

## A Little Man in a Big City

by Walter L. Wilson, M.D.

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On the fourth day of January, I made a trip to New York City to keep an engagement with a customer. For practical reasons, I decided to register at a hotel near the station and was assigned a room on the 18th floor, where the porter deposited my baggage. By the time I had refreshed myself and was ready to leave, it was nearly eleven o'clock in the morning. Kneeling beside the bed, I asked the Lord of the harvest to guide me during the day and to use me for His glory. I prayed thus: "My Lord, this is a large city of seven million people, and I am just a weak, unknown servant of thine with no knowledge of the city and no acquaintance with the hungry hearts that may be here. Thou dost know where the needy ones are. Thou alone dost know whom Thou hast been dealing with. Here is my body — my feet and my lips. Wilt Thou take them today to some troubled heart and speak through me Thy words of light and life? Thank you, Lord, I believe Thou wilt do it."

Rising from my knees, I took my samples, price-book, and Bible, and went out to call on my customer. Walking east on Thirty-second Street, I found near the subway station a stationary shop, in the window of which was a small leather-covered note-book which attracted my attention. I was in need of a new prayer-book, for it was my custom on the first of the year to make out a new list of my petitions to the Lord. The prayer and the date of the petition were placed on the left-hand page, and then a space was kept on the right-hand page in which to write the answer to that prayer and the date on which the reply was received from the Lord. This keeping books with God I found to be most profitable, as well as inspiring and encouraging. Here was the very book that I needed for the new year.

This shop was a very small one and was operated by a German who was very small of stature. As I entered the store, he at once accosted me and desired to know what I would like to purchase. I described the little book in the window and he at once obtained it for me. After a careful examination, I found that it was arranged just right for my needs and agreed to pay the price, \$1.10. As he wrapped it up, I asked the Lord whether this might be the person

in whose heart He had been working, and followed the prayer with this inquiry: "Do you know what I expect to do with this little book?"

"No," he said, "unless you will gift it to some friend for a New Year's present."

"No," I answered, "this will be used as a prayer-book."

A look of surprise and astonishment came over the face of the little German, and he at once began to unwrap the package, and to say: "I am sorry, my friend, but you have bought the wrong book. This is a blank book; it is not a prayer-book."

"I know it," I said quickly, feeling that the Lord had given an opening for a conversation about Himself. "You see I will make my own prayer-book out of this book, for I will write my petitions on the left-hand pages and will enter the answer on the opposite right-hand pages when the Lord gives the answer. I like to keep a record of God's dealings with me and to know whether or not my prayers are being answered."

I observed a deep earnestness and seriousness of the part of my new friend as I told him this story. He finished wrapping the package, placed the money in the cash register, and still holding the package in his hand, came from behind the counter to talk with me about this matter. Placing the book on the counter and taking hold of the two lapels of my coat, he looked into my face and I observed tears in his eyes. He was greatly agitated and with a voice full of emotion, he said: "Can you get to Gott?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied happily. "Many years ago He saved my soul, and since then I have had the joy of knowing Him and walking with Him in happy fellowship. Would you like to find Him?"

It was easy to see that the Holy Spirit had found for me a candidate for glory. How earnestly the little man replied to my question, saying: "Mister, I have tried to find Gott for many years. I have gone around Manhattan and Brooklyn and the Bronx, night after night, attending many services, but failed always to find Gott. Can you tell me how to get to Him?"

"Yes," I replied, "that is my principal business in life. Perhaps you have tried to get to God without going to Him through the

Lord Jesus Christ. If you will come to Jesus Christ, He will bring you to God."

I then opened my Bible and read to him John 14:6 — "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." We also read together I Peter 3:18 — "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God."

Here was a heart not far from the kingdom. I remembered the promise of the Lord: "And ye shall seek me, and shall find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." Here was one who was seeking, and surely he would find, according to the promise of God. The idea of coming to Christ first as the way to God seemed to be an entirely new thought to my friend. It puzzled him a little, and I saw that it needed an explanation. I sought to show him that there must be a mediator between God and men, and that Christ Jesus was that One. I also sought to show him how the work of Christ at Calvary was quite sufficient to satisfy the demands of God for his sins, and that at Calvary's cross the Lord Jesus was "wounded for our [his] transgressions and bruised for our [his] iniquities" (Isaiah 53:5). We read together I Peter 2:24 — "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." Then we turned to Romans 5:6 — "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly."

My friend realized that he had no strength, and yet he was earnestly seeking for the forgiveness of his sins and wanting access to God as his Father. "How can I find Jesus?" he asked. "Where can I find Him?"

"You may accept Him right now, where you are standing," I assured him. "Just bow your head and tell the Lord Jesus that you believe in Him, that you love Him, and that you trust Him just now with your soul's salvation."

He bowed his head at once, and said quietly, "Lord Jesus, I see that you came to die for me and to bring me to God. I belief in You and I come to You now with my sins for You to save me, and I belief that You do. I belief You will bring me to Gott, and I trust You with my soul."

My German friend had found the Lord, and the Lord had found

him. The quest of years was at an end. The seeking heart had found a sufficient Saviour. The one who had been far off was now made nigh by the blood of Christ. Darkness had been turned into day, and this friend had passed out of death into life.

As I left the shop with my prayer-book, I said, "Thank you, blessed Lord; how quickly You answered my prayer. How ready You were to take willing feet and a ready heart, and to bring these in touch with the seeking soul. I worship Thee for this." Looking at my watch, I found that about twenty minutes had elapsed from the time of the prayer in the hotel room until the prayer was answered, the work was finished, and a troubled soul had found peace in Christ.

The Holy Spirit is always ready, waiting and willing to lead the yielded servant in paths that are profitable. Let us learn to look to Him and to depend upon Him, so that we may be found spending our time wisely and be led by Him to those hidden hearts in whom He is working.

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