

One cold winter night a few met in a little cottage for prayer. The night was dark, the snow was falling thick and fast, and the wind was singing her lonesome song in the forest, and all nature seemed burdened for a lost world. The saints prayed that God would remove the trouble and save souls at any cost.

Two blocks down the street was the parsonage, and the pastor was at his desk preparing a sermon on sanctification. He was going to prove that we get it all at regeneration. He had his wife going through his library searching for help, but everything she found was something about the carnal mind in the heart of the believer. So the good wife gave up the search, laid down her book and said: "Husband, you are certainly wrong. I have been searching for years to find Scripture and history to sustain your doctrine, but I have failed. I find all the great men are against you, from the apostles down to this day. Another thing I have noticed: I have never heard of a second blessing man or woman that ever regretted on their deathbed that they had the blessing. It does look like if it were wrong some one would acknowledge it on their deathbed. Now don't you think you had better give it up and preach a gospel that saves?"

"Not for my right arm," said the pastor. "If I were to begin to preach that the carnal mind remained in the heart of the believer, I would be located at once, and classed with the second blessing cranks."

"Oh, husband, don't call them cranks. You know that the dear people that you turned out of our church are the most spiritual people in the city, and souls are saved in their prayer meetings. They are having a prayer meeting up the street tonight, and I do wish you were friendly with those people so we could go. I am so hungry to get

in a meeting where the Lord blesses the people with old time power."

The husband, in an angry tone, said, "You seem to think that the Lord don't bless my meetings."

"Now, husband, I am going to bring a few things to your remembrance. You remember years ago when we were young and you had been preaching only a short time, that dear old saint, Dr.—, came to our town and held that meeting, and so many souls were saved, and several were sanctified; and you remember how we enjoyed the meeting and prayed for the blessing, and you testified that you were not sanctified, and would never amount to anything as far as soul-saving was concerned without the blessing. You remember the morning when your church officials came to you and told you if you professed the second blessing, they would never have anything to do with you, and would see that you were located at once. So you gave it up and began to preach against the doctrine, and you know that your preaching has been very dry and fruitless ever since. It is true that you have built up a great church in number, but how many do you think would be ready to go should the Lord come tonight?"

The poor, unfortunate husband didn't like that kind of talk, and he said: "Wife, you make me tired. You know that I have the best church in the city, and they pay more than all the other churches combined. And you know that a church like it will be saved."

The poor wife was now crying and sobbing a prayer that God would visit them again with conviction for holiness. The husband retired without prayer. The wife lingered on her knees.

The pastor tried to sleep but failed. He was forced to take a retrospective view of life. He knew what his wife