replied, "I am a Catholic, but I cannot see that it has done me much good, nor that I have been much of a credit to it. My parents were Catholics and so am I. In the United States, however, I do not always go to the church and would say that I am not a very good Catholic."

"Did you enjoy the message this evening?" I asked, "and did you understand the truth that I was trying to make known?"

"Not very well," came the reply. "The religion you Protestants have is quite different from ours and I do not know that I really get the hang of it. I would like to know more about it, for it seems to me that you have something that we Catholics do not have, or at least something that I do not have."

I had noticed on various occasions when visiting Catholic churches that there was to be found on the wall just inside the door of the church, a large life-size crucifix.

"Where do you attend church?" I inquired.

"I go to St. Ann's."

"Do you not have within the lobby of that church a crucifix of Christ?"

"Yes," he said, "we do."

"I suppose that it has been placed on the wall to remind you of the death of Christ. Am I right?"

"Yes, that is what it is for," he answered.

"Can you tell me, Bennie, who Jesus died for on the cross?"

"Sure," he said, "He died for everybody."

"Yes, He surely did, but for whom particularly did He die? Do you know any individual for whom Christ died?"

"No, I do not," he said.

"Did it ever occur to you, Bennie, that it was for you that He was dying?"

"Oh, I suppose so," he answered, "because Jesus died for everybody."

"Yes, Bennie, but let us not think about 'everybody,' let us think only of your own self, because it is your soul that needs to be saved, and it is you individually about whom we are thinking this evening. Did He die for you?"

It is always difficult to get the sinner to apply the truth of God to his own soul. Satan would have the troubled heart thinking about salvation in general instead of in particular. He seeks to keep the lost soul thinking about others rather than his own need. It had never occurred to Bennie that the One upon whose image he was gazing day after day, really loved him personally and died for him personally. I continued: "Bennie, if Jesus died for you on the cross, what good did it do you? Was anything accomplished by that death? What blessing do you get because the Saviour died for you?" The young Italian friend was nonplussed. This question had never before been presented to his mind. It had never occurred to him that there was any personal relationship between the Lord Jesus Christ and himself.

Bennie meditated on the question for quite a while before answering. "I never had thought that Jesus did anything for me. Do I understand that His death was really for me and for my sins? How can I know that this is really so?"

In answer to this inquiry, we turned to I Timothy 1:15, and read: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

"If you are a sinner, Bennie, then it is evident that He came to save you. God in His Word puts it in a general way so that everyone will feel free to come and take

advantage of it. The food in the restaurant is for everybody, but it only blesses the individual who comes and partakes of it. The dentist in his office, with all of his splendid equipment, is there to serve everybody, but only those are helped and relieved who come and turn their cases over to him. The Saviour did die for everybody, 'He died for all'; St. Paul says so. But you will only get the blessing of His death as you come personally and turn your own case over to Him and believe in His death for you."

Bennie listened very respectfully and attentively to this explanation, and began to perceive that the death of Christ had meant nothing to him personally heretofore. This was the first time he had ever been told that the Lord Jesus came to save him and had done the work at Calvary that would blot out all of his sins. "I have not been taught this way," he said, "but I believe you are right. Certainly the Saviour would not die as a failure."

Immediately, I put the question to him again: "Bennie, what good did the death of Christ do you? What was accomplished in your life by His suffering and sorrow?"

"Nothing yet," he answered, "but I can see that something should be accomplished, because I believe that He is the Son of God, and that God sent Him to die to put away the sins of people."

"Did he put away your sins, Bennie?"

"I don't know," he answered. "I wonder if He did! How can I know?"

Turning to Hebrews 9:26, we read: "But now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." Then I said to him, "If the work of Christ on the cross is not sufficient to blot out your sins, Bennie, then where will you go, or what will you do

to get rid of those sins? There is no other Saviour and He is not coming back to die again just particularly for you.”

“No, I suppose not,” he said. “I believe that He did the work all right, but I just don’t see how that will save me.”

At this point we turned away from the thought of the death of Christ and took up the thought of the *gift* of Christ, reading in 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.” Then I explained, “God has given Christ to you, Bennie, to save you. Christ is just now on the throne a risen, living, powerful Saviour, who is waiting for you to turn your case over to Him and for you to accept from Him the *gift* of eternal life. If you will come to the Lord Jesus just now and take Him for your own, He will immediately put your name in His book of life, blot out every sin stain, and make you His own child. Will you do it?”

As he stood in quiet meditation, my heart was going out to the Lord of the harvest to unfold to this lad the finished work of Christ and the sufficiency of the blood to blot out his sins. His bowed head was soon raised in radiant joy. He had trusted the Lord Jesus Christ. “I do take that Saviour,” he said. “I believe that when He died for me, He blotted out my sins. I am so glad to know it. I have a new peace in my heart. How foolish I have been to look always at the crucifix, and never to think that it was for me He died, and that it was my sins He blotted out! I thank you very much for telling me about it, and I am happy to confess that Christ is my own Saviour.”

The Holy Spirit had brought this lad under the sound of the gospel, and prepared his heart for something better than a mere formality and an ancient tradition. Again, the Spirit

of God took His living Word and cleared away the doubts, dispelled the darkness, and made Christ precious to another heart. May He lead every reader of this story in the same blessed path.

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### THE LOSS AND GAIN OF A JEWELER

**W**ILBUR was an ambitious young man, about twenty-two years of age. He worked in a jewelry store, and that business became so attractive to him that he decided to spend his entire time in learning the work, preparatory to building up a business of his own. He frequently was a guest in our home and found great pleasure in telling us of the progress he was making, learning the ins and outs of the jewelry business. He was delighted with the study of jewels, and had taken a course of study in the making and repairing of watches and clocks. Though we often spoke to him about spiritual matters, he showed quite plainly that he had no interest in such things.

One evening, during our visit together, I asked him to tell me his own thought concerning his relationship to God and his attitude toward the Lord Jesus. He replied that he took no interest at all in such matters, but was devoting his entire attention to the development of his jewelry business. He had obtained a small shop and was busy repairing watches, resetting stones, and doing such other work as he was able to obtain. "I expect to attend diligently to my business day and night," he said, "and when I have made fifty thousand dollars in the clear, then I will feel that I

can settle down and think about religious matters, if I am so inclined. I do not wish to be bothered at all with anything pertaining to Christianity until I have made my goal, fifty thousand dollars."

We did not see each other very often after this. Wilbur remained away from my home in order to avoid being questioned about the progress he was making. We took him often to the Lord in prayer and looked to the Holy Spirit to deal with him in His own matchless way. His business prospered. He was a good workman, was quite attentive to the desires of his customers, and gradually built up a splendid trade. He saved his money, bought and furnished a beautiful little home just outside the city limits, and then took his young bride to their delightful cottage where he intended to enjoy a life of ease and comfort after making his fortune.

Occasionally, I would meet Wilbur on the street and would speak to him about whether his ambitions were being realized and whether the fifty thousand dollar goal was in sight. Each time the reply was enthusiastically in the affirmative. He told me of the stone cottage, of the beautiful furnishings, of the baby-grand piano. He also mentioned about the yard which he had decorated so beautifully with shrubbery, evergreens and winding walks. A lily-pond was there, as well as a fish-pond. A rock-garden graced the premises also. The garage, built of native stone, was surrounded by a trellis covered with vines. His heart was happy in this beautiful little home.

As the profits increased, Wilbur used much of them for the building up of a greater business. More stock was needed, larger quarters were required, more overhead expense developed. Not much was laid away in a savings

account, nor for a retirement fund. He was using up or investing as rapidly as the profits were made.

One evening, Wilbur and his wife remained down town for their dinner and then went to the theatre for recreation. The show did not close until a late hour, and it was a much later hour when they arrived at the site of their little home about a mile outside the city limits. To their great horror and astonishment they found the place in ruins. What had once been their love-nest was now a pile of ashes. A fire had broken out from some unknown source, and because the city water was not available, the neighbors were unable to extinguish the flames, and this little palace of hopes and dreams perished. Wilbur and his companion were heart-broken. The result of their labors and toil was undone in an hour or two. The destruction was complete, everything burned.

Wilbur sought to comfort his wife with the thought that the place was fully covered by insurance, and an adjustment would be quickly made. They returned to the city and found refuge in the home of some relatives, who gave them a cordial welcome until they could plan for the future. The next morning, Wilbur went to the bank to take out his fire insurance policies and apply for payment. As he examined them, he was shocked to find that every policy had expired just a few weeks before the fire. The policies on the building as well as those on the furniture were of no value. All was lost. Somebody had failed. In some manner, the insurance companies had neglected to notify him of the expiration date. He had failed to note it on his calendar. His heart was broken. He returned to his wife with a heavy heart to impart to her the tragic news.

Wilbur was still ambitious, and his friends continued to pray. Again I looked to the Holy Spirit to give me a wise

word, spoken in kindness, in order that the wound might not be deepened, but rather that the heart might be softened toward the Lord. How wise the Spirit is in all His dealings! How gently and yet how firmly He presses home upon the heart the verities of eternity! He knows the sorrows that await the lost. He knows how black is that darkness into which souls will be cast who reject the Light of the world. He was dealing with Wilbur in ways that we had never suspected. Wilbur was still ambitious. He would return to his work with a new vigor. His loss was great, but he would recuperate these losses by a more earnest effort and a more judicious use of his remaining assets. Night and day he bent over his desk at his work.

