

The Atheist Doctor

It seems both strange and sad that so many of our fine physicians do not believe in our Lord Jesus Christ. They do their work well. They are kind to the afflicted. They spend their lives in the service of others. They will go at any hour of the day or night where duty calls. They realize the seriousness and the danger of death and yet make no provision for the safety of the soul who dies. They make no provision for their own souls. This story will relate to you the blessing that came to one such physician who was practicing medicine in a small town in Kansas.

Dr. White had graduated from a medical college in which there was a very fine Christian physician who gave lectures to the students. This professor's faith and his godly life had attracted and won the admiration of the young student. He had often said that this Christian doctor was his favorite teacher. In addition to being a good Christian, the professor was an excellent teacher and was thoroughly versed in his subject of medicines, their character, and their uses. He was able to impart his information to the students in such a way that they were able to retain the instructions.

The young medical student was not interested at all in Christianity; in fact, he was quite opposed to Christian doctrines and principles. The real reason for his opposition lay in the fact that he loved his sins and did not want Christianity to hinder his free and easy way of living. Rather

than get rid of his sins, he tried to blot out Christianity, thinking that thereby his conscience would be eased, and he could live as he pleased. He remained away from gospel services, ignored the Bible, and made a mockery of Christian things.

It was my good fortune to be called to this little city where Dr. White lived to hold a series of meetings in the Presbyterian church. As is usually my custom, I inquired of the pastor concerning the spiritual life of the physicians of the town. He informed me that some of them were friendly to the church and would sometimes attend the services. Others were not at all friendly and remained away constantly from services of every kind. He particularly mentioned the antagonism of Dr. White. He made known his atheistic doctrines and theories to his patients and rather gloated over the victories he had won in private debates with Christians. He was aggressive in his unbelief and active in propagating his wicked theories.

The doctor should be a believer. He sees the miracles of the human body. He sees the wonderful workings of mental processes. He sees the tragedy of dying in the dark. He observes the cruel ravages of sin which wreck the human body. He should realize, above all others, that Christ Jesus alone can transform the heart and implant in the soul a love for righteousness and a hatred of sin. He knows very well that all he can do is for the body, and after that he can do no more. He sees the death of the saint, where peace and rest abound and comfort fills the heart. He sees the death of the wicked, where fear, dread, and hopelessness pervade the whole soul and heart of the patient. All of this should stir his heart to want to be a real Christian.

Having heard of the attitude of Dr. White, I presented myself at his office and requested an interview. This he readily granted. He took me into his private office, and, as I entered the door, I was delightfully surprised to see, hanging on the wall, a framed picture of the Christian professor he had so much liked while in college. I said to him, "Oh, I see you have Dr. Wilson's picture hanging on your wall. Did you like him, and did you enjoy his classes?"