

REMARKABLE

New Stories

TOLD BY THE DOCTOR

WALTER
LEWIS
WILSON
M. D.

No. 180

Remarkable New Stories

Told by the Doctor

BY

WALTER LEWIS WILSON, M. D.

*Author of The Romance of a Doctor's Visits,
Miracles in a Doctor's Life, The Doctor's
Best Love Story, A Sure Remedy, etc.*



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Foreword

IF TRUTH is stranger than fiction, as it is said, then the stories comprising this volume will be certain to hold the attention of its readers.

The author has had many rich experiences in Christian service and has been successful in dealing with the spiritual problems of his patients, as well as meeting their physical needs. "He that winneth souls is wise," not he that cures the body, for the present body is only temporary, while the soul continues forever.

All those who have read *The Romance of a Doctor's Visits* and *Miracles in a Doctor's Life* will welcome this new volume, containing twenty-four additional stories for both young and old in all walks of life. The reader is not only held by the stories themselves, but is impressed with the simplicity and satisfaction of salvation, and the folly of sin and doubt.

May the God of all grace use these new incidents to the edification of many in the heavenly way and bring others to a knowledge of the saving power of Christ.

—THE PUBLISHERS

Contents

THE ATHEIST WANTED THE MONEY	- - - -	7
"HOW DOES THE BUTTERFLY GET OUT?"	- -	11
"I AM THE PREACHER'S WIFE"	- - - - -	16
"GIVE ME THAT EXPERIENCE"	- - - - -	23
"I'LL BURN THAT BOOK"	- - - - -	29
"YOU ARE A TWO-FACED PREACHER"	- - -	33
THE LIST OF QUESTIONS DID THE WORK	- - -	39
THE SPIRIT CONVICTED THE SPIRIT MEDIUM	- -	44
"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?"	- - - -	49
SHE SOUGHT THE DOCTOR, BUT FOUND CHRIST	-	55
HE HID BEHIND A STOVE	- - - - -	60
THE INDIAN DID NOT LIKE IT	- - - - -	66
I WAS AT BOTH BIRTHS	- - - - -	71
HE WAS SINGING, BUT WAS NOT SAVED	- - -	74
"I CANNOT FEEL SALVATION"	- - - - -	78
"SHOULD I GO WITH MY HUSBAND?"	- - -	83
"AND SHE 'DONE' IT, TOO"	- - - - -	88
THE BANKER WAS A BANKRUPT	- - - -	93
"WILL YOU GET ME THROUGH?"	- - - - -	98
THE SUPERINTENDENT CHANGED HIS MIND	- -	103
THE PAINT SALESMAN AND HIS SHIP	- - - -	108
THE NURSE WAS HAPPILY DISAPPOINTED	- -	114
"I WISH I KNEW FOR SURE"	- - - - -	117
HE WAS THE BLACK SHEEP	- - - - -	121

REMARKABLE NEW STORIES

THE ATHEIST WANTED THE MONEY

THE PASTOR of a certain church had a strong desire to reach the folks in a densely populated neighborhood for Christ, so he decided to conduct a tent campaign in their midst. The only vacant lot that seemed to be suitable for such a meeting was being used by an automobile company for advertising purposes. Their cars were on display there with a salesman in charge. The pastor sought out the salesman and through him obtained the name and address of the owner of the lot. He called at the owner's office to see if it would be possible to rent it for the summer. The owner asked the pastor what he would do with the lot if he rented it. He replied that it would be used for a gospel tent campaign, in order that the friends in that part of the city might hear the gospel and become Christians. The owner, being an atheist, was hostile to the things of God. He grew very angry and said that he had no interest whatsoever in the propagation of Christianity, and that he was altogether antagonistic to such procedure.

The pastor, being a wise servant of God, changed the subject by asking whether the present occupant had a

lease on the lot, or whether he was just using it temporarily for display purposes. The owner replied that the lot was not leased and that he was receiving only a nominal rental for its temporary use. The pastor assured him that if he would rent the lot to him, he would fix it up nicely, smooth it down, remove the weeds and make it an attractive place, and in addition, pay the rental in advance. He also suggested to him that a great many people would be attending these services and therefore the value of his lot as an attractive location for business would be greatly enhanced.

Sometimes, and in fact quite often, money will change a man's mind. By this time, the owner was not quite so antagonistic and was inclined to listen more sympathetically to the pastor's plea. He invited him into his office to talk it over, and asked what kind of a proposition he wished to make him for the use of the lot. "Of course," he said, "you know I will come in for quite a bit of criticism for letting my lot out for church meetings. My friends know my attitude, and they certainly understand that I have no use for this sort of thing." After some bargaining, they agreed upon a price and the date was set on which the present occupant would vacate and the lot could be prepared for the tent.

A force of men from the church made everything ready, erected the tent, had wires for the lights put in place and the meetings began. After a few weeks, it was my privilege to be the speaker in this tent. The pastor informed me of the hostile attitude of the owner, but said that he had seen him standing out on the sidewalk

at various times listening to the music, and for a little while to the message. He suggested that we join in prayer for God to reach his heart and make him a trophy of His grace. Of course, I was glad to do this, and together we looked to the Holy Spirit to make the message effective in his soul.

One night, at the close of the service, a man came to me, shook hands, and said rather casually, "I just wanted to tell you that I appreciated your message tonight; I did not get all of it, but what I heard was excellent, entertaining and instructive; I appreciated it." Having said this, he left abruptly without speaking to anyone else. The pastor did not see him as he came to speak to me, so I made no mention of it, thinking it was only a passing greeting.

A few nights later I saw this same man in the audience, near the outer edge of the tent, and felt happy to think that he had been again attracted to the meeting. I did not know who he was or what was going on in his heart, but I just brought him before the Lord in quiet prayer and asked for a blessing on his soul. When the meeting closed, he slipped away without speaking to me. I found out later that he was the owner of the lot—the atheist.

The last night of the meetings came. The subject for the message was "God Accepts Men's Decisions." There was such a crowd in the tent and so many were standing around on the outside, that I was unable to see the atheist. I felt in my heart that he must be somewhere near by, listening, and so the pastor and I prayed again for his conversion. In the message I mentioned that if men definitely

decide to go along without God, then God will bind them to that decision. If men prefer the reasonings and arguments of human minds rather than the revelation of God's Word, then God will bind them to it. If men prefer to live in sin rather than be made righteous, then God will force them to continue in that path throughout eternity.

The Spirit of God was making the message effectual. There was liberty in speaking and the people listened most attentively. My friend was nowhere to be seen, but I hoped that he was hidden somewhere in the crowd and was listening to the message. I made an appeal for those who would like to be saved to come forward and enter a little room that had been curtained off in one corner at the front of the tent. To my joy and surprise, the first one to make his way to the platform was the atheist. He walked right up the center aisle with a boldness and firmness that indicated clearly his intention and desire. I stepped down from the platform to meet him and said, "I am delighted to see you. I do trust that you have come this evening to accept the Saviour. He will accept you when you accept Him. The moment you trust your soul to Him, you are His child and all His saving work at Calvary is placed to your credit."

He smiled at me, pressed my hand firmly and said, "I trusted Him while you were preaching. I saw how foolish I have been to set my opinion up against God's Word. I realize that my atheism has gotten me nowhere and has brought me no blessing whatever. Christ has what I want and tonight I have made Him my own. I certainly never

thought that the tent meetings would do this to me. What a blessing it was to me that the pastor came to my office and asked for the lot!”

The desire for money was used of God to bring him in touch with the gospel and with Christ.



“HOW DOES THE BUTTERFLY GET OUT?”

THE THEORY of evolution has permeated our schools and colleges to such an extent that it is time that we Christians deliver such messages as will counteract this false teaching. The opportunity of addressing the students of one of our colleges was given me, and I learned that the hypothesis of evolution had permeated this school, until there were very few evidences that any Christian faith was left.

My address concerned the origin of things. I stated that no one could produce a plausible theory for the origin of odor, color, taste, shape or power. My argument was that none of these were the product of development, but were the result of a definite decision on the part of the living God. I called the students' attention to the fact that strawberries always have the same odor, no matter where they are grown, and that their odor is never confused with the odor of any other thing in all the world. Every fruit has its own odor and so does every animal. The odor of the one is never like the odor of the other.

I reminded them that the taste of vegetables, fruits, nuts, grains, meats, etc., always remain the same in each case, and that one is never mistaken for another. I stated that only the living God could give peaches their peculiar taste and fish their peculiar flavor; that colors could not have happened by themselves; that bananas are yellow because God made them so, and plums are blue or red because God made them so. I stressed the fact that an intelligent God designed each of these by His own sovereign power and will. I mentioned that each plant and animal has its own shape. Chickens do not grow as large as ostriches, neither do bananas grow as long as broomsticks. There are no square apples and no oblong pumpkins with square edges. Everything has its own peculiar shape from God.

Again, I reminded them that the origin of power is a great mystery. Who knows how the sun was first placed in the heavens, or when the first gallon of water ran over Niagara Falls? All of this is a mystery, except as we believe the Word of God concerning creation.

While developing the subject, I made reference to the resurrection, saying, "Every corn field is a grave yard. A grain of corn is planted in the spring, and while it is dying tender shoots are formed which force their way up through the hard soil to emerge into the sunshine and to grow into a stalk. Every living plant comes out of a grave. We do not understand the power of life, nor how it is that a soft, tender leaf can force its way through the hard ground, break the topsoil, push up a heavy clod and emerge. Every spring we see it done and we rejoice

that it is so. The sun above us has the power to dispel the darkness about us, and draw latent life into the light."

At the close of my address, a young man came to me with the air of one whose intelligence had been insulted. He said, "Surely, you do not mean to tell me that you believe in the resurrection?" I replied, "Certainly, I do. A resurrection of the human body will take place in God's good time, just as there is a resurrection of seeds in their appointed time." He looked at me in astonishment, as though he thought I had very poor sense and really needed someone to look after my affairs. Then he said to me, "Do you mean to tell me that you believe that Lazarus came out of the grave when Jesus spoke to him?" "Yes," I replied, "certainly and positively; there is no question about it. Jesus had given him his life. Jesus had allowed it to be taken from him, and then Jesus could give it back to him again, and He did so." Again my young friend expressed his disdain for my foolish belief, and said, "You look intelligent. How is it that one who is intelligent would believe such foolishness?"

By this time I thought it fitting that I should check up on this wise young man and see how much he really knew, so I said to him, "I suppose you reject the record of the resurrection because you cannot understand it. Am I correct in this?" "Yes," he replied, "you are! Tell me, how did Lazarus come out of the grave?" I said to him, "Now you have changed the question. First, you inquired as to whether Lazarus did come out, and I replied that he certainly did. Now you ask me *how* he came out, and I must reply that I do not know."

The young man seemed to think that he had gained a signal victory, so I said to him, "Do you reject the truth of the resurrection simply because you cannot understand it?" He answered most emphatically, "Yes sir; I will believe nothing that I cannot understand."

I thought it was only fair that I should take him at his word and so I said, "Do you believe that butterflies come out of cocoons?" He replied that he did. I then asked, "How does the butterfly get out?" This question baffled him. The other students standing around had a hearty laugh, while he was seeking to find some answer that would reveal his marvelous knowledge and his wonderful understanding of nature.

After a few moments he replied rather officiously, "It bites its way out, of course."

"How many teeth does a butterfly have?" I asked.

He hardly knew what to say to this simple question, so he replied, "I do not know. How many teeth does it have?"

"Well, you see there is at least one thing that you do not know," was my reply. "As a matter of fact a butterfly does not have any teeth at all, not even a mouth, but only a long, slender proboscis." Again I asked him, "How does the butterfly get out?"

He replied, "I suppose it emits a sort of acid which burns a hole through the cocoon."

To the great amusement of the other students, I asked him if he did not think it would be a strange paradox if a butterfly could emit an acid strong enough to burn through the tough cocoon and yet would not burn the

butterfly. He admitted that this was true and that he must be wrong.

"That is right," I said. "So there are two things that you do not know. Tell me, how does it get out?"

By this time other students had gathered around in large numbers to see the young man who would believe nothing he could not understand. His reply to my third question was, "I suppose it must swell up and burst its way out."

Quickly I answered, "Now there are three things that you do not know, for the cocoon is waterproof, airproof, light proof and heat proof. How could it swell up when there is no air with which to expand? Did you ever try to tear a cocoon with your hands?" (I noticed that he had large, strong hands like a blacksmith's.) He replied that he had often tried to do it, but had never succeeded.

Then I said to him, "You cannot tear a cocoon with your big, strong hands, but you are so wise and well informed that you are confident that the soft, tender butterfly could tear it by swelling up with air which it does not have."

By this time the students standing around were saying various and sundry things about this young man who knew so much.

Again I asked him, "How does the butterfly get out?" He began to color and reveal his discomfort. His guessing was at an end. He had to admit that he did not know. I then asked him, "Does the butterfly come out of the cocoon?"

"Yes, certainly it does," he answered.

“So did Lazarus come out of the tomb when Jesus spoke,” I replied, “but I cannot tell you how he did it.”

This argument ended the hostile attitude of the young man. He retreated from the room defeated. I did not have the opportunity of presenting the gospel to him. However, that evening a number of those who listened to him and realized the foolishness of his argument attended the services at the church. Their curiosity had been aroused, their hostility removed, and a few of them accepted Christ as Saviour and Lord in subsequent meetings.

We do not always win those with whom we converse, but we should always explain the things of God in such a way that those who are “of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of us.”



“I AM THE PREACHER’S WIFE”

FOUR CHURCHES in a Southern city joined in union services which began on Saturday night and closed on Sunday night. I gave four addresses—one in each of the coöperating churches. The closing service was held in the largest of the four buildings. The other churches dismissed their own meetings in order that all might attend in this one great effort. The church was crowded. The Sunday-school rooms had been thrown open into the auditorium and they, too, were crowded.

In one of the most distant Sunday-school rooms, an elderly lady was sitting near the wall with a little baby boy in her lap. She did not look up very much during the service, but kept her head bowed as though she was watching her little grandson. Only once in a while did she seem to show any interest in my message. She would look up for a brief moment and then drop her head, so that I could not see her face. She wore a hat with a rather broad brim and this served as a screen over her face. It did not occur to me that she was trying to hide her face from me, or from the audience. I really thought that she was not very much interested in my message, and was somewhat bored because she had to stay there and take care of the baby.

The subject of the message that evening was "The Giver or the Gift." I sought to bring to the attention of my audience that most so-called Christians are more interested in what they can get from God than they are in receiving and knowing God for themselves. God's gifts of peace and prosperity, of comfort and quiet, of happiness and health, are far more in demand than the gift of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself to the soul and the heart. In quoting John 3:16, I mentioned that it was a Person that God gave, that it is a Person that we need, and it is a Person that we accept by faith. I read to them Romans 8:32, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" The best gifts come after we receive the Giver. God does not give His gifts of life, peace, forgiveness, and salvation until we have received

His unspeakable Gift. Eternal life is in the risen Christ and only those who receive Him receive this gift.

The lady showed some interest in a few of these thoughts. She glanced up for a moment as though she desired to listen more closely, but when I looked toward her, she lowered her head quickly. I did hope that my illustrations and explanations would arouse some interest in this one who seemed to have such an indifferent spirit. How easy it is for us to misjudge people by their actions! It is always well to understand thoroughly before arriving at any conclusion.

When the service had closed I forgot about the lady, because I thought that she would make her way out quickly, and would be happy to get away from a situation which seemed to be so unpleasant. We who stand on a platform are not surprised when we see folks hurrying out the door at the close of a meeting, because in almost every service there are those who are not interested, and who hold opinions that are quite contrary to those expressed by the speaker.

A number of people came forward to speak with me, some out of curiosity and some with a real heart-burden. When most of the friends had gone, one of the pastors, an elderly gentleman, came to me and said, "My wife would like to speak with you after the others have gone. She is the elderly lady sitting over in the Sunday-school room with her little grandson in her lap." What a surprise this was to me! I had not noticed that she remained behind, for she was hidden by the crowd as they stood. Of course, I did not know she was a pastor's wife, nor

did I have the least idea that she was interested enough to want to see me. I said to the pastor, "It will be a pleasure, indeed, to talk with her, and you may tell her that as soon as the crowd has gone I will come to where she is sitting." He went away to tell her, while I conversed with those who remained.

After they had gone, I went to this friend and sat down beside her. I noticed that her face was red with weeping, and that she was quite agitated in her spirit. In order to make her feel at ease, I said, "I noticed you during the service and thought that you were not interested. I did see you look up a number of times, but it seemed to me you had only a passing interest. I thought you were watching the child and were just waiting until you could leave the room and get away from being bored."

She replied with some hesitation, "I was trying to hide my tears, Doctor; I did not want you to know the turmoil that was going on in my heart, and I did not want the folks around me to see that I was weeping. I have been going through a terrible struggle today. Your message this morning convinced me that I should be honest, even if I am the preacher's wife."

