

The Romance of the Doctor's Visits

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A BIRTH BETWEEN THE RAILS

A great evangelistic meeting was in progress in C--, Illinois. The evangelist in charge sent me a hurried call to come at once to see him. My train arrived at C-- in the early morning at five o'clock, in a dense fog, making it impossible for me to see any object whatever as I alighted from the train.

Leaving me standing beside the track in absolute darkness, and with no knowledge whatever of the location of the depot nor of the town, the train pulled out of the little village. As I walked along the track, feeling my way cautiously, I finally found the platform and the station, for the density of the fog with which I was enveloped necessitated my walking very slowly. The windows and the doors of the depot were closed and the weather was cold. I therefore sat down, huddled up in the ulster, and awaited the break of day.

About seven o'clock, the sun appeared through the clouds and revealed the form of a man walking along the road near the station, carrying a dinner bucket. Hailing the gentleman, I welcomed his cordial response, as he inquired whether or not he might render any assistance to me as a visiting stranger.

"Is the Rev. H-- now preaching in this city, and can you tell me where he is stopping?" I asked.

"I am sorry," he replied, "but the meeting has been moved up to A--, and the evangelist is there this week. It is only three miles up the track, and I am working up there in the roundhouse. If you will walk along with me, I will show you the house in which the preacher is being entertained.

Gladly I accepted the invitation, and started to walk up the railroad track with the new friend. The conversation that followed was frequently interrupted, both of us stopping now and then to discuss some point or seeking to remove some doubt.

"What kind of a preacher is the Rev. H--?" I asked.

"He is a wonderful man," was the response. "He has the whole country stirred up in these parts, and many have been converted."

"Did you get converted in the meetings?"

"No," said the friend, "GOD will not save me. Several times I went to the mourner's bench, and I have talked with the preacher, and I have prayed, but GOD will not have me."

Seeing that this splendid man, standing six feet four inches -- a physical giant -- was in deep soul trouble, I immediately took him by the arm, and said: "Would you like to be saved right now?"

"Do you mean right on this railroad track? Nobody gets saved on a railroad track; you have to be in a church."

"You did not answer my question," I remarked. "Tell me, do you want to be saved right now?"

"Indeed I do," he answered, "more than anything in the world; I do wish GOD would save me right now."

Again the question was asked: "Would you like for the Lord JESUS to save you right now?"

Quickly the answer came, "Do you mean all by Himself? He cannot do it without my help?"

"But," said I, "have you not tried to help him for several weeks and failed? Why do you not let the Saviour do it for you? Let me show you." Whereupon I produced my Bible, turned to Isaiah 53:5, and with my tall friend looking over my shoulder, slowly read the passage: "**But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities.**"

"What a minute, Mister," he said; "who is that verse about?" To which I replied: "It is about JESUS CHRIST and you."

A look of astonishment came over the face of this new friend, as he said: "Do you mean that CHRIST was taking the punishment for me? Did He really die for me? Was it my sins He was being punished for?"

"Yes, my friend," and turning quickly to I Peter 2:24, we read slowly and carefully: "**Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree.**"

A look of happiness and peace appeared in the face of this hard-working mechanic and quickly looking heavenward, he said: "Lord JESUS, I never knew before that it was my sins you were dying for, and it was me you came to save. Thank you Lord JESUS; I believe it, and I believe you; and you are my Saviour."

Picking up the dinner bucket and the satchel which had been sitting on the railroad ties, we resumed our journey, while I continued giving to the mechanic further revelations of the value of the Lord JESUS CHRIST. I quoted: "**He that hath the Son hath life**" (I John 5:12), and explained that because CHRIST JESUS had been received, therefore eternal life had been imparted. Many other truths also were presented, and when we came to the village of A--, we parted, to meet again the same evening at the church where the special meetings were being conducted.

Finding the evangelist at the hotel, I took care of his needs, supplied what was necessary, and then was invited to attend the evening service -- since my train did not leave until quite late. This I was glad to do, that I might see what testimony would result from the morning experience with

my friend.

At the close of the evening service, when the evangelist called for testimonies, the workman from the roundhouse quickly arose, and facing the congregation, said: "Friends, you all know what a bad actor I have been in this neighborhood. You know how I have tried to get religion, but never could find peace. Now I am happy to say to you that this day has been a Heaven on earth to me. This morning I left my home at C-- in the fog, I met this doctor who is our guest tonight. Taking his Bible, he showed me that JESUS died for me, bore my sins away, blotted them out, and gave me eternal life. I trusted Him between the rails -- right out on the railroad track, and I praise GOD tonight I am born again and have peace in my soul.

With joy in my soul, I left the service that night to board the train for my homeward journey. The joy came because the HOLY SPIRIT had revealed CHRIST to this seeking sinner. There was also a sadness in my heart, because the evangelist had failed to make the way of salvation clear and plain. Let me urge every teacher and Christian worker to present CHRIST JESUS clearly in His Person and Work, in order that souls may not be left in the dark.