A few months after the fire, as Wilbur was working over his repair desk, a cough developed. Little by little it increased in its severity, but received only passing attention from him. He resorted to cough drops, cough medicine, and agents which were advertised for the relief of cough, but none of these seemed to help. He began to lose the spring in his step. A flush appeared in his cheeks; the nights were restless. After much persuasion, he accompanied his wife to see a physician of note in the city. A careful examination and diagnosis disclosed the development of tuberculosis. The doctor urged him to leave the desk, to quit his work, and to go at once to a climate more conducive to the building up of his health.

Wilbur's competitors had been quite active, and he realized that his trade was not increasing to any great extent; certainly he was losing some of his best customers. The diagnosis of his case discouraged him greatly. The old wound caused by the fire was reopened, and discouragement filled his soul. He did not know the Lord of glory. He could not pour out his heart to that sympathizing Shepherd.

He had never made the Rock of Ages his refuge. He felt like a ship in a storm on the high seas with the rudder gone, the mast broken, and the cabins wrecked. He felt adrift in his helplessness and life seemed hopeless.

Those of us who had been praying for him felt that the Lord was dealing kindly with his soul in wrecking his hopes and permitting his body to be afflicted. Even though Wilbur had suffered all this loss and the future was so dark, still he did not turn his heart to seek God, nor did he renounce his former purpose to seek the Lord only after he had obtained fifty thousand dollars.

The doctor's instructions were so earnest and the case seemed so desperate, that Wilbur decided to abide by the advice of his physician, and at once made provision for the disposal of his affairs. He sold the jewelry store for a comparatively small amount, most of which had to be utilized to pay off his obligations. Only a small sum of money remained with which to take his journey westward, and this would soon be consumed in living expenses, absorbed in doctor's bills and traveling expenses.

Wilbur had a godly mother who had been praying much for her ambitious boy, pleading with God for his salvation, and asking her Lord to do anything at all that would result in Wilbur's conversion. Her home was in the West, and Wilbur decided to stop a few days to see the mother before continuing toward his destination. He arrived at the old homestead in the evening and poured out his heart to that mother who had loved him so faithfully and prayed for him so believingly. Mother was wise. She did not press the gospel upon her boy, for she saw he was thinking, knew his heart was broken, and she felt his sorrow keenly.

The following morning, however, as they sat at the breakfast table, his mother said to him: "Wilbur, did you

ever listen to Dr. Wilson give his morning Bible lesson over the radio?"

"Yes, mother," he replied, "he is a friend of mine. For many years we have known each other and he has often spoken to me about the Lord, although I have never given him any encouragement." As he was talking, the mother turned on the radio just in time for the Bible lesson. The station was WDAF of the *Kansas City Star*, and the voice was so clear, that Wilbur was a bit startled. It seemed as though his friend was in the room with him.

The subject of the lesson which I gave that morning over the air was "Three Alabaster Boxes." I said, in substance: "The first one is described in Luke 7:37, 38. A heart-broken woman, seared by sin, brought her alabaster box of precious ointment and broke it at the feet of Jesus, a token of her love, a proof of her trust. I am told that the alabaster box in the orient is the maiden's 'hope-chest.' Some were very cheap ones, filled with a poor grade of perfume. There were other grades much more expensive, in keeping with the station in life of the purchaser and as she was able to buy. There were some very fine ones, made of exquisite alabaster and filled with the most costly perfumes. Our Lord did not tell which kind this woman brought. We do not need to know. Legend has it that the maiden purchased the box in her youth, according to her station in life, and kept the box until she should find the man to whom she could entrust herself and upon whom she could lavish her affections. Whenever she found the man of her choice and he gave the opportunity, she would break the box at his feet. This sealed her vow of devotion, and proclaimed to him and to others that he had won her heart. The woman pictured in Luke had never yet found the man who fulfilled her requirements. But one day she heard

Jesus and saw in Him the fulfillment of all the craving of her heart. She came to Him in her need; she knelt at His feet; she wept, and washed His feet with her tears. She wiped them with the hairs of her head. She broke the box; she left her heart at His feet. His response was—  
Thy sins are forgiven . . . Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.'

"The second box was that beautiful alabaster one which Mary brought in John 12:3. This gracious gift of sweetest perfume from Mary was a token of her gratitude, the thanksgiving of her heart, because Lazarus had been given back to her and was now seated at the table with her. She, too, was a worshipper at Jesus' feet. She was not seeking forgiveness, that blessing had been granted at some previous time. Hers was a ministry of adoration, with reverence and thanksgiving. Christ had broken the bands of death and dried her tears. Christ had removed her sorrow and replaced it with a song. Christ had dispelled the darkness, substituting the sunshine. Christ had turned defeat into victory. No wonder she loved Him. No marvel that she had taken her savings, invested it in this lovely box of fragrant perfume, and then had broken it at the feet of the only man who had filled her heart with love, peace, and adoration. She, too, left her heart at Jesus' feet.

"The third alabaster box is described in Mark 14:3. On this occasion, a nameless woman, two days before the crucifixion, brought her 'hope-chest' and left it with Jesus. She, too, broke that box, for her quest was at an end. She had found the One who filled her soul—the Lover sent from heaven who would both save and satisfy. Her ointment was placed upon His head. Hers was an offering of trust. It was against the day of His burying that she anointed His precious body. She believed in Him, she showed her

confidence in Him, she gave to Him her best. Her heart had found rest in kneeling at Jesus' feet. Henceforth, her life would be devoted to His glory. She would make known the fame of His love and grace wherever she went."

This was the substance of the message which came over the air into that humble cottage in western Kansas where Wilbur sat with his mother listening to the words of life. When the closing prayer was finished, Wilbur arose quietly from the table and went to his bedroom. Not a word was spoken. The mother was watching the face of her boy as he had listened intently to the message. It was a holy time and a sacred scene. God was working in that heart. As he quietly closed the door of his room, the mother quickly went to her knees to plead for the one she loved so dearly. She was not in a hurry to leave the sanctuary, but remained there for quite a while pleading with the Saviour to enter that bedroom and to show to Wilbur His wounded hands and His torn feet, proofs of His wonderful love.

Behind that closed door, God was answering the prayers of years. Wilbur was kneeling beside the chair. The eyes of his heart were fixed on the Saviour. He heard the call of Christ: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Life had been cruel to him, ambition had betrayed him, riches had fled from him, health had forsaken him, and now, empty-handed and heavy-hearted, he knelt in reverent faith at the feet of Jesus and trusted Him with his soul. The victory was won. Peace ruled on the battlefield of his heart. He had rest.

Returning to the dining-room, he saw the mother on her knees and soon he was at her side, while they both wept with joy in the presence of the Lord.

The Holy Spirit had worked. Prayer had been answered.

DARKNESS IN PHILADELPHIA AND LIGHT IN INDIA

THERE lived in one of the cities of Kansas, a godly mother whose daughter, Margaret, was most ambitious and greatly interested in music. She had a good voice, was often engaged for local entertainments, and a member of the church choir. Her mother sought to give her the benefit of as much training as was available in the home town. The lure of a stage career was constantly tugging at her heart, and Margaret decided that she would go to one of the large cities for a deeper study and a greater development with the best teachers.

The mother worked and saved, denying herself many comforts of life, that she might enable her daughter to secure the voice culture which she so eagerly desired. The eventful day came and Margaret departed for Philadelphia, where she found a teacher of voice under whom she began to receive a splendid training. Margaret was a very pleasant girl, made friends easily, was attractive in appearance, and soon surrounded herself with new companions. Unfortunately, these were not God-fearing young people. They, too, were away from home and had drifted into the ways of the world. The whirl of the city and the enticing calls of the life of pleasure had enmeshed them, and soon Margaret also had become enveloped in the maze of worldly living.

The early training was disregarded and the fear of God was cast aside. The Bible remained unopened and prayer was neglected, while far away at home the dear old mother labored and saved, prayed and pleaded with God for her daughter. The letters were not as spiritual as they once had been, and in the stories to mother no mention was made of God nor of the church. There was much written, how-

ever, about parties, entertainments, recitals, but little about the things of God. The letters became more infrequent and shorter in length, as the heart of the daughter turned from God, from home, and from the one who loved her so much.

Among Margaret's associates were some who belonged to an atheistic society. These met at rather frequent intervals, only to scoff at the Scriptures, to sneer at the Christians, to deride God, and to find reasons and arguments for ridiculing the country of every Christian influence. Gradually Margaret's faith was taken from her. That which her mother taught her at home seemed now to be utter foolishness. The Bible which she once loved was now the subject of ridicule. No saving faith had ever been in Margaret's heart. The faith which she had was her mother's faith and not her own. She had never been face to face with the Saviour of sinners, and accepted Him for her own Lord and Saviour. Hers was a second-hand religion. She had no saving interest in Christ.