This statement revealed to me that there was some deep trouble in this woman's life that probably no one knew about. The very fact that she was hiding her feelings so carefully showed that there was a battle which I needed to know about. I said to her, "Do tell me what this burden is. Have you lost someone by death, or is there a financial difficulty? I notice you are holding your grandson. Is

the mother not well, or is there trouble in that home? Feel free, my sister, to tell me what is on your heart. I shall treat it confidentially and will be glad to help you in every way that I can.”

She looked around the room to see that no one was near enough to hear her story, and then she began to tell me of her experience. “I am the wife of the pastor of the church where you preached this morning. You were speaking about peace. I was especially interested in what you said about having peace with God, because the sins are gone. I have never had that peace. I am sixty-two years old and will soon be at the end of my journey, and it is terrible to think, as I look back, that although I am the preacher’s wife I have never had peace with God.”

It is always well, when it is possible, to inquire into one’s history, and find out how and when the present situation began to exist; so I said to her, “Please tell me about your early life. Did you never profess to be saved? How did you happen to marry this preacher without being a Christian?”

She said, “I will be glad to tell you the story, because I want help and I want it tonight. I must not continue in this hypocrisy any longer. It is too dangerous.”

She related the following story: “I was a girl of twenty when my husband, who was then a young, unmarried preacher, came to our town to hold some meetings. I was in the church, but I realized that I did not have salvation. The young preacher was very attractive and we fell in love with each other. After a few months, during which he held services elsewhere, he returned to our

little city and asked me to marry him. I said to him, 'How could we get along together when I'm not saved? I could not help you in your ministry and I would only be a hypocrite, pretending to be a Christian.' He reasoned with me that if I would marry him I would be in and around the church constantly, would be hearing sermons, and therefore would soon become a Christian. I listened to him, because I loved him, and we were married. Of course, after we were married, I had to take the place of being a Christian and I found it easy to do. Because I was the preacher's wife, no one ever asked me if I were a Christian. I was elected to places of responsibility in the various churches where we served. I was called upon to pray and to lead the prayer meeting. Of course, I never could bring myself to the ordeal of going forward in a service and confessing my need of the Saviour, because I was the preacher's wife. Now, here I am sixty-two years old. For forty-two years I have kept up this hypocrisy, and I will do so no longer. Tell me how to be saved."

This was a rather difficult case, because this woman had listened to sermons for many years. She had heard excellent men of God. She knew the Bible story well. She knew the gospel. She knew about the person and work of Christ. What should I say to her? She saw that I was hesitating and so she remarked, "I know what is going through your mind. You are wondering what to say to one who has been so prominent in Christian work and has read the Bible so many years. I want you to deal with me as you would deal with a heathen. I don't want you to take it for granted that I know one thing about

God, the gospel, or the Bible. Start in at the beginning of the story and as you tell it, I will find where I have missed out.”

My mind was quite relieved by this suggestion, and so I began to show her why she was lost and why she needed the Saviour. I showed her the fallacy of trying to be saved by good works and the sufficiency of the saving work of Christ. I brought before her God’s gift of the Saviour and the blessed results that follow the reception of that Saviour. She listened intently and did not interrupt me at any point. Fortunately, the baby was asleep and did not disturb. The husband saw the situation and very wisely kept others from bothering us. As she nodded her head from time to time, I gathered that she understood the points I was making, and that the Holy Spirit was dispelling the doubts and removing the shadows.

Finally, we turned to John 1:12 and read, “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 asked her if she had ever done this and she replied at once, “That is where I have missed salvation! I can see clearly my trouble. I have been content to know about Christ and to be considered as a Christian, because of my good life, but I have never really taken Christ.” At this point she bowed her head again, but this time it was in the presence of her Lord. She said to Him, “Lord Jesus, I have lived too long without You. Tonight I am taking You for myself. Thank You so much for Your patience through these years. I am so glad You did not take me away in Your wrath. I trust You fully tonight.”

The blessed transaction had taken place. She rose with the baby in her arms, went over to her husband and said, “Dear, I have found Christ tonight. My forty-two years of being a hypocrite are over. Now I can be of some real help to you. Tonight I have peace in my heart for the first time in my life.”

How kind God is to bear with us through the years to show His mercy and grace, and to forgive!



“GIVE ME THAT EXPERIENCE”

THE WORDS used in the title of this story were said to me by a friend who rode twenty-four hundred miles in a bus, in order to obtain an experience such as some of the characters had experienced in *Miracles in a Doctor's Life*.

One day I received a letter from a gentleman in a far Eastern city which read in part as follows: “I have been reading your book, ‘*Miracles in a Doctor's Life*,’ and would like to have in my life the same experience that those people had. Please let me know when you will be at home and whether you will talk with me if I come to see you.” Of course, I replied at once and gave him the dates when I would be in my office. At the same time, I sought in my letter to clearly explain the gospel, and assured him that it was really not necessary for him to

make the journey, because he could accept the Saviour in his own home.

Approximately two weeks went by before I received a very short letter, saying that he would arrive Saturday afternoon at four o'clock, and would like to see me as soon as possible. He did not tell whether he would come by train or by bus, so I had no way of meeting him. About ten o'clock Saturday night my telephone rang, and a voice informed me that it was the visitor who had arrived and had taken a room in one of the downtown hotels. It was too late to arrange a meeting then and he assured me that he would rather see me the next day, because he was very tired from the twelve hundred mile journey on the bus. I gave him the address of the church where I would be preaching the next morning and asked him to meet me there.

He came early and introduced himself. I could see that life had been rather difficult for him. He had had many sorrows which had left their mark upon his body. He seemed weary with the struggle and worn with the strife. His face revealed that there was no peace in his heart, and his deep-set eyes revealed a haunting fear. He found a seat near the front of the church and listened attentively.

At the close of the service I went at once to him and asked if the message had brought him in touch with the Lord. He replied without hesitation, "No, that is what I came for. Give me the experience which those fellows had in the book."

This was a new idea to me. I had never before had

anyone insist that he must have the experience of another. I had talked with those who wanted the same kind of an experience, but never with one who insisted on it. To each of my questions and suggestions about Christ, he gave me the same answer, "I want the experience that those fellows had."

It is quite difficult to follow out a line of thought in the midst of a crowd of people who are visiting, talking and laughing. Others were waiting to speak to me and conversations were being carried on all around me. I saw that we were making no progress. I asked my friend if he would permit me to come to the hotel immediately after lunch. To this he agreed and I promised to call at two o'clock. My mind and heart were quite exercised about this case, for it is not often that anyone will travel so far in order to obtain help for his soul. This man was in such deep earnestness and had gone to such an expense that there was no doubt about the pressure on his soul in regard to his spiritual welfare. His case was difficult because he was along in years, and had a background of wrong religious training which would be hard for him to overcome. He had his heart set on receiving a certain experience which probably he would never receive. I knew it would be necessary to turn him from this path and to turn his eyes and heart to Christ.

At the appointed hour, I went to his room in the hotel and found him waiting for me. His first statement was "Remember, I want to have the experience of those men in your book; that is what I came for." I replied that we would turn to the precious Word of God and see

there what remedy the Lord might have for his heart. He had not brought a Bible, so he used the Gideon Bible that was on the hotel bureau. We turned to John 4:46 and began to read the story concerning the nobleman's son who was sick at Capernaum. As we read down through the message, I called his attention to the fact that this father had secretly in his heart a desire to have a certain experience before he would believe the word of Christ. We read in verse 48, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." Jesus said this to the sorrowing father, because he saw in that father's heart a lack of faith and a desire for signs. I could see plainly that my friend was in the same position. He, too, was more occupied with signs and experiences than he was with the Word of the Lord.

We studied this story very carefully and I particularly emphasized verse 50, where we read, "And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way." My friend did not seem to be very much interested in anything that I read to him from the Scripture. It was not the Word of God that he wanted; it was some strange experience. He had read about the experiences of others, and the peace and joy which they had received, and he had decided in his own mind that if some strange thing could happen to him, then he, too, would have peace and joy.

In order to overcome this attitude, I said to him, "Which would you rather have, the Word of the Lord from the Bible, or a strange experience and an unusual feeling in your heart?" He replied without hesitation, "I

would rather have the feeling." This honest expression of his heart made it easy for me to say to him, "If you rest on your feelings, then your peace will disappear when your feelings are gone. If you rest upon an experience, then you will have no rest when the memory of the experience grows dim. The Lord does not want you to rest on anything that is within yourself. No ship anchors to itself. It always fastens its anchor to some firm rock or pier outside of itself. Surely you can see that this is true."

He gave his assent to this, but still did not seem to want to know what God said in His Word. I knew that nothing but the Word could give him light and life, and so I asked him to kneel with me in prayer about it.

We rose from prayer and I turned again to the Word which I felt would surely bring the deliverance which his heart needed. The passage I chose was Acts 13:38, 39. I helped him to find the place and then we read the passage together: "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."

The passage did not seem clear to him, and so I tried to explain it to him. "God sent the Lord Jesus to die for us at Calvary, to bear our sins, to take our place under the judgment of God, so that now any man who will trust the Lord Jesus, believe in Him and accept Him, has both forgiveness and justification. The reason for this is that God in His great love for us planned with the full

consent of the Lord Jesus Christ that He (the Lord Jesus) would take our guilt and our place, in order that we might become righteous and live with Him.”

My friend seemed by this time to have his mind turned away from desiring the experience of those about whom he had read, and was considering carefully what he had read. I urged him to pay no attention to what had happened in the lives of others, but to come personally to the Lord Jesus and to turn his case over to this wonderful Saviour. I told him that he could hardly expect Christ to give him the heart experience that he wanted, until he had given himself to Christ. He realized that this was true and finally said, “Certainly, I can hardly expect to have the blessing that Christ gives, until I go to Christ for it. I will come to Him now the best way I can and will put my case in His hands.”

We kneeled together in the hotel room and I prayed that the Holy Spirit would reveal Christ to him. I then suggested that he tell the Lord Jesus whatever was in his heart. He did so and said in his prayer, “Jesus, I have been wanting the experience that others have had who came to you. I do not know just what kind of an experience you will give me, but I will trust you anyway, right now, and I believe you will save me and will do whatever should be done to me.” This brought peace to his heart and he rose to his feet saying, “Well, I am glad I got to Christ. Now I can go back home satisfied.”

He returned to his home on the bus—another ride of twelve hundred miles, and the Saviour accompanied him.

"I'LL BURN THAT BOOK"

IT WAS necessary for me at one time to visit a bank in a large Eastern city to see one of the vice-presidents about some of my business affairs. When I inquired for this officer, I was told that he was busy and that I would need to wait a little while until he was free. There was a settee in the outer office, so I sat down, took out my Bible and began to read.

In a few moments a young man came into the room and made inquiry about an officer whom he wished to see. He was told that the gentleman was busy, but that he could see him shortly if he would wait. The young man came over and sat down beside me. He took a book from his pocket and began to read. The book had the appearance of a novel. The paper was of the newsprint order and the cover was of rather coarse-grained fabric. I had never seen a book like this and was somewhat curious to know what it was. We were sitting rather close to each other and so I casually glanced over to see if I could discern the title. To my surprise, I saw the words "St. Mark" at the top of the page which he was reading.

The fact that he was reading the New Testament made me feel that he must be interested in spiritual truths, and perhaps would not object to having some help in understanding them. I watched for an opportunity to open the conversation. Soon another gentleman came into the office, and my friend looked away from his book and listened for a moment to the conversation the newcomer had with the guard. I took advantage of the opportunity

and said to him, "The strange appearance of your book has aroused my curiosity. May I inquire what book it is?" He replied very cheerfully, "Yes, sir, this is a wonderful book. It is a new edition of the Bible in which the repetitions are omitted. You know that the Bible is cluttered up with a lot of things that are recorded twice. In this book, those things are just recorded once. That makes the book much shorter and easier to read. It is bound in this unusual way so that it will not attract too much attention."

Although I had heard about such a Bible, I had never seen one. I asked him if I might have the pleasure of looking at it, and he handed it to me at once. I gave him my Bible with the suggestion that he might like to read it while I was examining his. The first verse I sought was Matthew 20:16, connected with Matthew 22:14. I found that the second verse had been omitted. I then looked for Matthew 23:37 connected with Luke 13:34 and found that one of these verses had been omitted. My curiosity was aroused by this and I hunted out other verses which were repeated, such as the Lord's Prayer, and discovered that these also were omitted as repetitions. The young man was quite interested in my search through his Bible and said to me, "What are you looking for?" I replied, "I am checking up on the verses that are omitted from your Bible."

We should always remember that the Lord appeals to men's minds as well as to their hearts, and always be ready to take advantage of every evidence of faith, be it ever so small. I saw that this lad had some regard for

the Bible and some interest in what it said. Otherwise, he would not have had it with him, nor would he have read it while waiting. I asked him if he would permit me to analyze some of the omissions which I had found, and to this he agreed. We read the story in Matthew 20 and noted that the statement, "Many are called but few are chosen," referred to the calling of Christians for the Lord's work in the harvest field, but that only those were chosen who agreed to accept the Master's decision concerning the wages. We then turned over to chapter 22 and noted that the call was not for laborers, but was for those who would come to the wedding feast, which is a type of salvation. Only those were chosen who agreed to wear the garment which the Master provided. The young man saw at once that these two verses applied to entirely different matters, and that the second verse was not a repetition but referred to an entirely different situation. This truth was a revelation to him. He had never noticed the application of these verses. He had read Matthew, but rather carelessly. He now saw his error.

I next called his attention to the two verses in which Christ compared Himself to a mother hen, the verses indicated above. The passage in Luke 13:34 reads, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wing, and ye would not!" The passage in Matthew 23:37 reads, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" The first statement was made by our Lord in the middle of His ministry, but the latter statement

was made at the end of His ministry, nearly two years later. We noticed that in the first passage Christ used the word "brood," which is a collective noun, and indicated that He desired to gather the whole nation of Israel to Himself and for Himself. In the second passage, we noticed that Christ changed the word and used the word "chickens," which is the plural form of an individual word, and indicated that Christ had now laid aside the thought of gathering a nation, and was occupied with gathering individual believers.

The presentation of this truth aroused great interest in the mind of my friend. It was an entirely new line of thought. It revealed to him that he had read his Bible very carelessly and had unintentionally permitted an enemy to take away from him a very valuable part of the Word of God. He said to me, "Certainly this book cannot be a blessing to men when it takes away a great deal of the meaning and keeps us from knowing what Christ really did say." I replied that he was quite correct in his conclusion. I suggested that a man, who seemed to know so little about the teachings of our Lord and who handled the Bible so carelessly, was certainly not a safe leader to follow. To this he agreed most emphatically.

Having thus obtained his confidence, I began to open the gospel story and to bring before him the saving power of the Lord Jesus, but I was unable to finish the story and win him to Christ, for just as I began to explain the work of Calvary to him the guard came to tell us both that we could see the officers for whom we were waiting.

As we parted, he said to me, "This book will go into

the furnace tonight. I thank you very much for showing me how false it is, and for showing me that I should read my Bible more carefully. I will buy a full sized Bible today." I trust that he has been saved since then.



"YOU ARE A TWO-FACED PREACHER"

A PREACHER is supposed to be honest. He is supposed to tell the same story when he is out of the pulpit as when he is in it. The following story reveals one way in which to catch a soul for Christ, even though it seems that the preacher did not tell the same story both times.

A service was held in a large fashionable church. The audience was composed largely of cultured people of the better educated class. The message for the evening was taken from Ephesians 2:8, 9. This passage is well known and has been much used of the Lord to bring the knowledge of salvation in practically every circle of humanity. I called attention to the utter inability of any person to obtain eternal life by his own good works. I explained to the audience quite clearly that no amount of service for God will make one related to God. One of the illustrations I used was that of obtaining citizenship. "Suppose a Frenchman should move to the United States and then decide that he would become a citizen of our

country by working faithfully, paying his taxes, obeying the laws and taking an interest in civic affairs. Would that make him a citizen? No! We would quickly assure him that he had the wrong idea, for no amount of service would establish his citizenship. In order to become a citizen, he must go before the proper authorities and meet the requirements for citizenship.”

There was such a deep desire in my heart to explain fully to the audience that salvation is entirely a matter of God’s gracious work in the soul, that I used another illustration to help their understanding. “If a young lady should accept a position as secretary in an office, she certainly would understand that no amount of service for her employer would establish any relationship to him. She might work faithfully and efficiently over a period of years, but she still would be just an employee. She could, however, easily and quickly become a relative. It would only be necessary for both of them to agree, and then to seek out the proper authority and have the marriage ceremony performed. Relationship never results from service.”

At the close of the service, a dignified lady of about fifty years came forward to meet me. I noticed that she was not very well pleased with the message she had heard. She was rather severe and hostile in her manner. I thought to myself, “Now I am in for it,” and I was not badly mistaken. She did not extend her hand in greeting, but said rather sharply, “I do not agree with what you said tonight in your sermon.”

This was not a new thing to me, because frequently

some in the audience have quite a different opinion from that expressed by the preacher. I said to her, diplomatically and kindly, "Tell me, please, what it was in my sermon that did not please you?"

