

The False Guide

or

A Pastor's Influence

By

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A Pastor's Influence

By T. E. VERNER

As long as the pastor is true to God he is the greatest man 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 can not 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 do n'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 does not 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 sad, they are glad to counsel with their pastor, 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 was baptized. 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 was now 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 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 wanting for years."

So Brother A. and wife decided they would go over and hear the new doctrine. The preacher's 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 a 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 mad and say things to them that 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 get 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, convicted 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 their pastor. They all retired believing they would soon have the desire of their hearts.

The morning dawned and the sun was blessing the earth with her 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 the basket. The team was harnessed and the carriage driven out to 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 fulness of God. Her heart, was panting 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 fulness 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. Sister 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 the 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 a few years ago. While I was at the altar the Lord showed 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 get out and get souls saved and not be seeking the second blessing."

"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

Ghost baptism in this age. You see, we have education and knowledge that the apostles did not 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 part of the earth."

That made the pastor's face turn red, and he began to slash the holiness folks.

He said: "I knew a fellow over in an adjoining county that got the second blessing and got so good he could n'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 you again to stay away from holiness 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 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 that evangelist talks about. If I could keep from getting mad I know I would be happier 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 do n'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 is 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 do n't believe in holiness; they do n't either. The pastor won't go to holiness meetings; they won'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 priest.

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

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

"Well, our pastor came out this morning, and told us some things we did n'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 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 did n'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 prayermeeting, 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 do n'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 old home to hold a meeting. The meeting began, 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 would n't pay any 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 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 to God for mercy.

The service was over and Walter rode home with a heavy heart. He wept and cried, and regretted that he did n'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 sur-

prised 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 does n'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 rained in his plate and he said, "You may be right; but I would give the world if I had the experience 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 does n't look much like a follower of Jesus to me."

"Well," said the mother, "our pastor is so fleshy if he did n't smoke he could n'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 come short of the glory of God." 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 and 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's meeting, and 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 do n't want to hear any more of it. If that is all there is in religion I do n't want it. That preacher 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 did n't go off with this holiness craze. I think it is so misleading; it just ruins a young man 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."

Albert 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, and asked him the trouble.

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

The father began to scold him, and tell him how silly he was, and the best he could do was to forget that holiness meeting and go on about his business.

The mother told him to wait and go to hear their pastor 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. Oh, 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 all seated in the parlor, and the pastor was told the trouble.

So he said to Walter: "I am sorry to find you in all this trouble, and I think it is all unnecessary. But that is what people get that attend that 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 do n't know what 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 Wal-

ter 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 a nicer young man to be found 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 are going to talk about holiness folks, be sure to tell the truth."

The pastor saw that he was beaten, and turning off with a big laugh 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 holiness meeting. So Walter decided to go to the ball game. The pastor took his hat and left, tickled to think the holiness people would n't get that young man.

The mother prepared Walter's ball suit, and at one o'clock he mounted his fine horse and rode away to the ball ground. The mother's heart leaped with joy as her boy rode away, and she watched him until his 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 beat 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 away and quit talking holiness to Walter. She could see from the expression of his face that he was under an awful burden. She was sorry that he came, but as he was

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 am glad to inform you that you can't see my boy today. I am sorry you ever came back to this country preaching that dangerous second blessing doctrine. Walter was so troubled this morning he could n't eat any breakfast, and said he was so bothered he did n't sleep any last night. But we sent for our pastor this morning, and he straightened him out, and we sent him to the ball game this afternoon, and I am glad he is away. It is such a pity that you ever became infatuated with that foolish second blessing doctrine. You were such a bright boy, I thought you would make a mark in the world, but you have certainly missed it. Walter has a position in the high school, but look at you, strolling around over the country preaching the second blessing. I am ashamed of you. Walter was so happy and lively when he came home from school, but your preaching has caused him to be sad and heartbroken. I hate to look at him. I do hope he will never hear you preach again. To our surprise he wanted to go back to hear 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 agony 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

more 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 an awful burden on my heart. I do n't understand it. We had 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 do n't believe a word of it. Away with such stuff; I do n'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 God and I know it, and He is wonderfully blessing my life and ministry. I have bought father and mother a nice little home and they are happy, and I have more calls than 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 mean 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-by, the Lord bless you," and out he went with a burdened heart for the poor lost boy.

Mrs. A. sat back in her easy chair and thanked God that her disturber was gone. She unfolded her paper and began to read, but these words thundered in 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 hands, crying, "What does this mean? What does this mean?" She tried to pray, but the heavens seemed brass. She

went to the phone and called her pastor, told him all about it and asked him what it meant.

He laughed in her ear and said: "Do n't you pay any attention to such an impression. Now, Sister A., you must not be weakminded. 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 that impression; do n't you think there is. That is so much like those second blessing folks; they are always having impressions, and it makes me tired to hear any one say anything about impressions. So come on to the ball game and we will have a nice time."