During the time of this apostasy, Margaret continued to train her voice and made a very bright pupil, of whom the teacher was justly proud. She sang well, her voice was clear, she could reach the high notes and sustain them easily. This splendid talent, together with her attractive personality, caused her to be received in the society of the elite. With nothing to sustain her heart, however, she became quite proud of her attainments, and was ashamed of the humble home far away in Kansas and of the mother, who in her humble surroundings had sacrificed much that Margaret might obtain the desire of her heart. The letters sent home reflected this feeling and hurt the heart of the mother deeply. She pleaded and prayed that God would send His Spirit into Margaret's heart and would bring her

## *Darkness in Philadelphia and Light in India* 83

back to Himself. She did not know how this could be brought about, for she did not dictate to God; her only desire was that the Holy Spirit who deals wisely with souls would find some way into the heart of her daughter and save her from the terrible doom that lay in her path.

One day, as Margaret was practicing at the piano, a terrible depression came over her heart. She had been entertained at a number of functions recently, invitations had come from circles that made others envious of her popularity; she was having all that her heart desired in the way of pleasure and of training, still a darkness came over her soul which she could not understand. She was miserable in her soul. Pleasures aggravated the depression and nothing seemed to lift the load. Her friends tried to comfort her, although some criticized her for having the "blues" when she should be the happiest of the crowd.

This peculiar heaviness of heart perplexed Margaret very much. She could not understand it. She knew her mother was praying for her, for she had written Margaret that she was pleading with the Lord to bring her back to God. Margaret had been denying that there was a God. She sought to make herself believe that the stories of the Scripture were a myth, that there was no judgment, and that the faith of the dear old mother was simply a beautiful tradition with no foundation in fact. She found no peace, however, in her studies of atheism, nor was she happy in the meetings where atheism was discussed and approved. The interest in her music lagged, and she no longer sang with a happy spirit, nor sought engagements, her chief desire being to flee away and to be alone. She decided in her heart to return to the home in the West and seek a refuge in her mother's arms.

Soon after reaching this decision, Margaret went home.

The mother was astonished and the friends were perplexed. In fact, no one could understand why Margaret had so suddenly left a career with such promise. The morning following the first day at home, she awoke early and could not return to sleep. A voice kept saying to her, "Turn on the radio."

"I'll not do it," she said, "I am weary of that jazz. I left Philadelphia to get away from it and want no more of it. I'll not go down and turn on the radio." Again, she sought solace in peaceful slumber, but she rolled and tossed upon her bed, restless and heart hungry. Again, a voice seemed to say to her, "Go down and turn on the radio," but still she refused. After again seeking sleep, but in vain, she decided to obey that peculiar voice which seemed to demand obedience. She put on her bedroom slippers, donned a bath-robe and went down to the living room where the radio stood.

It was the mother's custom to listen each morning to the morning Bible lesson given over WDAF, the radio station of the *Kansas City Star*. The dial on the machine was set for that station. Just as Margaret turned the switch, she heard the speaker quoting: "And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven. . . . Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace (Luke 7:48-50)." These words were like a magic influence on her soul. The message seemed to be peculiarly fitted to her special need. The Holy Spirit was working, the mother's prayers were about to be answered. Mother had heard the daughter slipping down stairs quietly and she opened the bedroom door that she might hear the message herself without being seen by Margaret.

As the speaker told the story of the woman at Jesus' feet, the Lord opened Margaret's heart. She saw in the Saviour One who loved and welcomed the sinner, as well as

One who forgave the sinner. She reasoned that if this woman could "go in peace," why could she not also receive that message from the Lord. As the Bible lesson ended and the voice of the speaker died away, she quietly knelt beside the radio and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ for herself. By faith she knelt at His feet, a suppliant for mercy, while mother upstairs was on her knees pleading with the Lord to save her daughter.

The prayer was finished, the Saviour accepted the seeking sinner, the burden was lifted, the darkness was gone, peace reigned in that troubled heart. Quickly she ran up the stairs and into her mother's bedroom, where they were soon clasped in each other's arms and weeping. The praying mother was rewarded. The Holy Spirit had heard her cry, sought out the wayward girl in the great city of Philadelphia, did His own peculiar work in her heart, and now she was praising the Saviour.

Margaret at once devoted herself to the study of the Scriptures, and began using her voice in the work of the Lord by singing the gospel story to the hearts of all within hearing. After some months she heard of a call for a volunteer to serve in India under a mission board. She applied for the position, took the examination, and was successful in obtaining the appointment.

After Margaret reached her destination and had begun her work for the Lord, she wrote this story to me in Kansas City for the encouragement of my own heart. How blessed it is when our Lord permits us to see some fruit of our labors! Let us be encouraged to lay hold of the Lord of the harvest for our drifting, wandering young people! He can reach their hearts and only He.

## THE INTERNE WAS SURPRISED

**I**N ONE of our great hospitals, there worked a fine young man of about thirty years of age as an interne. He had only recently graduated from an eastern school of medicine. His parents were missionaries in China, but had left the young man at home, after arranging a course of education for him, in college and in medicine, anticipating his return to them on the mission field to labor as the Lord's servant after his graduation.

The faith which the young man professed was the faith of his parents and not his own. When he entered college, he found that this faith was considered out of date. Those in the social circles of the college did not desire his type of Christianity, nor was any conversation on this subject agreeable to his companions. The arguments of infidels and atheists, together with the sneers and the jeers of his associates, soon robbed him of the religion which he inherited from his devoted parents. Not many months after he had matriculated, he renounced all religious faith and became indifferent to his former confession.

During the four years of his college education and another four years of medical training, he had drifted farther and farther into ways of worldliness and paths of sin. There was no restraining influence in his life, no one cared for his soul. His fellow-students had no interest in his spiritual welfare; everything about him tended to drive him farther and farther from the Lord. What a tragedy it is that those who are invited into the very heart-secrets of the family, pay so little attention to the welfare of their own souls! An atmosphere of godlessness pervades the halls of most medical institutions, and on commencement day the doctor leaves the college trained in medicine, but practically

abandoned to a life in which God and His claims are not recognized. This was the experience of the interne portrayed in this story.

One summer morning, while praying about the matters of the day, I sought the counsel of the Holy Spirit in directing my path, and asked Him to make the contacts which would bring glory to the Lord. It was necessary that I spend part of the morning in the operating room at the hospital heretofore mentioned. We made preparation for the operation in the surgeon's dressing room, scrubbing the hands, and donning the white suits which were worn on such occasions. The conversation turned to the things of God, and I had the privilege of directing the attention of both the surgeons and the internes present to the things of God and to the Cross of Calvary. It was only a short ministry, for the patients from the wards were being brought to the operating room and must be cared for immediately.

Several days elapsed, in consequence of which I had practically forgotten the incident in the dressing room. While seated in my study, the telephone rang, and a voice said: "Doctor, I would like very much to come out and have a personal interview with you."

"Who is it?" I inquired.

"It is Dr. ——," he answered. "I am one of the internes at the hospital. I was in the dressing room the other morning when you were talking about our responsibility to God, and it is concerning that matter that I wish this interview."

I assured him that he would be quite welcome and made a four o'clock appointment for the afternoon, when he would be free from his duties at the hospital.

My young doctor friend was a fine specimen of manhood. Tall, erect, and well poised, one could readily detect the

culture and the splendid training he had gained throughout the years at college. He seemed tremendously in earnest as he seated himself beside my desk.

"Do you know my father and mother?" he asked. "They are missionaries in China and their names have appeared rather frequently in the press for meritorious services."

I expressed my sorrow as I told him that I had not had the privilege of knowing his parents, nor of reading about them.

"They were very godly folks," he continued. "They taught me the Bible, prayed with me ever since I can remember, and sought to bring me up as a Christian boy, until they went to China."

As the thought of his former habits, compared with his present life, crowded his memory, emotion overwhelmed his heart for the moment and he remained silent. I refrained from interrupting as he regained his composure. Resuming his story, he said: "When the folks left for China, I entered college as they had instructed and arranged, fully intending to prepare myself for the work of a medical missionary. It was not long until I realized that I was not rooted and grounded in the truths my parents had taught me. The things I once held dear gradually slipped from my grasp, until I abandoned myself to a life of unbelief and sin. Father soon discovered from my letters that I was not going on well, and after more than a year, I finally unburdened to him the whole truth. This nearly broke the hearts of father and mother, for it never occurred to them that their boy would become an enemy of God and a lover of the ways of the world. They began at once to tell me in their letters how they were praying for me, gave me passage after passage from the Scriptures, and sought to turn me back to Christianity. This rather angered me and I deter-

mined more than ever that I would not be tied to their apron strings."

"Tell me, doctor," I asked, "what has happened in your life that brings about your present desire to know the Lord?"

"The death of my mother," he replied quickly. "I did not know that she was ill. In fact she became sick very suddenly and died before help could be obtained. It hurts my heart deeply to think that mother passed away knowing that the son of her love was a wayward wanderer, living for the devil. Father's letter told me of her prayers for me right up to the end. It is not right that I should continue as I am. I must get to God. I must get rid of these habits that are wrecking my life. I have come to you to ascertain how it may be done."

