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• • *The Old Pastor* • • •

• *Lum Jones* •

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THE OLD PASTOR

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THE GREAT EASTON

The Old Pastor

By
Lum Jones

Author of
"The New Pastor"
"The Enlargement of Hell"

Northwest Nazarene College

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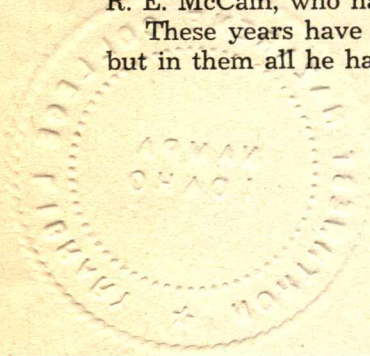
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DEDICATION

I humbly dedicate this book to our "Old Pastor," Rev. R. E. McCain, who has served our church for five years. These years have not been without trials, I am sure but in them all he has lived II Peter 1:5-8.

THE AUTHOR



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Lum Jones, Ada, Okla.

The Old Pastor

CHAPTER ONE

The old pastor was closing his third year with the Oak Hill church, and was undecided as to whether he should remain for the fourth, as the three years had been filled with many trials, but so far in every one God had brought him out more than conqueror. The question of whether he should stay or not was one that had taken no little of his time, as he had spent a good deal of time trying to learn the will of the Lord. He well knew that in the recalling there would be some opposition, but how much he did not know. There were some that had openly opposed him in the last election, and he knew that now some were working secretly against him. This was all a source of great grief, but if God wanted him to stay another year he was willing to do so for he knew that God had promised never to leave nor forsake him.

There had been more or less dissatisfaction in the church since their last revival, for more than once he had heard that some of the church wanted to call the evangelist who had served them at that time for pastor. One day the old pastor found a letter addressed to one of his members, Brother Grouch, from the evangelist, which seemed to be in answer to one that had been written by Brother Grouch. When the pastor picked up the letter

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14183

with the intention of throwing it into the waste basket, his eyes fell upon these words:

"Mr. Hiram Grouch,
"Oak Hill Church,

"Dear Brother Grouch:

"Your letter of the 30th to hand and contents noted with care. I hasten to answer the same.

"Answering you in regard to taking the church for another year, I will say that I feel now as I did when I was there in the meeting; if the Lord wants me to take the church I would not for the world say 'no.' Of course, you remember when we had the board meeting at your place I said if it was the will of the Lord I would be glad to take up the work there, and now since you say there is no doubt about the old pastor going, I will be glad to take the work. I have felt for some time that the Lord was leading that way. I haven't any meeting just at this time, so if it is the wish of the church I will be glad to run down and give you a few services. You may let me know soon.

"Brother Grouch, you have, of course, a good man for pastor, but no doubt, as you said in your letter, he has stayed his time and would do well to move on. I am sure you will have in hand the question of raising the salary for another year. Of course there are many things that need to be looked after, such as remodeling the parsonage, making it modern, and the building of a better garage, but we will see to this after we get on the ground.

"Trusting to hear from you soon, I remain,

"Your future pastor,

M. K. WISEHEART."

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When the old pastor had finished reading this letter, he went to the pastor's study, threw himself upon the sofa and began to weep. He thought of how he had prayed, worked, and planned, and had almost given his life for the church, and to think this man Grouch had pretended to be his friend, when all the time he was his worst enemy, and, too, the evangelist whom he had called, trusted, and boosted, was proving to be the one who was undermining him. He had raised every dollar possible for the evangelist. He had even gone outside of his denomination to get money for him, no pains were spared to make the evangelist feel at home, he had given him the best room on the place, and not one time did the evangelist mention that the church ought to bring in something to eat; neither did he say one word about an offering for this poor man, although from the salary the old pastor was receiving the evangelist was being fed.

He remembered that several times while the evangelist was preaching he would speak of what he would do if he were pastor, and he had noticed too that Rev. Wiseheart had spent quite a bit of his time at the home of Brother Grouch, but he had surmised nothing wrong, as the pastor was not a man to jump at conclusions. But this letter opened his eyes. Though crushed to think of the many long hours he had spent in prayer for the success of the church, and then to be set aside like this, he arose and said, "By the grace of God I will keep my hand in the Master's and He will lead me through, whatever my lot may be, I will trust in the Lord."

"But," he thought, "from this on I will keep my eyes open." He filed the letter away, for he thought if men

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would use these means to work their plans, they would do almost anything else.

Much time was spent in prayer by the old pastor for divine guidance, for he could see very well now that the devil was not dead but was busily working out his plans. He could see that when those who had opposed him did not have their way, there would be trouble, but if it took trouble to save the church he was willing to meet it, as much as he disliked trouble.

He had left one church because a few had opposed him, and now should he go, or should he stay and meet it like a man? To stay might mean the loss of his reputation, but to go might mean the defeat of the plan of God. Since there would be quite a little time before the matter of recalling the pastor would come up, he decided to let it rest as far as possible, and not let it bother him any more than he could help.

