

STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF THE DOCTOR

by

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CHAPTER SIX

MRS. FOX DID NOT LIKE IT

Mrs. Fox changed from being a bitter enemy to being a devoted friend, and the circumstances surrounding this change are so very interesting I am happy to tell you the story.

I was conducting a Revival Meeting in a country schoolhouse which would seat about seventy or eighty people. It was in a farming community and practically all of those who came were farmers with their wives and children. The meeting was not under the supervision of any particular Church and since it was held in the schoolhouse and not in a Church building, friends from different denominations felt free to come.

Among those who came quite regularly to the services was a Catholic family by the name of Murphy. Mr. Murphy was a very quiet man but very thoughtful, and with an analytical mind which did not move very rapidly toward a conclusion. Besides Mr. Murphy there was his good wife, a short, red-haired woman with a happy smile, Bobbie, the twelve-year-old son, and Betsy, a fourteen-year-old daughter. They all came to the services. Mr. Murphy was so pleased with the presentation of the Gospel that he persuaded his aged mother to come and also his sister, with whom the mother lived.

Night after night all of these friends came, and came early in order to be sure to get a seat. They said very little, but they paid very close attention to the preaching, and I could see that they were very receptive in their attitude. The old mother was the first one to see that Christ Jesus was God's real and only Saviour for her. She trusted Him with her soul. Mr. Murphy was the next to accept Christ. I had come to his house at his request to have a meal with the family at the noon hour.

As we stood out in the yard looking over his farm I said, "Earl, you have a wonderful wheat field here. You will get a great crop from it this year."

"No, Dr. Wilson, you are mistaken," he replied, "this field is about 40 per cent, tares."

"I see no tares," I said, as I looked carefully over the 40-acre field.

“I do see some cockle burrs or some bright green weeds over yonder to the right, but I see no other tares.”

My friend saw at once that I was not much of a farmer, and he said, “You do not recognize tares when you see them. This field is mostly tares.” This statement rather surprised me, for I thought that tares were weeds, and so I said to him, “Where are there any other tares besides the patch of weeds which I see in the distant part of the field?”

He reached down by my side and picked up a handful of stalks which seemed to be nothing but wheat. As he handed them to me he said, “These are all tares, Dr. Wilson. They were growing right beside you and yet you did not recognize them because you did not know.”

“How do you know these are tares, Earl?” I said. He was very happy to answer me, for he saw that I needed instruction concerning the characteristics of tares.

He explained as follows: “You see, Dr. Wilson, that this plant looks exactly like the wheat. The roots are the same, the stalks are the same, and so are the leaves and whiskered heads at the top. Now, if you will just open up the little pods on the head of the stalk you are holding you will find that they are all empty.”

As he laid this he began to open the pods with his thumbnail and I was quite surprised to find that they were all empty just as he had said.

“Earl,” I said, “I wonder if you are like this. Are you just a tare? You look like a Christian and you act quite like a Christian, but perhaps you are empty in the sight of God because you have not received the Lord Jesus Christ. Is that the case? **‘He that hath the Son, hath life.’**”

His reply came very quickly. “Yes, you told the truth, Dr. Wilson, my heart is empty and so is my life, but right now I will take the Lord Jesus Christ. I have known for some time that I had only an empty profession, but this illustration has brought it home to me so strikingly that I must accept the Lord Jesus right now, and I do take Him.”

Shortly after this his wife was saved, then both of the children, and a few days later the sister who lived with the aged mother. These, of course, began to write to their friends about their new-found life, and to tell those whom they met what had happened to them. They had new life in their souls.

Mr. Murphy had a sister in southern Missouri to whom he wrote the story of his own salvation and also told about the others who had trusted Christ.

This sister was a devoted Catholic and was greatly incensed at the reports which she was receiving in the mail. She felt that some undue influence had been brought to bear upon those whom she loved dearly, and that whatever this influence was, it needed to be dealt with sternly and severely.

She wrote a very strongly worded letter to her brother telling him that he and the others in the family must positively repudiate this entire business and stay by the Mother Church.

She said that unless they did recant and return she would come up herself and effect revenge on that preacher who had presumed and dared to change their faith. Mr. Murphy did not answer this letter, and so after three or four days the irate sister arrived on the scene. Mr. Murphy had told me about his sister, but he did not know then that she was coming, and neither did the rest of us know it.

One evening at the opening of the service I saw a very fine-looking young woman sitting in the very back seat at the rear of the schoolroom, with a notebook and lead pencil. As I spoke of the finished work of Christ, mentioned who He is and the virtues of His precious blood, this stranger listened most attentively, and even forgot to take notes because she was so interested in the spoken word.

My message was John 1:12. **“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 did not know that this stranger had come for the express purpose of injuring the preacher and of breaking up the meeting, but it was so. She had told her brother that she would put the preacher to flight, and that she had come up to this service for the very purpose of wrecking it.

As I sought to exalt the person of Christ Jesus and spoke of His sufferings and His willingness to save, her heart was deeply touched. At the close of the service I announced an old hymn which we had used a great deal in that particular series of meetings. The words read like this:

“Again the blessed Gospel I have heard,
That Word divine and true;
And God again has spoken to my soul:
Oh, what shall I do?”

I had closed my eyes as I led the singing of this hymn and was praying that the Holy Spirit would make the word effective in every heart. Mrs. Fox had listened so attentively that I prayed for her, that she might see Christ Jesus as the Saviour, escape the wrath of God and become one of God’s dear children.

As I was directing the music with my eyes shut, suddenly I became conscious that someone was standing near. I opened my eyes to see who it might be, and found this strange lady standing smiling, and with her hand held out for a friendly clasp.

I took her hand in mine and said, “Would you like to accept the Lord Jesus to-night in the presence of all of these friends?”

She answered, f I have already accepted Him, Dr. Wilson. I took Him for my Saviour while you were preaching, and while I was sitting back there in the seat. I came forward just now in order to tell you about it and to make my confession before all of these friends and relatives of mine.”

Although this was a bashful little lady from the farm and had never made a public appearance before an audience on any previous occasion, her fears were banished this night for she had trusted Christ and this gave her holy boldness.

I thanked God for her coming, and in a few moments Mr. Murphy and his family had surrounded this friend to show their deep appreciation and to express to her their joy for her conversion.

The next day Mrs. Fox told me her story. She came up to this city and this service with the intention of forcibly making the preacher leave her relatives alone. She was prepared to do bodily harm, if necessary, to chase away the man who had so wickedly devastated the Catholic Church and other organizations by his preaching.

“Now, Dr. Wilson,” she said, “although I did come up to harm you and I did intend to break up the meeting because I thought it was contrary to God’s will, I now see the wonderful blessing of God in giving His Son to die for me as described in the Bible last night. The Lord has won my heart. I can see the wonderful change in the lives of my brother and sister, and the family of my brother. This thing is certainly of God, and I praise the Lord that He let me come up to the meeting, even though my intentions were very wicked indeed.”

The entire family was now in happy fellowship with the Lord and with each other. God in a wonderful way saved each one, uniting them to His Son and to His own great Church.

Reader, it may be that you are an enemy of the Gospel just because you do not know what the Gospel is, and perhaps because you have not seen the blessed fruits that follow the believing of that Gospel.

“I cannot tell how precious
The Saviour is to me;
I only can intreat you
To come, and taste, and see.”

~ end of chapter 6 ~

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