Taking my Bible from the desk I turned to Luke 19:10. "Here, Dr. ———, is a message which I believe will be a blessing to your heart."

He leaned over toward the desk and we read the verse together: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." "There is a Saviour for you. It is Jesus. He came to seek you and to save you. He alone can break the power of sin. He only can conquer Satan. He is the life-giver. It is through His blood that you may be forgiven."

"Yes, doctor, I know it," he said, "but I used to be a Christian and turned my back on it. Do you think that God would take me back again after treating Him as I have done?"

"Yes," I answered. "The father took the prodigal son when he returned. The Lord welcomed Naomi when she came back from Moab. He will welcome you and will save

you, if you, too, will turn to Him with your whole heart and will accept the Lord Jesus Christ.”

With drooped head, my friend was soon lost in meditation as he thought over the past life, the lost opportunities, the mother who had died with a broken heart, the father whose hopes and ambitions for his son had been blasted. He was considering also the price that he must pay should he make a decision for the Saviour. He would be exposed to the sneers and the jeers of those whose lives were given over to personal gain and sinful satisfaction. As he meditated, I prayed, asking the Holy Spirit to do His good work in this troubled heart. I knew that only He could reveal Christ to this man and bring peace through the saving power of Jesus Christ.

The young doctor weighed the case from every angle. He thought of what the future held. He knew that judgment and condemnation lay at the end of the road that he was traveling. Knowing, too, that he was lost and that Satan was his master, he trembled at the thought of meeting an angry God, after all the opportunities he had neglected. Suddenly he looked up, and with intense earnestness said: “If you will show me how to come to Christ, I will come right now. I am ready to pay the price. I am ready to be a Christian out-and-out. What shall I do?”

I turned to John 3:16 and read the passage aloud, and quite slowly: “‘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.’ God has given Christ to you, doctor. It is your privilege to accept that gift. Christ will save you. He will blot out your sins. He will write your name in the book of life. No one else can do it. God has given Christ to you. Will you take the gift

just now? Will you tell God that you do accept His Son?"

"Yes," he replied, "I will do so at once."

He kneeled beside the wicker chair near my desk and I knelt also with him, as he poured out his heart to God in thanksgiving and praise.

I was struck with the note of thanksgiving in his prayer, when he said: "I did not know, God, that You were so good. I did not think that You would let me come back to You after treating You as I have. I thank You for sending Jesus Christ to save me. I accept Him as Your gift to me. I believe He died for me and has blotted out my sins."

As we arose to our feet, he remarked: "I must send word at once to my father. How glad he will be to know that his prayers and mother's tears have not been unavailing! How I do wish that mother had lived to see and know that I have been saved! I wonder if God took my mother away to bring me to my senses. What a terrible price to pay! How the Lord must have loved me to follow me up as He has and to love me so freely!"

The doctor returned to the hospital, resumed his duties as an interne, and at the close of the year left the city to serve the Lord in his chosen field. The parents prayed in China; the Lord answered in Kansas City. The Holy Spirit knows neither time nor distance. He works out the will of God and reaches hearts in His own blessed way. How we should wait on Him more often to do His blessed work in the lives of those we love!

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## THE SPIRIT WORKED AT MIDNIGHT

**O**UR Lord is not limited by time nor place in His dealings with lost souls. The Scriptures record divine blessings in the bedroom and on the road, at the pool and in the temple, on a wellcurb and in a tree-top; some came by day and some by night. Time is no factor with the Lord when the fate of a soul is at stake.

There lived in a certain city a young Christian woman with an unsaved husband. This husband was not very friendly to Christian things, in fact he opposed and hindered his wife in her desire to serve the Lord and to attend the meetings of Christians. It was the old story of a divided house. The husband was not always passively opposed, but sometimes was quite hostile in his attitude toward the things that his companion loved.

The wife's mother who lived in the home with them and who was also a godly Christian, frequently joined the daughter in prayer for her companion. Often during the day they poured out their hearts to the Lord of the harvest on his behalf. They did not know how the Holy Spirit would work, but they looked to Him with expectation month after month and year after year, apparently in vain.

The Spirit does not always work as quickly as we would like, nor in the ways that we plan, for "His ways are not our ways." Our friend would return from his work day after day, unchanged and unmoved. He opposed any Christian work on the part of his wife, would not permit her to give her money nor her time to any Christian enterprise. He would not accompany her to the services. Christians were not invited to the home, nor would they be welcome if they came.

It seemed to the wife that the more she prayed the

harder he became. Nothing seemed to soften his heart nor change his attitude. He seemed to be confirmed in his worldliness and established in his animosities. Other Christians were asked to pray for him and frequently did so. He avoided meeting Christians on the street, and if any should come to the home to visit, he would conveniently absent himself, lest they should talk to him about his soul.

The friend of whom we are writing was about thirty-three years of age—a fine, tall, stalwart man. He had a good position, made fairly good wages, and took good care of his home in a financial way. In most ways he was an ideal husband. His only fault was in his attitude toward the Lord and the things of God.

One evening, some friends requested Mr. P—— to go with them for a ride out in the country, where some business was to be transacted. These men took a few drinks of liquor after they were outside the city limits, and as a result, the driver lost control of the car and they went into a ditch. Fortunately no one was injured, but through this narrow escape from death, the husband began to think of his eternal welfare. He had never before been near death. This new experience disturbed his peace of mind. The prayers of the wife and her mother were being answered in part.

When Mr. P—— returned home and told the story of the accident, there was much thanksgiving to God on the part of those who loved him, because God had preserved him from death and eternal punishment. Mrs. P—— had not thought of this peculiar way in which the Holy Spirit might work in dealing with her companion. She could readily see, however, that this sudden wreck had caused the husband to think along the very lines about which she had been praying. She had asked the Lord to make him look

at life and death more seriously, and to cause eternal things to become more real to him.

The next day, the husband returned to his work and continued for several days as though nothing had happened. Meanwhile, the two faithful ones at home continued to ask the Lord to deepen the work in his heart and to finish what He had begun. Shortly thereafter, another automobile trip was taken, this time accompanied by a gentleman and his wife. Mr. and Mrs. P—— occupied the rear seat of the car. As they were hurrying along the highway, another car suddenly turned in from a side road and a collision was inevitable. The two cars did not collide broadside, but the glancing blow was sufficient to overturn the car in which all four were riding. This trip had been preceded by a prayer for their preservation. The Holy Spirit heard the cry and graciously saved them from physical injury. Again, a prayer of thanksgiving arose to God for the wonderful way in which He had preserved them from injury and death.

Returning home, Mrs. P—— reminded the husband again of the dangers besetting his path, and the doom that would await him if he should die unsaved. He did not reply with his usual bitterness, nor his accustomed sneer at the things of God. It could be seen that he was somewhat worried, and that the two accidents had solemnized his thinking and aroused his fears. During the day, earnest prayer was made to God that no accident would fatally injure him and that Satan would not nullify the effects already produced.

Several weeks passed with no apparent change in the attitude and decision of Mr. P——. As Thanksgiving Day approached, it was planned by the family that they, together with another group, would go for a picnic out in the woods. Although there was a Bible Conference that

day which the wife and mother desired very much to attend, they thought it wise to go with the husband, hoping that in the quiet of the countryside, they might have an opportunity of winning him for Christ. The journey was made without mishap, and the day was filled with pleasantries of many kinds. They remained during the evening, for the weather was balmy and the fields were very inviting, and returned quite late at night.

As the group rode along at a rather rapid pace, suddenly there loomed up in front of the car a truck stalled on the road and without lights. The sudden danger frightened the occupants of the car and the driver attempted in vain to swerve his car sufficiently to miss the truck, but he failed. One of the front wheels struck the rear of the truck, overturning the car. One was killed and two were injured, but Mr. and Mrs. P—— with the mother escaped uninjured. This tragedy was the final blow to the indifference of our friend.

The surviving ones hastened to obtain help, and after doing all that could be done, they came directly to my home. It was past midnight, and I was just retiring after some late visits, but I hastened to the door. Mr. P—— stood there trembling and very nervous. I invited him at once to enter and be seated in my office. He recounted to me the story of his three accidents. "I want to be saved," he said. "You know how I have avoided you for years, and did not want either your presence or your message. Now I want to be saved. My wife and mother have often prayed for me, and I know you have. I have acted very foolish, but now God has been warning me and I want to become a Christian. The hour is late, but will you take time to 'sell me?'"

It was with great joy that I took the Word of God and opened it to help this seeker. We first read together I Timothy 1:15—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' We may be certain of this," I said, "that God sent Christ to save you, and that Jesus came with the express purpose of saving you. You do not need to wonder whether He will. You may *know* that He will. You do not need to question His desire, His coming proves that desire. Would you like Him to save you now?"

"That is what I came to you for tonight, doctor," he said. "I do want Jesus Christ to save me tonight if He will."

The next Scripture which we read was Isaiah 53:5—"But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." It seemed to be a new thought to this man that Christ had been punished for him. The Scripture was very plain and he seemed to grasp it readily. The Holy Spirit had already convicted him of his need, had revealed his future doom to him, and was now bringing before him the work of the Lord Jesus on the cross as a substitute for him. In the car outside, in the front of the house, the wife and mother were earnestly praying for his conversion to God through the Lord Jesus Christ.