This good man went on about his duties, calling upon his people, visiting the sick, and praying wherever he had an opportunity, for it was the delight of his heart to help someone that was in trouble, but on his rounds many times he was greeted at the door with a smile when he knew quite well that smile was not real, but he must not let what he knew influence or affect him in his work, for if he should pass those by who were working against him, they would know very well that he was aware of their plans, and to do this would not be showing the spirit of the Master.

The old pastor was not a man to tell what he knew to everyone, and at this time a still tongue would be far better for him. But yet he must ask God for grace, for to be in the presence of a man that you know is your enemy, and to treat him as you would your best friend,

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was no little task, but yet he knew what the grace of God could do, and knew very well that if a man was down he needed help and his purpose was to help him if possible, and love was to be his weapon in this battle.

On his rounds in the early part of the week he passed Brother Grouch and another member of his church, and overheard them talking about the change of pastors for another year. Just as he passed them he heard these words:

"We can get him, for I had a letter from him to that effect."

Neither of the men saw the old pastor pass, but as he walked on the devil walked by his side, and said, "Are you pastor here in this town?" The voice was so plain, the old pastor thought it some stranger desiring to locate someone, and he turned to see who it was, and to his surprise he saw no one. He walked on but could not forget what he had heard, and as he turned the corner, again he heard the voice say, "Are you pastor of Oak Hill church?" Before he thought he replied, "I am," and the voice said, "Are you going to stay another year?" Then the pastor said, "Get thee behind me, Satan," for he was sure by this time that it was the devil walking the streets with him, for he had read in the Bible where it said the devil was walking to and fro.

The old pastor's daily task was done, and it had not been a day thrown away, by any means, he felt he had helped some, and, too, he could prepare himself in a better way for the future from what he had heard on the streets. When once some things were settled, he took the Bible and read St. John 14: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." The reading of this passage was to his heart what the cool waters of

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14183

the mountain side are to the parched ground in the valleys below. He paused for a second, with his eyes fixed upon a motto on the wall: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee" (Isaiah 43:2).

The pastor's wife said to him, "What are you looking at, and why don't you go on and read?"

"Wife," said he, "I was just thinking of those two promises God has made to His children. 'Let not your heart be troubled,' and 'the rivers shall not overflow thee . . . neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.' These are great promises from God; with these back of us we are sure to win."

Kneeling down, the pastor asked his wife to pray. She started in by saying, "Lord, we want to be in thy will, choose the path we are to walk. Help us to be all we should be. Be our guide and stay. May we know Thy will, for if we do not our lives will be a failure. May we run and not be weary, may we walk and not faint. Help us not to faint under the heavy load we are carrying just now, and may we never complain, though our lot be a hard one. Permit us to go to the mountain side with Thee, then to Gethsemane. May we suffer that we may know Thy suffering, and may we never stop running in the narrow path, till we have climbed to the highest peak on the mountain of God, and have seen the gates swing wide on the other side, with a welcome, 'Come thou, to the city of bliss, with its gold paved streets, and its river of life, that flows on and on,' where we never grow old, and never tire, with nothing to do but to gather roses along this crystal stream, where time is not measured

by years, and days by hours, for in this city no night will come, for Jesus himself shall be the light. In this city we shall know death no more, our hearts will never more be broken for dear mother, for she too will be there to greet us, where we never say goodbye, no more black mingled with white to hang on our door, that speaks the sorrows of hearts here below. We will not be hungry there for we are told the tree of life stands there, and its leaves are for the healing of the nations. Then Lord, we will meet father, who with many years of care upon this old earth, has taken his place yonder in that bright city, where he will never be tired again, his face shall shine in that city so bright, but we are yet to wait before we take our flight. Amen."

As they retired all trials were forgotten, as the old pastor's wife had brought heaven low, and they had heard the music of the skies, as only the children of God can do.

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CHAPTER TWO

Sunday came, the day to prove whether the threats that some had made would be carried out or not. They had said they would never come into the church again as long as things were being run as they were. Some changes had been made in the classes of the Sunday school, also some in the young people's meeting. Every effort possible was being made to deepen the spiritual life of the young people, yet they were not worldly by any means. All of this stir was being made because a room had been prepared for them to hold their meetings in. It was the desire of the pastor to see every department of his church make progress, but in this he wanted to be in the will of the Lord.

To the surprise of many, the source of contention was there when the service opened. Sister Grouch refused to take her class, saying she might as well quit as the school was ruined. The superintendent, who was also out of harmony with the pastor, ignored the recommendations that had been made by the board for transferring some of the classes to other quarters. Brother Grouch's daughter refused to play the piano, and for a time there were many very unpleasant things happening, but with the wisdom and patience of the old pastor, he soon had things working nicely, with every class in its new place. A curtain had been drawn in one place for a class, and this seemed to be the bone of contention. Some went so far as to say they had rather their children would attend the moving picture show for they had curtains there.