She replied quite emphatically, "You said that we are not saved by good works, but I believe that we are. I have been taught all my life and have heard it preached that it is the good people who go to heaven. Your doctrine certainly does not make sense. Anybody knows that God rewards those who live good lives and I expect to stay by my own belief."

What a joy it is to find a person who really has some definite and honest opinions about the things of God! Even when they are wrong, it is rather easy to converse with them and quite often it is easy to win them. I looked to the Spirit for wisdom in addressing this friend, and then said, "I agree with you quite fully; I really believe that we are saved by good works." This statement shocked the lady considerably and she said, "You certainly must be a two-faced preacher. I have just listened to your sermon in which you said very plainly that we are not saved by good works. You endeavored to prove your argument from the Bible by twisting its meaning. After all of that message, how can you possibly say to me that we are saved by good works?"

Her curiosity was aroused, as I had intended by my statement that it should be. I have found that if we can get a person aroused by some unusual thought, then it is easier to help that one into the truth. This lady could not understand why I would say one thing in the pulpit

and a different thing to her personally. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God."

In order to deepen her perplexity and arouse her thoughts along unusual lines, I said to her, "Yes, I am a two-faced preacher, for I preach one thing in the pulpit and something different when I am talking personally with people. You know the Bible says that we should be 'all things to all men,' and I like to carry out that idea."

This seemed to puzzle her more than ever, and she said, "You do not look to me as if you were that kind of a man. When I listened to you preach, I thought from your earnestness that you must surely believe what you were preaching, even though I did not. Now you tell me that you believe quite the opposite from what you are preaching. I do not see how you can conscientiously do this."

I assured her that it was no difficulty at all for me, because my purpose was and is to win hearts for Christ and I would like very much to win her for the Lord Jesus. She replied, "You certainly cannot expect to convert me by any such tactics as that. I wish you would explain yourself more fully."

My mind was running quickly through the Scriptures to bring together those passages which I might use profitably in helping her. I saw that she was waiting for the answer and yet I did not want to give her the answer until she was in the attitude of mind to accept the revelation which I was about to give her. I said, "Why do you not agree with me? Do you think that I am contradicting myself? Do you not think it is possible to be saved with-

out good works and yet also to be saved by good works? Consider this yourself and tell me your own thoughts about it."

She was thinking and fortunately other friends held aloof, for they saw that we were having a very earnest conversation. After a short time, she replied, "No, it seems utterly incompatible that we can be saved by good works and yet cannot be saved by good works. Why do you put it this way? You seem to be fooling me. I do not wish to be deceived. I want you to talk to me plainly and tell me what you are trying to convey."

Of course, this was just what I wanted and just the opportunity for which I was waiting. Opening my Bible, I turned again to Ephesians 2:8, 9 and read, "Not of works . . ." I called her attention to the fact that this statement was as plain as could be and really needed no explanation. She assented to this readily. In explaining the passage further, I said to her, "The works that are being considered in this verse are *your* works, your church work, your religious activities, your good deeds. None of these will make you righteous. God will not give you salvation in exchange for anything at all that you can do. No matter how much you do, it will not put away a single sin, nor remove a particle of guilt. The works that will save you (and they are good works) are the works of the Lord Jesus which He did for you at Calvary. We are saved by *His* good works, and not by our own. We read in Romans 5:6, 'Christ died for the ungodly,' and we also read in the 8th verse, 'Christ died for us'; and again in the 9th verse, 'We shall be saved from wrath

through him.' Again we read in verse 10, 'We shall be saved by his life.' "

This was, indeed, a revelation to the heart of my friend. She seemed astonished beyond measure. It seemed a completely new thought to her that we must be saved by the person and work of the Lord Jesus, entirely apart from our own merits. She hesitated about accepting it. She wanted to see this with her own eyes. I handed her my Bible opened at Romans 5, and let her read these passages for herself. Fortunately, she had been trained through the years to believe the Scriptures. She only needed someone to point out to her what the Bible said. As she read the passages, a new light came into her face. She had a new vision of the real value of the Lord Jesus. She saw for the first time that He, by His death, paid her price, and by His resurrection was able to give her life. The transformation was wonderful. She laughed and cried at the same time. Her heart was too full for utterance. She clasped my hand in a hearty handshake of thankfulness and left the room to enjoy her new life.

I bowed my head in thanksgiving to God that again His Word had accomplished His purpose in turning another soul "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."



THE LIST OF QUESTIONS DID THE WORK

AN INVITATION was received to hold services in a little manufacturing city, where there were a great many Swedish Christians. The pastor took me to a pleasant home, where I was to be the guest. I arrived there just before supper and was served a delightful meal, after which we went to the service. My host and his wife seemed to take a deep interest in the message, but when we returned home after the service no comments were made concerning the message and no questions asked about the subject.

The next morning we had our breakfast together, and then the host hurried away to his business. His wife and the children sat at the table and we visited together about friends, the church, the meetings and other matters of general interest. I felt that perhaps the conversation should be a bit more personal, so I said to the lady, "Are you enjoying the presence of the Lord as much as you might?"

She blushed and seemed to be somewhat disconcerted. She gave a short laugh as though endeavoring to hide her real feelings, and then answered, "I hope none of the other preachers who have stayed here have told you about my case. They all make a target out of me and I suppose I deserve it. I never have known whether or not I really am a Christian. Of course, I am active in the church and give as liberally as I can to it, but I seem to be a long way from God and cannot seem to get near Him."

There was no doubt but that the Lord had sent me to

that home to help this friend. She had been distressed for years about her condition, and had never found relief. She had read her Bible a great deal, but had not found the peace that she desired. She certainly was not an avowed enemy of God. She had not accepted any false doctrine. She was orthodox and yet she did not know whether she was in the family of God, or whether her sins were forgiven. She told me that quite a few well-meaning friends and Christian workers had talked with her, but that none of them had solved her problem.

I prayed to the God of heaven for wisdom in handling this case and then dropped the conversation on this subject for the moment, in order to decide what plan to pursue. She rose from the table to clear the dishes. The children helped her and soon they were all busy in the kitchen washing them. Meanwhile, I was waiting on the Lord for light as to how I could best help this hungry heart.

Just off the dining room there was a porch enclosed with screens. It was used as a sitting room and in the center there was a table at which the children studied and on which they played their games. I went out and sat down by this table with my Bible and waited until my hostess would come out for a visit. When she came, I asked her if she would like to get her Bible and let us have a visit together over the Scriptures. She said that she would be glad to do so, because she did want to obtain all the help possible. Soon we were looking up various gospel passages which I thought would bring light and help to her. After a short time of Bible searching, I said

to her, "Do you believe that the Bible is true?" She replied at once that she did. I then asked, "Do you believe that what it says about you is true?" and to this she readily agreed. I pressed the question a little closer by saying, "Did the Lord Jesus save you when He died for you at Calvary, or did He fail to do so?" She answered without hesitation, "Of course, I know He died for sinners and He did save some people, but He certainly has not saved me." She seemed disturbed by her own answer and felt that she was quite wrong in what she said, even though she was truthful and sincere.

Her case is not an unusual one. There are many such cases scattered here and there throughout the country. There has been a failure to apply to the soul the truths which are believed and accepted. In order to help this friend to see what she was doing, I asked her if she would please obtain a lead pencil and a sheet of paper so that she might write down a number of questions which I would like to ask her. I wanted her to write them down so that she could consider each one carefully and thoroughly and then write the answers at her leisure. She went away to her desk and was gone quite a while. She was not taking care of the children, for they were with me on the porch. I wondered whether she would want to continue the conversation, or whether I had overstepped the bounds of propriety when I inquired into her personal condition. Of course, we never should intrude into the privacy of one's own heart without permission. I was somewhat apprehensive about this until she finally appeared bringing her pencil and paper.

She began the conversation by explaining that the reason for the delay was that she had taken time to decide in her own mind whether she would be honest with me in answering the questions, or whether she would attempt to mislead by a profession of faith as she had sometimes done with others. She decided that she would be honest with me because she felt that I would be honest with her. This spirit of confidence is always necessary if we are to do a thorough and satisfactory work for the Lord. If the motives are questioned or the sincerity is doubted, then suspicions will arise and probably no good results will follow.

The first question I asked her to write on the paper was this:

“Did Jesus die for me personally?”

I then continued the list with the following questions:

“Did the Saviour fail in His effort to save me?”

“Did the Saviour blot out my sins, or did He not?”

“Are my sins gone or do I still have them?”

“Do I believe God or doubt Him?”

“Is it possible that the blood of Christ is not sufficient to cleanse me?”

“Did I trust Christ and yet God did not give me eternal life?”

“Do I believe the first half of John 3:16 and not the last half?”

“Is the Bible true about everybody else except me?”

“Did the Saviour leave me out of His plan of salvation?”

“Did the Saviour put away the sins of others and neglect to make provision for me?”

“Do I want some other Saviour beside Jesus?”

“Do I want Jesus to do something more to save me?”

“What did Christ fail to do at Calvary to save me?”

“Can I believe what the Bible says without any other evidence?”

“Will I believe the Lord Jesus without any feelings?”

“Do I want to be saved some other way than by the blood?”

She wrote these questions down carefully and then she asked me what she was to do with them. I replied that I would like very much for her to leave the children with me, ignore the telephone calls and spend enough time alone in her bedroom upstairs to answer each question carefully. I suggested that it would be best for her to kneel beside the bed with her Bible and her lead pencil and write the answers on the page after carefully considering each question. She left the porch with a promise that she would do so.

I played with the children for they had their toys there, but as we played I prayed. I knew that the Holy Spirit had gone upstairs with my friend and felt confident that He would reveal the loveliness of Christ to her. I felt that she would handle the questions honestly and that she would answer them only after giving them careful consideration. She was honest and earnest in her attitude and I knew that she would not do the thing carelessly or hurriedly. Two hours went by, and they were long hours, for I had such a desire to know what was transpiring in that holy place upstairs.

When she appeared, the radiance of heaven was on

her face. She had seen the Lord and He had won her confidence, her trust and her faith. She threw the paper down on the table with an enthusiasm that had been lacking and said, "Of course, He blotted my sins out. He came to do it and He did it. How foolish I have been to question whether He succeeded or failed. He is not coming back again to die. He did it all for me while He was here. My sins are gone; there is no doubt about it. Thank you so much for showing the truth to me."



THE SPIRIT CONVICTED THE SPIRIT MEDIUM

A CLUB of spirit mediums in one of our larger cities invited me to bring them an address on the Bible in the auditorium of a large hotel. There were sixty-two present—fifty-nine women and three men. This proportion was not unusual. This has been the case through the centuries. I received this invitation because these people had been listening to some radio messages which I had given over a local station. One of these messages dealt with the condition of the dead and the attitude of the living toward the dead.

The meeting convened and the president of the club introduced me by saying, "Tonight we have with us a gentleman who probably does not believe as we do, and no doubt he has views which are decidedly in conflict with ours. We feel that our position is quite firmly es-

established, but it may be that we will be challenged by the message which he will bring us tonight. We accept the challenge. I am sure that all of us will listen with open hearts and minds, so that any new thought brought before us by the Doctor will receive our careful consideration."

The service was turned over to me, and I announced that I wished to consider with them, not the matter of death so much as the matter of life. I had decided, while planning the service, that a better effect would be produced on those present if I would avoid their usual line of thinking and bring before them a series of truths with which they were not familiar. I chose the Gospel of John and discussed the eight miracles recorded in that book. The president, Mr. W—, seemed to be such an earnest fellow that I prayed especially for him, that the Word might enlighten his mind and touch his heart. I noticed that he listened most earnestly.

I arranged the eight miracles in four pairs:—the first and the eighth, the second and the seventh, the third and the sixth, and finally, the fourth and the fifth.

This strange handling of the scripture seemed to be most interesting to Mr. W—. He had never examined these portions, nor had any of the audience. I saw at once that they were interested and were receiving the message favorably. I called their attention to the fact that in the first miracle (chapter 2) there was no wine at the wedding, and that in the eighth miracle there were no fish after the night of labor (chapter 21). Wine is a type of joy. Meat is a type of strength. I applied the

lesson very earnestly by telling them that the Lord chose the happiest scene on earth, a wedding, to show that their joy could not be complete without His presence, and the peace which He brings to the heart. Neither could labor be gratifying and successful, unless He came with His own personal blessing. I noticed that the chairman, Mr. W—, nodded his head and indicated that he saw the point and was considering it.

In the next pair of miracles, we considered the healing of the nobleman's son (chapter 4, verses 46 to 54) in connection with the raising of Lazarus (chapter 11). The son was about to die, while Lazarus was already dead. In each case, there was no hope of any human help. I stressed the fact that in the first case only Christ could *sustain* life, and in the second case, only Christ could *give* life. A number of illustrations were used to show how futile it is for any man to attempt to impart life to that which is dead, or to create life where none exists. This part of the message seemed especially forceful, and I noticed that Mr. W—, with his head bowed, was considering this matter very earnestly.

As we considered the third group, I pointed out that the man at the pool (chapter 5) was in many respects quite like the blind man (chapter 9). They were both healed on the sabbath day. They both had an experience near a pool, and they were both helpless. In the former case the impotent man was unable to *walk* with the Lord, and in the latter case the blind man was unable to *see* the Lord. Only Christ could make these men whole. Only Christ could make the one man *walk* as he should, and

cause the other man to *see* as he should. From this I stressed the fact that it is still true that no man can walk with God, nor work for God, until Christ Jesus comes into his life. No man can see his own guilt and realize his own need of the righteousness of God, until Christ gives him spiritual sight. Evidently this was an entirely new thought to the president, and his perplexity deepened as he meditated on this truth.

I next brought up for consideration the fourth and fifth miracles in John (chapter 6)—the feeding of the multitude and the storm on the sea. In each case there was a very pressing need. In each case, there was an appeal made to the Lord Jesus for help, and it was not in vain. The first group were afraid of hunger. The second group were afraid of drowning. The first group had no food. The second group had no means of rescue. In each case, the Saviour met the need quickly, quietly and easily. I pressed home the lesson to be learned from this: That only Christ can satisfy the hunger of the human soul, and only the Saviour can rescue from the storms of life.

We had now come to the close of the service. I hoped that the president would give me an opportunity to talk with him personally, but he did not. He shook my hand, thanked me cordially for the message and then disappeared. I had conversations with others who were present and whose interest had been aroused, but was unable to lead any of them to Christ. I left the service disappointed.

The next morning, to my great surprise and joy, I received a visit from Mr. W—, who was himself an active spirit medium in the city. He sat down beside my desk

and opened the conversation by saying, "Your message last evening certainly has aroused my deepest interest. I was unable to sleep during the night. Your arguments seemed quite conclusive, and my own personal experiences corroborated what you said. Do tell me something more about this matter."

It was plain to be seen that the Spirit of God had touched this man's life. The light of God's Word had shone into his dark soul. The Word of God had revealed to him his own utter insufficiency, and he was now ready for God's remedy. I said to him, "You may ask me any question that you wish concerning death, the grave, hell, heaven or eternity, and I will endeavor to answer you from the Scriptures. I believe that God has told us in His Word everything that you may want to know concerning death and the hereafter. It is really not necessary for you to attempt to talk with dead in order to obtain information, for you already have it in your Bible."

"I know it," he replied, "and that is what troubled me last night. I realize that I do not know my Bible, nor the teachings of God, and therefore am in the dark myself."

The way was now open for me to present the precious truth of the saving power of Christ Jesus. Opening my Bible to John 8:12, I read the words of Jesus, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." I also turned to John 12:46 and read, "I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness."

"You will see from this, Mr. W—, that light does not

come from the dead, but from the living Lord. The Lord Jesus knew very well that there would be darkness in human intellects, and that the fog of doubt, superstition and ignorance would cloud men’s vision. Therefore, He came Himself to bring light to human hearts. If you will trust the Lord Jesus with your soul and heart and life, He will in some mysterious way give you the light of life.”

He did not hesitate at all, but immediately replied, “I believe you are right. Certainly I have had no true light in the past, though I have sought it for years. I will trust Jesus Christ just now and will test His Word. I believe He told the truth and will give me light.”

We considered together John 3:16, with John 5:24 and John 10:10. These scriptures satisfied his heart. He left my desk saying, “Thank you, Doctor; I belong to Jesus Christ.”



“WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT!”

AN EVANGELISTIC service was being conducted in a Southwestern city. The tabernacle was well filled with plainsmen and rough westerners. At the opening of the service, a fine big chap, who looked as though he might be a prize fighter, came forward and said to me, as he offered his hand, “Doctor, I am glad to see you. I have been wanting to see you for a long time. Someone sent me one of your books a while back—*The*

Romance of a Doctor's Visits—and I read it with great interest. I read it through the first day I received it. Those stories certainly are wonderful. When I heard over the radio that you were to be here, I decided to drive over and see if I could have an experience like some of the men had in that book. I am not saved and I know it. I drove sixty miles to this service, and I do not want to return home until this thing is settled. I would have come twice as far to find out how to get rid of my sins.”

