

"Now, pastor, listen to me a moment, then you can go. To be sure I don't want you to pray for me. I have heard you say that you sinned every day and every hour in the day, and I don't doubt it in the least. I would as soon send for a bartender to come and pray for me as you. He don't do anything but sin, and that is all you do: and that is all the devil wants you to do. Don't you mention prayer to me.

"Several years ago when father and mother and I were wanting all the Lord had for us, you laughed us to scorn and said we were foolish for seeking the Lord for clean hearts. You said we would have to get mad as long as we lived, and it was folly to think that we could be cleansed of the carnal mind. I soon backslid and went to the world for pleasure, but found none. Then a few days ago, when Albert Graves began to preach in our community, you wanted to run him out of the country, and said things about him you knew were untrue.

"Now this is plain talk, but I want you to know what I think of you before you go. You are a disgrace to the pulpit, an enemy to God, and the cause of my ruin. I was once a bright, happy, Christian boy, but I had an awful temper, and I wanted the Lord to take the tiger out of my breast so I could serve Him in holiness and righteousness all the days of my life, and you hindered me. And you know yesterday morning when God was pleading with my soul the last time, you advised me to go to the ball game, instead of to church. I walked in your counsel, disobeyed God, and now I am lost forever.

"I want you to look at the two boys. Albert Graves believed God and went on to perfection, and today he is a great preacher and has more calls that he can fill, and more conversions in one meeting than you have had in all

your life. Albert walked in the counsel of the godly and is a blessing to the world. I walked in your counsel, and I am a poor, God forsaken, heart-broken prisoner. I haven't one ray of hope. I will go from the prison to hell, and when I meet you I can point my bony finger in your face and tell you that you gave me advice that sent me there.

"You know that God demands holiness, and you know that you are unholy. You know that the blood of Jesus cleanses the heart, and that it is received by faith, and you are trying to make people believe they will be sanctified at death, when you know you haven't one verse of Scripture to sustain the doctrine. Now you can go. Don't come any more. I don't want your counsel nor prayers."

The pastor dropped his head and walked out with the curse of God upon him. He could plainly see what he had done. The whole thing loomed up before him. He said to himself: "I know I have done wrong, but I don't want my church to know it. I know it. I know the Bible teaches holiness, but it is so unpopular I can't afford to accept it now. The Bible says that 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus,' and I have condemnation. According to the Scripture I am not in Christ Jesus. Oh, I am so sorry I ever tried to preach!"

By this time he was in the church door. He walked into the pulpit and read a short lesson, said a short prayer, and tried to preach. His face was pale, and his lips quivered as he told about the murder. He told the boys to be very careful the next time they played a match game. At the close of the service he informed the people that his health had failed, and he thought the best thing he could do was to take a vacation. The church granted his request, and he at once prepared to be off to the seashore.