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When the time came for the pastor to take the pulpit, he read Matthew 28:6, "He is not here, for he is risen, as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay."

In his message no reference was made to the unpleasant things that took place in the early part of the service; but a picture was drawn of the risen Christ, and the pastor said, "He is gone upon high to prepare a place for his children, and all that are ready will be glad to see him when he comes. He said we should be patient, loving and kind."

This man's message was written on his face, and if any man on earth had manifested patience he had. He spoke of how the disciples were grieved when Jesus was taken from them and how they sought him at the tomb, but "Oh," said he, "their hope was renewed when they knew he had risen, for they remembered he said he would rise the third day. When he comes again all that are in the graves that were saved when they died, will come forth and rise to walk with him."

The pastor said, "I want to see my brother that went to heaven a short time ago, and there is mother. Oh, how glad I will be to see them, but first of all I want to see Jesus, who saved me from my sins and washed me in his blood."

This was as far as he could go. Some of the old saints who had been waiting for Him so long were on their feet shouting praises of God. The service closed in a storm of shouts and singing the old song, "I have a father over yonder, I have a father over yonder," and then "Some bright day I'll go and see him, some bright day I'll go and see him, on the other shore."

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Sunday night was a time of salvation, two men were saved in the service, and the message was great. At the close of the service the pastor announced that on Monday night there would be a board meeting in the church, and he urged all of the members to be present. Brothers Grouch, Terry, Burger, and a few others stopped outside the door, and as the pastor passed he heard them say, "The curtain will come down soon."

Monday was spent in the many duties of the pastor, but yet he feared the outcome of the board meeting. Anyway he was going to see to it that things did not go as they had heretofore.

At seven-thirty every member of the board was there. Something had stirred Brother Burger and Brother Terry, for they seldom attended a board meeting, but they were on time tonight. The pastor saw that there was something in the air. Business passed off rapidly, bills were all paid and from the reports a marked increase was shown. The pastor spoke about some of their future plans, said he hoped the day would come when every member of the church would tithe. "If they would," said he, "we would never need any more. The General Board is talking of calling some of our missionaries home for lack of money, and instead of this we should be sending more."

Hiram Grouch spoke up and said, "We are loaded to the water line now."

"Well, Brother Grouch," said the pastor, "we have paid quite a good deal, but yet many of us could do more if we wanted to; almost all of us have good automobiles, and when our car begins to get old we get a new one. I am glad," said he, "that you can afford a good one, but think of many of the missionaries who have gone without

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what they need, and people in this country have robbed God till it is no wonder to me that awful things are happening nowadays."

The pastor drew a letter from his pocket and said, "I have a letter I want to read to the board." You could have almost lighted a match from the face of Brother Grouch. He got nervous and begun to move around on his seat, and kept coughing as if something was in his throat. The first thing Hiram Grouch thought of was the letter he had lost somewhere, that he had received from the evangelist. "What shall I say, and what shall I do?" pondered this man. "He has this letter and all will be known. Why did I not use more caution? I've been too careless." But just then God spoke and said, "You have wronged, not only the pastor, but myself. Now why try and hide this longer?"

He was held in great suspense and there was something beating away in his breast like a hammer, that seemed every minute would stop his heart from action. Everything was deathly still, all had their eyes turned to the pastor but Hiram. The subconscious mind of this man seemed to have quickly come to the surface, speaking not only of this letter but everything else that had not been right. His conscience, like a sheriff, had come to arrest him, and while he was being put in chains by this mighty one, a cry came ringing through his soul, "Why did you do it?"

Just then the old pastor unfolded the letter and slowly began to read:

"Oak Hill church, dear brothers:

"No doubt you are already informed of the fact that we are just at this time in great need of money to keep

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the missionaries on the field, and if something isn't done at once we will be compelled to call some of them home. This we would regret very much, for instead of doing this we should be sending more.

"We are asking our people to rally to the support of these sacrificing ones that have left home and all to carry this gospel to the ends of the earth.

"May we not fail God and the poor heathen that will be saved if we do our part.

"Signed, GENERAL BOARD."

What a relief this was to Hiram Grouch. He took a deep breath, and seemed to weaken as if he had been holding his breath. The devil slipped in beside Hiram, and said, "Stand your ground. Don't let them ruin the church pulling money from the poor in this country and sending it away." Then Hiram started to stand and asked to be heard, when the pastor drew another letter from his pocket and said, "Just a minute, Brother Grouch." When Hiram saw the envelope the pastor held in his hand, like a flash he thought, "That is the letter I lost." The pastor said, "Brother, I have been grieved lately, and this letter I hold in my hand has so struck my heart, that I have promised God I would do something to relieve the situation," and as he held the letter his hand began to tremble, his voice choked. Then said he, "It seems that sometimes I have done all I can do. This letter—," said he, and then broke down and began to sob.

Hiram's face was pale, and his brain refused to work. He could not think of anything but the letter the pastor held in his hand and this was some of his undermining work. Something said, "Stop and fix this while you can," but all of a sudden this thought tore across his brain like a race horse on the track, "Don't, don't."