It was just about time to begin the service, so I said to him, “I am glad you have come. I am sure that the Lord has brought you. You listen closely to my message tonight and see if you do not find your answer during the sermon. I will try to make it plain and simple, and I want you to apply it to yourself as it is given. Please do not go away after the service until I see you. We will sit down together and see if we can find in the Scriptures the answer to any matter that may remain unsolved in your mind.” He agreed to this and assured me again that he had no intention of leaving until he fully understood. How blessed it would be if every person was as earnest as this friend! How profitable it would be to the soul, if each inquiring heart would take no rest until the matter was settled in God’s way!

The subject of the sermon that evening was “Not Sufficient.” This expression was taken from Isaiah 40:16. The passage reads, “And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering.” Attention was called to the fact that in this portion of the Word God is showing us how impossible it is for any man

to make an offering that is sufficient to put away a single sin.

Then I continued to explain that Lebanon is a mountain about six miles wide and fifty miles long. It was heavily timbered, especially with a thick growth of cedars—tall, straight and magnificent. There were millions of feet of lumber on this mountain. Solomon had ten thousand men, month after month, cutting down the cedars from this mountain for the Temple of God and for his own house. It was a hunter's paradise. Wild animals, large and small, in great numbers lived in this ideal forest. The chasms and cliffs, the ravines and the peaks, made a perfect home for wild animals of every kind. In the verse before us the Lord was telling the people that though they should gather all the wood from this huge forest and place it on one pile to make a tremendous bonfire, and though they should gather together all the animals and birds in these woods, place them on a bonfire and thus offer a sacrifice to God, none of this would answer to God's demands, nor pay man's debt to God nor put away one sin.

The young man listened closely and followed every word, but did not receive any light. I could see clearly that the message was not helping him. Apparently he was puzzled about what all this had to do with his need. It is often so with those who listen. A truth that is quite clear to one person may not be at all plain to another. I continued to explain the passage by saying, "Men seek to satisfy God's demands in their own way. They seek to obtain forgiveness and salvation by their own methods. Some try by giving money to God in large amounts, but

this is not sufficient. Others try by character building to satisfy God's claims, but this is not sufficient. Others try by deeds of kindness and works of charity to meet God's demands, but these are not sufficient. Nothing is sufficient, except the precious blood of Christ. Man's guilt must be put away in God's way. God has revealed His way in His Word. He has made it quite simple and plain so that none should misunderstand. He has given us His Son, who went to Calvary to pay the debt. No one can stand in the breach between a holy God and a guilty sinner, except the Lord Jesus."

The service closed. An invitation was given but my friend did not respond. I saw him sitting with his head in his hands, apparently in deep meditation. Others came up for personal help and some just for a greeting, but he remained seated until only three or four were waiting to see me. Suddenly he arose and came to me saying, "I want to talk with you after everyone else is through; I do not want to be disturbed at all while we are talking, for this thing is not clear to me and I want to ask you a lot of questions." This attitude was very pleasing to me, of course, for it is just under such circumstances and with just such a heart that the Lord is able to work. I asked him to wait for me at the rear of the room, until I could finish helping those who were still waiting, and then we would have our visit together.

After about fifteen minutes, I walked to the rear of the tabernacle where there was a large heating stove. My friend was standing beside the stove with the Christian friend who had brought him to the meeting. I approached

him and said, "Is there any particular verse in the Bible in which you are interested, or which you feel you know real well?" He replied that the only verse he knew was John 3:16; that he had read it so often and heard so many sermons on it that he knew it by heart. I asked him to repeat it to me, which he did quite easily. Then, looking him full in his face, I said to him as earnestly as I could, "Do you know to whom God gave His Son?" There was no response to this for a while. He looked off into the distance, trying to understand the question, and, of course, seeking to find an answer. I continued, "You know that every gift must be given to somebody. Gifts are not just flung out in space. Gifts are not just handed out to thin air. There are always two who are concerned in every gift, the giver and the taker. Who is the taker?" Even then the matter was not clear. My friend stood in silence, still thinking and trying to solve the question. While he was thinking, I was praying and expecting that the Holy Spirit would do what only He can do—bring light into a dark heart.

It seemed for a while that this man would not be reached for Christ. He turned away from me, and walked up and down in the aisle. He seemed to want to be alone, and we were glad to leave him alone while he meditated on the matter. The Christian gentleman who came with him joined with me in prayer that light might enter the heart of this seeking soul. We waited by the stove, a little distance from the aisle where our friend was slowly pacing back and forth. I saw the shadows on his face. I could see that his soul was in heaviness and his

mind in darkness. How true is God's description of all such: "Having the understanding darkened" (Eph. 4:18)!

After a few moments he walked briskly over to me and said, "Doctor, ask me that question again." I repeated it as he requested, and then added, "Do you think that God might have given His Son to you?" This shocked him for a moment, and then a look of amazement, followed by an outburst of joy, revealed the fact that Christ had become real to him. He quickly turned, and with his clenched fist struck his friend a sharp blow on the breast, as he cried out in joy, "He gave Him to me! What do you think of that! God gave Christ to me!"

He then hurried over to the pastor, struck him on the shoulder quite a blow, and fairly shouted, "Pastor, what do you think of that! God gave Christ to me! I never knew before that it was for me that He came. What do you think of that!"

This new-born soul was filled with joy. He could hardly contain himself. He came over to me, and half crying and half laughing said, "Is there anything in the world as simple as this? Why did I not see it before? I've read that verse over and over, but it never dawned on me that God gave Christ to me and that I could have Him for myself. It is simply wonderful! Christ is mine! What do you think of that! I can certainly go home now with the peace and joy in my heart that I've wanted for years."

He turned again to his friend who had brought him and they left with their arms around each other.

SHE SOUGHT THE DOCTOR, BUT
FOUND CHRIST

MRS. C— had been ill for some time. The doctor had placed her upon a rather strict diet in order to overcome certain digestive disturbances. On this particular occasion, she had left her home in London, England, near the business district of the city, just to take a walk in the cool of the evening, before preparing to retire early. As she passed a large music hall, she noticed on the bulletin board that a certain physician would give an address that evening and that the public was invited. This announcement attracted her attention, for she thought that the address would be concerning health matters and possibly she would be helped by the counsel which this doctor would give.

It was a bit early and she did not wish to sit in the auditorium too long, so she strolled about the neighborhood, meditating on her ills and seeking to find some relief through hopeful anticipation. She knew that something was wrong, but did not know exactly what the trouble was. There was a yearning in her heart for something she had never found. There were unsatisfied desires in her life which she could not describe and did not understand. She felt that if she could only find the right food or the right medicine, then she could live a happy, comfortable life, and be of some use to her friends. She had tried traveling, but returned home with the same unsatisfied cravings. Of course, she was wondering what this doctor would have to say and whether she would be able

to carry out his instructions. She thought of special heat treatments or perhaps the use of special lights. She rather dreaded the fact that perhaps he might suggest things that were beyond her financial ability to procure. She wondered whether he would prescribe a drastic change in her diet list. She thought of all the things she had tried and then laid aside. As she returned to the music hall, her mind was in quite a turmoil though filled with expectancy.

Friends began to gather and promptly at eight o'clock to her great astonishment a gentleman took his place at the piano and a song leader came to the platform and announced a gospel hymn. She could hardly understand why a gospel hymn would be sung at a health meeting. She did not know the hymn, for she had not attended church for many years. Most of those present knew the hymn and sang it heartily, while she sat silent and wondered. Another song was announced and sung, and then to add to her surprise a gentleman was called upon to pray for God's blessing on the meeting. By this time she was feeling quite uncomfortable. She began to wonder what strange health club this was. She felt inclined to make her way out of the room, because she did not feel at home in this atmosphere. She was afraid she was among religious fanatics who might call upon her to come up on the platform and let them demonstrate over her in some religious performance. She was frightened at the thought of it and became quite nervous.

After the gentleman in charge of the service had made a few announcements, he introduced the speaker who was a physician. Now Mrs. C— felt a bit more at ease.

She Sought the Doctor, But Found Christ 57

She decided that for a while at least she would not be called upon for any purpose, but would listen to the doctor tell about the harmful effect of starches and the good effect of carrots, etc. He would probably tell her to take sulphur baths, to drink lots of fruit juices and to take a quiet rest in the middle of the day. She was greatly surprised, however, when the doctor opened his Bible and read the text, "For he is our peace" (Ephesians 2:14). Of course, it was peace that she wanted. It was rest that she was seeking, and she had come to find tranquility of spirit. The doctor called attention to the word "He" in the text and informed the audience that this man who is the peace of the heart is the Lord Jesus Christ who is the Great Physician. In proceeding with his message, the speaker impressed upon the hearers the need of knowing this Saviour, not only by reputation but also by personal experience. He said to them, "You may know about a wonderful physician with unusual skill. You may know of patients to whom he has given unusual service. You may discover by investigation that he is at the top of his profession, unexcelled in skill and ability. Knowing all of this will be of no benefit to you, unless it leads you to bring your case to him and commit yourself to his care. It is only then that this specialist will be able to bring to you the healing of his skillful hands and the treatment he is so able to prescribe."

The argument which was thus presented appealed to our friend, for she had done that very thing. She had heard of a physician who was especially skilled in handling cases of indigestion. She had gone to see him personally

and had committed her case to him. He had told her as he diagnosed the symptoms that her case was one of nervous indigestion. He had advised her to build up her nerve supply by rest and diet, and assured her that the unhappy symptoms would disappear when her nervous system was restored to normal. She felt that his diagnosis and prognosis were correct, but the question that puzzled her was how to bring it about. She was quite discouraged with the food program, for it did not seem to be doing the work. Now she was hearing a physician tell about another Physician who would give rest to those who came to Him, and would give peace to those who trusted Him. She did not hear much more of the sermon. Her mind was so occupied with this new thought that she could not concentrate on anything else. She wondered why her own doctor had never told her about this strange new Physician who produced such a wonderful effect upon the hearts and lives of all those who came to Him. What a blessing it would be to humanity if all medical men knew the Lord Jesus, and would take their patients to Him for the remedy which the soul so sorely needs!

I was the doctor who gave this message. At the close of the service, Mrs. C— made her way forward to speak to me personally. Upon reaching my side, she said, "Doctor, I came to this service tonight expecting to hear a message that would help my body. I thought you would talk on a medical subject. Instead of that you talked about the need of the soul and the Saviour. After listening during this hour, I have come to the conclusion that you have just what I want. Do tell me how I may obtain this

rest and peace that you have been talking about. How can I obtain that knowledge of Jesus that you have described?"

There was no question about her sincerity. The Lord had revealed to her the true condition of her heart and life, and now she was ready for God's remedy. I took her to one side where we could sit apart from the crowd, and opening the Scriptures, read to her, "He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away" (Luke 1:53). I explained to her that those who are hungry for the things of God may expect to receive that which He freely gives. We then turned to John 6:35, "And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." This passage of scripture was used of the Spirit to fill her heart with hope, and she said, "Certainly that is plain enough. Christ has come to be bread to me and that is what I want. Still it is not clear to me how I may have Him, and how it is that He will satisfy my needs."

The difficulty which this lady experienced is a common one. God foresaw the weakness of our thinking and gave us the Scriptures to enlighten us. I opened my Bible again to I John 5:12, and read, "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." I then explained to her that we accept the Lord Jesus as a gift from God. Since God has given His Son to us, we by faith receive Him, turn ourselves over to Him, place our case in His care and then call Him our own. This seemed to clear the matter fully, and she said, "That seems quite plain to me now. I will take God's gift. Jesus

is the Physician I need. I know He will satisfy my heart and save my soul. I believe in Him fully. How I wish I had known about Him years ago! Thank you so much for bringing me to Him.”



HE HID BEHIND A STOVE

A MEETING was in progress in a small country church which was heated by a large stove at the back of the room near the door. The stove was usually kept fairly hot during those cold days, so that the visiting friends could not sit very near to it. One young man, however, preferred to sit directly behind the stove where he would be hidden from the preacher.

Everett, for that was his name, was about twenty-eight years of age. He was a well-built young man with a large shock of curly hair. He was a bachelor and lived alone in a cottage just outside the little town. He had a cow and some chickens, also a small garden, and by selling the products of these, he was able to keep soul and body together.

Everett was not known for his spirituality. He had the reputation around the village of being quite the opposite in character—rough, ungodly, and given to wicked practices.

The services in the little church attracted quite a bit of attention in the neighborhood, and almost the whole

village was coming. This attracted our friend, and so he decided he would see what was going on at the church. A number of his friends were coming and some had been saved. All of them had been stirred, and the meetings were the talk of the neighborhood. He therefore attended, but of course did not feel at home, and so sat in an obscure place in the back of the church behind the stove.

As I gave the message, some portions would be of unusual interest to him, and he would lean out from behind the stove to see me. I was quick to take advantage of this and would say something especially intended for him, but which was in connection with the message. He would soon draw back out of sight and remain hidden for a while. This continued throughout the meetings.

One night the subject of the message was John 5:24—“Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.” I sought to make it clear to the audience that our manner of life revealed whether we were dead in sins or whether we were alive in Christ. As I explained the symptoms of a dead sinner, Everett became quite interested. His shock of hair appeared frequently from behind the stove. He would listen a moment and then pull his head back. Again in a few moments it would appear and then disappear. I knew that something unusual was taking hold of his soul. I hoped that he would come and speak to me at the close of the service.

At no time did Everett remain behind for a personal

conversation. He would bolt out of the door as soon as the message was finished, and no one was able to stop him or converse with him. He kept out of the path of the Christians during the day and avoided contacts with those who could help him spiritually. He was naturally shy, but now he was far more so, because of his soul trouble.

The following Sunday night, when I came to the front of the church, imagine my great surprise to see Everett sitting on the front seat, holding in his lap the largest Bible I had ever seen in the hands of any person. It was a pulpit Bible, and an unusually large one. I immediately went to him and said, "Everett, I cannot understand this situation. Last Sunday you were behind the stove. Now you are on the front seat. Last Sunday you had no Bible, now you have the largest Bible I have ever seen in anyone's hands. What has happened that has caused this wonderful change?"

His face glowed with joy as he told the following story:

"Last Sunday night, I sat behind the stove, listening to your sermon about Jesus making us alive. I had never heard anything like that in my life. I knew something was wrong with me, but did not know what it was. As you described the symptoms of a dead sinner, I saw right away that you were talking about me. You said that the dead sinner did not care for God, and certainly I never have. You said that the dead sinner did not understand the Bible, and I know very well I never did. You said that the dead sinner did not care whether

others went to heaven or hell, and I never have cared a bit where anybody went. You said that anyone that was dead in their sins did not care very much whether they sinned or didn't, and I never have cared—really I loved to commit some sins. You certainly hit me right square on the head when you told those symptoms.

“When you closed the service, I beat it for home. I did not want to talk to anybody. I wanted to fight that thing out and see if I could understand it and get it straightened out. When I arrived at my little house, I lit my lantern, got out a little Testament that I had, and tried to find the place that you preached about, but I could not find that verse. I knew it was somewhere in John, and so I started reading from the first verse in John until I found it. I never went to school very much, so I cannot read very fast, and have to spell out some of the words. It was half past two in the morning before I got to John 5:24, where I found the verse I was looking for. I read the verse over and over again. I did not want to stay dead and be lost. I wanted Jesus to save me.

“After reading it several times, I got down on my knees and said, ‘Jesus, God sent You to save me, and I am going to let You do it. You said if I believed on You, I would have everlasting life, and I do believe on You, and I am taking You for my Saviour right now. I am going to be Your man and live for You, because You died for me.’

“After praying, I got a wonderful peace in my heart, and I said to myself, ‘If reading one verse will give so much peace, reading more verses will give me more peace.’

“I sat down beside the lantern and read on until I came

to the verse that says that no man does anything in secret, if he wants people to know him openly, (John 7:4). I thought surely that is right. So I took my lantern and started out to tell the folks.

“When I knocked at my neighbor’s house, he called out the window and wanted to know who was there. I told him it was me and that Jesus had just saved me, and I wanted him to know it.

“He said, ‘Oh, is that so?’

“And I went on to the next house. I knocked at the door and pretty soon Jim stuck his head out upstairs and said, ‘Who is down there?’

“And I said, ‘It is Everett. Jesus saved me a little while ago, and I want you to know about it. Goodbye.’

“I went all around the village, Dr. Wilson, and told everybody in town, because I did not want Jesus to say that He saved me in secret and I did not tell it openly.”

This wonderful story of faith and confession stirred my heart greatly. I rejoiced with him in the blessed relationship he had found with Christ. Still, however, I could not understand the secret of the big Bible, and so I asked him to tell me why he had such a big book. He told me the following story:

“You see, Doctor, all I had at home was a little Testament, and the print was not very good in it, and the only light I had was a lantern. I wanted a whole Bible, one that had the old Bible in with the new Bible, so I could read it over. I wanted print big enough so I could read faster when I did not have a very good light.

“Monday morning I went over to the book store in the

next town, and I said to the book manager, 'Mr. Mack, I want to buy a big Bible.'

"He brought me out a Bible like that one you have that you preach out of, but I said, 'No, I do not want a little Bible like that; I want a big Bible.'

