REMARKABLE INCIDENT



Showing that it is dangerous to oppose

the "second Blessing" or Sanctification

as a definite experience

subsequent to regeneration

the tragic end of preacher

after having ruined

a whole family—

very lamentable

affair.



*Published by*

GIDEON O. DE MERCHANT

BATH, N. B., CANADA.

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REMARKABLE INCIDENT

As long as a pastor is true to God he is the greatest In an on earth. But when he lets down and fails to hold up the standard of righteousness, he is an enemy to God and the people. A pastor who stands in the pulpit, and tells the people they can't live right is the worst enemy God has on earth. God says without holiness you cannot see the Lord ; he (the pastor) says, you can. God says, “Keep my commandments;" the pastor says, “Try, and if you fail you have done as well as any one; for there is none good, no, not one."

Then we have another class of pastors who say this: “I believe in holiness as much as any one, and we must be holy before we get to heaven; but I don't believe in this second blessing theory." You ask him if he has the blessing, and he will tell you, "No," then you ask him if it won't be a second blessing when he gets it, and he will begin to talk about some one who professes holiness and doesn't live it.

God demands of the pastor that he be holy, and he should be. There are more people walking in the counsel of the pastors than any other class of men in the world. When they are and, they are glad to counsel with their Doctor, and when they are happy and enjoying life, they delight in telling their pastor, So his counsel is constantly being sought and his advice taken. God pity the pastor who does not feel the responsibility.

A young man started out. In life, his prospects were bright and promising. He decided it was not best for man to live alone, so he married a beautiful girl, one who loved the Lord and knew how to work. They moved into a home and erected a family altar. The Lord wonderfully blessed them. They built a nice home, a son was born, named, the pastor sent for and little Walter christened. So Brother A. and wife started out with energy and zeal to make life a success, be a blessing to the world and get to Heaven. They frequently counseled with their pastor in regard to the training of their little one. Of course he was always ready to advise them. Time passed and the Lord blessed Brother A. with a good home, bank account and two more children. He was a praying member in the church, a Sunday School superintendent, and his wife was a fine worker. She knew how to get down by a penitent in the altar and pray him through to victory.

Walter now was twelve years old, and had been taught to read his Bible, pray, and go to church and was a very religious child. Brother A. and his wife cherished the thought that some day Walter would be a preacher. One beautiful May morning, when all nature seemed to be praising God, Brother A. and wife began to talk of the goodness of God. They looked at their sweet little children, their nice home, and everything they needed at their door, and praised the Lord for His goodness.

About this time Brother Graves, one of Brother A's renters, stepped in and asked him if he had heard of the holiness meeting. Brother A. was surprised, and began to ask questions. Brother Graves told Brother A. all about the meeting and the preacher and how he liked to hear him preach. Brother Graves said, "Folks can say what they please about holiness folks, but that preacher is preaching just what I have been winning for years."

So Brother A. and wife decided they would go over and hear the doctrine. The preachers text was, "This is the will of God, even your Sanctification." The Lord blessed the message and several went to the altar and prayed through to victory, Sister A, took u big round shouting. Brother A, was highly pleased with the meeting and on the way home he and his wife began to talk. He said, "Oh, if I had the experience that preacher talked about I would give the world !" "I believe it is for us,” said the wife. "I know we need it; we get mad and it hurts our children, and we don't have the influence over them that we ought to have." The mother was all broken up and said, “We must have the blessing."

Walter listened eagerly to the conversation, and his innocent little heart was hungering and thirsting after God. So he joined in the conversation and said: “Yes, papa, I want the blessing too. I get mad at little sister and brother, and I know when I get mind and say things to them I ought not to say, I feel bad and I have to ask their pardon, and then God forgives me and I feel so good and happy. I promise the Lord I won't do that any more. But before I think I am mad again."

They drove home, the team was put up and they got their Bibles and read the Scriptures the preacher told them to read. They were convinced that the preacher was right and the blessing was for them. The evening passed rapidly, and they were soon off for the meeting to out the desire of their hearts.

The preacher walked into the pulpit, his face all aglow and his breast heaving with the unction and power of God. The Lord gave the message, convinced the people, the altar call was made, and Brother A, and wife were among the first at the altar.