"How do I know," said he, "that Jesus really was dying for me? I want to be sure that He was."

"Did we not just read that Christ came to save sinners? Let us read it again in Romans 5:6—'For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.'"

“That Scripture must apply to me,” he said, “for I feel so helpless and utterly hopeless. I cannot see why God should want to save me now, after these years of rebellion and my attitude of hatred toward Him. Are you sure that it refers to me?”

“Yes, I am quite sure,” I replied, “for the Lord Jesus Himself said, ‘All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out’ (John 6:37). Notice also, Mr. P——, 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 Jesus Christ is now on the throne waiting to receive him as a sinner, and ready to save his soul if he would only trust him to do it.

“I will gladly trust Him right now,” said he; and kneeling beside the desk, he committed his soul to Christ Jesus, the Lord, and received Him with his whole heart. Peace at once enveloped his soul, and tears of joy filled his eyes. He thanked the Saviour for dying for him. Mr. P—— soon made his way to the door and thence to the automobile, where the wife and mother were waiting, pleading and watching. There was a wonderful reunion out there in the darkness of the night. The light of the Lord, however, filled their hearts and they went home rejoicing. Mr. P—— is now serving the Lord among the people of God and telling the story of salvation to all that he may meet.

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## NOT QUITE TWINS

**T**HIS interesting story concerns a business man of some prominence and his wife. Mr. T—— was the secretary of a widely known company whose scope of business covered Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Iowa. Because the company with which I was associated handled merchandise which we sold Mr. T—— from time to time for his firm, we often met together in business matters. Our conversations sometimes savored of talks about the Lord. He was religiously inclined and seemed always to welcome any information about Christian things. During none of these visits, however, was there any sign of personal desire nor anything more than curiosity.

One day, as I sat at my desk in the office, my friend entered and seated himself beside me. I could see that he was not in the market for merchandise, for he had just recently purchased his requirements. "I am glad you have come in for a visit, Mr. T——," I said. "Usually, we converse about business matters, but perhaps today we may be more personal."

"Yes," he replied, "I have come in for a personal visit with you. In my various trips to your plant and in our conversations together, I have noticed that you men have a peace with God and a knowledge of God that I do not possess. It is most attractive to me and I would like very much to know what you have that I do not possess. That is really the object of my visit."

"I am sure, Mr. T——, that what we have is just what you may have. It is not a 'thing' but a 'Person.' We have received Jesus Christ and have personal fellowship with Him. It is His presence that transforms the life,

saves the soul, and makes us unlike the world. Do you have Christ, and have you ever received Him?"

Mr. T—— looked puzzled by this question, and said: "I have religion, and was raised in a great church of which denomination my father was a pastor. Father and mother often prayed that I would be a preacher or a missionary, and at one time I was selected to be a missionary to the foreign field. I was so exercised by it that I retired to my room for a thorough investigation of my own condition before God. I asked myself what I would tell the heathen when I reached their shores. I did not know God personally, and felt quite sure that I could not tell the foreigners of One whom I did not know in my own heart. The more I thought of the difficulty I would have in telling them of Christianity, the more helpless I saw myself to be. I returned my appointment with the statement that whenever I got to know God for myself, then I would be ready to speak of Him to others."

Here was an honest heart, a seeking soul. God had been working in this man's life and the Holy Spirit had been revealing to him his own insufficiency and ignorance. How blessed it is to know that the gracious Spirit of God works and deals in hearts, although this may not be known by the one in whom He is working, nor by the friends of that one!

"Have you learned yet how to be saved?" I inquired. "Do you have a clear understanding of the value of Christ and of the Cross?"

He replied, saying, "No, I do not; this whole thing is a muddle to me. Although I was raised in a minister's home, it seems that I know no more than a heathen. I want you to explain to me what this Christianity is that seems to have been such a blessing to you."

The delightful invitation was a golden opportunity which could not be unnoticed. "Mr. T——," I said, "we shall be constantly disturbed here at the desk. You can see how busy our office is, and I fear that our conversation together would not be very satisfactory. May I call at your home some evening? Would your wife mind our visit?"

"Mrs. T—— is just as much interested as myself," he said earnestly. "I have told her of the visits I have had with you and of others in your office, and she, too, has a deep desire to know the secret of your peace and joy. When can you come?"

We arranged to have a personal visit in his home on one evening later in the week. We began at once to ask the Holy Spirit to reach the hearts of these two and to reveal Christ to them. How wise we need to be in dealing with souls! The Spirit is always ready to give wisdom and words that will carry the message home to the soul. Others were asked to pray, and we looked forward with much joy to the promised meeting.

When the time arrived, I drove over to their home and found them anxiously awaiting my arrival. The children had been sent to bed, and Bibles placed on the dining table. Upon making some inquiry of their religious experiences, I soon discovered that they had been depending on good works, moral character, and religious activity for their salvation, none of which had satisfied their hearts. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. T—— felt sure that this was God's path. They had attended several kinds of churches, including some of the modern cults which are so diametrically opposed to the teachings of orthodox Christianity. Seeking peace, they found none. They had tasted of several of Satan's nostrums, only to find that there was no remedy for the

heart, no peace for the soul, and no light for the mind in those teachings.

We read together Isaiah 1:6—"From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores." Again, we read in Romans 3:10—"There is none righteous, no, not one." "This," I explained, "is God's description of you. As the Lord looks down upon you, He sees nothing attractive, but only wickedness and sinfulness. Do you believe that God's diagnosis of your case is true?"

This thought was so new to the hearts of my friends that they did not reply at once. They could hardly conceive that there was nothing whatever in their hearts and lives that God could call good. Surely they were not utterly bad.

We then turned to Mark, chapter seven, and read at verse 21—"For from within, out of the heart of man, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness: all these evil things come from within and defile the man." I called their attention to the fact that no good thing was mentioned in the list. In God's sight, everything that emanated from the heart was evil and wrong. "You see," I continued, "this is not a description of your life as we may see it; this is a description of your heart as God sees it from heaven."

Through these passages the Holy Spirit convicted Mr. and Mrs. T———of their sinfulness and their need of a Saviour. Both of them acknowledged with tears their undone condition and their need of Christ; both were ready then to plead for mercy. I decided it would be best to deal with each one alone, and therefore addressed my gospel message first to Mrs. T———. "Will you," I said, "kindly find three Scriptures that we may read together in se-

quence?" She assented and we turned together to John 3:16, followed by John 1:12, and closing with I John 5:12. She read these Scriptures slowly and audibly in the order given. "Let me explain these passages to you, Mrs. T——," I remarked. "In John 3:16, we find that God is giving to you His own Son. You need that Son to save you. None but He can save you; no one else has been appointed by the Lord to save you. God saw your need of being saved and therefore sent His own Son to you to put away your sins. In John 1:12, our second Scripture, God is giving you, too, the privilege of accepting that gift described in John 3:16. God the Father wants you to take His Son tonight."

I hesitated at this point in order that my friend might meditate on these two aspects of God's grace: the giving of Christ on His part and the taking of Christ on her part. She was reading the verses over and over again for herself, and was permitting the Holy Spirit to impress upon her heart His own blessed truths.

"What will happen if I take Christ," she said.

"That is answered in the third passage which I gave you. Let us read it together." We then read I John 5:12—"He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

"Here is your answer, Mrs. T——. Eternal life is wrapped up in Christ. If you will take Him tonight, you will have eternal life in Him."

"I see it clearly now," she said. "I do accept this Saviour; He is mine." Leaning over on the table, she said with tears, "O God, I accept Thy gift to me. I take Jesus Christ tonight. He is my Saviour."

Just here, Mr. T—— spoke quickly as he, too, was

weeping, and said: "I believe all of that, but I am not saved. Why do I not get peace as Norma did?"

I could see by his question that he was occupied with his own faith and feelings. Because of this, I turned to I Peter 3:18, that his mind might be diverted from any deeds of his own. We read in this passage, "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." We also turned immediately to I Peter 2:24, and read: "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." This revelation of the work of Christ was exactly what Mr. T—— needed. He saw immediately that the Lord Jesus Christ had done for him on the cross what he could not do for himself. For the first time he realized the value of the work of the Lord Jesus at Calvary in his room and stead. "Oh, I see clearly," he said. "Christ took my punishment and paid my debt. How wonderful it is! How clear it is! I believe it with all my heart. My sins are gone and I am saved."

Thirty minutes had elapsed between these two conversions. The wife saw the Saviour and trusted Him at 11:30 P.M. The husband saw Christ and trusted Him just as the clock was striking twelve. A different line of truth was necessary in each case. The one was not saved by the light which the other received. They were almost twins, but not quite.

Through the years the Holy Spirit had guided these two hearts. He had saved them from false doctrines, He had preserved them from being satisfied away from Christ. How we should worship and adore this wonderful One who so wisely guides in the business of the Lord!