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Terry waited to hear the words of the letter, while Burger was sure the pastor had heard them as they were talking about the changes that had been made. Brother Sadler and Brother Clark were as easy as an old shoe, for there was nothing left on their conscience to bother or trouble them.

The pastor rose to his feet, unfolded the letter and started to read.

"General Board,

"I understand you are thinking of calling some of us home from the field. I have prayed almost day and night that I would not be called home; these are my people, and I want to live and die with them. Many of them are accepting Jesus as their guide and stay. The faces of these are black, but their souls will be white if they have taken Jesus as theirs.

"I have been receiving forty dollars a month, but I am willing to give fifteen of this back to the board, leaving me twenty-five. I had rather eat rice three times a day and stay in this hut, live with the lizards, and preach to my people. Please ask the folks at home to help us stay, by giving their money.

"Yours, all for Jesus,

"LILLIAN."

The pastor said, "Brethren, I feel a keen conviction that we should do something now to relieve the Board in this great time of need, and to help those on the field, and I wish this board would recommend that we raise our Budget at least one month in advance, so the General Board would not be pressed just now for money."

Henry Sadler arose and said, "I move you that we

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14183

raise our Budget one month in advance." Van Clark stood and seconded the motion.

The pastor said, "All in favor of the motion as stated, will please make it known by raising your hand."

Hiram Grouch was on his feet before anyone had time to vote, and said, "I would like to speak before we vote.

"Now brethren, we should go slow just here; we should consider very well this move before we vote. I am of the opinion first, that the Budget is too high. And again, who said we should pay so much? Why should we send the money to convert the heathen when we have heathens in this town?" And then with a grim look he took his seat, but just then he heard God say, "How about the letter?"

Barton Terry spoke a few words on the subject and the vote was taken and carried. The pastor said he was glad for the move of the church and felt that God would bless for the same. The pastor was in the act of adjournment and Hiram Grouch, so angry he could hardly live, said, "I want to speak before closing."

He arose, his face red, his hand trembling and placed his thumbs in his vest pocket and as he spoke his voice trembled. "We have decided that the curtain will have to come down, as it is going to ruin the church if it doesn't."

The old pastor asked Brother Grouch if he was not in the meeting when the changes were voted on, and his reply was "Yes, but" said he, "I have decided now it will not be best."

The old pastor, seeing that Grouch was in for a stir, said, "We will leave it to the church," and closed the meeting.

After going home the old pastor said to his wife, "I feel that we are going to have trouble. This same old sore that has been here so long is breaking out again. We will pray the Lord to help us in this affair, but I have decided that something will have to be done."

Grouch, Barton and Terry left the church together, and as they walked away plans were being laid to oust the old pastor, Grouch telling them that they could get Wiseheart as their pastor, and said, "I am going to have him come down this week."

It was along in the morning before the old pastor went to sleep; the unpleasant things in the meeting were buzzing through his head like a buzz saw, and when he would turn over, there was the letter and M. K. Wiseheart, but he prayed and a voice said, "Fear not, I am with you," and soon he was asleep.

Tuesday, while out calling, the old pastor was passing Hiram Grouch's home and heard someone say in a loud tone of voice, "Well, hold it if you are going to."

Upon stopping he saw that Brother Grouch was trying to start his car. Some way the starter would not work and he had jacked up the hind wheel, and thrown the car in gear, and was trying to crank it; the car was about to move forward and for this reason he was storming out to someone to hold it. He cranked away but the car would not fire. Just then the car did move and slipped off the jack. Hiram said to his wife, "Go in the house. I had rather do it myself. You are more in the way than help. I suppose," said he, "if you wanted to go some place you could hold the car."

"Hiram, you haven't any reason. You said to push it back and I did, then you said, push it forward, then you get mad and have a spell. Start the thing yourself, it's

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14183

all right with me if you never get it started," and she turned away and went into the house.

Hiram put the jack under the wheel again, muttering something to himself, and the pastor walked on.

Soon the pastor was returning and just as he came in front of the garage Hiram gave the car another spin with the crank and the car started, but having no one to hold it, before he could get out of the way the car slipped from the jack and knocked him down and ran over him, then ran into the garage and stopped. Hiram was caught under the car and rolled over a few times, and squalled for his wife to come quickly. Sister Grouch came running out frightened, for she thought he was killed, and began to scream for help, whereupon the pastor rushed to their aid, helped to roll the car back, and Hiram picked himself up rubbing his eyes, with his hair all mussed up, and as pale as if he were dead.

Sister Grouch said, "Dear, are you hurt any way? Why did you not call for me to help you before this all took place?" Then she brushed the dirt off his back and said, "You had better go in the house and let me tie your hand up."

Hiram had the skin knocked off his nose, but this was not hurting him half so badly as the fact that the pastor was present, for he felt as if he had eaten a quantity of high explosive, and the fuse already set. Hiram gave his wife a look that told her he did not want her words of comfort. The car was left, they went into the house. The pastor went on.