Brother Graves and wife and Albert got the blessing and went home shouting. Brother A. and Family went home praying and believing that they would soon have the blessing. At home around the family altar they prayed for the meeting and for the preacher and for the pastor. They all retired bellowing they would soon have the desire of their hearts.

The morning dawned und the sun was blessing the earth with red glittering rays again, Breakfast was ready, prayer was offered, the Lord blessed, and again they were preparing for meeting. Dinner was prepared and packed in a basket, The team was harnessed and the carriage was driven outside the front gate, Walter came skipping down the stairs singing, “I want to be like Jesus in my heart." The song filled the mother's heart with joy, and she breathed a prayer that this would be the day when they would be filled with all the fullness of God. Her heart was punting after God, "the living God.”

So she stole away to the closet for a few moments prayer before starting to church. And thus she prayed : “O Lord, according to Thy Word, Thou art able to cleanse from all sin and satisfy every longing of the heart. And now, Holy Father, help me this morning to make the consecration required that I may be filled with all the fullness of God. I hear people say they are ready to meet Jesus, and would be glad to see him. Now, Holy Father, Thou knowest I love thee, but I can't say that I would be glad to see Jesus. Help me to get to the place where I can say amen to the entire will of God.”

About this time one of the children came running in and said, “Yonder comes our pastor." She arose from her knees delighted, thinking that her pastor would help her to get the blessing.

**THE PASTOR’S EARLY CALL**

The pastor had heard that Brother A. and wife were seeking the second blessing, and he came to see about it. Slater A. met him with a smile, and after passing a few words she told him her experience, To her surprise he laughed her to scorn and said, “How foolish you are, seeking a second blessing." The poor woman's heart sank within her.

Brother A. tried to convince the pastor that they were right, but he didn't pay any attention to him. Then the pastor turned loose on the evangelist and said: “He got too good to stay in the church, and now he is out to see how many churches he can break up. This second blessing doctrine is a new thing gotten up by a few ignorant folks, and all they are trying to do is to tear up churches. Now, Brother A., I am your pastor, and I love you, and I understand the Bible, and I know there is no such doctrine taught as that second blessing preacher is preaching. I have read and prayed over this thing until I have learned something. I was foolish enough to go to the altar and seek the second blessing in a holiness meeting n few years ago. While I was at the altar the Lord allowed me that I had better get up from that altar or I would have to give up my church, and he showed me that I must got out and got souls saved and not be seeking a second blooming,"

“Well," said Brother A., "How many conversions have you had since you began to preach against the second blessing?"

"Well-well–I––I–well, I have received quite a number into the church, and baptized several, and I write to our church paper."

"Now, pastor, you didn't answer my question, I asked you how many conversions you have had since you began to fight the second blessing.”

"Well, I don't believe in demonstrations like the holiness folks. They think we have to shout all over the house to get saved. I think all we have to do in this enlightened age is to accept Christ as our Savior and join the church and do our duty we are all right.”

"Now, pastor, that holiness preacher last night proved that we could be free from the carnal mind and the Lord could keep us in perfect peace. So I want all the Lord has for me."

The pastor was getting a little uneasy so he decided to try flattery. Just like the enemy of souls; if he can't get you any other way he will flatter you almost to death.

So he said: "Now, Brother A., I never saw a family that I loved as I do you and your family. You are the backbone of the church, and the whole church looks to you for counsel, and they nil say we could not get along without Brother A. and family. Now, Brother A., listen to me. God bless you, I want to help you to be a greater man than you have been, and you will make no mistake in taking my advice. You turn that team back in the lot and stay away from that holiness meeting. If you will stay away awhile you will get to the place where you will not want to go. The idea of our getting so good we won't get mad is ridiculous. We never will get to the place where we won't get mud. That preacher is preaching a false doctrine and he knows it."

The mother's heart sank within her and Walter dropped his head and left the room with a heavy, breaking heart. He went to the barn and climbed up in the loft and prayed that God would let them go to meeting. In a short time he was sent for. The pastor was going to pray with them and leave.

