

ball game. From the ball game I went to jail, and I will go from here to the penitentiary, and from there to hell. I hope I will never see you again. Tell my little brother and sister to be good and go to heaven. Don't treat them as you have treated me. I trust that God will forgive you, but I never will. I want you to remember this: 'You and father influenced by the pastor sent me to hell.'

"You know how you and father prayed for the blessing of holiness, and because our pastor did not believe in it, you gave it up. I was a child, but knew you were doing wrong. I fear you will never be saved. This is the last letter you will ever get from me. I hope I will never hear from you again. Don't come about the jail; I will not see you. Farewell forever. Your lost boy, Walter."

He sealed the letter and handed it to the jailer. He then turned and began to walk the floor, tear his hair and cry: "Oh, if I had only controlled my temper, how happy I could have been! Anger did it, and I am ruined forever. God pity my poor, lost soul. I loved that boy. God knows I did, and I would not have killed him for the world. Oh, how I hate this anger that is sending me to hell!"

Supper was brought in, but Walter refused to eat. He walked the floor until he was exhausted. The city clock struck two. He fell across the couch, and finally slept.

He dreamed that he was in his room at home. He saw the nice furniture and the beautiful pictures on the wall. He heard his mother in the parlor singing a gospel song. He could hear his little brother and sister romping and playing in the back yard. He could see the beautiful flowers and shade trees, and he watched the calves as they skipped and played in the grass lot. He heard the servant calling the cows. He heard the bells. "The cows are com-

ing; I'll run and open the gate." He awoke and it was only a dream. The poor boy walked the floor until he was exhausted again, and wished that he could die.

The night passed, and it was Sunday morning. The birds were singing, the sky was clear, and the glittering rays of the morning sun were streaming through the foliage and dancing on the window. Walker was looking out. He could see the happy children as they went to Sunday School. The poor boy took a retrospective view of life. He remembered how happy he was when he used to go to Sunday School, and how happy he could have been if he had not walked in the counsel of that ungodly pastor. The thought was more than he could bear. He begged the jailer for morphine that he might end his life.

Brother A. phoned to the pastor, and asked him to visit Walter and pray with him. About ten o'clock the pastor walked into the jail and asked to see Walter. He walked up to the window where he could talk to the pastor. The pastor reached his hand to shake hands with Walter, but he refused to take the pastor's hand. The pastor was surprised and said, "Well, my boy, I am shocked. I hardly know what to say. I always looked on you as one of the nicest young men in the country. Now, Walter, I am ready to advise you, and I think I understand my business. Don't let this bother you now, because it is all over and you can't help it. Repent and ask God to forgive you, and you will be a happy boy again. You would not have done what you did if you had controlled your temper; but that is a thing we can't do all the time. So brace up and be a man; your father has plenty of money and he will soon have you a free man again. Well, I must go to church. May I pray with you before I go?"

Walter gave him a look that sent a chill over his body.