

The father scolded the child and told him it was settled: they would never attend another holiness meeting.

That night at family prayer Walter noticed that papa didn't pray for the meeting as he promised; in fact, his prayer was short and dry.

The meeting continued, and God blessed many hearts. A holiness church was organized, also a Sunday School and prayer meeting, which proved a great blessing to the community. The Lord put his hand on Albert, Walter's chum, and called him to preach.

The crop was gathered and Brother Graves moved to a good holiness school and denied himself and worked hard to give Albert an education.

Brother A. sent Walter to the highest schools in the country; but they don't honor the Lord in these schools as they should, and Walter became a little skeptical. Time passed on. Walter came home well educated, and secured a position in the high school for the next year.

Albert Graves finished his education and returned to his home to hold a meeting. The meeting began, and the power fell, and people were falling in the altar and praying through to victory. So one night Walter decided to go over to the meeting and hear his old chum preach.

Walter was now a backslider and skeptic. He had decided that religion was a failure, and the best thing for him to do was to get all out of the world possible. The father and mother were not the least bit uneasy now, as Walter was educated and wouldn't pay attention to holiness preaching.

So Walter rode over, hitched his horse, and walked up to take a back seat. Albert was preaching and the power was on him. The sinners were under the burden for the lost, and the sinners were trembling on their seats. The sermon was over, the altar call made, and before

Walter thought of himself he was at the altar crying for mercy.

The service was over and Walter rode home with a heavy heart. He wept and cried, and regretted that he didn't get the blessing when Albert did. Next morning at the breakfast table Walter began to compliment Albert's sermon. The father and mother were now holiness fighters, as many become when they fail to walk in the light and get the blessing. So they began to ridicule the holiness folks, and say that it was foolishness for us to think that we can be perfect in this life. Walter contended that we must be holy before we can ever see God.

The father became enraged and said, "Son, I am surprised at you, with your good sense and education, believing in such a doctrine."

The mother joined in and said, "Now, son, if you go off with the holiness people you will have to give up your position in the school, and if I were you I would drop that before you go too far. You remember our good pastor don't believe in that doctrine, and I know he is the best man in the world. He is going to preach us a sermon on holiness next Sunday and I want you to hear it."

Walter dropped his head and the tears ruined in his plate and he said: "You may be right; but I would give the world if I had the experience that Albert has."

He went to his room, counted the cost and decided to walk in the counsel of his father and mother.

The week passed and it was now Sunday morning. So Walter was off with his father and mother to hear the big sermon on holiness by the pastor. As they passed the parsonage the pastor was on the back gallery in his easy chair with a cigar in his mouth, and the smoke curling back over his head.