

***THE
DOCTOR'S
BIBLE***

W. P. MACKAY left home to attend college and medical school at the age of seventeen. His mother was a very godly Christian, and upon his departure she gave him a Bible, writing her name and his, and a verse of Scripture, upon the fly leaf. But salvation does not run in the family, and the son had no use for his mother's God, nor the Bible she had given him. He did not consult its pages; and soon after, while drunk, he pawned it in order to purchase whisky.

His studies at school engrossed him, and the Bible was forgotten. Eventually he graduated with high honours, and became the head of a large hospital. He also took the lead in an infidel club where they practised everything that was licentious and vile. He was boldly pronounced in his ridicule of God and the Bible.

The only thing that seemed to give him any thrill at all, was when an ambulance would unload a dying victim of an accident; or a patient came under his care whose condition was so critical that the chances of survival were slim. This nerved him to pit his skill against what his colleagues would term the impossible. If the patient pulled through, it only gave Dr. Mackay opportunity to indulge in vain and inglorious boasting. But God was about to deal with him, bringing the doctor to his senses in a remarkable way.

One day an accident victim was brought to the hospital, the lower part of whose body was crushed and horribly mangled. In spite of this condition, on his face was a serene look of peaceful calm, so unusual that it amazed Dr. Mackay, who was accustomed to seeing people suffer.

"What's the diagnosis?" asked the patient with a smile.

"Oh, I guess we'll pull you through," replied Dr. Mackay.

"No, doctor, I don't want any guess," the man said. "I want to know if it's life or death. Just lay me down easy anywhere, doctor. I am ready."

“I am not afraid to die, because my trust is in the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, Who paid the penalty for my sins at Calvary.”

His face radiant with Christian love, he continued, “I know I am going to be with the Lord Jesus Christ if I have to die. But I would like to know the truth; just what is my condition?”

“You have at the most three hours to live.” Hardened as he was, Dr. Mackay could not but feel sympathy for the dying man. “Is there anything special you would like us to do for you?” he asked.

“Thank you,” said the man. “In one of my pockets is a two-weeks pay cheque. I wish you would send it at once to my landlady, and ask her to send me the book.”

“What book is that?” asked the doctor.

“Oh, just the book,” the man answered. “She will know.”

Dr. Mackay arranged for the man’s request to be carried out, and then started on his rounds through the hospital.

But those words kept ringing in his ears – ***“I am ready, doctor.*** Just lay me down easy, anywhere. I am ready.”

Dr. Mackay had never been known to inquire about a patient for any personal motive, but for the first time in his life, he wanted to know how this one was getting along. He returned to the ward where the injured man had been placed, and seeing the nurse whom he had assigned to the case, he asked how the man was. “He died a few minutes ago,” the nurse informed him.

“Did he get the book?” asked the doctor.

“Yes, it arrived shortly before he died.”

“What was it – his bank book?”

“No, it wasn’t his bank book, said the nurse. “It’s still there though, if you want to look at it. He died with it under his pillow.”

Dr. Mackay went to the bedside, reached under the pillow, and pulled out the man’s book. It was a Bible. As he picked it

up, the Bible opened, and the pages turned over to the fly leaf. There in his mother's handwriting was his own name, his mother's name, and a verse of Scripture. It was the Bible given him by his mother when he had left home to attend college – the one he remembered pawning, while drunk, to buy more whisky. He slipped the Bible under his coat, blushing with shame to think that he had despised it so, and rushed upstairs to his private office. There he fell upon his knees, and asked God to have mercy upon his soul.

All his life he had known, through the teaching received at his mother's knee, that Christ alone could save and keep. These truths were now blessed to him. By faith in Christ he found that repentance which is “not to be repented of” and by the blessing of the Holy Spirit found that “peace of God which passeth all understanding”, reconciliation through the sacrifice of a crucified Christ and adoption into the true family of God the Father, with the hope of a blessed eternity in heaven.

“For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life” (John 3:16).

“He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him” (John 3:36).



Dr. Mackay, mentioned in this tract, died whilst on holiday in Portree, Isle of Skye, Scotland, at the beginning of the twentieth century.