"Then he brought me out a Bible that had maps in it and a lot of writings about the Bible and a thumb index for blind people to find the books, but I did not want that either, and I told him so.

"I told him that I wanted a great big Bible, the biggest Bible he had in the store, so he brought out this one, and I said, 'That is just what I want. Wrap it up for me.'

"Mack said, 'It will cost you \$12.50.'

"I said, 'That is all right. I never did buy a Bible, so I never spent any money on a Bible, and I might as well spend a whole lot now.'

"He wrapped it up, and I paid him for it, and started out of the door. Then he called me and said, 'Everett, I cannot understand what you want with a Bible. Everybody around here knows that you have not been a church member. You have always run with a tough bunch, and you have kind of a bad reputation around here. How does it come that you want a Bible and such a big one?'

"I was glad to tell Mack how that Jesus had saved me, and now I was a Christian. I knew Christians ought to read their Bibles and not be ashamed of it.

"I said to him, 'Mack, you are right. Everybody knows that I have been a tough fellow and never cared anything for the Bible, but now you see I belong to Jesus, and I want to carry a Bible everywhere I go. Now if I only

had my little Bible, the New Testament that I have at home, I might be walking along the street with it, and I would see some of the old gang coming up the street, and the devil would say, "Everett, here comes the gang. Better put that Bible in your pocket." Mr. Mack, I want a Bible I cannot get in my pocket. That is the reason I got this great big one. The devil is not going to get me to hide a Bible in my pocket after Jesus died for me and saved me.'

"And that is the reason, Dr. Wilson, I have this big Bible. I want everybody to know that Everett has been converted and loves the Bible, and wants everybody else to know and love it."

What a rebuke this new convert is to many of you who know and love the Lord. May this incident lead each one to honor the Scriptures more, to confess Christ better, and to be an out-and-out testimony for the Saviour of men.



THE INDIAN DID NOT LIKE IT

THE COMMUNION Table had been spread in a little country school house where a revival had brought many souls into the kingdom of God. There were two rooms in this school house, and the Lord's Table was set in one of the rooms. There were between forty and fifty souls who had confessed their faith in the Lord Jesus, and some of these were to partake of the bread and wine for the first time in their lives.

Among those who came this Sunday morning were

quite a number of unsaved people who attended partly because they thought they, too, could partake of the emblems, and partly out of curiosity. Others wanted to hear the message that would be given and to learn more about what the Christians were doing. Altogether this made quite a crowd of folks, far too many for comfort and convenience in the one room where the table was set.

In the audience was a very large man who was part Indian. He had attended nearly all the services that had been held during this special series, but had not accepted the Saviour. He seemed to be a bit dull in comprehending the truths that were preached. He was not at all antagonistic, nor did he bring up any arguments about his condition. He just quietly looked on, listened, and left the house each night, unsaved. His squaw-wife had trusted Christ and was rejoicing in the Lord. She, too, had come this morning with him. He was such a large man that he occupied quite a little space, and he had taken his place close to the communion table.

It seemed to me that it was hardly right that this one, who was a stranger to Christ, should be occupying room which was needed by Christians, true believers, who were unable to get into the room because of the presence of the unsaved ones. After meditation and prayer for a few moments, I announced to the audience that we felt under the circumstances that those who were unsaved, and therefore could not partake of the Lord's Supper, should give their places to believers who did want to partake, but could not enter the room for the crowd. I kindly asked those who knew they could not remember

the Lord at His Table to please leave that room and find seats in the back room, so that the Christians in the back room could come in where the Lord's Table was placed and enjoy the communion service.

A number did so, among whom was our friend, the Indian; but did not leave happily. I could see that his face was clouded, and he was disturbed and distressed by the move. He rather hesitated, hoping that after the Christians came in from the back room, and after others had left the front room to go into the back room, that there might be a place where he could stay and watch the service close at hand. He found no such place, however, and left the room.

It was a bit disturbing to see that he was not happy in what he was asked to do, and so I stepped over to the door to see where he had gone. To my surprise I found that he had obtained a chair and had seated himself just at the door, as close as he could get without actually coming into the front room. He was seated where he could watch as the bread was broken and the wine was given. Apparently he did not want to miss a word of the service.

Several times as the meeting progressed, I observed a sad, serious look on his face. He seemed to be somewhat apprehensive and fearful. It seemed that he was going through a terrible struggle in his soul. Apparently, there were tears in his eyes, and it was plain to be seen that there was turmoil in his heart.

Immediately at the close of the service I hurried to him, took him by the hand, and said, "Oscar, I hope that

some day you will have a right to sit at that table, because of your faith in Christ Jesus.” He was trembling as I took his hand. He was quite agitated and distressed. After I had spoken these words, he said, “This has been a terrible hour for me. When you asked me to leave the room, I felt like God Himself was casting me out of His presence. I knew I had no right to be there, and yet I did not want to be shut out. I said to myself, ‘Oscar, if these folks will not let you take the bread and wine, what will God do to you in shutting you out of heaven?’ I tell you this has been a terrible ordeal for me. I do not want to have Him shut the door in my face when I die.”

This confession of his need brought joy to my heart. We sat down together and taking the Scripture, I called attention to the fact that the Lord Jesus is the Bread of Life. No amount of believing that the bread is good will make it a blessing to our bodies. We must take that loaf. We must appropriate that bread. We must eat it and put it into our bodies, so that it may become a part of our bodies. And so it is with the wine. We are blessed by it only as we partake of it. The precious blood of the Saviour will blot the sins out, but only as we trust Him to do it.

As I sought to explain to him the need of making the Lord Jesus His own personal Lord and Saviour, the agitation ceased, the trembling stopped, and a deep thoughtfulness came over him. He rose to leave, but I caught hold of his hand and asked him not to leave until he and the Lord Jesus had met together. I told him again

that the bread and wine on the Table were an open testimony of a hidden experience, that he could hardly take the bread if he had not taken Christ, that he would hardly expect to take the wine if he had not trusted in the blood. I then urged him to tell the Saviour with his own lips that he would accept Him, receive Him, believe in Him and trust Him fully.

Oscar was ready for this message and this appeal. He bowed his head before the Lord, and said to Him, "Lord Jesus, I do take you. I do not want you to shut me out like these folks shut me out this morning. I want to belong to you, and I give myself to you just now. I believe you died for me and I believe you will save me, if I trust you, and I do trust you now."

Oscar looked up from his prayer with peace in his countenance and rest in his heart. He had found the Saviour, and the Saviour had accepted him. Not long afterwards, he and his wife were baptized and he lived a consistent, godly life for the short span he had to live.

Some months after he met the Saviour, he was missed from his work at the plant where he was employed. A search was made for him, and he was found dead in the yard of the factory. He had gone out with a wheelbarrow to the dump, and had died there. The home call was sudden, but he had gone to meet the Saviour whom he trusted.

Would it not be well for each of you who read this story to ask your heart whether Christ will shut you out because you have never taken Him in?

I WAS AT BOTH BIRTHS

MANY YEARS ago in a little Missouri town, I had the privilege of bringing a baby boy into a modest home. It was their first little lad and, of course, the parents were quite proud of him and had great hopes for him.

As the lad grew, he developed a wandering spirit. School had no charm for him, but the lure of the world was very strong. Having finished grade school, he took his high school work but did so under protest. He wanted to see what was beyond the shores of America. He wanted to visit in other lands. He wanted the experience of sailing the sea, of climbing mountains and of hearing foreign languages. This call grew stronger and stronger in his soul until one day he left home for parts unknown.

He was an aggressive lad and found it quite easy to make his way here and there, by working at almost anything that was offered and seizing every opportunity for travel. He was quite resourceful, made friends quickly and enjoyed life. However, such wanderings do not bring permanent peace to the heart, and so even in his case the drifting about from place to place became monotonous and wearisome. He finally decided that he would join the navy, learn a trade, and prepare a way wherein he might amount to something in the world. He had a fine physique, was alert and attentive, and was soon accepted and stationed on one of our great battleships.

It happened that on this battleship, as is the case on a

number of our men-of-war, there was a group of Christian men, true believers, who held services from time to time on the vessel as they were permitted by the officer in charge. These are active men. They carry their Bibles. They meet for prayer. They hold Bible classes and seek in every way to win the hearts of their fellow sailors. Our friend did not belong to any of these groups, for he was not a Christian. He did have an honest heart, so made no pretense of being one. On a certain night, he happened to be thrown in company with one of these Christian lads, for they were assigned to the same duties during the night. The saved boy said to his pal, "Bill, I have a splendid book full of short stories that I believe you would enjoy reading. These are all true stories, and they are so interesting that I doubt if you will lay the book down before you have read it through. Will you read it if I lend it to you?"

Bill replied at once that he would, and that he would return it after finishing it. There were times during the night when he could read without breaking any of the rules of the ship, and so he was soon perusing the pages of *The Romances of a Doctor's Visits*. It happened as his buddy had said; . . . he could hardly lay it down. After he had read about half of it, the Spirit of God revealed the Lord Jesus to his soul, and there on the deck of the battleship he trusted Jesus Christ and accepted Him to be the Lord of his life and the Saviour of his soul. He finished reading the book during the night, and toward morning returned it to his Christian companion. His face was aglow with joy. He was filled with the peace of

God. He handed it to his friend and said, "Thank you so much, Hal, for lending me that book. I found Jesus Christ while I read it. He has saved me, and I am one of His children. You can expect to see me with the rest of you Christians. I have wasted too much of my life already. Now I hope to make up for it. You tell all the gang that they have a new brother. Bill has trusted Jesus Christ."

The time was so divided on the ship that Bill could not get off to attend the services which I was holding in the harbor city. He asked Hal, however, to give me the following message: "Tell the doctor that I owe him two debts of gratitude. The first, because he brought me into the world the first time, and the second, because he brought me to Jesus Christ through his messages, and I have been born into the kingdom of God. I am so glad that he was at both births. Take to him my deep appreciation and gratitude."

How thankful it made me feel to know that the wee baby, who brought such high hopes to his parents when he was born the first time, was about to bring them the greatest joy that Christian parents can have—the joy of knowing that their child has become a child of God by the new birth!



HE WAS SINGING, BUT WAS NOT SAVED

THE STORY which I am about to relate is most thrilling and enlightening. It shows how possible it is for one to go a very long way in the service of the King without being related to the King.

When Huber was about twenty years of age, he attended a Gospel Tent meeting just out of curiosity. He was blessed with a very rich, sweet voice which attracted much attention from those in the service and also from the evangelist. He came night after night. Soon he felt at home among the Christians and gradually began sitting closer to the platform. The evangelist was so attracted by his singing that he asked him one night to sing a solo out of the hymn book, and this the young man was glad to do.

The campaign closed but Huber was not saved. He was interested, but did not make his way to the Saviour. The evangelist suggested that he go with him to the city where the next campaign was to begin. The young man replied that it seemed hardly right for him to participate in a public service when he was not a Christian. The evangelist replied that he knew the young man was not saved, but he felt that if he would go with him, hear the sermons, enter into the ministry of song, and become a part of his evangelistic party, the Lord would reveal Himself to him and he would find salvation. This reasoning appealed to Huber and so he began a ministry which continued through many years.

Having once taken his place as a song leader, he began

to develop that talent, and began also to express thoughts concerning the verses of the hymns. In this way he became more and more linked with the preaching as well as the singing. Of course, now that he was such a leader, he could not bring himself ever to kneel at the altar in confession of his own need. He smothered his feelings, quieted his conscience, and neglected opportunities when he might have accepted the Saviour.

Huber was quite talented in music and soon began to compose hymns and write music for poems. He taught these hymns from place to place, and they soon became popular with the public. When he had composed a sufficient number, he arranged with a publisher to purchase the copyrights from him and to print them in hymn books having a wide circulation. Soon thousands were singing the hymns written by this unsaved friend, who really had no song in his own heart.

One day, after many years had gone by, Huber was called upon to hold a tent service in a large city. He had been preaching and singing for a number of years, and no one knew but what he had experienced a meeting with the Saviour. It happened that in this tent service the pastor, under whose auspices the campaign was held, sensed the fact that the speaker's message was theologically sound, but seemed to lack warmth, life and power. He did not know what was wrong, but he felt something very vital was lacking in the life and experience of this singing evangelist. He therefore obtained a small book, entitled *The Romance of a Doctor's Visits*, in which there is the story of a pastor, who had been preaching

many years before he found the Saviour under the ministry of a visiting evangelist. He did not tell Huber why he was giving him the book, but only said that he had been blessed in the reading of it, and thought perhaps the same blessing would be enjoyed by him, too.

As Huber read the story, he realized that the years had gone by and he had never accepted Christ. The Spirit of God convicted him of his deep need. His soul was greatly distressed. At the close of the service, he returned to his home determined to preach no more until his own heart had bowed at Calvary and received the Saviour. It was then that he discovered with much surprise and sorrow that although he knew the gospel story quite well, he could not find the Lord. He prayed and cried and read his Bible, but to no avail.

One evening it was suggested to him, no doubt by the Holy Spirit, that he should write to the evangelist who had been used of God in winning the preacher in the story which he had read. He did so at once. His letter was full of heart cry and most pathetic in its appeal. Upon the receipt of it, the evangelist went at once to the Lord for wisdom in knowing how to handle such a difficult case. He called his secretary and dictated the reply.

He gave this friend, whom he had never seen, three scriptures. The first was John 3:16, the second, John 1:12, and the third I John 5:12. He urged the singer to shut himself up alone in his room with only his Bible and the Spirit of God. He asked him to kneel there with the letter open before him and to turn to these

three scriptures. He explained that in the first one, God was giving to him personally the Lord Jesus to save his soul. In the second scripture, God was urging him to accept the gift so graciously given. In the third scripture, the Lord was assuring him that upon receiving the gift of the Lord Jesus he would at once have eternal life.

The singer did as he was advised. He knelt alone with the Lord in his study, read the three scriptures carefully, and then followed the counsel of the evangelist. He accepted the Lord Jesus as God's Gift to him. He believed in that Name of Saviour, because he knew that Christ alone could and would save. He lifted his heart in thanksgiving to God for the gift of eternal life in Christ Jesus.

The letter that he wrote shortly afterward to his unseen evangelist friend was wonderful. His heart was overflowing with joy. His rest was complete. His song was sacred with the fragrance of heaven. At last he had found that blessed One about whom he had preached and about whom he had sung through the years.

Beloved friend, if you are in a church and have a religious life, do let me urge you to be sure that you are not just going through the form, but that you really have a meeting with the Saviour.



"I CANNOT FEEL SALVATION"

AN AFTERNOON Bible class in a little mission hall was attended by eighteen women and one man on a cold, wintry day. The ice and the snow had kept away most of the friends who generally came, but these nineteen felt their need of spiritual help so deeply that they would not permit anything to keep them from attending.

The chairs were arranged in three rows, with six chairs in a row, and the woman concerning whom this story is written was seated in the front row. She showed plainly the depression of her spirit and the discouragement of her heart.

At the beginning of the service, I requested the friends to present any questions that might be troubling them concerning spiritual matters. Very quickly and without hesitation, this lady lifted her head, looked from under the broad brim of her hat, and said, with great emotion, "I want to know how to be saved. I cannot *feel* salvation."

This was quite refreshing to me, for it is not often that troubled souls are found, and less often that they will speak out in the meeting and acknowledge their heart hunger. Usually, the questions that are presented in such a service are questions which when answered satisfy only the curiosity of the one who asks them. Questions about obscure passages of scripture are frequently asked. Questions also are asked concerning different interpretations of prophecy. This friend was interested in none of these. She desired help for her own heart and relief for her own mind.

In answer to her inquiry, I began to explain the gospel. I sought to show how the Lord Jesus is the Saviour and does all the saving. I read John 3:16 slowly, and called her attention to the fact that since God had given the Lord Jesus to do the saving she had the privilege of trusting Him for this salvation, and of accepting His saving grace and power. I read to her Acts 13:38 and 39, and explained how by this passage we are assured that the believer in Christ Jesus is at once justified or cleansed from all guilt. Then we turned to Colossians 2:14, and read how God the Father in heaven blots out the sins and the guilt of the sinner who trusts in the Saviour, because of His sacrificed death on Calvary and His intercession as our great High Priest at the right hand of God.

None of these messages seemed to help her heart. Her face was still clouded. Her countenance was sad and her deep sighs revealed the despair in her soul. The meeting closed with this woman still in the dark.

After the service, we were invited to have supper with our hostess at the mission. She very wisely seated this troubled lady at my side, where we might converse further. During the meal, I sought to bring the gospel truth before her by various illustrations. I said, "Have you noticed how God reveals His gospel message to us on the dinner table? This beef which is before us died for us. We partake of that which died for us and receive life from it. We eat these peas which are dead, and also these beans. The wheat in these rolls is dead, and so is the corn in this dish; but as we partake of these things which have given their life for us, our life is maintained.

“In some such way, the Saviour is presented to us. He died for us and by faith we reach out for Him, and partake of Him, and He saves the soul and gives us eternal life. Of course, He is not dead now. He is on the throne—the wonderful, living Lord. It is because He is the risen Christ that He can give us everlasting life, when we receive Him and rely on His precious blood for the forgiveness of sin.”