When they were in the house and the door closed, the fuse had reached the place to set off the shot, and Hiram exploded. He said, "If you had stayed and helped me this would not have happened, then you come running

out as if you did not know I was out there. I tell you, I am getting mighty tired of it, and I am not going to have much more of it either. All you care for is to gad about."

"Hiram, what is wrong with you, are you crazy? I was out there and you told me to go into the house. You are by this like you were the car, push it forward, push it back, go into the house, you are always in the way, that's you. I should have known you were this kind before I married you, but making a satisfactory husband out of a man like you is one of the things for which science has never found a formula. I read in the Bible where Daniel had to stay overnight in the lion's den, but I am sure they had no bear, like you, or he would have never survived. I suppose there are too many matrimonial matches merely flare up and burn out. Anyway what use is a long ladder to a man who can't climb? They say the man who gets ahead is the one who makes decisions, instead of asking for them. I have heard that if you want to make it easy for your husband, worry about him, but my worry is about over. Suppose the eloquence of inarticulate sounds is never greater than when he comes in after being run over by his own car. Emulate the compass, it always heads in the right direction no matter how much confusion there may be around it. But an alarm clock that is set for its duty will ring. Life after all, though, is largely a matter of trying to make today fit into our way of thinking better than yesterday did. Hiram, you have never made a success at anything but quarreling, so they say the more successful a man is the more advice he hands out. I suppose you have your degree, anyway, I have heard an optimist is a bald-headed person who orders a comb and brush along with the hair restorer. They tell me a fussing husband is like life in-

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surance, the older he gets the more fussing it costs his wife, but it has cost me about as much as it is going to."

Hiram said, "But the scarcity of good housekeepers is largely chargeable to the invasion of their mouth being opened too much." But when those cold black eyes of Hiram's wife fell upon him, searching him from his feet to his head, he knew that it was time to be going, so he picked up his hat and started away.

His wife said, "Where are you going?" But to this there was no answer. "Well, go," said she, "I don't care if you never return. I only wish I had never met you."

After Hiram was gone, his wife went to the bedroom and took a big cry, saying, "I wish I did not have this temper that flies off this way."

Hiram felt more like a criminal running from justice than he did a husband. He said, "Why do people act this way?"

CHAPTER THREE

When the pastor arrived at home, he told his wife of the happenings about the car running over Brother Grouch. Although he was afraid Grouch was hurt, yet he could not keep from laughing, just to think how he looked when he came rolling out from under that car, and then to hear Sister Grouch speak as though she did not know he was working with the car, when he had heard all that was said when she was holding the car. The pastor said, "I'm sure something happened when they went into the house. I suppose that is another chapter that is written on their minds by this time."

Little did the old pastor think that Hiram was trying to start his car to meet Evangelist Wiseheart, who was coming in on Number 6.

When Number 6 pulled in Evangelist Wiseheart got off, and was met by Hiram. Although it had been some time since the happenings at the house, Hiram's face was still red, and about the first thing the evangelist said after speaking, was, "Whom have you been scrapping with? He must have gotten the best of you. You came out with a skinned nose."

For the first time Hiram got a picture of himself being rolled over under the car. Then he told the evangelist of being down, and they both had a good laugh together.

Hiram called his wife and told her that Brother Wiseheart was in town, and would be out for dinner, so it would give her time to straighten her face, for he knew very well she had taken a cry after he left. He asked

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14183

what she needed for dinner, and then hung up the receiver.

Hiram stopped at the market, and whiled away some time there as he was trying to recover from his spell. Evangelist Wiseheart asked about the old pastor, and how things were going and so on.

"Suppose he is at home," said Hiram, "that's where he generally is. I tell you we sure do need a change in this place. The church is going to be ruined if we don't have. But there is no doubt but what we will have it. They have voted now to raise the Budget a month in advance."

"It's too bad, Brother Grouch, that a man can't see he has served his time in a place. The old pastor is a good man but he has served his time here," said Wiseheart.

When they arrived at the house, you would never have thought that just a little while ago, the battle of Armageddon had been fought by man and wife, and that the result was two bruised and bleeding consciences, but nothing was left that would reveal the duel that had been fought. While there was no one dead nor no funeral there were wounded consciences and feelings.

Hiram put a plaster on his nose, and he and the evangelist talked about conditions in the church, while Sister Grouch was busy about the lunch.

Casey Stanley, one of the church's most loyal men, who lived near the Grouch home, saw Evangelist Wiseheart as he entered the Grouch home, but thought nothing of this as he supposed Wiseheart was just stopping off for the night.

Lunch was over, and the afternoon was spent in picking the old pastor to pieces and talking of his faults, and making arrangements for Wiseheart to take his place.

