

The Romance of the Doctor's Visits

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AN UNUSUAL PULLMAN EXPERIENCE

Not long since, I had occasion to make a trip from St. Louis to New York. Being rather a long journey, I desired to obtain a lower berth, which to my mind offered the greater comfort and rest. However, to my dismay, I was obliged to take an upper, as the lowers, unfortunately, had all been taken. The berth just beneath mine was occupied by a young Italian mother with two babies -- one of them about six months old and the other about two and a half years.

As the train pulled out of the station, I took from my case a Bible bound in pig-skin leather of an unusual color. Having read passage after passage, I noticed that the young woman was watching me closely and apparently with a great deal of interest. This curiosity continued to increase, until she addressed me, saying: "Pardon me, sir; what strange book is that which you are reading? I have never seen one that looked like that in my life."

"This is a Bible. It is GOD's precious Word and is a wonderfully fine book to read."

"What a strange title for a book," she exclaimed. "What is the story about, and who is the author?"

This unusual lack of knowledge of the Bible was a great surprise to me, and I quickly slipped a prayer to Heaven for guidance, saying: "GOD is the author of this book, the HOLY SPIRIT wrote it as He inspired holy men of GOD, and the story is largely about you. Did you never see this book, nor hear about it from any one?"

"No," she replied, "I never did."

"Where were you raised?" I then asked. "Were you never in church?"

"I was born in Italy," she said, "and was brought to this country when I was about one year old. None of my people here ever went to church, and I was never in a church of any kind. I would like to know about that book though, and what it says about me. May I look at it with you?"

"Most certainly," I said, eager to help her. Upon receiving this reply, she called for the porter, requested two pillows which she placed on the seat in front of the babies to keep them from falling off, while she sat beside me on the other seat.

As this change was being made, and taking advantage of the opportunity, I said to her: "This book was written by the saints. Did you ever hear of them?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, "they were great people and knew many things about GOD and the angels, but I did not know that they knew anything about me; and I certainly did not know that they had written anything about me."

She took her seat beside me, and I pointed out to her the names at the top of the pages: "Saint" Paul, "Saint" John, "Saint" Luke, "Saint" Peter, and the others. This brought a feeling of expectancy and hopefulness into the heart of the young woman, who felt that whatever the saints said surely must be true. "What did they write about me?" again she asked.

"Let me show you," said I, and turned at once to Romans 3:9-19.

The passage referred to reads (in part) as follows: **"There is none righteous, no, not one; there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. . . . Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; . . . destruction and misery are in their ways."** After reading the entire passage, this young mother was trembling and perspiring, and showed evidences of a very deep conviction of sin. "My!" she said, "that's terrible. The worst of it, Mister, that it's all true; but I never dreamed that the saints knew it and had written it all out in this strange book. Please do not read any more to me about that. Do tell me how to escape from the results of it. Is there any remedy? Is there any forgiveness?"

The Lord very quickly had revealed to this young mother her true state in His sight and her condition before Him. She had accepted the accusation and denied nothing. She believed GOD's Word and received the indictment as being true. Of course it was not necessary to go further with this line of reading, therefore I turned at once to Isaiah 53:5-6. We read it together -- **"But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."**

"Who was suffering so?" she inquired. "Whose iniquities were laid on Him?"

Replying to this, I turned to I Timothy 1:15 and read -- **"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation (worthy of you accepting it, lady), that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."** The One who suffered was the Saviour; the one that He suffered for was you."

"But how do I know it was for me?"

"Because you are the sinner, are you not?"

"Oh, yes. I am a terrible sinner, and I do need someone to put away my sins."

"CHRIST came to do that," I said. "We will see. In Hebrews 9:26, we read: **'But now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself'.**"

"How can all this be mine?" she asked, earnestly and with deep emotion. Turning the pages to John 3:16, together we read that beautiful passage -- **'For God so loved the world, that he gave**

his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Will you now believe in the Lord JESUS, that He came to save you, that He suffered for your sins, and that you may accept Him as GOD's gift to you?"

"Yes, indeed, I do take Him right now. Oh, how glad I am that He suffered for my sins. I do accept Him as my own Saviour."

It was now the noon hour, and the dinner call had come from the dining car. The little mother took her two babies away for their lunch, and shortly after I followed -- but not to the same table. When we returned to our seats, the mother again placed the pillows in front of the babies, sat down beside me, and said: "Please tell me some more about JESUS. He must have loved me very much to make Him willing to die for me."

The passage chosen was Acts 9:26-40. This is the story of the Eunuch riding along in his chariot reading Isaiah 53:5-6. Phillip came by the direction of the HOLY SPIRIT, explained the passage, and the Eunuch trusted CHRIST and was saved. After reading through the story carefully, with such explanations as seemed helpful, the new convert exclaimed! "How wonderful it is that this man and myself should have such a similar experience. He was riding in his chariot and I on this train. Phillip came with a Bible and you came with yours. Phillip read in Isaiah 53 about the sufferings of CHRIST, and that is the passage you read to me. This man believed the message and accepted JESUS, and so have I accepted Him. I do wish there was some water here, so that I, too, could be baptized. I want to go all the way with the Saviour."

Before parting, I promised to send a nice new Bible to this new-born child of GOD, so that she might read for herself the wonderful story of this wonderful Saviour. This I did upon reaching New York. Have you met CHRIST JESUS the Saviour? Be sure that in the maze of your religious experiences you do not miss meeting and trusting Him for yourself.
