

## REMARKABLE INCIDENT

self about him. So if that is all, you can take your hat and be gone."

Albert's eyes filled with tears as he said: "Sister A., I love you, the Lord bless you, and I love Walter as a brother. Please hear me a moment and then I will be gone. Last night about midnight I was on my knees in agony for souls and Walter seemed to pass right before me and something whispered to me, 'I am giving him his last call.' I tried to get rid of the impression, but the more I prayed the more intense it grew. I prayed for him the rest of the night, and felt like he would be at the morning service. Since the morning service, I have had such an awful burden on my heart. I don't understand it. We had a precious service, the Lord did wonderfully bless, several were saved and three were sanctified."

"Oh, that makes me tired!" exclaimed Mrs. A. "The idea of us being holy in this world. I don't believe a word of it. Away with such stuff, I don't want to hear any more of it."

"Well, Sister A., I know you think I am wasting my life, but I am in touch with God and I know it, and He is wonderfully blessing my life and ministry. I have bought father and mother a nice little home and they are happy, and I have more calls than I can fill. I am really sorry that you are ashamed of me, but I had rather have you ashamed of me than to hear the Lord say, 'Depart from me, I never knew you.' I have counted the cost, paid the price, and mean to go through. That is why I came over to see Walter. I wanted to help him back to God. I hope he will return all right, but I am uneasy for him. I must go. Good bye, the Lord bless you," and out he went with a burdened heart for the poor lost boy. Mrs. A. sat back in her easy chair and thanked God that her disturber was gone, she unfolded her paper and

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began to read, but these words thundered in her ears, "Ye have profaned the holiness of the Lord, and married the daughter of a strange God!"

She jumped from her chair and passed into another room, but the words kept ringing in her ears. She became alarmed and walked the floor, wringing her hands, crying, "What does this mean! What does this mean!" She tried to pray, but the heavens seemed brass. She went to the phone and called her pastor, told him all about it, and asked him what it meant.

He laughed in her ear and said: "Don't you pay any attention to such an impression. Now Sister A., you must not be weak minded. Brace up, throw it off and have your carriage brought out and drive over to the ball ground. We are now ready to start. There is nothing in the impression; don't you think there is. That is so much like those second blessing folks; they are always having impressions, and it makes me tired to hear any one say anything about impressions. So come on to the ball game and we will have a nice time."

The poor woman continued to walk the floor and weep. The burden grew very heavy. She tried to pray but could not. She went to the phone and called a neighbor near the ball ground and had her to call her pastor to the phone. The pastor came and was surprised to know that it was Sister A. again. The poor woman told him the same story and said: "Can't you and your wife come over and pray with me? Oh, this burden is killing me!"

The pastor replied: "We would be only too glad to visit you this afternoon and pray with you, but it is impossible now. The game is very close, and we must stay and see it over. Your boy is playing the part of a man. Don't you be the least bit uneasy about him. Now, listen to me: I