

# STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF THE DOCTOR

by

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## CHAPTER TEN

### “WILL I SEE MY LITTLE GIRL AGAIN?”

The story that I shall tell you just now is a most interesting one, but a rather unhappy one in that, in this instance, I failed to win my friend to the Lord Jesus Christ. The story is recorded because of its unusual character, and in order to reveal the hopelessness of that heart that has no Christ, no Redeemer.

A gentleman from New York City, who was a Jew, frequently called at my office to sell trimmings for flags and banners. He offered gold and silver lace, fringes, spangles, gold and silver fancy ornaments of various designs to be used in the manufacture of parade banners and regalia of Lodges, Sunday schools, and other such groups.

I had purchased from this firm for some years, and was well acquainted with this salesman. We will call our friend Mr. Jacobs. He was a very hairy man, with thick, heavy eyebrows and a beard that covered much of his face.

One beautiful spring morning Mr. Jacobs came to my office making his semi-annual call to see that our stock was complete on the merchandise which he sold. He spread out his samples on my table and named the new prices for the new year. I called the foreman of our Banner Department to the office and asked him to bring his stock sheet with him, which he did. We checked up the requirements of the depleted stock, and I gave Mr. Jacobs an order for the materials which we anticipated we would need for the spring trade. Having finished this part of our engagement, my friend replaced the samples in his satchel and thanked me cordially for the order. Just at this point the Spirit suggested to me that I should speak to my friend about his soul. This story will relate what followed in this unusual conversation.

I began my inquiry by saying, “Mr. Jacobs, you have a good firm, you sell excellent merchandise, and the service that you render me is all that I could desire. I appreciate this very much. Because of our friendship and happy business relationships, I wonder if you would permit me to ask you a personal question?”

Mr. Jacobs pulled a chair up close to my desk, replaced his satchel on the floor, removed his hat, and said with much interest, “Certainly, Dr. Wilson. What would you like to ask me?”

I had not expected such a prompt and sympathetic reply, but, of course was delighted that he should answer as he did. "I would like to ask you, Mr. Jacobs, whether you have a happy heart? You are always pleasant, and, on the surface, seem to have no cares or problems, and I have been wondering whether you do have any burdens or problems such as the rest of us experience."

Such a transformation came over the face of this man as I do not usually see. It seemed as though a blow had been struck that shocked and almost stunned him. For a moment he trembled and shook, and then regained his composure. He did not immediately reply, but turned his chair slightly away from me and turned his face still farther away, as he fought to prevent the exhibition of his emotions. I was quite surprised myself to see the unusual effect of my simple question. It is often the case that a smiling face hides a burdened heart. We cannot tell by appearances what is really going on beneath the surface. May the Holy Spirit give us wisdom and ability to discern the true condition of those whom we meet.

The grief of Mr. Jacobs became more apparent in a few moments. He leaned over on the desk, burying his face on his arm, and sobbing greatly. I perceived that there was a hidden sorrow there which perhaps he would unveil to me if I should show a sympathetic attitude.

This I was glad to do, and said to him, "Mr. Jacobs, I see that you do have an unusual sorrow. Your grief touches my heart. Would you care to unburden yourself to me enough to permit me to sympathize with you and to share this load? I would be glad to do so, if permitted."

This assurance to him of my sympathy seemed a great relief, and after regaining his composure he related to me, with some difficulty, the tragic story of the loss of his little Elizabeth.

It seems that this Jewish friend had fallen in love with a girl of the Catholic faith, Gertrude by name. They were married by a Justice of the Peace, and shortly thereafter were excommunicated by their co-religionists. Mr. Jacobs was excommunicated because he had married a Catholic. Gertrude was dismissed from the Church because she had married a Jew. Both of them were without a spiritual home, and without the ministrations of their various ministers. After some time a precious baby girl came into this home, and brought new sunshine and fresh, sweet joy to the hearts of these two who had been grieving because they were ostracized by both groups. Neither one of them cared to go to a Protestant service; and, therefore, they had mingled and mixed with the world of careless, godless friends.

Little Elizabeth knew nothing of God, for she was not permitted to hear the precious Gospel. As she grew old enough to see and understand the things of life, they began taking her to shows, concerts, and places of pleasure during the evenings of the week and on Sunday. The little girl grew in these surroundings, with no Christian influence. She had no knowledge of God, or of Christ, or of the Bible. Her whole outlook was that of this world, with no thought of the world to come.

How many children there are who are thus hindered and handicapped by their parents. How sad it is to think that these dear ones, so precious to their parents, are being raised to be lost for ever as they grow to maturity.

What a tragic day it will be when such parents face the Judge of all the earth and show cause why they should not receive an extra punishment for having thus robbed their children of the opportunity of becoming Christians.

But to return to my story; Mr. Jacobs began to tell me in the midst of his tears of the terrible tragedy that came into his life. His story in brief was this: One day as little Elizabeth, about eight years of age now, went to school she got her feet wet in the rain, and sat through school hours in the cold, wet clothing, which resulted in severe pneumonia. A very excellent physician was called in and began at once to prescribe the treatment for the sick little body. For several days it seemed as though the medicine would relieve the trouble, and the little one would recover. Of course, the father could not pray, and neither could the mother. They had not been taught to pray. They must just leave the case to the skill and care of the physician, for they were strangers to the Great Physician on the Throne.