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## THE GARAGE MAN GOT REPAIRED

**M**R. J—— owned and operated a garage—repairing automobiles, mending tires, and storing cars. His was a rough life, and he made no pretense of being a Christian. His wife was a devoted follower of the Lord, and often pleaded with God for her husband and with him for God.

At times, Mr. J—— came home from work drunk. On these occasions, he mistreated his good wife, using language most unbecoming, and acting more like a brute than a husband. This only caused more earnest prayer on the part of Mrs. J——, though sometimes her heart was sorely tempted to forsake him and find more congenial company.

An advertisement was received at this home, in which a Bible conference was announced. Beautiful pictures of the lake, the auditorium, and the parking around the lake appeared to be enticing. Mrs. J—— had heard of the speakers, and had a deep desire to hear them. She mentioned the fact to her husband several times, but received from him only sneers and jibes about her Christianity.

As the time for the conference to convene drew near, Mrs. J—— decided to go whether her husband was pleased or whether he objected. She quietly saved her money until she had a sufficient amount to pay her expenses there and back, and also to take care of her living expenses at the conference for four days.

On the morning of her departure, while at breakfast, she informed Mr. J—— of her intention. He was, of course, quite angry and said that she could go and stay, as far as he was concerned. He did not care whether she ever returned. He was tired of having her around with her psalm

singing, her preaching and her prayers. He went off to work in a huff and without even saying good-bye.

Mrs. J—— arrived at the conference grounds accompanied by her son, a fine little lad of about seven years of age. They engaged a cottage near the lake and prepared to attend all of the services. My ministry during this particular series of meetings dealt particularly with the Spirit-filled life of believers. The lessons were given during the morning hours. Of course in these messages there was some portion for the unsaved each morning, because Christians brought unsaved friends with them, hoping for their salvation.

During all this time Mrs. J—— was very much in prayer for her unsaved husband at home. She laid hold of God in definite petitions, asking that the husband be led to attend the conference on Saturday and Sunday. Saturday morning, about ten o'clock, her prayer was answered, for her husband drove into the conference grounds in his car, prepared for a good time on the lake, judging from the equipment he carried—bait-box, fishing tackle, etc.

In greeting her husband, Mrs. J—— exercised much wisdom, nothing being said about his need of the gospel, nor attendance at the services. The wife arranged one of the rooms in the cottage for his special use, placed his fishing equipment on the table, and disposed of his baggage. The morning service began at eleven o'clock, and Mrs. J—— was secretly hoping that the husband would go with her to the meeting. This prayer also was answered, for as she prepared to attend the service, he willingly offered to accompany her.

The subject of the morning message was "Christ in you, the hope of glory" (Col. 1:27). I sought to impress upon the Christians that only by the ministry of the Holy Spirit

through the Word of God could the soul grasp the beauties and the virtues of the Lord Jesus Christ. As the Spirit of God has the right of way in the life, He is able to so present Christ to the heart that the life of the believer is transformed. Throughout the service Mr. J—— was applying the message to himself. What did he know about Christ, or the Holy Spirit, or holiness in any form? His life was devoid of Christ. The Bible meant nothing to him. The Spirit was a stranger to him. He was convicted of his utter darkness and his need as a lost sinner.

During the afternoon, Mr. J—— went fishing. He sat in the boat with his line cast over the side, but cared little whether or not the fish were biting, for his soul was occupied with the message of the morning. He was beginning to realize in the depths of his heart that he was not prepared to meet God, and certainly was not prepared to live like a Christian at home. The sins of his past life flooded his mind. The enmity he had shown toward his companion flashed vividly before his vision. He felt that he was only a wicked wretch. Most of the afternoon was thus spent alone on the lake, meditating as he fished.

As the evening progressed, he returned to his cabin and informed his wife that he would like to go with her to the service that evening. She had been praying most of the afternoon, for she saw that the Word of God had taken hold of the husband's heart. She pleaded with tears, and received assurance from the Lord that her petition would be granted.

A widely-known evangelist was preaching that evening, and was exalting the Lord Jesus Christ as the Lord of the soul and the Saviour from sin. Mr. J—— felt that the message was intended solely for him. He drank in every word of it. He listened intently to see whether that Saviour

would save *him*. At the close of the service, an invitation was given, but he did not respond. It was not yet clear to his mind that the Saviour would really accept *him*, if he came; neither did he fully understand just how salvation would come about in his case.

Mr. and Mrs. J—— returned to their cottage after the service, he in deep soul trouble and she claiming God's promise for her husband. They retired for the night, but not to sleep. Mr. J—— rolled and tossed upon the bed —unhappy, afraid, and feeling the darkness into which his soul had been plunged. She continued to plead with God. She would not cease until he found peace. She prayed that the message of the evening might yet bring light to his heart. She also prayed that the call of God to his soul might be heard and answered by him.

Sunday morning had dawned and the chapel bell rang for the Sunday School. The little lad urged his father to attend the classes with him, but the father refused. He was too miserable to listen to the many things that would transpire in the Sunday School exercises. He did, however, promise Mrs. J—— that he would go with her to the morning service at eleven o'clock. At that meeting, I chose for the text: "Be filled with the Spirit" (Ephesians 5:18). I sought to explain that the blood of Jesus Christ must first put away our sins and blot them out before the Holy Spirit could enter and make the heart His throne. I stressed the point also that the Spirit does not want to be a mere guest, but the Lord of the home. He does not wish to be a helper, but rather He is to be the Master.

Although his misery increased, Mr. J—— listened attentively. More and more he saw that he was utterly lost, and never had been cleansed from his sins; nor had he ever experienced the saving power of the blood of Christ.

Never had he knelt as a penitent at the foot of the Cross for mercy. He trembled under the preaching. Perspiration covered his brow. Misery of soul was his state, and when the service closed, Mr. J——— was so weak in body that Mrs. J——— found it necessary to assist him from the tabernacle and thence to the cottage.

After greeting the friends and helping some inquiring souls at the chapel, I went over to a neighboring building, where a sick friend was in need of medical attention. While there, a knock was heard at the door. Opening it, a little lad stood there and inquired for the doctor. I immediately recognized the boy as the little son of Mr. and Mrs. J———. When he saw me, he said, "Daddy wants to see you and asked me to bring you." I promised to go with him as soon as I could conveniently close the consultation with my patient. Then taking the little fellow by the hand, he led me to the cottage where his father awaited me.

Entering the cottage, I noticed Mr. J——— weeping, as he sat on his bed. An open Bible lay beside him. He arose quickly, clasped my hand in his, and said so earnestly, "I am so glad that you have come. I was afraid I would miss you. Do sit down and tell me how to be saved. I thought that my wife was crazy about religion, but it is I who have been the fool. I am a lost sinner and terribly guilty. I do not seem able to find the Saviour. Please sit down and tell me how I may get to Him."

How quickly I accepted his invitation, and turning to Luke 15:2, I read, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." "This certainly is an assurance to you, Mr. J———, that the Lord Jesus wants to save you and will gladly welcome you, if you trust Him. Look again at this passage—I Timothy 1:15—'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' Here again you see how welcome

you would be when you present yourself to the Lord Jesus by faith for the cleansing of your sins. You may wonder how He does it. Read with me I Peter 2:24—'Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree.' It is by dying for you, Mr. J—— that the Lord Jesus puts away your sins. He paid the debt that you might go free."

The light began to dawn in the darkened heart of this seeker. Tears of contrition were streaming down his checks. His heart was soft and ready for the good seed of the Word of God. "Will you trust your soul to the Lord Jesus just now?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied earnestly. "Since He will receive sinners, I will come to Him myself. I believe He will take me, too."

"Let us kneel together," I said, "While you tell the Saviour that you do come and that you do trust Him."

We were soon on our knees together, and Mr. J—— poured out his heart of love and gratitude to Christ for His saving power and His wonderful grace in receiving him—a poor, lost sinner. It was a beautiful sight to see the seeking sinner trust the loving Saviour. Peace filled the heart of this husband, and a new joy filled the heart of the wife, who was in the other room pleading with tears for the companion of her life.

The Holy Spirit had again done His blessed work. At home and in the garage, the husband had been contemplating his life of wickedness and his bitterness toward his wife. He pretended that he wanted to come to the lake just for an outing. In reality, the Holy Spirit was leading him there to find the Saviour. God heard the believing prayer of the faithful wife, and saw the hunger in the heart of the lost sinner. This is a blessed combination. At the

conference grounds the Holy Spirit took the Word and made it effectual in the heart of this hungry seeker. Let us have confidence in the gracious Spirit of God that He will do His work, even though it be in a mysterious way.

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#### ESTHER'S EXPERIENCE IN THE BASEMENT

**E**STHER, a young woman about thirty years of age, was a school teacher who had been reared in a Christian home. Having been sprinkled as a baby and confirmed at about the age of twelve, she decided that her life should be a religious one, and that she would maintain her faith in the veracity of the Scriptures throughout her college training and the State Normal experiences. She was a very quiet girl, kept her thoughts to herself, made few friends, and to many seemed difficult to understand.