**THE PASTOR'S PRAYER**

"0 Lord, our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the sunlight of another day, and for food, health and raiment. We thank Thee for the church, and for such men as Brother A. to stand by the church and help carry on the work. We thank Thee for education that we may learn that we are but poor, weak worms of the dust, and by studying Thy Word we learn that we will have to sin as long as we live. But we thank Thee that when we sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. And now, Holy Father, this family is about to be led off with this new fangled doctrine, and I pray Thee help them to see their mistake and stay with their church and be a blessing to the world. Now, Father, forgive our many sins and help us to be true to our church and help us to see the foolishness of seeking a second blessing. Help us to see that s11nctlflcat1on and regeneration are one and the same thing. All this we ask in .Jesus name. Amen!"

Brother A. listened to the prayer, but did not amen much. When the prayer was over Brother A. asked the pastor why he believed that we were sanctified and justified at the same time. The evangelist proved that all the standards of all the churches teach that the carnal mind remains in the heart of the believer and the Bible teaches plainly that we must be sanctified before we can get the baptism with the Holy Ghost.

"Well, said the pastor, "I am not much on this Holy Ghost baptism in this age. You see, we have education and knowledge that the apostles didn't have. So they had to have this extra blessing to do the work that was to be done at that time. Don't you ever get it into your head that we will be as good as the apostles."

"Well," said Brother A., "the Bible says that it is for all even to the uttermost parts of the earth." That made the pastor's face turn red, and he began to slash the holiness folks.

He said : "I know a fellow over in an adjoining county that got the second blessing and he got so good he couldn't stay in the church. So he pulled out of the church and ran off with another man's wife." "Now," continued the pastor, "there is no one professing this blessing but a few .ignorant folks, and I warn :1;ou again to stay away from their meetings."

Brother A. had the team put back in the lot and sat down and had a long talk about the evangelist and about holiness, and then said, "Now we know that our pastor is a good man and well educated, and he knows much more than we do, and it looks like foolishness for us to try to be better than our pastor." So the father and mother decided to walk in the counsel of their pastor and stay away from the holiness meetings.

Walter listened attentively then said, "Papa, I know our pastor is a good man, and very wise, and I love him; but I need the experience the evangelist talks about. If I could keep from getting mad I know I would be happy and more useful. I love God and I want to live right and help others to Jesus; and I know when I am mad I don't feel · like praying for sinners. I first have to ask God to forgive me before I can pray for others. Then suppose a sinner comes up and hears me praying to God for pardon, will he want that kind of religion? Now, papa, our pastor said that after we accept Christ our bodies do all the sinning and our souls are clean and holy. The Bible says every sin committed ls without the body. Now, are we going to believe God or our pastor? Now, papa, I think we ought to go back to the meeting and get all the religion we want, and let our pastor have what he wants.

Walter's words weighed heavily on the father's mind and in his heart he longed to be at the holiness meeting. But influenced by the pastor he said, "No, son, we won't go any more because our pastor forbids it."

Just like thousands of poor souls are doing today. Their pastors don't believe In holiness; they don't either. The holiness-fighting pastor will soon be in hell ; and they will too. Great God! open the eyes of the poor pastor ridden people. We see people today as much under the influence of the pastor as the Catholics are under the priests.

Walter left the room very sad indeed, but prayed the Lord to let them go to the night service.

About night Brother Graves and family drove up on their way to church. They didn't understand why Brother A. and family were not at church. They were . praising God for the new found joy, and asked Brother A. why he didn't go to the morning service.

"Well, our pastor came out this morning, and told us some things we didn't know." Then he told Brother Graves all about that holiness preacher running off with another man's wife, and warned him to stay away from the meeting.

"Well," said Brother Graves, "we all got the blessing last night, and it is too good to give up, no matter what the other fellow did." But Brother A., influenced by the pastor, stouted it out and would not go.

While the older people were talking Walter and Albert went upstairs to Walter's room, and Albert told Walter that he loved his pastor, but said, "I know he is mistaken about holiness. I know we can have the blessing because I have it." He told Walter how God had taken that awful, hateful anger out, and how happy he was over it. Walter wept while Albert talked. Then he begged Albert to beg his papa to go to the meeting that night:. They went down and begged and pleaded, but all in vain. Brother A. determined to be true to his pastor.

