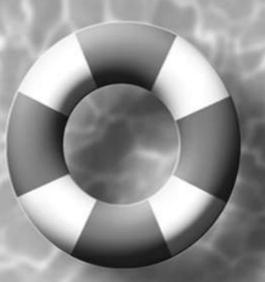# Soul Winning

George B. Thompson

Soul Winning

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Abridged and adapted from the classic

Soul Winning

… because the night is coming

George Thompson

Table of Contents

Foreword

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    Some years ago, at Northwestern University in Illinois, twelve miles north of Chicago, a volunteer life-saving crew was formed that became famous for their efficient service. One morning, word came that a boat was in trouble on the lake. The students hurried to the shore, where they saw the "Lady Elgin" breaking in pieces. The passengers were in imminent danger.

    Among the life-saving crew were two brothers from Iowa. One of the brothers stripped off all excess clothing, swam out, and brought a passenger to shore. He went again and brought another, then another, and another. He did this over and over until there were eight or nine on the shore of Lake Michigan that he had rescued. Chilled with cold, he stood trembling before the fire on the shore, but as he looked out into the lake, he saw another man in danger and said, "I must go again." Those around him urged, "If you go back out, it won't mean rescue for him, but death for you." Nevertheless, he broke from the crowd and plunged once more into the icy waters and brought a tenth, an eleventh, and a twelfth to the shore.

    Again he stood by the fire, his strength apparently gone. As the crowd looked at him, so blue and chilled with cold, it seemed as if death

had put its icy hand on him. But he looked again toward the wreck and saw others in peril. Once more, he struck out through the storm and brought the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth to the shore.

Cold and exhausted, he stood once more by the fire, but he could not rest. The victims of the storm lay heavy on his heart. Again he looked out and saw a drifting beam carrying a woman. As her husband struggled to save her, the beam drifted towards danger. Weak and exhausted, he again plunged into the water and brought the man and his wife safely to land.

That afternoon, as he lay in his bed, pale and exhausted, he asked, "Did I do my best? I am afraid I did not do my very best!" All night, he tossed and turned with his brother sitting beside his bed, trying to comfort him, but he could only think about those who died. His brother said, "You saved seventeen!" He merely replied, "Oh, if only I could have saved one more!"

This incident expresses the purpose of this book. There is nothing new in these pages. A number of illustrations have been gathered from various sources, hoping to kindle a desire to save those being drawn down by the undertow of sin. If some are inspired with a stronger passion to rescue perishing souls from the fires of hell, then this book will have served its purpose. G.T.B.

Chapter One – The Value of a Soul

Many years ago, as a ship crossing the Pacific Ocean neared the shore, it struck a large jagged rock sticking out from one of the islands offshore. The powerful waves were quickly breaking the ship into pieces. Confusion was everywhere as the men and women aboard anxiously tried to find some way to escape their imminent death.

Among the passengers was a gold miner returning with his fortune from the rich goldfields of Australia. It was not too far to shore, and as he calculated his strength, he concluded that he was able to swim to land with his gold, representing his life work, buckled around his waist.

As he was just about to plunge into the foam-capped billows, a little girl came to him, and looking up in her helplessness, said beseechingly, "Will you please save me? I have no papa here to help me. Won't you, please?"

What should he do? To save this beautiful child, he must abandon the gold he had worked so long and hard for. He could not save both. The fury of the storm was quickly tearing the ship to pieces, and he had to decide quickly. He glanced at his gold, but the soft pressure of the child's hand and her pleading voice touched his heart.

The decision was made. Unbuckling the gold, he threw it on deck. Then fastening the child to him the best he could, he plunged into the angry sea. When he reached the land, he fell exhausted and unconscious.

When consciousness finally returned, he opened his eyes to see the child he had saved standing by his side, with tears of joy and love flooding down her cheeks. The ship had disappeared, and with it, the gold he had worked so hard for. But he had saved a human life.

Certainly, we would all agree that the miner made a wise and noble decision, but we should take to heart an important lesson from this. A world is doomed to eternal death, sinking beneath the curse of sin. All around us are lost souls who are silently longing for salvation. These should be more precious to us than all the money in the world.

A young man, distinguished for his attainments in mathematics, challenged his fellow students to try and stump him with difficult problems. One day, a classmate came to his study and handed him a folded paper. Looking at him, he said, "Here is a problem I want you to solve for me," and then he immediately left the room. The young math major quickly unfolded the paper and read the words, "For what will it profit a man if he gains