

chiatrist, the doctor opened his Bible and together they read in John's Gospel.

“The entrance of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple” (Psalm 119:130).

At last light and understanding began to dawn on the man who for years had searched for peace. He saw indeed that he too **“MUST be born again.”** It took more than one visit to the good doctor's office before the full light shone; but on the third visit — at midnight — the man believed the Word of God to the saving of His soul. The peace of God entered his troubled heart. He went home rejoicing with the knowledge of sins forgiven and peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. **“Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ”** (Romans 5:1). **“The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin”** (1 John 1:7).

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The power of an accusing conscience to banish peace, and the power of the blood of Christ to bring peace have been proved by millions alive today. On the other hand millions are searching for peace by many other means — without success.

The urgent quest for peace led an elderly gentleman into a little Christian bookstore. He arrived near closing time and insisted on being served by “the lady.”

The Word of God

The Bible is in truth the very Word of God and

carries its own credentials. Many who doubt and criticize it most have really read it the least. Finally the saleslady was able to persuade the gentleman to go home and read the gospel of John, especially the story of Nicodemus in the third chapter, and notice how the Lord Jesus insisted that even a morally upright "master in Israel" MUST be born again.

Having referred him to the Word of God she then referred him to a Christian doctor who lived near the old gentleman's home. He said he would be glad to visit the doctor if he could only be cured of the turmoil in his heart.

"But," said the saleslady as they parted, "the doctor will give you the same medicine; **ye**

MUST be born again."

On reaching her home she telephoned the doctor, explaining how she had referred to him a patient suffering from sin-sickness. The doctor, a true lover of others, said he would be pleased to be of use to His Lord if He could use him in this case.

And He did.

As advised by the saleslady, our elderly friend kept an appointment with the doctor. But instead of prescribing medication or recommending a psy-

"What may I do for you?" she asked pleasantly. "I want to find peace," he replied. "Can you tell me where I can find it?"

"This Book," said the saleslady, picking up a Bible, "shows how to find peace."

"But you told me that five years ago," he replied.

"I came into your store then and asked

you the same question. But I am still looking for peace." The saleslady had forgotten the incident, but not so the Lord Jesus who is the Good Shepherd. He continued over the years to seek this lost

and wandering sheep and would not allow him to rest until he rested safely upon His shoulders.

The man was wealthy; it wasn't poverty that

kept gnawing at his soul. He had plenty of material things; but his mind was in turmoil. How true

are Augustine's words penned nearly 1500 years ago: "Thou hast formed us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee."

"The trouble is," continued the old man, "I can't believe the Bible."

"If you don't believe the Bible, there is no hope of you ever finding peace," said the saleslady; "the Bible is the only book that can teach us that."

But the man contended that the Bible was

written by human beings "so how was he to be sure that it was the Word of God?"