As Brother Graves and family drove off to church, Walter broke down and cried and said, "Papa, please do go to church tonight; Albert got the blessing today, and he told me how the Lord was blessing him, and I want the Lord to bless me that way."

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 schoois 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 hls horse, and walked up to take a back seat. Albert was preaching and the power was on him. The saints 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 mothei: 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 glve up your position in the school, ancl If I were you I would drop that before you go too far. You remember our good pastor don't believe in that doctrine, uncl T 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 hls head and the tears rained in his plute 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.

Walter said to his mother, "That don't look much like a follower of ,Jesus to me."

"Well." said the mother, ."our pastor is so fleshy if he didn't smoke he couldn't do the work he has to do." They entered the church and Walter took a front seat with his father. The pastor walked into the pulpit smelling like the back door of a back alley saloon, and took his text, "We have all sinned and com<> short of the glory of Go<l." He said to the sinner, "You must give up your sins if you ever expect to get to heaven." Then he said to the Christians "You must sin as long as you live. I sin every day nnd every hour in the day, and I know I am ready for heaven, a poor sinner saved by grace." He slashed the holiness folks. and told of a good man that professed the second blessing, but saw his mistake and came back to the church, and what a light he had been ever since. He warned the people against young Mr. Graves' meeting, uncle told them he was looking for the whole business to go crazy.

Brother A. and family were soon seated around the dinner table, and the mother said, "Son, how did you like the sermon ?" Walter replied: "If that is gospel, I don't want to hear any more of it. If that is all there is in: religion I don't want it. That preached said he sinned every day, and that is all the devil can do. I can't see that he is any .better than any other sinner. The Bible says that Jesus came to save us from sin, and according to his own statement he is not saved from anything. So I will not go back to the church; I abhor lying and I can· not afford to be In the church and say I am a Christian and be sinning all the time."

Walter left the table, and went to his room, and decided he would just let religion pass and get all out of the world he could.

Brother A. said to his wife: "I am so glad that Walter didn't go off with the holiness craze. I think it is so misleading: it just ruins a young mind forever. There is poor Albert Graves! He is gone; he will never amount to anything In this world.'' The mother said, "Yes, that Is true; Walter's education will take him through the world all right."

Alhert continued his meeting and souls were being saved all over the country. The week passed, and it was now Saturday morning. Walter took his seat at the breakfast table, but did not eat any breakfast. His face was pale. and his lips quivered. The mother became alarmed, nud asked him the trouble.

Walter, with quivering voice said: "I have been in awful agony of soul all night. I feel like Goel was giving me my last call. Oh. how 1 regret that I ever backslid! I feel like I ought to go over to Albert's meeting this morning and give mr heart to God."

The father began to scold him, and tell him how silly he was and the best thin1,t he could do was to forget that holiness meeting and go 011 about his business. The mother told him to wait II and go to hear their pastor tor Sunday, and if he wanted to he could come back to the church and they would fellowship him again and he would be all right.

Walter said: "Mother, that won't do me any good. I am sick of sin and my heart is breaking. My soul is heavy. Ob, how I wish I had some one to pray for me." Brother A. stepped to the phone and called the pastor, and in a short time he was there. They were nil seated In the parlor, and the pastor was told the trouble. So he said to Walter: "I am sorry to find you In nil this trouble, and I think It all unnecessary. But that is what people get that attend the holiness meeting. I am real sorry that young man ever came to our neighborhood preaching that dangerous doctrine.· He has carried several of my best members off with him. And not a few are all torn up and in trouble like you are. I don't know whut steps to take in regard to the meeting. Several of my members will look me right in the face and say they are sanctified, and I can't do one thing with them. I feel like we ought to run him out of the country. It is so silly for educated people to go off with that ignorant crowd." When he said ignorant trashy crowd, that made ,valter mad and his conviction left him, and he said: "You need not try to make me believe any such stuff. I know there is not u nicer young man living than Albert Graves, I have known him all my life, and I know he is a gentleman in every respect, and the best preacher I ever heard. So if you arc going to talk about holiness folks be sure you tell the truth."

