

# DR. WILSON'S STORIES OF SOUL-WINNING

by

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## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### THE PULLMAN CONDUCTOR WAS CURIOUS

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

It was in my heart that perhaps he was a candidate for heaven, and I used this method of getting his attention so I could talk with him. He looked at me rather severely and said, "What do you want?"

I replied, "I am mad at you!"

He expressed himself with a "Huh!" and went on his way collecting tickets from the passengers. What I had said to him bothered him, so after he had checked in all the Pullman passengers and finished making his records, he came back and sat down beside me. He then said to me, "Why are you mad at me; what have I done to hurt you?"

He was quite concerned, of course, for the Pullman company and the railroad company are very careful about offending any passenger. I looked at him earnestly and said, "I am mad at you because you ignored me."

This seemed to surprise the conductor. He answered rather quickly and impatiently, "Do you expect me to get the family history of everyone on this train? I am not paid to do that, nor do I have the time."

I told him that I knew all of this was true, but, said I, "I do not like to be ignored. I want to have some attention paid to me."

The conductor now felt that he was talking with someone who was a bit "off the rails." He said so plainly. "You must be a 'nut.' Whoever heard of any conductor inquiring into the personal life of his passengers? I do not know why you should expect me to pay special attention to you."

“This is the reason I am mad at you,” I said. “You did not look at me once, you just looked at the ticket. You did not care whether I was old or young, rich or poor, fat or thin, white or black, educated or illiterate. In fact, Mr. Conductor, you completely ignored me, and I don’t like it. I want some attention paid to me personally.”

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

This statement proved to me that my purpose was being accomplished. His interest was aroused. He was ready to listen to my proposition. I realized it was now time to tell him plainly what was on my mind and on my heart.

Quietly and calmly I said to him, “Mr. Conductor, I am quite sane, and have control of all my senses, but I felt I must tell you a secret. I am going to heaven in the same way that I am going to Detroit. You were only interested in seeing that my ticket was a good ticket, and that it belonged to me, and that the destination was plainly marked, and that it bore the stamp of the issuing office. You did not care about me, you only cared about that little piece of cardboard. You saw that it was all right, therefore, you let me ride, and did not question me at all. I am going to heaven the same way. I have a ticket; it was punched at Calvary with nails. It is my ticket, I own it. It was given to me as a gift, but it bears the stamp of heaven. God sees that this ticket is mine. He therefore accepts the ticket, which is Christ Jesus my Lord, and says to me, ‘Walter Wilson, you can ride right into heaven, because your ticket is all right, even though you yourself have not been all right.’”

The conductor listened attentively, and then said to me with earnest tones, “Mister, for several years I have been trying to find out God’s way to heaven. I want to go there. I certainly do not want to be lost. Your illustration is the best answer that I have had, and the only answer that seems to me to be sensible. Tell me something more about it.” I could see that the Holy Spirit was working in the heart of this man, and was happy to explain the gospel more fully to him.

I read to him John 14:6 where Jesus said, “**I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.**”

I explained to my friend that if he belonged to Jesus Christ, then he could go wherever Christ went. Christ would so cleanse him through the blood of the cross, that he could go into Heaven and be with God the Father. I also explained to him Acts 13:38-39: “. . . **through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which he could not be justified by the law of Moses.**”

He saw that this was in the present tense, and was a blessing to be enjoyed now. The whole plan of salvation was made clear to him by the Holy Spirit. Turning to me he said, "I believe this message, I am taking Jesus Christ at His word, and I believe that He is my Saviour. It is very clear to me that He came to save me, and I am letting Him do it just now. I certainly am glad you pulled my coat tail, mister."

This conversation and this presentation of the truth did the work in the soul of that conductor, and he expressed his deep gratitude to me when I left the train the next morning at Detroit.

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

**~ end of chapter 16 ~**

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