

had been talking about was true. He saw the Arnold family in their new home, happy and free, and he remembered the morning when he had them to put the team back in the lot, and kept them from going to the holiness meeting. He remembered the advice he had given them, and how they loved him and walked in his counsel; and he could hear the groans of the mother, and could see the heart-broken father straggling and dying in the mud. He could see the poor, friendless, Godforsaken boy as he plunged from one side of the prison to the other, dying, fighting devils and crying, "Lost! Lost!"

Then another picture came up before him. There was the Graves family, poor renters, but they obeyed God, and he would not walk in the counsel of their pastor, and he could see Albert, a great preacher, and his mother and father in a nice home, happy as they could be and a real blessing to the world. He got out of the bed and walked the floor. His wife tried to comfort him, but all in vain. He walked the floor, wringing his hands and saying "I would give the world if I had obeyed God instead of man." He walked until he was exhausted. He was taken ill; the doctor was called, his case was diagnosed and pronounced pneumonia. The third day his case was pronounced hopeless. The poor man saw his doom. He sent for a number of his church members, and then sent for the holiness folks that he had turned out of the church, and they braced him up, and thus he said: "Dear friends, you are looking in the face of a man that has failed. I knew my duty and did it not. Years ago the Lord showed me that I did not have the baptism with the Holy Ghost; I sought the blessing, but soon saw that it was very unpopular, so I decided I would do as my church wanted me to do, and when I came to die the Lord would forgive me and take me to heaven. Friends, listen to me; from that day to this I

have not had a spark of grace in my soul. I knew when I preached against the doctrine of sanctification I was doing wrong. But I wanted to be popular and I succeeded; but it cost me my soul. I can't find God. Oh! the way is dark, and I have to go alone!"

Then he reached out and took Brother Love, a dear old saint that he had turned out of the church by the hand and said: "I knew you people were right when I turned you out of the church. How God did convict me for it! But I made myself believe that I could serve my church, fight holiness, and finally get to heaven; but I see plainly that I have failed. I want you people to forgive me, and be true to God at any cost. In a few hours I will be in hell to burn forever. Oh, what a fool I have been! I have wasted my life trying to please an ungodly church. I want you people to tell wherever you go that it pays to be true to God at any cost. My church loved me too well. If I had been true to God they would have been better, and I am sure I would. Now, brethren, you all know that regeneration don't destroy the carnal mind; it is impossible for a soul to get to heaven without holiness. And if a soul is made holy after regeneration it is bound to be a second work of grace. I have known this for years, but I have played the fool at the cost of my soul. Don't call me a great preacher. I have been anything but a God-sent preacher."

He turned his face to the wall and refused to be comforted. In a few hours he went to render his account unto God.