

## REMARKABLE INCIDENT

an awful shriek she went into eternity, crying, "Lost! Lost!"

The poor, unfortunate pastor tried to pray, but these words kept ringing in his ears, "Ye are weighed in the balances and found wanting." He bade the heartbroken husband and children good-bye, and left the room. As he walked away he groaned in spirit, and we heard him say, "I would give the world if I had never tried to preach. I know a preacher without the Holy Ghost is a failure. I see my mistake, and I believe with all my heart that holiness is right, but I would rather die than to give up now." In a few days the pastor was off for a vacation.

The sad news reached Albert of Walter's misfortune, so he hurried to town so he could see him before he took the train for his next meeting. He went to the jail and asked for Walter. The jailer turned the key and Albert walked in, and Walter rushed up to the window and reached for Albert's hand. It almost broke Albert's heart to look the poor boy in the face. His eyes were sunken, the skin tight across his pale face, and his whole frame in a quiver. Albert sympathized with the poor boy, and told him how he prayed for him Friday night, and how his soul was burdened for him.

Walter, with a God-forsaken look on his face said: "Albert, I know what it means to disobey God and walk in the counsel of man. I felt that I ought to go to your meeting and give my heart to God. Instead of father and mother becoming alarmed, they scolded me, and sent for that ungodly pastor, and they persuaded me to go to the ball game. I felt the Spirit of God leave me. I can no more pray than I can fly. I know I am lost, and I will be glad when the end comes. Oh, I am so sorry I killed that poor boy! I loved him, but you see what anger did. Now,

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Albert, I want you to tell the people wherever you go that I felt the Lord calling me to holiness, but I rejected him and walked in the counsel of that pastor and lost my soul. Preach the truth, tell the people that God can save them from the evil temper that put me where I am."

Albert's heart was bleeding, and the tears were raining down his face. He asked Walter if he might pray for him before he left. Walter said: "Yes, you can pray for me but it is too late now. I appreciate your interest in me and I have all confidence in you; but I am lost."

Albert read a short lesson and tried to pray for the poor boy, but the heavens seemed brass. So with a heavy heart he told his friend good-bye for the last time, and turned away his face heavenward like a flint, more determined than ever to preach holiness.

Mr. A. employed the best counsel possible, and they did everything they could to clear the boy. The case was carried from court to court. Mr. A.'s bank account was gone. The farm was sold and the money soon spent. The poor boy was sent to the penitentiary. The father took to drink and one cold winter night he fell from his horse and died in the mud.

Walter lived only a short time. He died screaming and fighting devils, and his last words were, "I walked in the counsel of the pastor and lost my soul. Lost! Lost!"

The poor pastor kept up his fight on holiness, and tried to make the people believe the second blessing preacher was the cause of Walter's backsliding and the cause of all the trouble. He turned several of his best members out of the church for professing the second blessing, and did his best to blot holiness out of the country.

The holiness folks got together and began their cottage prayer meetings and the Lord did wonderfully bless.