The poor woman continued to walk the floor and weep. The burden grew very heavy. She tried to pray but could not. She went to the phone and called a neighbor near the ball ground and 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 and 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 you this afternoon and pray with you, but it is impossible now. The game is very close, and we must stay and see it over. Your boy is playing the part of a man. Do n't you be the least bit uneasy about him. Now, listen to me: I never did advise you wrong, and my advice is, get out into the open air, drive over here and go home with us for supper, and I assure you that you will go back home all right. Do n'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 on and 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 anger in one of the boys, that he decided if they could not beat them they would fight it out. So he began to pick at Walter, and do everything possible to get a fight out of him.

Walter stood it like a man for quite a while, but at last his awful temper got the best of him, and he turned on the young man with a bat and hit him such a terrific blow that it crushed his skull as if it had been an eggshell. The young man was picked up and a doctor called, but in ten minutes he pronounced him dead. Poor Walter fell on his knees beside the boy and cried: "Oh, I did not mean to kill him, I know I did n't. Anger is the cause of it. Great God, forgive me!"

The sheriff was called 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 and was carried to her 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 please leave the jail. This was more than the father could bear. He wept like

a child and entreated his precious boy to forgive him.

Walter paid no attention to his father's cries, but walked the floor of his cell, cursing his father, mother, pastor, and everybody who teaches that we can not be delivered 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 and 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 save my life. You will remember I told you this morning that God was giving me my last call, and I can realize now that it was. I will never have another chance to give my heart to God. Instead of being my best friend you have been my worst enemy.

"You will remembr 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 back. This morning, when my soul was making its last fight, and I felt that the Lord wanted me to go to the holiness 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 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. Do n'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 I 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. Do n't come near 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 good 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 coming; 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, 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. Walter 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 the pastor, and asked him to visit Walter and pray with him. At 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. Do n'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; 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 for 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 do n't want you to pray for me. I have heard you say that you sinned every day and every hour in the day, and I do n't doubt it in the least. I would as soon send for a bartender to come and pray for me as you. He does n't do anything but sin, and that is all you do;

and that is all the Devil wants you to do. Do n'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 and 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, but found none. Then a few days ago, when Albert Graves began 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, but 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 that 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 believed God and went on to perfection, and today he is a great preacher and has more calls than 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 a poor, Godforsaken, heartbroken prisoner. I have n't one ray of hope. I will go from the prison to hell, and when I meet you I can 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, and you are trying to make the people believe that they will be sanctified at death, when you know you have n't one verse of Scripture to sustain the doctrine. Now you can go. Do n't come any more. I do n'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 do n't want my church to know it. I know it. I know the Bible teaches holiness, but it is so unpopular I can't afford to accept it now. The Bible says that 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus,' and I have condemnation. According to that Scripture I am not in Christ Jesus. Oh, I am so sorry I ever tried to preach!"

By this time he was in the church door. He walked into the pulpit and read a short lesson, said a short prayer, and tried to preach. His face was pale, and his lips quivered as he told all about the murder. He told the young men 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 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 barely 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, hellbound 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 a sin of the flesh and a sin of the spirit."

"Well, Sister A., I do n't care to take time to explain that to you now. Of course I understand it all right, and will explain it to you 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 do n't worry over that."

"Yes, but how can I keep from worrying when I realize I will soon be in eternity? Such Scripture 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 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 do n't know a thing 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 your 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 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 husband and children good-by, 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 holiness is right, but I would rather die than to give up now." In a few days the pastor was off for a vacation.

The sad 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 in, and Walter rushed up to the window and reached for Albert's hand. It almost broke Albert's heart to look the poor boy in the face. 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 how he prayed for him Friday night, and how his soul was burdened for him.

Walter, with a Godforsaken look on his 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 for 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 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-by for the last time, and turned away, his face set 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 to 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 father 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, "I walked in the counsel of the pastor and lost my soul. Lost! Lost!"

The poor pastor kept up his fight on holiness, and tried to make the people believe that the second blessing preacher was the cause of Walter's backsliding and the 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.

The holiness folks got together and began their cot-

tage prayermeetings 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 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 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 was wrong some one would acknowledge it on his deathbed. Now do n'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, do n'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 prayermeetings. They are having a prayermeeting 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 does n'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 how we went to the meeting and prayed for the blessing, and you testified that you were not sanctified, and you 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 did n'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 that 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 that 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 team 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 dying mother, and could see the heartbroken father strangling 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 before him. There was the Graves family, poor renters, but they obeyed God, and would not walk in 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 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 if 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 a 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 succeeded; but it cost me my soul. I can't find God. Oh! the way is so 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 does n'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 is 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. Do n'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.

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