But none of these illustrations gave any help. She still complained that she could not *feel* salvation.

Supper being over, we walked a few blocks to the city auditorium where the evening service was to be held. My friend took a seat near the front of the room where she could hear every word and would not be disturbed by late comers, crying babies or lovers passing notes. The message that evening was taken from II Corinthians 11:3, “The Simplicity That Is in Christ.” I sought by many illustrations to reveal the beautiful way in which God has made the way of salvation easy for every person. I quoted Psalm 34:8, “O taste and see that the LORD is good.” I said, “I cannot explain to you the taste of an orange or the taste of beef, but you would know all about the *taste* of each within a moment after I gave you some to eat. I cannot explain God to you or Jesus Christ His Son, but if you will only trust Him, take Him for yourself, you, too, will realize what a wonderful Saviour is Christ Jesus our Lord.”

I then read Acts 17:27, where Paul urged the men of Athens to “seek the Lord, if haply they might *feel* after him and find him.” I then said to them, “If you were

blind, lame and very sick, you could tell an object that was brought to you by the feel of it. You could tell whether it was an apple, a banana or a watch. We learn many things by feeling them with our hands. So God invites us to reach out the hand of faith and find how wonderfully near He is, and how blessedly He receives, loves and saves that one who trust in Him.

All this time I was watching this woman's face, to see the Holy Spirit bring light to her heart, but none came. She remained quite depressed, but watched me earnestly and expectantly, hoping to receive some light that would dispel the darkness and disperse the doubts.

My next illustration was Isaiah 45:22, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." In explaining this, I said, "The sick person looks to the doctor for relief. The mother, trapped in the burning building with her baby, looks to the fireman with his ladder for rescue. The lost man in the forest looks to the guide for a safe deliverance. So you, my friend, helpless in your weakness and inability, must look unto Jesus—the Lord Jesus on the throne of glory. He saves that one who looks unto Him for salvation." This illustration gave no light or help to the troubled soul.

Again, I took the passage in Romans 10:9, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus (or Jesus as Lord), and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." I continued my explanation by saying, "We confess that which we believe. If you believe that God raised the

body of Christ from the grave and that therefore He is able and willing to save you, a guilty, lost, helpless sinner, then you should at once receive and confess Him as your own personal Saviour, and rely upon God's sure promise that He saves you now, just as you are. He died for the ungodly. He died for you. Are you ready, my friends, to receive the One who died for you and rose again, and confess with your mouth that Jesus is your Lord, your Saviour? Do it now, and then you can believe this sure promise of God, who cannot lie, that you are saved. Until you do this, God cannot do more for you!" Still this explanation brought no help to the anxious woman.

At the close of the message, I quoted that beautiful and well-known passage, John 14:6, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." I explained this passage by using the following story:

"When my friend, Ray, was a little boy of about twelve, a neighbor took him on a fishing trip and offered to teach him to swim. Ray went into the water and was taught to make the strokes properly, to kick with his feet as he should, and to commit himself to the water, as he learned to swim. After some little time of coaching, the gentleman swam across the stream and asked Ray to swim over. Ray said, 'I am afraid, for I cannot swim.' But the friend replied that he would never learn to swim sitting on the bank. He urged him to jump in and try it. Ray jumped in, but was so frightened that he lost his presence of mind and sank in the stream. When he recovered consciousness, his friend was rolling him over

and over to get the water out of his lungs and save his life.

"In commenting on this, Ray said to me, 'Doctor, how glad I am that my friend did not sit on the bank and tell me how to do it. It was not a teacher I needed. It was a saviour. I would have drowned if he had not jumped in, got beneath me and saved me. That is what the Saviour did for me.'"

As I finished this story, my friend was deeply moved with a happy surprise and the joy of the Lord filled her face. The story had illustrated to her that Jesus is not a way-shower or a teacher, but a real Saviour. She trusted Christ immediately. At the close of the service, with a radiant face and a buoyant spirit, she came to tell me that she had seen in Christ Jesus her own Saviour and Redeemer, who had finished the work, paid the debt and blotted out her sins. What a joyful deliverance this was! God grant it may be so with all who read this story.



"SHOULD I GO WITH MY HUSBAND?"

AS I SAT in my study one day, a knock at the door aroused me from my meditations, and I hurried to answer the call. A lady was there who seemed to be under great distress of heart and mind. She asked if she might talk with me about a very important matter. I invited her in and urged her to feel quite at home and at ease, as she told me all the sorrow of her heart.

She began her story by asking, "Should I go with my

husband to picture shows and to taverns? He says that I should. He says that my religion is breaking up our home, because I will not go where he loves to go, and therefore I force him to find other companions. Now, Doctor, I do not want to break up my home, for my husband is a good husband in most all of our relationships, and until I was saved recently and gave my whole heart and life to the Lord, we went everywhere together. Of course, I do not want to go with the crowds that we once ran with. I want to be among the Christians and hear the teaching of the Word of God.”

This was not a new story to me. I had heard it from perplexed husbands who had been saved by grace and delivered from “this present evil world,” but who had unsaved wives. I had heard from wives a story quite similar to this one. I had heard it from children regarding their parents who were opposed to Christian things, and I had heard it from parents whose children wanted them to go where Christians do not go. It was the old problem of the believer wanting to go on the narrow path to glory, and the unbeliever wanting to travel the broad, downward path to his doom.

My reply was in the form of a question or a series of questions which would reveal her attitude. The first question was this: “Do you love your husband and do you want to win him for Christ?” She replied without hesitation, “Indeed, I do. That is my whole desire. I do so much want to see him saved, but he seems determined to stay away from everything that is Christian.”

I then asked, “Will he think more of your Christianity

or less, if you do not go with him into the places where he knows Christians should not be?" She gave a wise answer to this and said, "I believe he would think more of my Christianity, but would think less of me. He wants me as his companion everywhere he goes, and has told me plainly that if he cannot have me along, he will find someone else that will go with him. Only this morning he said that he did not intend to let my religious foolishness wreck his life and spoil his pleasure."

The problem presented by this woman caused deep exercise of heart, and I quietly prayed that the Spirit would give wisdom and judgment in answering. Then I said to her, "Let me make a suggestion that you try for a few days, and then give me a report before I leave the city. I would like so much to know how your actions will affect him. In the first place, I want you to be the most wonderful wife in the home that he could ever want. Fix up the table beautifully. Use some of the fancy dishes that you have on the plate rail. Sing his favorite songs as you play the piano. Have his fresh, clean clothes arranged nicely as an ensemble, with the brown Sox and the brown tie, the brown cuff links with the brown suit, etc. Let him see that you are interested in making him as attractive as possible and as happy as you can. Greet him with exceptional devotion when he comes home in the evening. Make his morning hour very happy and interesting before he goes to work. Keep yourself dressed up as if you were going to a wedding, even though it may soil some of your nicer clothes. Let him see that you want to be an attractive queen to him."

I suggested also that she pursue a somewhat different attitude toward him in regard to his evenings. I said, "After supper, you say to him kindly, 'Lover, I know you wish to go down town with those who do not know my Lord but it would make me quite miserable if I should associate with them again, and so, I desire to go down to the church and mingle with those who know and love the Lord as I do. We shall only be separated from each other for a little while, and I'll hurry back when the church service is over, and you can hurry home, and then we will have a happy, sweet time together the rest of the evening. I know you do not want to go among the Lord's people and I certainly do not want to ask you to do it. I do not want to be among Satan's people, and I know you will not ask me to do that either. Let each one of us go among those we love for a brief time, and then we will be back together again.'"

She seemed surprised at this procedure, but said that she would try it and see what effect it would have upon his behavior. As she left my office, I made this further suggestion that she should not ask him to become a Christian, but rather say to him, "I do not want to bother you in any way. I know you do not want to be a Christian, and I certainly shall not force it on you, nor even talk about it. You want to follow your wishes, and so while I seek to walk with God myself, I shall not try to bring God into your life in any way. I want to add to your happiness and not to your sorrow." She gave her assent and left. Husbands are generally won to Christ by the gentleness and submissiveness of their wives.

Toward the end of my series of meetings, this lady came again to see me. She said that the effect had been wonderful on her husband. It had not won him for Christ, but it had caused him to change his attitude toward her. The last suggestion had been unusually profitable. He had agreed that it would be all right for her to go to church while he was down town. Her wonderful kindness to him and the lovely things she was doing for him each day made him feel, as he said, "This Christianity certainly has made a wonderful woman out of you, and no one could treat me better than you do. I am sure I shall not be hunting for anyone else, because no one could be better to me than you are." Of course, my friend was quite grieved that her husband was still unsaved and would not come to any of the meetings, but she decided to continue the experiment for a while longer.

About three weeks after this, I received a letter from this fine Christian woman saying that her prayers had been answered. The husband's opposition had been broken down, and one Sunday night of his own volition, he said, "If you do not mind, I will go with you to the service tonight. I want to see what it is you are hearing that has made you such a wonderful woman to me in spite of my opposition." He received a gracious welcome in the church. The pastor spoke wisely to him and all of this touched his heart, for his own conscience condemned him because of his opposition. A few days later the pastor came to the house and this husband was led to trust in the Lord Jesus. What a time of rejoicing was in that home! The faithfulness of the wife and her

devotion to the husband and to the Lord had accomplished the desired results.

Let me urge all others who may be in a divided home to take this path. God will honor it and the heart will melt under it.



“AND SHE ‘DONE’ IT, TOO”

BETTY AND JERRY, each six years old, sat on the front seat at a church service, listening earnestly to my message. They were playmates who lived next door to each other and were constantly together. They attended the same public school and the same Sunday school.

The parents of these lovely children came to the special services at the church and brought the children with them. After the first night, the parents decided to bring notebooks and pencils, in order to take notes on the sermon. This rather intrigued the children, and they decided to do likewise. It was interesting to watch them trying to write something on their tablets, but finding it difficult to spell the words and record what they had heard. They frequently put their pencils in their mouths, as children do. When I told an interesting story, in order to illustrate a point, they would forget to write, and would listen most intently to learn what happened to the lion, the fish or the bird.

At the close of my message, they would come to me

with pencils and tablets in their hands, and ask questions concerning some point which they had missed in the message. Usually it was some point about a story, rather than the teaching. I could see, however, that they were quite interested in what was being said, and so I tried to make at least part of the message simple enough for them to understand. It was delightful to watch their faces, as one point after another was made clear to their little minds. I was drawn to them, because of their faithful attendance and their earnest attention. I felt that the Lord would reach these two little ones, that their lives would become His property, and that He would train them to be His servants.

Because of the presence of these little hearts and because quite a few other children were coming to the services, I changed my line of ministry to make it more simple than I had planned. It is so essential that we furnish the table of the Lord with food for every kind of person who may be present in the audience. It is my conviction that children go home from Sunday school, instead of remaining for the preaching service, because the pastor fails to make his sermon interesting and simple enough to hold the attention of the young minds. We certainly should do so, for how can we expect our boys and girls to receive enough Bible teaching in thirty minutes to last them for seven days?

The messages which I gave were simple gospel sermons, freely intermixed with interesting stories from nature, which were intended to carry home the point of the passage. I sought to illustrate almost every statement with

some interesting incident. God has written two books for us to study and to use in winning hearts. One of these is the outdoor book of nature; the other is the indoor book, the Bible. There are many mysteries in both and some things hard to understand, but there are many things in both which we cannot misunderstand. It is these that we may use in winning hearts to our Lord. These illustrations gripped the hearts of our two little friends.

On the Friday night following the opening of this series of special services, the little children seemed to be unusually earnest in their attention. They did not attempt to take many notes, but they frequently spoke to each other about something I had said, and compared notes as though they were trying to figure out the exact meaning of some statement. During this particular message, I told the story of old Leo, the lion, who saved his trainer from death under the paws of a tiger. It was to illustrate the fact that the Lord Jesus is the Lion of the tribe of Judah, and that He protects and preserves all the children who belong to Him and have been saved by His grace.

This was the story: "The animal trainer in the circus was presenting his great wild-animal act. The lions had come in first, as they always do because of their nature, and were made to sit upon the pedestals arranged around the top of the cage. The reason for this is that lions will not jump down on other animals, but the other beasts will jump down on a lion. For this reason, they are always at the top in a mixed wild-animal act. The other animals were brought in and were made to sit on their pedestals around the arena.

"As the act began, the trainer, with a chair in his left hand and a whip in his right hand, commanded a huge tiger to step down from his pedestal and roll over on the ground. The tiger did so, but as he rolled over he stuck one hind foot into the ground and lunged forward a little way. Again the trainer cracked the whip and commanded the tiger to roll over. Again the animal fastened its foot into the sod and forced himself toward the trainer. A third time the trainer repeated his command, but this time the tiger gave a spring toward the trainer, knocking the chair from his hands, throwing him violently to the ground, and fastened his teeth into his arm. The assistants outside the cage came running quickly to rescue the trainer, but as they did so, Leo, the massive lion on the highest pedestal, broke the rule of his nature, sprang right on the back of the tiger, fastened his jaws upon the tiger's neck, and thus saved the trainer's life.

"The helpers with their prods and pistols soon separated the fighting animals and rushed them back to their cages, while the circus physician hurried to the trainer's side to bind up the wounds."

This story illustrated how the Lord Jesus, seeing Satan's hatred and his power against sinners, "came to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19:10). I told how the Lord Jesus, the strong man, overcomes Satan who holds his subjects prisoners and would like to destroy them (Matt. 12:29). An explanation was given of the beautiful passage in John 6:37, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will

in no wise cast out.” Looking at my two little friends, I said, “The Father would like to give you to His Son tonight, and if you or anyone in this audience will come to the Saviour, and will trust Him with your soul and your sins, the Lord Jesus will accept and save you and any other at once.” A further appeal was made. Some trusted Christ, but the little ones did not come forward. They were looking down at their laps, and then at each other, and then up at me. They did this several times. I prayed for God’s blessing upon all present at the close of the service, and dismissed the audience.

Before I could leave the platform, the little boy came running up to the pulpit, and said, with such a happy face and radiant spirit, “I trusted Jesus tonight, and (with a jerk of his thumb) she ‘done’ it, too.” He had hardly finished speaking, when little Betty came running to me also, and said, “I took Jesus tonight, and he ‘done’ it, too.” I cannot describe to you the beautiful expressions that were seen on the faces of those two lovely little believers, who had placed their trust and confidence in that One who loves to save children.

Some months afterward, I was preaching in a city about sixty miles distant from the one in which this incident occurred. When I entered the church for the first service, about two-thirty in the afternoon, whom did I see on the front seat with lead pencils and notebooks, but Betty and Jerry! Their parents were in the second row. I hurried to them with happy greetings, and said to the parents, “Do you think that these children were really saved the night they confessed Christ?”

The answer was most interesting. One of the mothers said, "These children love their Bibles more than anything they possess. They come home from school and sit on the porch together, talking to each other about the verses they have read in the morning with us in the family worship. I hear them explaining the verses to each other in their simple childish way. They carry their Bibles to Sunday school, and come home to tell us about the lesson, and also what the sermon was about, for they stay for the church service. Yes, they really are saved children."

God grant that we may win more of these children for Christ.



THE BANKER WAS A BANKRUPT

IN AN afternoon meeting, held in a little mission hall, there were eighteen ladies present and one gentleman. It was just a little Bible class held on a cold, wintry, blustry day for the few faithfuls who could be depended upon to attend, even though the weather conditions were not altogether propitious.

The gentleman, a banker, appeared to be about seventy years of age. At his side sat a charming young lady who seemed particularly attentive to all of his needs. I supposed she was his daughter, but learned afterward that she was his wife. She appeared more youthful than she really was, for she was a Christian girl and the Lord had enabled her to lay every burden at His feet, and this per-

mitted the bloom to remain on her cheeks. Our Lord Jesus' is a great Burden-bearer, and those who lean on Him retain their fresh, sweet youthful appearance.

The lesson given to this little group was not all a connected message, but consisted of a number of practical teachings which were intended to help the varied type of people in the audience. At one point in the service, I said, "Does anyone in the class wish to ask a question? I would like to help you along the lines that your hearts require and desire. Do tell me what you really would like to know, and I will answer you to the best of my ability."

At once a lady seated in the front row said, "I would like to know how to be saved and to *feel* that I am saved." (The story of this lady's conversion is told elsewhere in this book.) It was, no doubt, her question that aroused the banker to a point of decision.

He was a prominent man in this little city, was well-known for his kindness, his philanthropy and his care for the needy. He was, however, not a "church man" and paid little attention to religious matters.

At the close of the class, he took me to one side and said, "I wish you would come over to my house and have a talk with me about these things. I am not clear at all on the way of salvation. I feel a great restlessness in my heart and soul, as well as a darkness which I would like so much to have relieved." He gave me his address and I assured him that I would come the next afternoon at three o'clock. As I was leaving, his wife stopped a moment to thank me for the promise to come, and said

that she would be praying that the Lord would graciously reveal Himself to her husband and give him the peace that his heart desired.

