

## The Indian Did Not Like It

by Walter Lewis Wilson, M.D.

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THE COMMUNION Table had been spread in a little country school house where a revival had brought many souls into the kingdom of God. There were two rooms in this school house, and the Lord's Table was set in one of the rooms. There were between forty and fifty souls who had confessed their faith in the Lord Jesus, and some of these were to partake of the bread and wine for the first time in their lives.

Among those who came this Sunday morning were quite a number of unsaved people who attended partly because they thought they, too, could partake of the elements, and partly out of curiosity. Others wanted to hear the message that would be given and to learn more about what the Christians were doing. Altogether this made quite a crowd of folks, far too many for comfort and convenience in the one room where the table was set.

In the audience was a very large man who was part Indian. He had attended nearly all the services that had been held during this special series, but had not accepted the Saviour. He seemed to be a bit dull in comprehending the truths that were preached. He was not at all antagonistic, nor did he bring up any arguments about his condition. He just quietly looked on, listened, and left the house each night, unsaved. His squaw-wife had trusted Christ and was rejoicing in the Lord. She, too, had come this morning with him. He was such a large man that he occupied quite a little space, and he had taken his place close to the communion table.

It seemed to me that it was hardly right that this one, who was a stranger to Christ, should be occupying room which was needed by Christians, true believers, who were unable to get into the room because of the presence of the unsaved ones. After meditation and prayer for a few moments, I announced to the audience that we felt under the circumstances that those who were unsaved, and therefore could not partake of the Lord's Supper, should give their places to believers who did want to partake, but could not enter the room for the crowd. I kindly asked those who knew they could not remember the Lord at His Table to please leave that room and find seats in the back room, so that the Christians in the back room could come in where the Lord's Table was placed and enjoy the communion service.

A number did so, among whom was our friend, the Indian; but did not

leave happily. I could see that his face was clouded, and he was disturbed and distressed by the move. He rather hesitated, hoping that after the Christians came in from the back room, and after others had left the front room to go into the back room, that there might be a place where he could stay and watch the service close at hand. He found no such place, however, and left the room.

It was a bit disturbing to see that he was not happy in what he was asked to do, and so I stepped over to the door to see where he had gone. To my surprise I found that he had obtained a chair and had seated himself just at the door, as close as he could get without actually coming into the front room. He was seated where he could watch as the bread was broken and the wine was given. Apparently he did not want to miss a word of the service.

Several times as the meeting progressed, I observed a sad, serious look on his face. He seemed to be somewhat apprehensive and fearful. It seemed that he was going through a terrible struggle in his soul. Apparently, there were tears in his eyes, and it was plain to be seen that there was turmoil in his heart.

Immediately at the close of the service, I hurried to him, took him by the hand, and said, "Oscar, I hope that some day you will have a right to sit at that table, because of your faith in Christ Jesus." He was trembling as I took his hand. He was quite agitated and distressed. After I had spoken these words, he said, "This has been a terrible hour for me. When you asked me to leave the room, I felt like God Himself was casting me out of His presence. I knew I had no right to be there, and yet I did not want to be shut out. I said to myself, 'Oscar, if these folks will not let you take the bread and wine, what will God do to you in shutting you out of heaven?' I tell you this has been a terrible ordeal for me. I do not want to have Him shut the door in my face when I die."

This confession of his need brought joy to my heart. We sat down together and taking the Scripture, I called attention to the fact that the Lord Jesus is the Bread of Life. No amount of believing that the bread is good will make it a blessing to our bodies. We must take that loaf. We must appropriate that bread. We must eat it and put it into our bodies, so that it may become a part of our bodies. And so it is with the wine. We are blessed by it only as we partake of it. The precious blood of the Saviour will blot the sins out, but only as we trust Him to do it.

As I sought to explain to him the need of making the Lord Jesus His

own personal Lord and Saviour, the agitation ceased, the trembling stopped, and a deep thoughtfulness came over him. He rose to leave, but I caught hold of his hand and asked him not to leave until he and the Lord Jesus had met together. I told him again that the bread and wine on the Table were an open testimony of a hidden experience, that he could hardly take the bread if he had not taken Christ, that he would hardly expect to take the wine if he had not trusted in the blood. I then urged him to tell the Saviour with his own lips that he would accept Him, receive Him, believe in Him and trust Him fully.

Oscar was ready for this message and this appeal. He bowed his head before the Lord, and said to Him, "Lord Jesus, I do take you. I do not want you to shut me out like these folks shut me out this morning. I want to belong to you, and I give myself to you just now. I believe you died for me and I believe you will save me, if I trust you, and I do trust you now."

Oscar looked up from his prayer with peace in his countenance and rest in his heart. He had found the Saviour, and the Saviour had accepted him. Not long afterwards, he and his wife were baptized and he lived a consistent, Godly life for the short span he had to live.

Some months after he met the Saviour, he was missed from his work at the plant where he was employed. A search was made for him, and he was found dead in the yard of the factory. He had gone out with a wheelbarrow to the dump, and had died there. The home call was sudden, but he had gone to meet the Saviour whom he trusted.

Would it not be well for each of you who read this story to ask your heart whether Christ will shut you out because you have never taken Him in?

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