The Terrys, Burgers, and a few others were invited to meet in the home of Brother Grouch in the evening. This they did and more than two hours were spent in making plans for the coming year. Money was raised among them to have Wiseheart move over. Edna and Albert Grouch saw all that had taken place in this secret meeting, and they had about made up their minds if that was the workings of religion they did not want any.

A truck was sent to move Wiseheart, and he was soon on the ground. The old pastor wondered why the evangelist had decided to move to this place, but he had no idea that some of the church had paid the expenses, yet the first thing he thought of was the letter that he had found.

"Well, anyway," said he, "I am God's man and when He is through with me here I am ready to go," but he was not going to be driven away as some others had been, and he pledged himself right there that he would do something to rid the church of some of its trouble.

Along in the week Hiram called the old pastor and told him that Evangelist Wiseheart was going to be in town over Sunday and it would be nice to have him preach.

The old pastor could see by this time that they had plans that they were trying to work out, but anyway he would invite the evangelist to preach, and he did.

Sunday came and Wiseheart was there, so were the Terrys and the Burgers and the Grouches. The pastor made the announcements for the coming week, and then said, "We have Brother Wiseheart with us today and he is going to preach for us."

The evangelist took for his subject "Leadership," and spoke of Moses and how he led the children of Israel out

3519
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14183

of Egypt, and the work of Joshua, what he did for the people of God. "But," said he, "think of Saul, and one of his statements was 'I have erred exceedingly.'" The evangelist said that Israel suffered because they did not have the leader they needed. More than once in his preaching he said, "If I were pastor, I would do this, or that," making mention of many changes that he would make.

No one knew better than the pastor what he was hitting at, and then the memory of the letter came up before the pastor. At the close of the discourse those who had given the church most trouble were the first ones to get to the evangelist, telling him how they enjoyed his sermon.

At the night service the old pastor was to preach, but when time came to start the service, not one of the crowd was present that had been giving the church trouble but Edna Grouch, and she took her seat back in the congregation. Some time before this Edna and one of the other girls had had sharp words about the piano, and since that time Edna would not even sing.

After they sang a number and prayer was offered, Miss Grace Clark sang for a special, "Grace Is Greater than All Our Sins." Heaven shone so brightly upon the face of this young woman, the people could see that God's blessings rested upon her. More than once she had to stop, she could not keep the tears back, they flowed freely. Shouts of joy were heard from many.

The pastor arose and took for his text Galatians 5:22, "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith."

"The kind of a tree we have," said the pastor, "is the kind of fruit we will bear. If we have the Spirit it will

produce love. Not only will we love those who love us, but we will love the unlovable, and if there be those that have no use for us we will love them. Joy," said he, "means we are glad, glad we have been saved, glad the burden of sin is gone. Peace expresses a quietness, no disturbance, no feeling hard toward others. We were like the waters of the mighty deep before we found this peace—troubled, disturbed, angry. When the storm is on, the ocean cares not whose ship it sinks. But now our ship has been safely harbored in the quiet waters where nothing disturbs, when once we are safely anchored we need not fear.

"Longsuffering means we will suffer a long time, but not cause others to suffer. This does not mean," said the pastor, "that we will not stand for the right, but it does mean that we have no desire to see others suffer.

"Gentleness: we will not be high headed, wild, harsh, boasters, and unkind to others, but we will be gentle, a quiet, gentle spirit.

"Goodness: we will not be good, no desire to be bad, we will want to live so others will say, 'He is a good man,' or 'She is a good woman.' There are some things we cannot do if others call us good; we must be clean in life, clean in thought, clean in our dealings."

The pastor went on to say, "The fruit of the Spirit is faith. We will have faith in what we are doing, we will not drag out about once a month to the house of God, and then claim we have faith in what we are doing. Faith to believe for the progress of the church, but," said he, "when we have no faith in our own experience, and our own life, if we have no faith in ourselves how can we expect others to have faith in us? We will not go around saying we can't do this or can't do that, we will say it can

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14183

be done, and we will put in to see that it is done. Faith for a revival and so on."

On Monday Hiram Grouch called the pastor and asked him what he was going to do about the curtains, and the pastor told him that he was going to leave the matter to the church to decide, and Hiram said he was through until they came down. Of course Hiram was the leader of the faction, and if he did not come the rest would not.

The church decided that the action of the board should stand, that meant that there would be no changes made.

Weeks went on and Arthur Kilmer was not back to superintend the Sunday school, for Hiram Grouch had used his influence to ruin this man as well as others. Kilmer had been a good man, but listened too much to the opposers of the church. Time alone must tell of the wreck down the road.

Gene Terry and his sister Alice had been sent to the holiness school, but when the trouble started, Mr. Terry sent for them to come home. The president of the school tried to prevail with Mr. Terry to leave them, as they were learning so fast and seemed to be getting along so well in their experience, but nothing would do but that they must come home.

This was a sad day for Gene and Alice but they must obey their father.

It was not long after they had returned home, with the influence they had about them, till Gene and Alice had lost God out of their lives, and since their parents did not attend church often, it gave them all the more chance to drift.