At the appointed hour I was at the door of his beautiful home, and was ushered into the parlor where the rich furnishings, the beautiful colorings and the interesting display of bric-a-brac told of his wealth and his position. He soon entered the room, greeted me cordially and asked me to sit with him in his private study.

Very quickly he opened up his heart and told me his life story. He revealed the fact that, when his first companion was taken in death, his heart was stirred to seek the Lord. Those to whom he went in his distress did not seem to have a message for his heart. Somehow or other they missed telling him the story of the Saviour at Calvary and the Lord on the throne. They did not tell him about the precious blood. He was urged to join the church, take up some religious work, and to become a Christian. He had no heart for that sort of thing, and feeling that there was nothing else for him but that path, he turned away from it to follow his usual path of living for the world and giving to the poor.

He told me of sleepless nights and of the gradual decline in his body. Various ailments hindered his usefulness and prevented the successful carrying out of the programs which he had in mind to execute. His was a story of disappointment, sorrow and unhappy apprehension.

I asked him whether he had ever known the value of the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ, but he

replied that he had not thought much about such matters. I spoke to him of the fact that he was familiar with experts in many lines, and went to them for help in the particular field which they represented. I reminded him that he would take his watch to a watchmaker; he would go with his ulcerated tooth to the dentist; he would take his damaged auto to a mechanic and that he could have the privilege of taking his weary soul to the Saviour. This seemed to be an entirely new thought to him. In all his seventy years, he had never realized the fact that the Lord Jesus could or would do anything for him. He had thought of religious exercises. He had looked at the ordinances and the ritual of various churches, none of which attracted him. He had thought of a Christian life of activity in the church and felt that he was utterly unfit for it. It had never occurred to him that the Lord Jesus would save him, change him, give him new life and make him a new creature for eternity.

Upon seeing that this was his need, I turned at once to those scriptures which reveal the work of Christ *for* and *in* the soul. We read together, "The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins" (Mark 2:10). I urged him to come to the Lord Jesus for that forgiveness, since the scripture plainly indicated that he might have it for the asking. We read also in I Peter 3:18, "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just [Christ Himself] for the unjust [that means you], that he might bring us to God." Since Christ came to do this and finished the work, I urged my friend to trust the Saviour to save him, and rest happily and peacefully in this won-

derful Lord. We read in Acts 13:38, 39, "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." This scripture helped him very much to see that the work of the Lord Jesus is so full and complete and sufficient for the sinner that every sin stain is removed and the Christian is fully saved and justified.

We spent one hour and fifteen minutes going over these and other passages, seeking to find God's plan for the soul, and to know the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ more fully. The light was dawning in his soul. Some glimmer of truth was being imparted to his heart. The Holy Spirit had already convicted him of his need and now was revealing to him the only One who could meet that need.

Having explained these scriptures, I said to him, "Mr. C—, Christ Jesus wants you just as you are. You have tried everything else to no avail, but now if you will trust the Saviour and make Him your own, He will give you the peace that you want; He will blot out all your sins; He will make you His very own."

This happy event took place. He turned his heart to the Lord of glory, Christ Jesus, and trusted Him with his soul. His heart found peace at once. The battle was over. The calm quiet of faith began to reign in his heart. He found the rest that the Saviour promised in Matthew 11:28, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"WILL YOU GET ME THROUGH?"

AN AGED lady, who had seen many hard years of difficult living, and who was dressed very poorly, approached me at the close of a noonday downtown service and said, "Mister, will you get me *through*?"

This was a very strange question and puzzled me for a moment, until I remembered that in some religious circles the expressions "*praying through*" and "*getting through*" are often used. I replied to this friend saying, "Do you mean that you would like to get to God and have Him save you?"

"Yes," she replied, "I would, but I cannot get *through*."

Again I asked, "Would you like to get through to the Lord Jesus, and have Him put away your sins for you, so that you will be a saved woman?"

"Yes," she said, "I want to get *through*; I want to get to Jesus, but I cannot. Nobody seems to want me to get through. I have asked people to get me through, but none of them would. Last night I went to a church where there was a big meeting going on and after preaching the preacher said if anybody wanted to *get through* to come up to the altar. There were some who went up and so I went up, too, and we all knelt at the altar to try to get through. Some of the Christians knelt down beside different ones that were at the altar and helped them to get through, but nobody came to help me get through. Whenever any of them got through, they got up and cried and sang and clapped their hands and went away with their friends, but nobody came to help me *through*,

and after I had stayed a long time on my knees trying to get through, then a man came and told me I would have to go home, because they wanted to lock the church, and so I went home without getting through. I do wish you would get me *through*, Mister, because I don't want to be left outside for the devil.”

This aged friend was not very intelligent in her plea, but she certainly was earnest in her desire. Though her language was not very orthodox, her longing to be saved was certainly from her heart. She did want to find the Lord and to know that she was in His fold.

I kindly asked her to be seated with me. Taking my Bible, I opened to Isaiah 44:22 and read the passage to her, “I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions.” I then asked the question, “Would you like for God or for the Lord Jesus to do something for you to save you?”

“Yes, I would,” she said; “I have asked God many times to forgive me and to get me *through*, but He won't do it. I have asked Him so many times to make me a Christian, but I cannot get His answer. He just does not seem to hear me.”

I said to her, “Probably the reason that He did not answer you was because He does not intend to do anything more to save you, *for He has already done it*. Everything necessary to put away your sins and bring you *through* was done back there at Calvary. Now the Lord Jesus is on the throne as the risen, living Saviour, and he is asking you to believe in what He has done for you on the Cross, and to thank Him that it is already

finished. Do you not remember that Jesus said on the Cross, 'It is finished'? There is nothing more for Him to do for you, my friend. The Saviour invites you to come to Him and thank Him that He has already paid the debt, blotted out your sins and made it possible for you to come to God by Him."

She looked around at me in great astonishment, and said, "Do you mean that God will not do anything to save me because He has already done it? Do you mean to tell me that Jesus blotted out my sins before I asked Him? No one ever told me that before. I never did hear about that. Read that verse to me again."

It was plain to be seen that the precious Word was bringing light into her heart, and that she was beginning to comprehend the precious truth of the gospel. I read again to her the same passage, Isaiah 44:22, and then turned to Colossians 2:14 and read: "Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross." This scripture brought new light to this woman's heart and again she turned to me, saying, "Why did not somebody tell me this long ago? I thought God had to do something to get me through. But this verse sounds like He has already done it. But still I am not through, Mister. I can see what Jesus did for me, and I can see what it says about God putting my sins on Jesus, but still I am not through. Do tell me how I can get *through*."

This heart cry told me plainly that she was not far from the door, not far from Christ. She was very atten-

tive as I related the following story—one that I have often used to help those who want to *get through*:

“Last year my wife and I were standing before the huge iron gates in front of Buckingham Palace. We were admiring the wonderful structures, the uniformed soldiers and the beautiful flower gardens. I was reminded of a story concerning those gates. It is said that a little boy about twelve years of age came to those gates one morning and said to one of the soldiers, ‘Please, sir, I would like to go in and see my King. I never have seen my King, and I do want to see him so much.’ The soldier roughly and gruffly ordered him away, saying, ‘Do you think this is a museum? We do not let boys and girls run around through the palace. The King does not want us to let everybody in that wants to see him. Get away from here before I arrest you!’

“The little boy remonstrated with the soldier, saying, ‘I walked ten miles this morning to see my King. Please let me *through*. Mother said I could come and I started early this morning. Please do not make me go back without seeing my King. All the boys will laugh at me, and so will mother, because they told me that I would not get to see him, but I told them that I was sure the King would let me come in. Please let me go in, soldier.’

“Again the guard answered, roughly, ‘Get away from here before I arrest you! This is no place for kids to be running around. Get out of here!’

“The little lad retired to the other side of the parkway and there on the walk that surrounds the Queen Victoria Monument he stood crying because of his disap-

pointment. About this time, the little Prince of Wales, who was twelve years old, came out of the palace into the garden and went as far as the gate to converse with the soldiers. As he was talking with them, he saw the lad across the way, weeping. He said to the soldier, 'What is the matter with that boy over there?' The soldier told him the story of their conversation. The Prince said, 'Do you mean to tell me that this boy walked ten miles to see my father and you would not let him through. I should think you would let him through when he wanted so much to see my father. I'll take him *through*.'

"The Prince then ran across the street, and said to the lad, 'Did you want to go through to see the King?'

"The boy replied between sobs, 'Yes! I asked the soldier to let me go through, but he would not.'

"The Prince then took him by the hand, saying, 'The King is my father; I am the Prince; come on with me.'

"They went across the parkway to the gates. The soldier saluted and let them go right through the gate into the palace. Up the stairs they went and into the King's study. The King was sitting at his table, poring over some of the great documents of the kingdom. Of course he stopped when the two boys came in, and listened most graciously to the little Prince, as he said, 'Father, this little boy walked ten miles to see you, but the soldier told him he could not get through because you did not want any boys around here. I thought if he walked that far to see you, he surely should see you.'

"Whereupon the King took the little lad by the hand, thanked him so much for coming that long distance to

see his King, urged him to be a fine laddie at home, obey his father and mother and to grow up to be a good Christian lad, serving his country as a faithful citizen. He reached in his desk and gave the little fellow a present as a souvenir of his visit, and told him to run along home again.”

As I closed the story, this hungry-hearted friend looked at me with such a beautiful, peaceful face, and said, “Jesus is the Prince, isn’t He? I think I heard Him called the ‘Prince of Peace,’ and He’ll get me *through*, won’t He?”

I almost whispered the word, “Yes.” God was present in that conversation. The Spirit revealed the Saviour to her as the Prince who would bring her *through* to see the King. The peace of God filled her heart. She went away rejoicing and I heard her whispering, “Thank you, Prince; thank you for bringing me *through*.”



THE SUPERINTENDENT CHANGED HIS MIND

THE ROTARY Club in a Southern city had gathered for their noon luncheon in a downtown hotel. The chairman of the speaker’s committee had requested me to give a message on some of my nature studies. It is always difficult to know just what to say to such a mixed group of men, since there are Jews, Catholics, Christians, atheists, modernists and men of no faith present. The message must be interesting and yet true. It must be instructive and also entertaining. It must not

offend, and yet it must meet the need. The Holy Spirit knows the difficulty of such a situation, and readily and wisely handles it, when He is entrusted to guide the Lord's servant.

I began the message by asking the Rotarians whether they knew how many cogs there were on the wheel which is the emblem of their Club. None of them knew. They had seen the wheel at every meeting, they had worn it on the lapel of their coats, and had seen it on their literature, but none of them had taken the trouble to count the cogs. Their attention was called to the importance of being keen observers of the things we see as we pass through life, in order that we may be well instructed, and also be delightfully entertained.

In the audience was a gentleman of mature years who became quite interested, and moved his chair toward the speaker's table in order that he might not be disturbed by the folk at the back of the room. He seemed to be intent on getting every word that was spoken. I did not know the gentleman, but of course was quite pleased to see his deep interest.

Having called attention to the fact that there are twenty-four cogs on the rotary wheel, I spoke to them more fully about the number twelve; how God began the nation of Israel with twelve men, and at the end of the Old Testament, twelve prophets told the sad story of Israel's fall and doom. Twelve spies searched out the land of Canaan. Twelve loaves of bread lay on the shewbread table, telling of God's complete supervision over time, and His sufficient provision for each tribe of His

people. God began the New Testament Church with twelve men, and closes the Bible with Christians dwelling in a city that has twelve foundations and twelve gates. Twelve months of the year complete the circuit of the earth in its orbit.

The gentleman referred to was making notations of these facts and figures, for evidently he had not thought along the line of numerals, either in nature or in the Bible, and the matter was quite interesting to him.

Digressing from the use of the number twelve, I mentioned that watermelons usually have ten stripes on them, and oranges most frequently have ten sections in them. I called to their attention the fact that bananas have an even number on the first or the bottom row, with one less on each of the rows ascending. I also mentioned that on each stalk of wheat, rye, oats and barley, as well as on millet and other stalks that bear grain, there is always an even number of grains. On each cob of corn there is an even number of rows, an even number of grains and an even number of silks in the tassel. These facts were presented to support the statement that there is a living God in heaven, who made the things of earth in an orderly manner and in a way that is numerically perfect.

The attention which the men gave, and particularly this man who is the subject of our story, encouraged me to continue this line of truth. I remarked that God's gospel is constantly kept before us at each meal time. All the food that we eat is dead. We eat dead beef, dead fish, dead sheep, dead pigs and dead chickens. We eat dead beans, peas, cabbage, potatoes and other vegetables.

The grain that we eat has been ground up and is dead, whether it be in oatmeal or flour. From eating these dead things we obtain life. How this miracle is performed, no one understands. In the same way we partake of the Son of God, who died for us (though now He is risen and living), and by receiving Him into our hearts we obtain eternal life. The comparison is perfect. This truth caused some very deep thinking on the part of quite a number of those Rotarian members. The man in front was in deep meditation, apparently reflecting on this analogy.

It seemed quite appropriate to bring in some of the wonders in connection with the origin of various things in nature. The origin of color was discussed. Who had decided that no human being should have blue hair, green eyebrows or pink whiskers? Why are bananas always yellow and strawberries always red? It must be that these phenomena are due to the decision of the living God. How did peaches get their peculiar odor, quite unlike any other thing that grows, and how is it that each animal has its own odor and no two are alike? This also must have been decided by the eternal God. How did taste originate? Bananas never taste like pork chops, and fish never taste like radishes. This, too, must be a product of the divine mind and hand.

The discussion changed to a consideration of the origin of the alphabet. I mentioned that in all my travels and investigations, I had never found the origin of the alphabet, nor any clew as to how it was originated. Neither had I been able to find the person or the people who

originated the multiplication table. God Himself must have arranged it, and in some mysterious way placed it in human hearts and minds. We do not know when nor how.

Again, the conversation was changed and I spoke of the miracles in nature. The miracle of the falling rain drop was mentioned, for God enables a drop of water to fall from great heights without doing damage to the tender leaf of the pansy, but if man drops water from a comparatively small distance, it tears the plants into pieces. God causes the limb of a tree to grow straight out from the trunk, as far as seventy-five feet, with a fiber anchorage in the tree of only twenty-one inches, or thereabouts. No human being can project any beam of timber such a distance with such a short and insufficient anchorage.

God causes water to expand and contract as other substances do, according to the rule that heat expands and cold contracts. However, when water reaches the temperature of thirty-four degrees Fahrenheit, it begins to expand quite contrary to all other substances, and continues to expand until it is considerably below zero. This is done in order that the rivers and lakes may not freeze solid to the bottom, and thus kill the fish and prevent melting in the summertime. God performs these miracles because He loves us, provides for our welfare and blessing, and demonstrates His wisdom and power.

The time to dismiss the meeting had come, and so I closed with a plea for the men to trust in this God of wisdom, to believe in His Son who came to save, and

to accept the Scriptures as God's own, infallible Word. When the chairman dismissed the meeting, the first one to greet me was this interested gentleman, who had moved his chair to the front. He said to me, "Doctor, I came to the Rotary Club today an atheist and an evolutionist. My name is Mr. G—, and I am the superintendent of the public schools in this city. Since listening to your message, and considering its truthfulness and its logic, I am convinced that you are right. I am leaving this Rotary luncheon as a Christian, a believer in Jesus Christ, and a changed man. I can readily see that my theories concerning evolution were utterly false, and that only a living God and a loving God could and would do what you have described. Thank you very much for this wonderful revelation I have received today."

The facts presented did the work in his heart, and he was honest enough to accept the evidence. His influence for God and for Christianity began to be felt at once in the school system of that city.



THE PAINT SALESMAN AND HIS SHIP

A NICELY dressed gentleman about fifty years of age called at my hotel room and requested an interview. Evidently there was a great burden on this man's heart, for I noticed that it was difficult for him to keep his poise and to refrain from weeping. There were tears in his eyes and the quivering chin told of unseen difficulties in his heart. I invited him to be seated

and to tell me his story. To put him at ease, I said, "You are with a friend now, and if you wish to unburden yourself, you may freely open your heart and tell me all that is in it." This seemed to relieve him somewhat, and gradually he gained composure and began to tell his story.

There were quite a number of burdens in this man's soul. One of them was concerning his finances, another with his domestic affairs, but uppermost there seemed to be sorrow of heart over his wasted life. In describing his life to me, he said, "I have been somewhat like a ship, away out at sea, with no cargo, no captain, no place to go and getting nowhere. Life becomes unbearable at times. I wonder how I will ever weather the storm and where I will land at the end of the journey."

Upon making inquiry I found that he was a paint salesman. He had travelled all over the United States and handled large contracts, but in his prosperity he started drinking. Drink caused him to neglect his business and his home, so that he lost both. His body began to wear down under the strain, so that his mind was unable to handle big contracts and to work out intricate details. All of this had distressed and disturbed him greatly, and caused him to seek help.

