

REMARKABLE INCIDENT

The jailer sent Mrs. A. Walter's letter, and with trembling hands she broke the seal and read the awful fate of her precious boy. This was more than the poor mother could stand. She fainted again; the doctor was called, and her case pronounced hopeless.

She sent for her pastor for the last time. He came in with a sad, heavy heart. Mrs. A. could hardly speak, but rallied enough to tell the sad, sad story.

"Now," said Mrs. A. to her pastor, "I have looked to you for years for counsel and help. I thought you were a man of God, and a true friend to me and my family. Instead of your being our friend, you have proven to be our worst enemy. We walked in your counsel, and you see where we are today. My darling boy is a poor, hopeless, hell-bound prisoner, and I am dying with a broken heart, without the least hope of heaven.

"I have one request to make of you. Never try to keep people from getting the blessing of holiness. Oh, if I could only call back the day when you first talked to us about holiness, and had us turn our team back into the lot I would give a thousand worlds, if possible. Just look at Mr. Graves and his family; how God is blessing them! They have a nice home, and Albert is such a fine preacher, yet yesterday morning I tried to insult him, and drove him out of my house.

"Now, pastor," continued Mrs. A., "you have been preaching here for twenty-seven years, and you have been telling us that the body could sin and the spirit be pure and holy. Please tell me the difference in sin of the flesh and a sin of the spirit."

"Well, Sister A., I don't care to take the time to explain that to you now. Of course I understand it all right, and will explain it later. The second blessing folks have

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so much to say on that subject, I have gotten to the place where I almost despise it. So don't worry over that."

"Yes, but how can I keep from worrying when I realize I will soon be in eternity? Such Scriptures as this keeps ringing in my ears 'Every sin committed is without the body,' 'Be ye holy, for I am holy,' 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' Now, pastor, your doctrine will do to live by, maybe, but it gives no comfort to a poor dying, lost soul. If I were you I would quit preaching such stuff. Souls are too precious, and eternity too long, for a preacher to waste his time preaching such rot. I have tried to find Scripture to sustain this doctrine, but I failed. I thought you were too good and too smart to be mistaken about it, and I was ignorant enough to risk my soul on what you said. But I see now that you don't know anything about the deep things of God.

"Oh, my precious, darling boy! How I did want him to make a success in life! And to think he is a prisoner in jail! It is more than I can bear!

"You remember you told him that God could not save him from that awful temper, and that is what put him where he is. How foolish we were for listening to your unholy counsel. Now, pastor, I never heard of you leading a soul to Christ, but I want you to remember that this is one family that you have ruined. We were once so happy and hopeful. Everything seemed to go our way. Oh, the future is so dark! Can't you do something for me? The way is so lonely! I can't see where I am going! Yes, there they are, ten thousand demons are around my bed waiting for my soul! Drive them out! Drive them out, and let me die!" She called her husband and two children to her bedside, and told them to never walk in the counsel of the ungodly. "Farewell, I am gone!" With hands clasped and