

never did advise you wrong, and my advice is to get out into the open air, drive over here and go home with us for supper, and I assure you that you will go back home all right. Don't give way to that weakness."

The broken hearted woman hung up the receiver and these words swept through her mind, "You knew your duty and did it not." Great darkness hovered over her soul. She sank to the floor and these awful words pierced her heart and mind, "Ye have profaned the holiness of the Lord and married the daughter of a strange God."

The game was on and waxed hotter and hotter and the Y. M. C. A. boys were getting mad. Walter was playing his part so well, and the people were cheering so much that it kindled such an anger in one of the boys, that he decided that if he could not beat them they would fight it out. So he began to pick at Walter, and do everything possible to get a fight out of him.

Walter stood it like a man for quite a while, but at last his awful temper got the best of him, and he turned on the young man with a bat and hit him such a terrible blow that it crushed his skull as if it had been an egg shell. The young man was picked up and a doctor called, but in ten minutes he was pronounced dead. Poor Walter fell on his knees beside the boy and cried, "Oh, I did not mean to kill him, I know I didn't. Anger is the cause of it. Great God, forgive me!"

The sheriff was called and Walter was a prisoner, landed in jail. One of the boys went to the phone and broke the news to the father and mother. The mother fainted, was carried to bed. Mr. A. was enraged and was soon in town to get his boy out of jail, but the judge would allow him no bail.

The father thought: "A few hours ago my precious boy was begging to go to church where he could give his heart to God. I refused to let him go, and now he is a prisoner in jail, and I am afraid lost forever." It broke the father's heart, and he went to the jail to see his boy. When Walter heard his father's voice he turned his back and refused to see him. He told him he never wanted to see him again and asked him to leave the jail. This was more than the father could bear. He wept like a child, and begged his precious boy to forgive him.

Walter paid no attention to his father's cries, but walked the floor of his cell, cursing his father, mother, pastor and everybody who teaches that we can not be delivered from that hellish temper that caused him to commit this crime. Walter called for paper and pen and thus wrote his mother:

"Well, mother, I thought I would write you one more letter. I want you to know what you and father have done for me. I will never be a free man again. I know the law, and my doom is sealed in this world and the world to come. The pangs of hell are getting hold on me. I can't repent to save my life. You will remember I told you this morning that God was giving me my last call, and I can realize now that it was. I will never have another chance to give my heart to God. Instead of being my best friend you have been my worst enemy."

"You will remember years ago when Albert was sanctified I wanted the blessing, and my innocent heart, hungered after God, and you and father, influenced by your pastor, held me back. This morning, when my soul was making its last fight, and I felt that the Lord wanted me to go to the holiness meeting and give my heart to God you threw yourself across my path and sent for that wicked pastor, and you all kept me from the meeting and sent me to the