The pastor saw he was beaten, and turning off with a big luugh began to talk about the ball game, which the Y. M. C. A. and the league were to play that afternoon, He bragged on the league team, and insisted that Walter go over and join them. The father and mother joined in and begged him to go to the ball game instead of the hollness meeting. So Walter decided to go to the ball game. The pastor took his hat and left, tickled to think the bolness people wouldn't get that young man.

The mother prepared Walter's ball suit, and at one o'clock he mounted hls fine horse and rode away to the hall ground. The mother's heart leaped wlth joy as her boy rode away, and she watched him until hls prancing steed took him out of her sight. She thanked God that he had spared her to see her boy grown and educated. She had decided that she did not want him to preach, but she wanted him to make a mark in the world. She thought

it so nice for young men to play ball; it is such good exercise. Now she turned to her easy chair and took up the daily paper hoping that the league would bent the Y. M.C. A.

About this time Albert, the young preacher, walked in. sister A. was surprised, as she had sent him word to stay uwn;v and quit talking holiness to Walter. She could see from the expression of his face that he wns under an a wfui lmrclen. She was sorry that he came, but as he wa:,, there she was anxious for him to explain himself. The young man of course begged her pardon and asked if he. could speak to Walter.

Mrs. A. with a hard rough reply said: "No, I aw glad to inform you that you can't see my boy today. I am sorry you ever came back to this country preaching that cla11ge1·ous second blessing doctrine. Walter was so troubled this morning he couldn't eat any breakfast, and said he was so bothered he clidn't sleep any last night. But we sent for our pastor thls morning, and he straightened him out, and we sent him to the ball game this ufteruoon and I am real glad he is away. It is such a pity that you ever became infatuated with that foolish second bleeslng doctrine. You were such a bright boy, I thought you would, make a mark in the world, but you have certalnly missed it. Welter has a position in the high school, but look at you, strolling around the country preaching the second blessing. I am ashamed of you. Walter was so happy and lively when he came from school, but your preaching bas caused him to be sad ancl heartbroken. I hate to look at him. I do hope he will never hear you preach again·. To our surprise he wanted to go be.ck to bear you preach this morning, and we were determined that he should not go. He is at the ball game now, and you need not bother yourself .about him. So If that is all, you can take your hat and be gone."

Albert's eyes filled with tears as he said: "Sister A., I love you, the Lord bless you, and I love Walter as a brother. Please hear me a moment and then I will be gone. Last night about midnight I was on my knees in gone for souls and Walter seemed to pass right before me and something whispered to me, "I am giving him his last call." I tried to get rid of the impression, but the last I prayed the more intense it grew. I prayed for him the rest of the night and felt like he would be at the morning service. Since the morning service, I have had such ingawful burden on my heart. I don't understand it. We . hnd . a precious service the Lord did wonderfully bless, several were saved and three were sanctified "Oh, that makes me tired!" exclaimed Mrs. A. "The idea of us being holy in this world. I don't believe a word of it. Away with such stuff, I don't want to hear any more of it."

"Well, Sister A., I know you think I am wasting my life, but I am in touch with Goel and I know it, and He is wonclerfully blessing my life and ministry. I have . bought father and mother a nice little home nod they are happy, ancl I have more calls thau I can fill. I am really sorry that you are ashamed of me, but I had rather have you ashamed of me than to· hear the Lord say, 'Depart .from me, I never knew you.' I have counted the cost, paid the price, and menu to go through. That is why I ,came over to see Walter, I wanted to help him back to God. I hope he will return all right, but I am uneasy for him. I must go. Good bye, the Lord bless you," and out he went with a burdened heart for the poor lost boy. Mrs. A. sat:back in her east chair and thanked God that her disturber was gone, she unfolded her paper and began to read, but these words thundered lo her ears, "ye have profaned the holiness of the Lord, and married the daughter of a strange God!"

She jumped from her chair and passed into another room, but the words kept ringing in her ears. She became alarmed and walked the floor, wringing her hnnds, crying, "What does thil'I mean!! What does this mean!" She tried to pray, but the heavens seemed brass She went to the phone and called her pastor, told himeall about it, and ai1ked him what It meant.

