

The Spirit Kept Sandy from Finding Peace

by Walter L. Wilson, M.D.

Sandy, a Scotchman about thirty-five years of age, possessed a very tender heart and a most kindly disposition, although not quite so forgiving as he might have been. He was a handcraft workman by trade, thoroughly conscientious, and lived a life above reproach.

For about twelve years, Sandy and I were associated together in the same factory. He had, however, never spoken to me of his own accord, because he carried a grievance in his heart, forming a strong antipathy toward me. Although totally unaware of this particular aversion, I did know that he always avoided meeting or speaking to me, except on occasions when working conditions demanded it.

Sandy was more or less religious. He always stood for the best things of life, attended church when possible, and was always friendly toward Christian enterprises. Like many others, Sandy felt a hunger in his heart for something which he did not have. He never invited my ministry, nor did he attend any of my services.

One day, through the mercy of God and after much prayer, a revival of spiritual power swept through our factory. Many hearts were touched and many lives were transformed. Hardened sinners were broken down and many miracles of God's grace were witnessed. The Holy Spirit dealt with many men and women in every department of the factory. In our daily prayer meeting, which was held before working hours each morning, we pled with God for Sandy. He did not readily come to the meetings, but he had made many friends throughout the plant by his upright living and his kindly disposition. Earnest prayer was made to God for his conversion.

After the revival had continued about ten days, the president of the company came to my desk, and said: "I have good news for you. Sandy is in soul trouble today and told our chief engineer that he would like for us to pray for him, so that he might get peace in his heart." A number of us began at once to call on the

Lord for the salvation of this excellent man. During the day, reports came to my desk about the efforts that were being made by one and another to help Sandy to accept the Saviour.

Scattered throughout the factory were some excellent Christian employees who were accustomed to do personal work. The foreman of the third floor sought to help Sandy as he pointed him to various gospel texts in the Bible. One of the carpenters, his Testament in hand, also sat beside him on the bench pleading with him to accept Christ. Others took turns seeking to bring the light of the glorious gospel into Sandy's darkened heart. All seemed to be of no avail, and as the hours passed, his darkness and trouble grew greater. He acknowledged that he was a lost sinner in spite of all of his good character. He confessed freely that he did not have peace with God, and that he seemed to be unable to understand the gospel, or to get the peace for which his heart so earnestly yearned.

The work was very heavy at that season of the year, and on this particular evening I found it necessary to work late at my desk, making estimates and preparing my mail to be dictated the next morning. The factory had closed at five o'clock and apparently everyone had gone home, except the night watchman and me. Seated at my desk busily engaged, the clock struck six and shortly thereafter I heard the bell ring on the time-clock.

Looking up through the glass window that partitioned my office, I saw Sandy just leaving the time-clock with his dinner bucket. I picked up my Bible quickly, hurried out of the office to the front door, just in time to catch my friend as he placed his hand on the door latch to open it.

"Wait a minute, Sandy," I said. "I was told today that our Lord has been talking to your heart, seeking to win you for Himself. Was I correctly informed?"

I observed that his eyes were red from weeping, and his whole body was in a nervous tension. He had had a battle royal all day long with the powers of darkness, and apparently had been defeated all along the line. He dropped his head and his hands in utter dejection and replied, "Yes, you heard correctly. I certainly would like to find peace. For twenty years I have tried to get peace with God, but seemingly He will not give me any peace. God does not want me and will not give me peace. All day I

have asked Him for peace, and different ones of the boys have read the Bible to me, but with no success. I am sure that God will not save me at all, and I have about given up hope. Many times during the past twenty years I have been to the altar and cried to God for peace in my soul. I do not know why He does not give it to me."

Taking Sandy by the arm, I led him back to the city desk over which a bright light was shining. I opened my Bible to I John 5:12 and read to him the following words: "He that hath '*peace*' hath life; and he that hath not '*peace*' hath not life."

He looked at me rather startled, and said: "That is exactly what I believe. I did not know that a verse like that was in the Bible. Would you let me read it myself?"

Of course I was glad to have him see with his own eyes what the Bible really did say, for "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." I handed my Bible to him with my finger on the verse, and watched the surprise that was plainly visible in his face, as he read the following words: "He that hath the Son hath life and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

Looking up from the passage to me, Sandy said with deep earnestness, "Why did you read the wrong words to me out of this Scripture?"

"It was because you told me you had been seeking for peace," I replied. "God does not want you to seek for peace, He wants you to find His Son. Christ is 'The Prince of Peace,' and 'He is our *peace*.' Whenever you have *Him* for your Lord and Saviour, He will blot out the sin-stains, He will remove the doubts, He will give you eternal life, He will give rest to your conscience. You have been seeking for peace without the Giver. Christ wants you to find the Giver, and He will give you the peace that your heart desires. There is no such thing as having peace apart from the Lord Jesus Christ. I urge you, Sandy, to accept God's gift of Christ Jesus and He will give you the peace that your heart desires."

It was quite evident that the Holy Spirit had opened Sandy's eyes to see his real need. We immediately left the desk and went over into a little secluded part of the office where we could kneel together in prayer.

"Will you accept the Lord Jesus now, Sandy," I asked.

"Yes," he said, "and I will tell Him so."

We then knelt together and Sandy sobbed out to Christ his acceptance. It was not a very orderly prayer. It was broken by long pauses, mingled with his sobs and moistened with his tears. But in accepting Christ, he received the peace he had sought so long. The one verse, I John 5:12, had dispelled the doubts, dispersed the darkness, and brought the light of life. You, too, may have this same Christ, and with Him the gift of life and peace.

Copied for www.WholesomeWords.org from *Miracles in a Doctor's Life* by Walter Lewis Wilson, M.D. Chicago: Moody Press, ©1935. (No. 167 in the Moody Colportage Library).