

The Romance of the Doctor's Visits

by Dr. Walter L. Wilson

Copyright © 1935

by Moody Press

Moody Colportage Library #162

SOUL WINNING AT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR

A Bible Conference was being held in the little city of S-- recently. It was to convene two days, with three meetings a day, and each service was to be held in a different church. The Lord very graciously reached the hearts of many. Some of the lost souls were saved, some backsliders came home to the Father's house, and the Christians were edified.

Just before the closing service on Saturday night, the pastor who was entertaining me, and who had promised to drive me to a neighboring town twenty miles distant to catch the train, informed me that a young man had requested the pleasure of taking me to that city after the service. He further mentioned that this friend was the son of one of the pastors of the city. He had been attending college, and was home only for the week-end. To this I agreed, hoping that the student had a desire to know the Lord better, and was choosing this method of having a personal visit with me about the matter.

The meeting closed that evening at half-past eight, and in five minutes I was able to get away from the many friends and hurry out to the waiting car. The auto was of a very ancient vintage, sometimes known as a "rattling good car." It did not look very safe, in view of the fact that we must make the drive in twenty-five minutes. The train left at nine o'clock, and therefore we must waste no time on the gravel road which took us to the station in the neighboring city.

As soon as I had entered the auto and was seated, my young friend opened the conversation by saying: "I hope that you are not offended because I requested the pleasure of taking you to the train, instead of the pastor. I wanted to have a talk with you about my own condition, and did not know of any other way in which I could have a time alone with you."

We were now driving out of the little village and were on the gravel road. The speedometer kept climbing until it reached sixty miles. The darkness around us, together with the loose gravel underneath, did not make me feel altogether comfortable at that speed.

"Tell me about yourself," I ventured, between breaths.

"My name is John T--, he said, "and I am a son of the pastor with whom you had your service yesterday morning.

My Father thinks I am a Christian. I went through the training classes, was confirmed, have been baptized, and have sought to live a clean, good life, as my father so well prepared me for."

I was holding on to the sides of the car as we swayed along the road, but managed to reply, saying, "You might have all this, John, and simply be a lovely lost sinner with a wonderful religious experience."

"I know that," he said, "and I have realized, since going off to college, that although I had my father's faith, I have never made it my own faith. I have not been able to stand the test at school, and have fallen into ways and habits that would hurt my father terribly if he knew it. I do not want to be defeated nor deceived."

My companion was a delightful young fellow of about twenty years of age. I admired his candor and honesty as well as his earnestness in seeking for the light and truth.

"May I remind you," I said, "of a beautiful old passage of Scripture? -- 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' You will notice, John, that here is GOD's remedy for sin, and His way to avoid perishing. I know that is what you want. You neither want your soul to perish, nor your life to be lost. CHRIST will save you from both."

By this time the car had become quite unsteady. I suggested to him that we slow down the car, for it would be better to be late for train than early across the "divide." To this he readily assented. When we had slowed down to about forty miles, I prayed that our Lord would hold the train as long as necessary while my friend heard the Gospel and accepted the Saviour.

"Please explain to me, doctor, just how it is that JESUS saves a fellow? It is not at all clear to me. I have had lots of religious teaching, but really I know very little about how GOD forgives sins, and that is what I want to know." This opening was certainly the work of the HOLY SPIRIT in his heart.

"John, this verse tells clearly that GOD sent His Son to save you, because you need Him. No one else can save you but JESUS. The Saviour found, however, that you had many sins in your life (at this he nodded his head), therefore it was necessary for Him to put those sins away in a righteous manner. He must take the punishment for you, suffer for your sins on the cross, and bear your sins in His own body on the tree."

The car was slowing down still more, as John sought to calm himself and to dry the tears from his eyes. "It is not enough, John, for you to know these facts. You must accept the gift that GOD has given, so that your own case and cause is committed to that Saviour," I explained.

We were now on a straight stretch of road, so that the driving was easy. Turning to me and running very slowly, he said: "Of course, CHRIST cannot save me unless He has me. I will accept that gift, I will just now let Him have me and my sins. I believe that He will save me from perishing. Why did I never understand this before? How dumb I have been. I have read John 3:16 many times. Why did I never see that I must accept the gift and have CHRIST for my own self? Thank you so much, doctor, for showing this truth to me so plainly."

We had now arrived at the town of Y-- and the time was exactly nine o'clock. As we approached the depot, we found that a freight train was moving slowly out of the town on a track between our car and the station, where the passenger train was standing. I prayed that the Lord would

hold the train until the freight had passed, so that we might reach it. Of course He did so. We hurried through the station, and the conductor held the train until I purchased my ticket, and then immediately it pulled out. I stood on the steps and waved goodbye to my friend, who called out to me. "Good-bye! He saved me; thank you."

Has He saved you?