He laughed in her ear and said: "Don't you pay any attention to such an impression Now Sister A., you must not be weak minded Brace up, throw it off and have your carriage brought out and drive over to the ball ground. We are now ready to start. There is nothing in the impression; don't you thing l there is. That is so much like those second blessing folks; they are always having impressions, ancl it makes 1m• tired to hear any one say 11nyimpresasbioounts impressions So come on t.o the ball game nnd we will have a nice time."

The poor woman continued to walk the floor and weep The burden grew very heavy. She tried to pprraayy but could not. She went to the phone nnd called a neighbor near the ball ground nnd had her to call her pastor to the phone. The pastor came and was surprised to. know that it was Sister A. again. The poor woman told him the same story nnd said: "Can't you and your wife come over and pray with me? Oh, this burden is killing me!"

The pastor replied: "We would be only too glad to visit this afternoon and pray with you, but it ls impossible now. The game is very cloe, and we must stay noel see noowve.r. Your boy is playing the part of a man. Don't you be the lest bit uneasy about him . Now, listen to me: I never did advise you wrong, and my advice is to get out into the open air, drive over here and go home with us for supper, nnd I assure you that you will go buck home all right. Don't give way to that weakness." The broken hearted woman hung up the receiver and these words swept through her mind, "You knew your duty and did it not." Great darkness hovered over her soul. She sank to the floor and these awful words pierced her heart and mind, "Ye have profaned the holiness of the Lord and married the daughter of a strange God."

The game was ou nnd waxed hotter and hotter and the Y.M.C.A. boys were getting mad. Walter was playing his part so well, and the people were cheering so much that it kindled such an anger in one of the boys, that he decided that If . he could not beat them they would fight it out. So he begun to pick at Walter, and do everything possible to get a fight out of him.

Walter stood it like a mun for quite a ,vhile, but at lust his awful temper got the best of him, and he turned on the young mun with a but and hit him such a terrible blow that it crushed his skull as If It had been an egg shell. The young. man was picked up and a doctor culled, but in ten minutes .he was pronounced dead. Poor Walter fell on his knees beside the boy and cried, "Oh, I did not mean to kill him, I know I didn't. Anger is the cause of it. Great God, forgive me!"

The sheriff was culled and Walter was a prisoner, landed in jail. One of the boys went to the phone and broke the news to the father and mother. The mother fainted, was carried to bed. Mr. A. was enraged and was soon in town to get his boy out of jail, but the judge would allow him no bail.

The father thought: "A few hours ago my precious boy was begging to go to church where he could give his heart to God. I refused to let him go, and now he is a prisoner in jail, and I am afraid lost forever." It broke the father's heart, and he went to the jail to see his boy. When Walter heard his father's voice he turned his back and refused to see him. He told him he never wanted to see him again and asked him to leave the jail, This was more than the father could bear. He wept like a child, and begged his precious boy to forgive him. Walter paid no attention to hill father's cries, but walked the floor of his cell, cursing his father, mother, pastor and everybody who teaches that we can not be de livered from that hellish temper that caused him to commit this crime. Walter called for paper and pen and thus wrote his mother:

"Well, mother, I thought I would write you one more letter. I want you to know what you nnd father have done for me. I will never be a free man again. I know the law, and my doom is sealed In this world and the world to come. The pangs of hell are getting hold on me. I can't repent to su ve my life. You wm remember I told you this morning that God was giving me my last cull, and I can realize now that it was. I will never have another chance to give my heart to Goel. Instead of being my best friend you have been my worst enemy.

"You will remember years ago when Albert was sanctified I wanted the blessing, and my innocent heart, hungered after God, and you and father, influenced by your pastor, held me buck. This morning, when my soul was making its last fight, and I felt that the Lord wanted me to go to the holiuess meeting and give my heart to God you threw yourself across my path and sent ·for that wicked pastor, and you all kept me from the meeting and sent me to the ball game. From the ball game. I went to jail, and I wlll go from here to t.he penitentiary, and froni there to hell. I hope I will never see you again. Tell my little b1·other and sister to be good and go to heaven. Don't treat them us you have treated roe. I trust that Goel will forgive you, but I nerer 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 bud 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, nod 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 floo1· 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 wal.. he heard his mother in the parlor singing a · gospel song. He could hear his little brother and sister romping nnd playing in the buck 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. coming; I'll run and open the gate." He a woke 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 glitter ing rays of the morning sun were streaming through the follage and dancing 011 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 be could bear. He begged the jailer for morphine that he might end his life.