During a series of meetings which I conducted in the city where she taught, Esther became greatly interested in the matter of her personal welfare. She had experienced nearly everything that the church offered, except a genuine conversion. She realized that her entrance into the church was only a formal matter. The entire confirmation class had been taken into the fellowship of the church and she was merely one of the group. She gave assent to all the facts contained in the catechism, but had never accepted those facts for the salvation of her own soul. She knew about Christ and believed what she had learned, but she had never met Christ in a personal, soul-saving experience.

Night after night, this young lady sat near the front of the church with her Bible and listened most intently. A storm was raging in her bosom, doubts filled her mind. However, several days passed before she came to me with her difficulty, distress engulfing her heart. She was beginning to realize why her religion was such a forced thing. She had to maintain it and keep it going. The Bible to her was a dry book. It was only a text-book to be studied in order to ascertain the facts. To her Jesus Christ was only the leader of her religion. She sought to follow Him as a soldier follows his captain, but she did not have a personal interest in Him as a child does in her father.

As she witnessed one after another of her friends coming to the Lord Jesus Christ in saving faith and finding a new peace, her distress deepened, until one evening she came to me at the close of the service and told of the sorrow of her heart and the doubts which were filling her soul. Esther would not admit that what she believed was insufficient, and yet the preaching convinced her of this fact. She realized in her soul that something was lacking and always had been. Her experience in religion was similar in character to that of her school work. She studied the doctrines that were taught her by the pastor, she sought to acquaint herself with the teachings of the church, but none of these things satisfied the craving of her heart or gave her peace with God.

As I presented to Esther the work of Christ at Calvary, she would say, "But I believe all that already; I have been taught to believe that ever since I entered Sunday School as a little girl. I never have doubted that Jesus died for sinners, and I believe the Bible from cover to cover."

"I am sure that you do, Esther." I said, "and yet there

is certainly something wrong or you would not have this distress of heart."

What I said to Esther seemingly failed to meet the need, for no light entered her darkened mind, and no peace came to her troubled soul. I returned to my room after this first meeting with her to plead with the Spirit of God for wisdom in dealing with this difficult case. Esther was acquainted with the facts of the gospel, she was more or less familiar with the teachings of the Bible concerning Calvary, she understood somewhat the doctrines of salvation, and yet she was not saved. I asked the blessed Lord to give me the needed wisdom in dealing with her case. Nightly thereafter, Esther came to me for further help. Again and again I sat with her pouring over the Scriptures, passing from verse to verse, and sought to show her the need of making this Saviour her very own, but my labor seemed fruitless.

The closing night of the meeting came and I went to the church early for a season of prayer, intending to use one of the Sunday School rooms in the basement for the occasion. As I entered the church, the janitor, who stood at the door, said, "There are two young ladies waiting to see you, doctor. They are in the reception room down stairs and asked me to tell you of their desire to see you." My heart went up at once to God for wisdom, and again I asked the Holy Spirit for the words to say that would bring peace to these friends. Entering the reception room, I found Esther with another teacher who was also in soul trouble. It is always rather difficult to deal with two souls at the same time, for their minds are divergent and usually the line of ministry given to one, does not apply to the other. I felt the need of special wisdom from God in handling this difficult situation. The Holy Spirit is given

to God's children to make us wise in His work, therefore we may call upon Him when we are face to face with problems which seem too difficult to handle.

Seating ourselves around the center table, we took our Bibles and began to search for that portion of truth particularly suited to these troubled souls, in order to bring them in touch with the Lord Jesus Christ. I read with them 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."

"What is it, Esther, that keeps you and perhaps your friend from accepting the Lord Jesus? Is there something in your life that you do not wish to give up? Are you holding some doctrine that is not compatible with the gospel? What is the trouble? Do tell me."

"There is nothing at all in the way," she replied. "I do believe everything that you have said. I am not a heathen and I am not an unbeliever. I accept fully every thing you have told me about the person and work of Jesus Christ."

By this answer it was quite clear to me that her difficulty was not a lack of believing the facts, but rather a failure to appropriate the Person. She had never yet taken Jesus Christ as her *own* Lord and Saviour. "Tell me, Esther, when did you come to the Lord Jesus yourself and tell Him with your own lips that you would take Him to save your soul, and that you believe that He blotted out your sins?"

She studied this question for several minutes and then replied: "I grew into Christianity. I was always a Christian. There never was a time in my experience that I did not believe everything you have told me."

"Then you were never lost were you, Esther?"

"No, I never was," she answered.

"I am sorry to hear you say so," I said quickly, "for the Lord Jesus came only to save lost people, as He said—'The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was *lost*.' (Luke 19:10). You never will be saved, Esther, unless you see that you are lost, and you *are lost*. You are just a religious sinner who joined the church without being born again. You have admitted all of the facts and accepted all of the teachings, but you have never yet knelt as a suppliant for mercy at the feet of Jesus Christ, nor saw Him dying there at Calvary for you; neither have you accepted Him personally for yourself.

Esther's face reddened, the tears started, and her body shook with emotion. She was under great conviction. For the first time it seemed that the Holy Spirit had revealed to her the sin of professing to be a Christian without possessing Jesus Christ. Her friend trusted the Saviour at once. She saw her need and realized the sufficiency of Christ. She was saved quickly; Esther was not.

"Will you kneel with me now?" I asked her, "and tell the Lord Jesus Christ that you will turn your case over to Him, that you will commit your soul to Him, and that you will accept Him just now, the sacrifice for your sins? You must take Him, Esther, or He will not be yours. You must present yourself to Him as a guilty sinner, seeking pardon and forgiveness, otherwise you will only be an outsider, observing His power, but not receiving the blessing of it."

We knelt together. The friend who was saved was rejoicing in the Lord, but Esther, in her grief, was seeking the Lord, while I was pleading silently with the Holy Spirit to bring light into her soul. Silently we prayed for a while, and then I said: "Esther, do tell the Lord Jesus what

you will do with Him. If you do not want Him, tell Him so. If you do, then accept Him at once, cast yourself into His arms by faith; He will receive you and save you immediately."

She burst into tears and cried out, "Lord Jesus, I do accept You just now. I have known about You, but now I take You. I knew You died for sinners, but now I know You died for me. Do take me as I am and let me be altogether Your own."

A quiet "Amen" came from my lips, as I heard those blessed words of devotion to Christ Jesus. "Thank You, Lord," I said. "Thank You for bringing Esther to Yourself. Thank You for showing her the value of Thy wounds. Thank You, Holy Spirit, for revealing Christ to this heart, and leading her to the side of the Saviour." We arose from our knees with joy and peace. The last night of the meeting was gloriously crowned with the deliverance of these troubled souls.

When the evening service was dismissed, others, too, were saved, but the song of praise that came from Esther's lips seemed to transcend the others. Hers had been a wonderful deliverance.

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## LOST ON MOUNT WILSON

**E**VERY situation in life has the attention and care of the Holy Spirit. Christians in general believe that the Holy Spirit is active in the matter of dealing with souls for their salvation, and in dealing with Bible students for their illumination. It is not so generally

known, however, that the Spirit is active also in directing the steps of the children of God, and in overruling circumstances for their blessing.

One one occasion, accompanied by my friend, George, we visited the observatory on the top of Mt. Wilson. We were desirous of learning some of the mysteries of astronomy, and if possible, have the privilege of gazing through some of the large telescopes at the wonders of the heavens. We derived much enjoyment from our journey, and felt that we had received a great deal of benefit from the visit to the observatory. The night was spent on the crest of a mountain, from which lofty eminence we expected to observe the rising of the sun in the early morning hours. This we did. Beneath us lay a sea of billowy clouds which obscured the valley below. The sun appeared over the great mountain peaks to the east like a huge red ball of fire. It was a marvelous sight and well worth the long climb up the steep slopes.

Having eaten our breakfast, prepared and packed for us by our hostess the night before, we decided that it would be most interesting to investigate the back side of this great mountain, and see what we could find on the way down to the bottom of the ravine, some five or six miles away. We soon discovered a trail which was plainly marked by a rough sign-board, bearing the name, "Rattle Snake Trail." It seemed quite a well traversed track when we first left the summit of the mountain, but it soon led to a very steep and tortuous passage through the brush, and we had difficulty finding the trail as we slowly descended. After travelling for about an hour, picking our way slowly through treacherous and difficult places, we found to our dismay that we had lost the trail completely.

George had brought with him for use on our journey a

water bottle filled with water, and out of our breakfast we had saved a little food. The day was unusually hot and the sun beat down upon our heads mercilessly. The mountain side was so very steep that our feet were continually sliding down into the toes of our shoes, causing blisters which became quite raw and very sore. We wandered here and there, seeking vainly to find the path again. Our efforts proved futile, for it could not be found. There were no marks of any kind to direct us on our journey, nor were there any houses to be seen, nor any sign of human life.

As we wandered here and there seeking a way out of our predicament, we finally found ourselves on a ledge about fifty feet wide and covered with a thick growth of very tough bushes, through which it was very difficult to make our way. Suddenly, we discovered that immediately in front of us was a deep chasm, with a sheer drop to a gulch about 200 feet below. We retraced our steps and found that at the rear of this ledge was a steep cliff ascending several hundred feet above us. How we arrived in such a difficult situation we could not comprehend. Certain it was that we were there and in a predicament, from which we knew no way of escape.