We talked together about his early Christian experience. There had been some church life in his younger days, but no conversion and no consecration. For many years he had neglected to read his Bible, and had stayed away from Christian influences. The friends he had made during those years had now deserted him, because of his lack of money and his loss of ability. His wife also had left

him and was working in a downtown store to support herself. She had not really deserted him, but had promised to return to him whenever he was able to make a living for both of them. In his loneliness and distress, he was now turning to the Lord. What a blessing!

I said to him, "Are you lost, Mr. —? Do you consider yourself a guilty sinner?" He replied almost before I had finished the question, "Yes, yes, I am lost and very wicked. No one needs to convince me of that. It is a terrible burden on my soul, and I can hardly stand it. My sins have wrecked my business and my body and my home, so that there is nothing at all left but misery."

"This is good news to me," I said, "for there is a Saviour for bad people, and the Lord loves to rebuild wrecks. Even though you may be well along in years, the Saviour can give you even yet a life of loveliness and fruitfulness, which will bring joy to you and blessing to others."

"That is what I have come to hear about," he said; "do tell me all you can that will help me."

It is not difficult to deal with one who is under conviction, and realizes his need of salvation. Wisdom is needed, of course, in order to use the right scriptures in such cases, but God will give this wisdom to those who ask Him. We took the Bible and read Isaiah 44:22, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee." He looked at me somewhat surprised, and said, "Does this tell me that I am to be saved by something that has already been done?" I replied that such was certainly the case. "Were you expecting that God

would do something to save you?" I asked. He earnestly replied, "Yes, I have been asking God for several days to please do something to save me and enable me to get rid of my sins, but He would not answer me, and I could not find Him. It never occurred to me that I was to believe on something that was done for me in the past. Please tell me more about it."

It was the earnest desire of his hungry heart for an explanation of God's loving heart, and I was happy indeed to give it. "At Calvary's cross the Lord Jesus suffered for you, gave His life for you, and paid the debt you owed. He wants you to know about it, Mr. —. He wants you to turn the ship over to Him, let Him be the Captain, let Him put on the cargo, and let Him direct it to the proper port." He looked somewhat perplexed by this explanation, and I could see that his mind was not clear on either the greatness of Christ or the efficacy of His finished work. I then turned to Colossians 2:14 and read, "Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances which was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross."

After I had read this verse carefully and slowly to him, he rose from his chair, asked me for the Bible, stepped over to the window where there was better light, and read the verse through several times himself. Slowly and thoughtfully, he said, "Yes, I see; Jesus took away the things that were written against me. This verse says so, and I believe it is so. Isn't it strange that I never knew that before. God certainly did a good job of it. If he blotted them out and took them away, and nailed them

to His cross, then there certainly isn't anything left against me. Let me alone, Wilson, for a few minutes. Do you mind if I walk around this room awhile? I must let this truth get into my heart."

Mr. — paced back and forth in the room, weeping as he walked. I handed him a new, clean handkerchief, because he had soaked his own, and it was distressing him a bit. He dried his tears. After a few minutes of walking, he sat down again, rested his head in his hands as though in deep meditation, and said, "Well, that burden is gone! What a relief to have it gone! My, this is wonderful! I never heard of this before. No one ever told me, but I can easily see that the Bible is clear about it, and I believe God."

In order to help him further, I said, "Would you like to talk to the Lord Jesus about this matter and tell Him what you think of Him?" In prayer one may easily learn just the condition of the heart and the soul of the person with whom he is dealing. What he says to God will reveal to you how much he has seen and understood. We knelt at our chairs, and I suggested that he just talk to the Lord Jesus in his own way and with his own words, telling him what he thought of Him. He seemed glad to do so, and said, "O God, I thank You for sending Jesus to save me! I tried about everything there was to get peace, but never came to You about it, and no one else ever told me to come to You about it until today. I thank You for Jesus. I believe He died for me and that He took my sins away, and I am Yours now. Amen."

Before we rose, I said to him, "You thanked the Father

nicely, but you did not say anything to Jesus. Why not tell him also?" Without replying, he began to pray again, and said, "Lord Jesus, I do thank You for putting away my sins. You certainly did it, and my sins are gone. I thank You for taking the burden away. I can go now and sell some paint and quit being such a failure, and I know You will help me to get my home back and to make a living. I am trusting You with everything I have, and I am turning the ship over to You right now. I sure made a mess of trying to run it, and now I'm going to watch You do it." We rose from our knees and rejoiced together.

Before leaving my room, Mr. — said, "What a difference there is now. I have been carrying a terrible load, but now my sins are gone, and my guilt is gone, and I belong to a real Saviour. I am going to make Him my Captain—no, He *is* my Captain right now, and I know we shall navigate successfully. I am going down tomorrow to see my wife and tell her what a wonderful change has come to me through Jesus. She may know Him already. She is a fine woman, but, anyway, I'll tell her about it, and I expect the Captain to fix up this crew, so we can get on together. You'll pray for me, won't you?"

I assured him that I would be glad to do so, and he left with a radiant spirit and a buoyant step.



THE NURSE WAS HAPPILY DISAPPOINTED

IT WAS my privilege to hold a gospel service in a very old church in a very old city across the seas. It was an English service, and those who attended could understand quite well the message that was given. The gallery in this building extended out quite a way into the auditorium, so that it was rather difficult for the speaker to see clearly those who sat in the back seats under the gallery. I could see them dimly, but could not discern their faces.

My message centered around the thought that "this Man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." I sought to make it clear that the work of the Saviour was sufficient to make the sinner acceptable to God, and also to fit the sinner for fellowship with God.

As the meeting closed, I greeted a number of friends and started back to the door to leave for my hotel. An usher stepped up and said, "There is a lady in the back seat under the gallery who would like to speak with you." He then led me to a young woman who was sitting in the very back seat, weeping. I sat down beside her with my Bible and asked if I could be of any help to her.

"Yes, I believe you can help me," she said. "I am a nurse in the — Hospital near here. I saw by the advertisement in front of the church that a physician was to speak, and I thought that perhaps I would learn something that would help me in my nursing work. A number of other nurses came with me. We were all disappointed when we found you were not to speak about medical

things at all, and the other girls paid little attention. As soon as you finished preaching they all left.

“Your message touched me very deeply. I have not been what I should be, nor what I would like to be. Since leaving home and becoming a nurse, I have had little time to attend church, and, of course, after a while my desires for church life seemed to leave me. I have followed the others in worldliness of every kind, but have not been able to quiet my conscience about it. I would like to become a real Christian. Can you tell me how it may come about?”

“Nurse, do you believe the Bible?” I asked.

“Yes, but I do not know much about it. I know it is true, but I do not understand it. I will be glad to have you help me to understand it.”

“No doubt the reason you do not understand it,” I replied, “is because you have not received the gift of eternal life. When you receive His own life and nature, then you will be able to understand His writings, and then you will know Him personally as your own Lord and Saviour.”

I opened my Bible to I John 5:12, and read, “He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.”

“God has given you His Son, as we read in John 3:16, and now He desires that you take the Lord Jesus, and turn yourself, your soul, and your sins over to Him. As soon as you trust Him, He will give you the gift of eternal life. This is what He says, ‘The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ

our Lord.' Are you ready to take God at His word, and receive the gift which He freely offers you?"

The thought of receiving Christ seemed to bewilder the nurse. I could see that her mind was not at all clear. She indicated plainly that she would like to do whatever she should do, but did not know how to go about it.

This difficulty led me to pursue a somewhat different line of reasoning. "Nurse," I said, "do you expect your patients to trust the doctor who has been called in on the case?"

"I certainly do," she replied. "They must believe in the doctor, or he cannot help them."

"Do your patients take the medicine the doctor gives without questioning, and just because they believe in the doctor?"

"Yes," she replied, "certainly that is the case. If they believe in the doctor they will take what he gives."

"That is quite right," I answered, "and so it is with the Lord Jesus. He is the great Physician of the soul. You will not call Him in on your case, unless you believe He is able and willing to handle your case successfully. If you do trust Him and take Him, then you will accept what He gives. He gives eternal life, redemption, forgiveness and full salvation. Will you just now take this great Physician and receive from His loving hands and heart the gift of these blessings I have just mentioned?"

"That seems to be too easy," she replied. "Surely there is more to salvation than that."

This statement led me to refer again to her nursing experience. "Nurse," I said, "what more does your pa-

tient do than to engage the doctor and take the medicine? Is that not enough for his recovery? Is that not all that is necessary in the treatment of the patient?"

"Yes, that is right, Doctor. It is just as simple as that, and we get rather put out with the patient if he reasons or argues or objects. I can see that quite clearly. I had not thought of salvation in that light. I can see that Christ is the Saviour, and that He does all the saving, while I just do the trusting. I will trust Him at once. I want Him to be my Saviour, and so I will take Him just now. My, what a relief it is to know that He does save and satisfy. Already I feel rested in my soul, because Christ is mine and I am His.

"Thank you so much, Doctor. How simple it is. I am so glad that you knew how to meet my arguments and answer my questions. I shall probably never see you again, but I want you to know I am going back to the hospital a Christian nurse, saved by the Lord Jesus."

May our loving Lord bless and use this message to every nurse who reads this story, and lead each one to trust the blessed Saviour.



"I WISH I KNEW FOR SURE"

EDNA WAS a little Swedish girl, fifteen years old, but very small for her age. Her blond hair hung in long curls around her shoulders, and her blue eyes sparkled. She attended each service that it was my

privilege to conduct in a new church that the Swedish friends had built in that community. She sat near the front with her parents, and gave close attention to each of the messages. Toward the end of the week, I could see her interest was deepening, and evidently her desires were aroused for a better knowledge of God.

At the close of the Thursday night service, Edna hurried up to the platform immediately after the benediction, and said so excitedly, "Doctor, I believe the Holy Bible, and I think I am saved, but I wish I knew for sure. How can anybody know when she is really saved? Up at school they tell me that the Bible is not true, and that Christians are just foolish people who have funny ideas and do not live normal lives. I know that Christians are real people and do live lovely lives, because my parents are Christians and no one could be better or nicer than they are. I do not know what to say to these people, but I tell them that I know they are wrong. I wish I was sure myself. How can anybody know he really belongs to God and is forgiven?"

I was quite delighted with this question, because it revealed a deep desire in the heart of this lovely girl, and showed an honest spirit in seeking after God.

We sat down and at once sought to learn from the "Christian's guide" an answer to her request. First, we read I John 5:13, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the Name of the Son of God; that you may *know* that ye *have* eternal life."

"You see, Edna, the Lord knew that there would be doubts in your heart, and so He prepared the answer for

you in this passage. You have never seen the books in heaven. You have never seen the Lord Jesus, but you believe in Him because you have read about Him. Now you may believe the rest of the verse, that is, because you believe in the Lord Jesus and have trusted Him with your soul, He had already given to you the gift of eternal life.

"Another way we may know that we are saved is by the experience we have in our hearts. If you love your Bible, it is because the Lord put that love there. If you love God's people, it is because He has put that nature there. If you prefer the things of God to the things of Satan, it is because the Lord has put that desire in your soul.

"We read also, and I want you to see it for yourself, Edna, that because you have trusted Christ you have both forgiveness and redemption. Read this verse in Ephesians 1:7, 'In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.' Again, we are dependent wholly upon His Word that it is so, and because He says it is so, therefore we accept it as the truth and rejoice in it.

"Edna, if I told you that I had deposited some money for you in the bank downtown, you would rejoice tonight in that fact, even though you could not see the money until tomorrow. Is that not true?"

She smiled so happily that I could see by her countenance that the truth had dawned upon her heart. "Yes," she answered, "I believe you would tell me the truth, and if you said you had done it, then I would know you had,

and I would be happy in expecting to get the money tomorrow.

“It is that way with God, isn’t it? He tells us that we have these things and some day we will see them ourselves, won’t we? My, how that does make me glad tonight! I believe what God says, I know He always tells the truth, and so I am glad that now I may *know* that He has saved me and has given me eternal life.”

Thinking that perhaps her young mind would not be fully established by this line of truth, I added a bit more by saying, “Edna, do you know whose sins Jesus blotted out when He died upon the cross?”

“Sure,” she said, “they were mine, and they are all gone.”

“Yes,” I said, “it is so lovely that you can see this. Do you know to whom God gave His Son when He so loved the world?”

“Why, yes,” she said, “He gave Him to me, and I have Him because I have taken Him and trusted Him. I can see that easy enough.”

With this answer she could wait no longer to tell her joy. She bounded down off the platform, ran to her mother, and I could see them in loving embrace, as she told the mother of the new assurance and the new peace in her heart.

You, too, may have peace, whoever you may be. May “the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing” (Romans 15:13).

HE WAS THE BLACK SHEEP

PREACHERS' SONS are sometimes a heartbreak to their parents, as was the young man who is the subject of this story. His father was a well-known and much loved preacher in a great city in Scotland. The boy had been reared in an atmosphere of goodness and godliness, where much prayer was made for each member of the family, as well as for the spiritual needs of the parish in which his father served. The young man did not like this atmosphere. The prayers at the table irked him, and the religious activities of his father shamed him.

One evening, after retiring to his room for the night, he packed two bags with essential clothing, toilet articles and some trinkets, and lowered them by means of a rope from the window into the yard. After the others had retired, he quietly left home for an adventure in the world. His was to be a life of utter godlessness. There would be no prayers now to hinder, and no fatherly counsel to mar his joys. He was going to live the kind of a life he wanted to live without restrictions.

He found a cheap lodging house in the slum section of the great city, where he could live as a stranger and would probably not meet any of his acquaintances. He began to drink and to smoke, and, of course, this condition soon led him into gambling and other wicked practices. The money he had saved dwindled more rapidly than he had thought, and before many weeks had passed he was bankrupt.

The father and mother searched for him in vain. They

told their friends to tell him, if they found him, that if he would return home he would receive a happy welcome, but none of them ever found him.

As he drank and spent his life in riotous living, his body began to feel the effects of it, and he became a dissipated and unhappy wretch. He earned a little by odd jobs here and there, but did not dare to seek work in the better parts of the city, for fear he would be found.

It was the writer's privilege one evening to preach the gospel in a mission in the slum section of the city where this unhappy boy lived. He was about thirty years of age by that time, but looked much older. He attended the service that evening and heard the message on "Christ's Invitations": calling the "weary to rest"; the thirsty to "drink"; and the seeking ones to "come and see."

At the close of the service the young man made his way to the front to meet me. The tears were streaming down his face as he extended his hand. The following conversation reveals the blessed way in which our Lord touched his heart and saved his soul.

"Would you like to find the Saviour?" I asked, in a kindly tone.

"Yes," he replied, "that is what I came for. Your message has touched my heart deeply, and I want to turn from my miserable ways and become a Christian. My father is well known in this city. He is quite prominent in ministerial circles, and is honored in the church where he is serving. He does not know where I am, and I do not care to tell you my name. I do want to find Christ and be saved."

This confession was a joy to my heart, and so we sat down together with the Word of God to find the Saviour. We read together Matthew 11:28, and I said, "I take it from your story that you are quite tired of the path of sin, and would like to return both to the God of your life, and also to your earthly father."

"Yes," he replied, "I do. My father has sought all over the country for me, and I know that God has also been wanting me, for I certainly have had no peace in my heart since I left home in order to get away from God. I am ready to come back to God, and if He takes me in I will return tonight to my father and will tell him so."

This admission on his part led me to turn to John 6:37, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." I explained the verse, saying, "God wants to give you the Lord Jesus. Only Christ can give you eternal life, and only He can blot out your sins. God sent Him after you, because you have been running away, and have found nothing but trouble and sorrow. Christ will accept you, if you trust Him, and He will give you the rest that your heart desires."

I then turned to the thirty-fifth verse of the same chapter and read, "And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

"Do you not see," I said, "that Christ will give you what you have been trying to find in the saloon, the gambling house and the places of sin which you have been frequenting? You have paid largely for the imita-

tion pleasures the devil has sold you, but Christ will give you freely the permanent pleasures that your heart desires. If you will come to Him tonight, trust Him with your soul, make Him your Lord and your Saviour, He will accept you at once. Will you do so?"

He nodded his head in assent and knelt with me to pray. Between his sobs he said to God, "Lord, I am coming back to You. I thought that others would be kinder to me than You would be. I thought the world would receive me, but it has robbed me. Now I am coming to You to save me and wash me, and let me go home a Christian man."

I whispered to him, "Why do you not tell the Saviour that you believe in Him—that you believe in His precious blood and in His saving power, and that you take Him for yourself?"

He did not reply, but did say to the Lord Jesus, "I do accept You, Lord Jesus, as my Saviour, and I know that You do take me because Your Word says so."

I then thanked the Lord for revealing Himself to this dark heart.

The young man arose, wiped away his tears, grasped my hand most cordially, and said, "Good-bye, Doctor, I am going home tonight. How wonderful it will be when father opens the door and sees me there. My first words will be, 'Father, Jesus saved me tonight, and I have come back home to ask your and mother's forgiveness. Will you let me come in and stay?'"

I cannot describe the homecoming, for I was not there; but I do know that the father took him in, and there

was joy in that home and also in heaven, for Christ had received him as His own child. God grant that this may be the blessed experience of many others who have been running away from God.

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