Brother A. phoned to the pasto1·, and asked him to visit Walter and pray with him. About ten o'clock the pastor walked into the Jui! 1111d asked to see Walter. He walked up to the window where he could talk to the pastor. The pastor reached hi!:< hnnd to shake hands with \Valter, but he refused to take the pastor's huncl. The pastor was surprised and said, "Well, my boy, I um 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 whnt 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.

"Now, pastor, listen to me a moment, then you can go. To be sure I don't want you to pray for 1;11e. I have heard you say that you sinned every day and every hour in the day, and I don't doubt It in the least. I would as soon send for a bartender to come and pray for me as you. He don't do anything but sin, and that is all you do: nnd that is all the devil wants you to do. Don't you mention prayer to me.

"Several years ago when father and mother and I were wanting all the Lord had for us, you laughed us to scorn nnd said we were foolish for seeking the Lord for clean hearts. You said we would have to get mad as long as we lived, and it was folly to think that we could be cleansed of the carnal mind. I soon backslid and went to the world for pleasure, hut found none. Then a few days ago, when Albert Graves begain to preach in our community, you wanted to run him out of the country, and said things about him you knew were untrue "Now this is plain talk, hut I want you to know what I think of you before you go. You are a disgrace to the pulpit, an enemy to God, and the cause of my ruin. I was once a bright, happy, Christian boy, but I had an awful temper, and I wanted the Lord to take the tiger out of my breast so I could serve Him in holiness and righteousness all the days of my life, and you hindered me. And you know yesterday morning when God was pleading with my soul the last time, you advised me to go to the ball game, instead of to church. I walked in your counsel, disobeyed God, and now I am lost forever.

"I want you to look at the two boys. Albert Graves be lieved God and went on to perfection, and today he ls a great preacher and has more calls that he . can fill, and more conversions in one meeting than you have had in all

your life. Albert walked in the counsel of the godly and is a blessing to the world. I walked in your counsel, and I am n poor, God forsaken, heart-broken prisoner. I haven't one rny of hope. I will go from the prison to hell, and when I meet you I cnn point my bony finger in your face and tell you that you gave me advice that sent me there.

"You know that God demands holiness, and you know that you are unholy. You know that the blood of Jesus cleanses the heart, and that it is received by faith, nnd you are trying to make people believe they will be sanctified at death, when you lcnow you haven't one verse of Scripture to sustain the doctrine. Now you can go. Don't come any more. I dou't want your counsel nor prayers."

The pastor dropped his head and walked out with the curse of God upon him. He could plainly see what he had done. The whole thing loomed up before him. He said to himself ; "I know I have done wrong, but I don't want my church to know it. I kown lt. I know the Bible teaches holiness, but it is so unpopular I cun't afford to accept it now. The Bible says that "There is therefore now no condemnation to them thnt nre in Christ Jesus," and I have condemnation. According to the Scripture I am not in Christ Jesus. Oh, I um so sorry I ever tried to preach!" By this time he was in the church door. He walked into the pupit and read a short lesson, said a short prayer, and tried to preach. His face wall pale, and his lips quivered as he told about the murder.. He told the boys to be very careful the next time they played a match game. At the close of the service he informed the people that his health had failed, and he thought the best thing he could do was to take a vacation. The church granted his request, and he at once prepared to be off to the seashore.

The jailer sent Mrs. A. Walter's Jetter, and with trembling hands she broke the seal and read the awful fate of her precous 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 cousnel and help. I thought you were a mun of God, and II 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 ls 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 ls blessing them! They have a nice home, and Albert is such a flue 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 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 ls 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 a1·e 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 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 hoy! How I did want him to make a success in life ! And to think he ls a prisoner in jail ! It ls more than I can bear!