At the close of the first week the doctor saw that he was losing ground, and that this little life was in danger. Of course, there was great agony in the hearts of the parents, and they sought the help of a consulting physician. This learned gentleman, who was a specialist of unusual ability, silently shook his head as he leaned over the bed and examined the little body with his stethoscope. He said nothing to the family, but after leaving the room, he said to the family physician, "I doubt if this little one will live."

The family doctor had a very tender heart, and knowing that this was the only child, he realized the crushing blow this news would bring to those two loving hearts. He hesitated to tell them, but Mr. Jacobs insisted on having the facts. "We have both agreed, Mr. Jacobs, that your little Betty is in a very serious condition, and she may not live through the night."

The surging of sorrow in the heart of my friend, Mr. Jacobs, overcame him at this point of the story, and he was unable to continue. I sympathized deeply with him, and placed my hand on his shoulder in a gesture of affection to assure him of my sympathy in his deep grief. After calming himself, he continued with the story.

The little one lived through the night, but failed rapidly, and the little life began to slip away, so that as the morning broke the little spirit was taken away. The dark shadows of sorrow fell like an avalanche over the father and the mother, and they seemed utterly helpless in their distress. An undertaker was called, and beautiful little Betty was taken off to be prepared for burial. As the body was taken from the room by the undertakers, Gertrude collapsed and had to be carried to the couch.

Those who have no loving Saviour on Whom to lean, and no wonderful Lord in Whom to trust, are not able to stand in the day of the storm, when the winds of adversity beat against the soul and crush the very heart. These two had no one to whom they could go. Friends came in to comfort, but their words seemed to be of no avail. A great dark cloud had entered this home. The sunshine had gone out of their lives. There seemed no hope in sight, and no relief available. Oh! The utter despair when death comes in and there is no Light to dispel and disperse the dark shadows.

Mr. Jacobs turned to me and said, “Dr. Wilson, the world seemed to drop away from beneath me. I was swept off my feet. I was bewildered and perplexed. What could I do? Where could I go? Gertrude’s Church was closed to her, and mine was closed to me. None of our friends knew God or cared for Him. The sympathy that was brought to us seemed to be hollow mockery. We were in utter despair. Then the day came for the funeral. What should we do?”

When death comes in, peace goes out. When sorrow reigns, there is no rest for the soul or spirit in those who do not know the Lord Jesus Christ. These two friends wanted to find God. They wanted to know His comfort and His solace. They were reaching out into the unknown realm for One Whom they had never met, and a Saviour Whom they had never trusted. They did not know exactly why they could find no remedy, but they knew there was a great aching void with no remedy sufficient to fill it. They sent for the undertaker to come to the home to make the final arrangements for the burial.

Mr. Jacobs continued with his story, “I said to Mr. Morton, the undertaker, ‘What shall we do for a service? We do not want to place our little girl in the ground with no word of farewell. We cannot drop that precious little body into the grave with no message of any kind; we bury animals that way, but not our children.’

“Mr. Morton very kindly answered, “Why do you not ask the Rabbi or Priest to come?”

“I replied to him, “These will not come because we do not have an acceptance with them now since we married each other.’

“This answer rather puzzled Mr. Morton, and after pondering the matter for a little while, he said, “The only remedy I see, Mr. Jacobs, is for you and your dear companion to pray at the graveside yourselves. After your prayers I will pronounce the committal words, and this will close the service.”

Mr. Jacobs now continued his conversation, saying, “That was a dark hour in my life, Dr. Wilson. The only prayer I knew was one I had learned from my mother when a very little child. Somewhere my wife had learned a little prayer when she was a little girl, which I think began with ‘Now I lay me down to sleep.’ We knelt together beside the grave after the casket had been lowered, and with our arms around each other, we each one said our little prayer.”

Turning to me in his deep sorrow, Mr. Jacobs said, “Dr. Wilson, where is my little girl? Will I ever see her again? Is she in that grave, dead like the animals, or is she living somewhere? Do you think that Gertrude and I will ever see our little Betty again? Do tell me if you know.”

The tears were streaming from my own eyes as well as his, and the sadness of this melancholy lonesomeness stirred my soul deeply. When I was able to speak calmly, I replied, “Opinion is divided among Christians in regard to what happens to children when they die. It is my opinion, Mr. Jacobs, that children of the age of your little girl are protected by the sacrifice of Calvary and are under the precious blood that He shed. Other Bible scholars are not of this opinion, but I refer you to Matthew 18.11, **‘For the Son of Man is come to save that which was lost.’**

“I believe that this refers to such little girls as yours. Whether it is so or not I cannot definitely say, but I do know that if she went to Heaven to be with Christ then it is necessary that you should be saved by this same Saviour. You must trust Him with your soul, and so must Gertrude. He came to save you, Mr. Jacobs. He paid a great price for you at the Cross, and He is the Lamb of God, Who came to bear away your sins.”

I urged my heartbroken friend to believe the Gospel messages which I read to him from Isaiah 44:22 and Isaiah 53:5 and Acts 13:38, 39, and First Peter 3:18. All of my efforts, however, failed. His great grief seemed to hinder his faith.

He was so occupied with his sorrow that he could not see the Saviour. I pleaded with him for some time after seeking to unfold the Scriptures to him, but all to no avail. He shook my hand cordially, thanked me for the sympathy and proffered help, and went out into the busy world again, carrying the load which Christ would have taken from him if he had only permitted Him.

Friend, are you carrying a burden and a load? The Saviour came to bear your sins, carry your sorrows, and give you rest. Will you not come to Him for that priceless blessing? (Isaiah 53:4-6).

**~ end of chapter 9 ~**

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