The old pastor took no notice of the fuss his opposers were making, but went right on with the work of the

church and when he met those who were trying to ruin the church he would treat them nicely.

One Sunday afternoon Albert Grouch took his father's car, drove out for Gene Terry, then they drove to Evangelist Wiseheart's, where they picked up Fay Wiseheart and Aline Burger, and drove out on the highway, and spent the afternoon driving around. They were filled with folly and play. Gene had forgotten the time when Sunday to him was a day of worship.

They stayed longer than they intended to and when they started home, they raced down the road passing other cars. They had been driving the car forty miles an hour, and Aline Burger dared Albert to speed up to fifty. Gene said, "Step on the gas," and he did. They were just topping a hill and in the act of passing another car, when Fay screamed out, "My God!" Albert swerved the car, trying to miss one they were about to meet; the car left the highway, went into the ditch and turned over three times before it stopped.

The laughter of a few minutes ago was now turned into mourning. Albert and Fay were thrown clear of the car, but Gene and Aline were pinned beneath it.

Albert was not hurt, but Fay was cut about the face and hands by the glass of the windshield.

The car they had passed stopped and they began working to release those underneath. Groans were heard, "O God, O God!" Aline and Gene were soon taken from the wrecked automobile; Aline with a broken shoulder, and Gene unconscious. They were rushed to the hospital, and Terry and Burger notified.

Both of these men had to pass the church on their way to the hospital, and as they passed the people were

3519
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14183

gathering for service. Instead of being a place of blessing the church seemed to frown on them as they passed. When Terry reached the hospital he immediately went to Gene's room, but the doctor and nurses were working with Gene and Mr. Terry could not see him just then.

While Mr. Terry walked the hall floor, he heard a voice behind him saying, "You took him out, you took him out." Turning to see if it was someone, he heard the voice again, but this time he knew it was God speaking.

Never was this man in more suspense than now. He walked the floor with a broken spirit, and a conscience literally tearing him to pieces, groaning, with his heart pounding away, and the voice of God thundering His condemnation to this poor soul, who had followed the advice of others instead of God.

While Barton Terry walked the floor, every now and then going to the door, asking if he could see Gene, he promised God a thousand things, and among them was if He would spare Gene he would change his way and that Gene should return to school.

Mrs. Terry was at home and had not been told that Gene was hurt, only they told her that the boys had had an accident, and she supposed none of them was hurt.

The doctor came to the door and motioned for Mr. Terry to come, which he did. Barton asked the doctor if Gene was hurt very badly, whereupon the doctor answered, "There seems to be no chance for him to live; we can't tell, but think his skull is fractured."

Barton Terry would have as soon heard the judge say to him death on the gallows at the end of a rope, for he felt it was through his influence that his child was now facing death, and he knew it would be hell for him. Bar-

ton's eyes filled with tears as he heard his son groan, "O God!" This was an awful time to call upon God after He had been insulted by a crowd of pleasure seekers.

Barton notified his wife that Gene was badly hurt and to come to the hospital as soon as possible, and on the way past the church, she thought of what God had said, "If you forsake me I will forsake you." Whom could she call upon in this time of trouble? was the question she pondered in her heart.

Mrs. Terry was met at the door of the hospital by her husband, and he was weeping; overcome with grief he was unable to tell his wife how badly the doctor said Gene was hurt.

When they were seated in the room of their dying boy, they tried to pray but could not, they could find no source of comfort, they had broken God's law and were condemned, not only by the Lord, but by their conscience as well.

Mrs. Terry tried to talk to Gene, but she got no answer to any question she asked. The nurse was standing by, holding Gene's hand, looking at her watch. This was enough for Mrs. Terry for she knew that the nurse was expecting every minute to be the last for Gene.

The bloodhounds of truth had been on the trail of these rebels for a long time, but had finally overtaken them, but in a different way from what they had ever expected. Now bayed in the corner of a hospital, these hounds were tearing at the very heart of these who had escaped justice so long. Every unkind thing they had done, every hard word they had spoken, and even the secret meeting they had with Evangelist Wiseheart to oust the pastor, were grappling at their throats like the wild beast of the forest would with its prey.

3519
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14183

CHAPTER FOUR

In the night, while Mr. Terry and his wife sat by the bedside of Gene and this poor boy was hanging between life and death, all hope seemed to take wings and soar away, while they sat gazing into the pale face of this Sabbath desecrater that God was about to count out. Blood was seen coming from Gene's ears and nose, and he began talking as he tossed to and fro on the bed. They heard him say, "This car is going down hill and the brakes won't hold. Oh, we will soon perish. O God, help me, help me. The lights have gone out and I can't see my way any longer. I am lost, I am lost, it is so dark. If I could only find the school, the boys would help me."

Barton Terry left the room, with his heart pounding against his breast, and his conscience driving him like a slave before his master's lash. In his agony he cried out, "God save my boy, and I will serve thee from this on."

