

STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF THE DOCTOR

by

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CHAPTER FIVE

“I WENT HALF-WAY WITH GOD”

In a summer Conference in the Southland, held especially for the benefit of young people, there was a little lad about twelve years of age who had come about two hundred miles for the ten-day Bible Class. He was a very earnest little fellow. He attended Sunday school regularly in the city from which he came, and liked very much to be around Christian people. He had a religious nature, and was interested in religious things, even though so young.

My attention had been directed to him during the services because he usually sat on the front seat, and paid very close attention to all that was said. He always had a hymn book, and sang lustily, as though he really enjoyed it.

It was a time of heart-searching at this Conference. Because there were so many young people there, the ministry was rather simple and pointed and plain. Personal conferences were held between the services so that the young people might ask questions concerning their own individual needs and problems. This lad was of an inquiring mind, and asked many questions about the things he heard from the platform which were not clearly understood. He was not a careless listener, but an earnest one, desiring to let nothing escape his attention.

During the ten days a number of his companions had trusted the Saviour, and found a new peace such as he did not possess. Because of their age and lack of experience, these who had trusted Christ could only say in their simplicity, “I trusted the Lord Jesus, and He saved me, and now I have peace in my heart.” This short, terse testimony, of course, did not bring very much light to the heart of our little friend, Henry Laird. He was not satisfied at all with something that he could not understand, and neither would he drift along in the dark without making an effort to obtain the information his heart desired.

Little Henry grew more and more troubled about his soul as the meetings progressed, and as he saw others finding the peace and joy that he wanted. One night he came to the service and, as usual, sat in the front row, singing heartily in every song, and quite oblivious of the other young people around him.

The message was on God’s gift to men—the gift of Christ.

John 1:12 was used as a text, and also John 3:16. I sought to stress in the message that salvation is not some article which may be picked up at random; it is not like a piece of fruit on the tree which may be plucked when desired. Salvation is a Person.

- When Simeon took the baby Jesus up in his arms, he said, “**Mine eyes have seen Thy Salvation**” (Luke 2:30).

- When Jesus entered the home of Zaccheus, He said, “**This day is Salvation come to this house**” (Luke 19. 9).

- God said about Christ, “**I will also give Thee for a Light to the Gentiles, that Thou mayest be My Salvation unto the end of the earth**” (Isaiah 49. 6; Acts 13:47).

I endeavored to show the children that salvation is not a feeling, or a peculiar experience that takes place when they have done some special act. It was my aim and purpose to so present the Lord Jesus to them that they would see that He Himself is the Saviour. It is not His work that saves; it is Himself that saves.

It is not believing in His works that brings peace; It is accepting His Person and believing in Him Who has done the sufficient work at Calvary.

The Lord stirred the hearts of many that evening, and they were examining their hearts to see whether they had really received the gift of the Lord Jesus Christ from the loving hand of God, or whether they had simply had a religious experience without taking Christ. Several trusted the Lord Jesus that evening, but little Henry did not make a confession. I could see that there was a cloud on his face, for he did not clearly understand the message as I had given it. We must remember that the darkened mind does not grasp quickly the Light of life. The Holy Spirit must do that wonderful work. He must illuminate the soul. He must deliver from tradition and darkness. He must shine into the dark heart and dispel the doubts, and disperse the fears. Only He can do it!

The after-meeting lasted for some little time because a number of these precious young folk asked for help and guidance. Several Christian workers were busy answering the questions, some of which were strange and unusual. Let us never be in a hurry to urge a heart to make a confession. When the Light comes, a confession is automatic. When the soul really sees the Truth, the darkness is gone, and faith fills the heart with peace.

I was sorry to see my little lad go away without Christ.

I had hoped and prayed that the message would be so clear and simple that he would be delivered from the chains of darkness that were around his little heart, and I really had expected that, because of his deep interest he would be one of the first to announce his trust in Christ Jesus. As he left the service, I prayed for him, asking the blessed Lord of the Harvest to gather in this little “**grain of wheat**” for His glory.

That evening, although other children gathered around the front of the hotel to talk about the service, and to help each other, Henry was nowhere to be seen.

A number of us who were especially interested in him were praying that he was away with the Lord and his Bible, seeking the solution of his perplexity. This was exactly the case. He had gone away to his bed in the dormitory, and taken advantage of the quiet there while the other boys were out in the yard enjoying the evening and the company.

There he put his finger on the passage in John 5.12, "**He that hath the Son hath Life,**" and said to his Lord, "Lord Jesus, I take you to-night as my Saviour, and I will be all yours from now on." It was not a long, weary, laborious, dry prayer. His heart was in it, his soul was poured out to the Saviour, and the Holy Spirit revealed Christ to his heart.

We did not know of this transaction the next day. Evidently Henry was not quite sure that he was really saved. He meditated on the Scriptures during the day, listened to the afternoon message, listened to the Christians talking together around the grounds, but did not tell us what had transpired in his heart.

The time for the evening service arrived, and to our great joy Henry was sitting on the front seat again, with his hymn book and a Bible.

The sermon was about "Believing God." The illustration was used of Abraham ready to offer up Isaac, and of the dying thief trusting in a dying Saviour Who was dying more rapidly than himself. We told of Peter willing to step out of the boat on the water, and of the woman willing to set out vessels for the oil, and of the soldiers who dug the ditch for water when there was none in sight. Of course, after each illustration, an appeal was made for the soul to trust the Lord Jesus without reservation or hesitation.

Henry listened most attentively, sometimes watching the preacher, and sometimes with his head bowed in meditation on what he was hearing. At the end of the service we did not give a call for any to come forward and make a confession, but the service was turned into a testimony meeting during which we hoped and expected that some would for the first time rise where they were and acknowledge their faith in the Lord Jesus.

The testimonies began immediately. One after another told how he had been directed to the Conference by a hungering heart and had found the Saviour there. Others told how their faith had been strengthened by the truths that were presented. Still others told how they had drifted and wandered, and now at this series of meetings had been brought back to a new walk with their Lord.

Our hearts kept praying for Henry, for we were especially drawn to him because of his earnest, simple hunger for the truth. As we were looking to God for him, and at the same time listening to the testimonies, suddenly he arose, and with a clear, shrill voice almost cried out, "Folks, last year I went to a revival meeting and sort of went halfway with God. I've been listening to these sermons, and to-night I want to tell all of you that I'm going all the way with God."

His little heart could not express any more, and he sat down weeping for joy.

One of the Christian friends hurried to his side and put an arm about him affectionately, and with open Bible helped him to see in a new way and more fully all that the Lord Jesus had done for him, and all that the Saviour would be to him. His was a happy heart that evening as the new faith filled his face with a new light and put a new song in his heart.

During the few days of the Conference that remained, we were happy to see that Henry Laird had really had a meeting with the Lord Jesus, and had experienced the freedom and the radiant hope to which the faith of his little heart entitled him.

Laddie, if you are reading this story, you too may go “all the way with God.” Accept the Lord Jesus right now, and He will cleanse you from your sins in His precious blood.

~ end of chapter 5 ~

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