In our perplexity, George and I knelt together in a small clearing and told our Lord that we were lost. We pleaded our helplessness and His supremacy. We were wholly cast upon Him for deliverance and so we committed our cause to the One whom we had learned to know and love. We knew that the Holy Spirit was ever present to guide the feet of the children of God, to direct their ways, and to keep them for Himself. We were happy to thus trust this difficult matter to the One who had delivered us so many times in our Christian experiences.

Scarcely had we ceased praying, when we heard a rustling among the bushes. Whatever was causing this commotion we could not figure out. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and we were somewhat disturbed in our minds as to just what it was that was hunting us out. As we stood gazing in the direction from which the sound came, suddenly there sprang into view through the brush the form of a man dressed in khaki and bearing badges on his breast and on his hat, indicating that he was a government guide. With what joy we greeted him, and how gladly we told him our names and described our predicament. "How did you know we were here?" I inquired. "We were just praying that the Holy Spirit would bring someone to our rescue. We had scarcely ceased praying, before we heard the sound of your approach, and we certainly rejoice that you are here. The Lord surely heard our prayer at once and answered quickly. Do tell us how it is that you found us."

There was an amused expression on the guide's face as he answered our inquiry. "My lookout hut is located across the canyon on a projecting promontory. From this vantage point I can observe with my field glasses most of the paths in these woods. When you men started down "Rattle Snake Trail" from the top of Mt. Wilson, I immediately started after you, for I knew you would never make it to the bottom. No one ever descends the entire length of that path successfully. At the top of the mountain, the trail is quite distinct, but it gradually becomes more indistinct and very few travellers who are enticed by it ever succeed in keeping on it. That is the reason I started at once to find you. I knew just about where you would be lost."

● Our hearts were filled with gratitude as we expressed to

the guide and to our God the thanksgiving of our hearts. We remembered the Scripture, "Before they call, I will answer" (Isaiah 65:24). This our Lord had done for us. He knew we would be lost, and therefore had already arranged the guide for our salvation. We told the guide of the thoughts that were going through our hearts. We sought to tell him of the Guide sent from heaven for our eternal salvation. But our message did not meet with a very happy reception, for he was not interested in spiritual matters.

"Will you show us the way out?" we asked.

"No," said the guide, "I will not, because I cannot. There are no marks to direct you, there are no signs at all, so that I cannot give you any instructions. But if you will follow me, I will *take* you out. I know these woods perfectly, but cannot tell another. You come along with me, and I will soon put you on the trail again."

Quickly our minds recalled John 14:6—"I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." Christ did not come to *show* us the way. Christ *is* the way. He will *take* us through life and bring us to God, but He will not be a "Way-shower," for we are unable to follow either instructions or directions. Again, we told the guide of the wonderful similarity between the salvation he was bringing us from the woods and the salvation the Saviour brought us from our sins.

We followed our guide closely, never losing sight of him once along the way, and enjoyed from his lips stories of his experiences in finding other travellers who were lost and helpless in the woods. So we follow Jesus Christ and receive from Him the precious stories in His Word of His wonderful dealings with others, as He led them out of

the darkness of unbelief into the narrow path that leads to life.

Soon we were at the path again and pursued our downward journey. Our throats were parched with thirst, our feet were very sore with blisters, but our hearts were rejoicing because we had been found. The guide left us to return to his lookout. How blessed it is that our heavenly Lord does not leave us! He cannot leave us safely to ourselves, for we would soon lose the way and be off the path again. He has said, "I will *never* leave thee, nor forsake thee" (Hebrews 13:5).

As we neared the bottom of the steep descent, we heard the noise of water as it rushed over the stones on its way down the valley. The noise was tantalizing but enticing. We started to run and after about two blocks we found a stream of delightful, cold water, fresh from the snows of the mountain-top. Falling down on the bank, we drank until we were fully refreshed. Again, we remembered the precious Word of God, which said: "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country" (Proverbs 25:25). We had both of these, for the good news was the coming of the guide and the cold waters we found in this delightful stream.

There in those attractive surroundings of mountains, trees and loneliness, we knelt to pour out our hearts to God in thanksgiving and praise. The Holy Spirit had watched over us with loving care. We were safe from harm and refreshed in spirit. The remainder of the homeward journey was enriched by songs of praise, and when we arrived at our destination, we were happy to recount the gracious care of our God and His love for His two children.

## SOME QUESTIONS TO ASK THE UNSAVED

1. What will the Lord Jesus do with you?
2. Is your faith worth dying for?
3. When did you receive eternal life?
4. Are you bad enough to go to hell?
5. What excuses will you make to God?
6. Have you a lawyer to defend you in eternity?
7. Have you prepared the proofs of your innocence?
8. Would God be just if He punished you?
9. How good are you in God's sight?
10. How many sins are against you to date?
11. When did you pass from death unto life?
12. When was your second birthday?
13. How long have you been saved?
14. Can you tell me how to be saved?
15. How good must one be to be saved?
16. How bad must one be to be lost?
17. Would you enjoy the holiness of heaven?
18. Have you prepared for the long journey?
19. Is God satisfied with your religion?
20. Why should God take you to heaven?
21. Have you the proofs of eternal life within?
22. How will you get rid of your sins?
23. How does God save a sinner?
24. Have you had a personal meeting with Jesus Christ?
25. Are you happy with godly Christians?
26. Do you really love the Lord Jesus Christ?

### JUST AS I AM.

**J**UST as I am, without one plea  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee;  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
spot,

O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse,  
relieve;

Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken ev'ry barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

### JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

**J**ESUS, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high!  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, O leave me not alone.  
Still support and comfort me!  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in Thee I find!  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within;  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

### BEHOLD A STRANGER.

**B**EHOLD a Stranger at the door:  
He gently knocks, has knocked  
before;  
Has waited long, is waiting still:  
You treat no other friend so ill.

Oh, lovely attitude! He stands  
With melting heart and laden hands;  
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows  
This matchless kindness to His foes.

But will He prove a friend indeed?  
He will, the very friend you need—  
The Friend of sinners; yes, 'tis He,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine,  
Turn out His enemy and thine;  
That soul-destroying monster, sin;  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

### GLORY TO HIS NAME!

**D**OWN at the cross where my Saviour  
died,  
Down where for cleansing from sin I  
cried,  
There to my heart was the blood  
applied—  
Glory to His name!

#### CHORUS:

Glory to His name,  
Glory to His name!  
There to my heart was the blood  
applied—  
Glory to His name!

I am so wondrously saved from sin,—  
Jesus so sweetly abides within.—  
There at the cross where He took me in—  
Glory to His name!

O precious fountain that saves from  
sin,  
I am so glad I have entered in;  
There Jesus saved me and keeps me  
clean—  
Glory to His name!

Come to this fountain so rich and  
sweet,  
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's  
feet,  
Plunge in today, and be made com-  
plete—  
Glory to His name!

## DEPTH OF MERCY!

**D**EPTH of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God His wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

I have long withstood His grace,  
Long provoked Him to His face;  
Would not hearken to His calls;  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

Now incline me to repent,  
Let me now my sins lament;  
Now my foul revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

\* \* \*

## I WAS A WAND'RING SHEEP.

**I** WAS a wand'ring sheep,  
I did not love the fold;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled.  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home;  
I did not love my Father's voice;  
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child,  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild;  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished and faint, and lone;  
They bound me with the bands of love;  
They saved the wand'ring one.

Jesus my Shepherd is,  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole;  
'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wand'ring sheep,  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wand'ring sheep,  
I would not be controlled;  
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold;  
I was a wayward child,  
I once preferred to roam:  
But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love His home.

## WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS!

**W**HAT a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Ev'rything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Ey'rything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer,  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

\* \* \*

## O HAPPY DAY!

**O** HAPPY day that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

### CHORUS:

Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away!  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day;  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sin away!

O happy bond that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.



## *Books by Dr. Walter L. Wilson*

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These three books relate many of Dr. Walter Wilson's personal encounters with people in great need. The doctor's fascinating accounts of actual soul-winning opportunities provide encouragement and inspire confidence for earnest Christians who want to be fishers of men. Pointing to the need for the Christian soul-winner to rely completely on the guidance of the Holy Spirit, Dr. Wilson has made a valuable contribution to the essential matter of sharing the gospel with others.

### THE ROMANCE OF A DOCTOR'S VISITS

More than thirty true experiences in the doctor's life are presented that Christians may be able to deal more efficiently with those who need Jesus Christ. A section of hints and helps for personal soul-winners is included. MCL 162

### MIRACLES IN A DOCTOR'S LIFE

"The leading of the Holy Spirit in daily life and service is one of the most precious experiences that a Christian may enjoy." This book describes more than twenty incidents where the Spirit of God definitely led the doctor to prepared souls. MCL 167

### A SURE REMEDY PRESCRIBED BY THE DOCTOR

Here are twelve sermons which Dr. Walter Wilson delivered from Bible conference platforms and church pulpits throughout the country. These messages have been used to enlighten darkened souls and unburden heavy hearts. They include striking stories of spiritual healing. MCL 173



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