"Yon remember you told him that God could not save him from that awful tempe1·, and that ls what put him where he ls. 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 ls one family that you have ruined. We were once so happy and hopeful. Everything seemed to go our way. Oh, the future ls so dark! Can't you do something for me? The . way ls 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 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 he band 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 now." ness is right, but I would rather die than to give up now.

In a few days the pastor was off for a vacation. The said 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 for and Walter rushed up to the window and reached walke.dAlbert's hand. It almost broke Albert's heart to look the poor boy in the :!'ace. 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 bur- Albperratyed for him Friday night, and how his soul was burdened for him.

Walter, with 11 God-forsaken look on bis 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 the 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,

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 t.o 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 fnther 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, "l walked in the counsel of the pastor and lost my soul. Lost I Lost l" 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 tbe 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.

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

One cold winter night a few met in a little cottage for prayer. The night was dark, the ' snow was falllng 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 his 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 1t 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 bellever, 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, thnt 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 thnt you were located at once. So you gave it up and began to preach against the doctrine, and you know that your prenchi11g has been very dry and fruitless ever since. It ls true thnt you have !milt up n great church in number, but how many do you think would be rendy to go should the Lord come tonight?"

The poor, unfortunate husband clldn't like that kind of talk, and he snid: "Wife, you make me tired. Yon 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 wlll 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. 'l'he wife llngered 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 had been talking about was true. He saw the Arnold family in their new home, happy and· free, and he remembered the morning when he had them to put the te0:m back in the lot, and kept them from going to the holiness meeting. He remembered the advice he had given them, and how they loved him and walked in his counsel; and he could hear the groans of the mother, and could see the heartbroken father straggling and dying in the mud. He could see the poor, friendless, Godforsaken boy as he plunged from one side of the prison to the other, dying, fighting devils and crying, "Lost! Lost!"

Then another picture came up before him. There was the Graves family, poor renters, but they obeyed God, and would not walk ln the counsel of their pastor, and he could see Albert a great preacher, and his mother and father in a nice 'home, happy as they could be and a real blessing to the world He got out of the bed and walked the floor. His wife tried to comfort him, but all in vain. He walked the floor, wringing his hands and saying "I would give the world lf I had obeyed God instead of man." He walked until he was exhausted. He was taken ill; the doctor was called, his case was diagnosed and pronounced pneumonia. The third day his case was pronounced hopeless. The poor man saw his doom. He sent for n number of his church members, and then sent for the holiness folks that he had turned out of the church, and they braced him up, and thus he said: "Dear friends, you are looking in the face of a man that has failed. I knew my duty and did it not. Years ago the Lord showed me that I did not have the baptism with the Holy Ghost; I sought the blessing, but soon saw that it ·was very unpopular, so I decided I would do as my church wanted me to do, and when I came to die the Lord would forgive me and take me to heaven Friends, listen to me; from that day to this I have not had a spark of grace in my soul I knew when I preached against the doctrine of sanctification I was doing wrong. But I wanted to be popular and I succeeded; but it cost me my soul. I can't find God. Oh! the way is dark, and I have to go alone!"

Then he reached out and took Brother Love, a dear old saint that he had turned out of the church by the hand and said: "I knew you people were right when I turned you out of the church. How God did convict me for it! But I made myself believe that I could serve my church, fight holiness, and finally get to heaven; but I see plainly that I have failed. I want you people to forgive me, and be true to God at any cost. In a few hours I will be in hell to burn forever. Oh, what a fool I have been! I have wasted my life trying to please an ungodly church. I want you people to tell wherever you go that it pays to be true to God at any cost. My church loved me too well. If I had been true to God they would have been better, and I am sure I would. Now, brethren, you all know that regeneration don't destroy the carnal mind; it is impossible for a soul to get to heaven without holiness. And if a soul is made holy after regeneration it ls bound to be a second work of grace. I have known this for years, but I have played the fool at the cost of my soul. Don't call me a great preacher. I have been anything but a God-sent preacher." ·

He turned his face to the wall and refused to be comforted. In a few hours he went to render his account unto God.