Gene pulled at the cover, his fingernails blue, the skin on his nose drawn tightly, his face pale, and his eyes set in their sockets, with a fixed glare, looking into the great beyond. His breath became shorter. The nurse called Barton to the room saying, "Gene is dying, come quickly." When Mr. Terry reached the room Gene's eyes were looking squarely into his father's face, then the boy said, "I am reading the last page and I cannot work the problem."

The nurse folded the boy's hands, and he breathed hard for a few times, and then was quiet. Mrs. Terry left the room, wringing her hands, screaming, "Oh, Gene's gone! he's gone! My God! how can I ever stand it?"

Barton Terry seemed while walking the hall floor to

see the lightning of God's wrath as it played across the skies, and he heard the muttering of the thunder from the storm that was rising from God's displeasure. He heard a sound like the belching of hell's thunder, sweeping the souls of many down the steep incline into the world of ruin.

While Barton walked the floor he heard the voice of God saying, "You took your boy from the holiness school, did you? Perhaps you will have another secret meeting with that crowd that is opposing the church, will you?"

Albert Grouch had come, bringing Gene's sister Alice and she was met by her father and told that Gene was dead. "Oh, my God! this can't be so. Gene was not saved. It can't be that he is lost forever. Take me to the room. I must see him! O God, help me; help my brother. How can I stand it?"

Alice said to her father, "Why did you do this? If you had not taken him from school he would be saved now." These words cut in the heart of Barton Terry like a sword wielded by a mighty soldier, yet they came from a weak little girl, his own child.

Alice said, "God surely did this for the way we have been living, but father, how will you ever atone for the blood of my poor brother?"

Mrs. Terry walked the floor in a dazed condition. "If I could die," said she, "but oh, the future, I cannot afford to die as I am; but to live, life will be blank, my boy, my boy!"

With throbbing, aching temples, bruised and blistered from head to foot, half paralyzed, with temperature three degrees above normal, this poor conscience-stricken soul walked the floor, trying to pray, asking God to have mercy every step she took. Turning, Mrs. Terry's eyes fell upon a motto on the wall with these words, "Your

3519
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14183

influence will live forever." This only tended to drag her guilty conscience before the trial court of the justice of God, to be questioned by the prosecutor of the skies, as to why she would cause the church so much trouble and then profess that she was all right. Just then she said, "Lord, Brother Grouch caused us to do this." But she heard a voice saying, "Why will you serve man rather than God?"

If Barton Terry could be taken to the middle of the desert and left absolutely alone there to die it would not be so bad. The nurse stepped into the hall and motioned the Terrys to come. Barton, Mrs. Terry and Alice walked to the door to be told that Gene was not dead. "We have been working with him, and he is quiet and seems to be resting."

Soon this guilty crowd stood by the bed of this poor unfortunate boy, and as they looked into his face they promised God many things they would do if He would spare Gene.

Aline Burger was carried to her home after having her wounds dressed, and laughed about the happenings as though it meant nothing.

As the old pastor was closing the service, after several had prayed through, he was told of the accident, and he and his wife went to the hospital to see if there was anything they could do.

When they arrived Gene was resting quietly yet he was still unconscious, but the doctor gave some hope now since the change had come.

The next day Barton, his wife, and Alice went to the pastor's home, and asked if they might talk with him. The pastor said they might, and Barton began by saying "We have come to confess our wrong to you. We have

talked about you in our home, we have not stood by you with our money, we took sides with the crowd that is against the church, and I am sure God has let this awful thing happen to keep us out of hell. We have promised God that from now on we would act differently," said Barton. "That man Grouch dragged us into this, yet we knew all the time we were doing wrong. Just a little while ago we had a secret meeting at the home of Grouch. Evangelist Wiseheart, Burger, Kilmer, Mrs. Daggett, Mrs. Copeland and myself met to frame plans to get rid of you and to call Wiseheart. I took Gene and Alice from the holiness school, not because I did not have the money to send them, but because I was mad and back-slidden. It seems that God has run us down, our poor boy at the point of death, and we are on the road to hell."

The pastor gladly forgave them, and told Barton that he knew they were working against him, but did not know they had had the meeting to oust him.

The old pastor and his wife got upon their knees around these three poor souls and began to pray, and it was not long till the light began to break in, for they had come God's way. This was one happy time, although it was uncertain about Gene, yet the Lord had forgiven them, they wept, cried and shouted, for the joy they had lost had returned.

If God was ever in a room He was in this one, there was a calm peace that filled the hearts of these three. They went home happy.

Evangelist Wiseheart had really never been in harmony with the church, for he had an independent spirit about him and had come from an independent crowd, who did not believe in having any laws, but let every fellow do as he pleased.

3519
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14183

At their annual gatherings he was always blocking some move that the brethren wanted to put through, and if he did not get what he wanted he was always grumbling about being snubbed. The brethren had found him out and knew if they had him for a meeting he would be trying to work them out, and he had never been loyal to the pastors. Furthermore, he never did anything for them while with them. Many had learned him till they would not recommend him anywhere.

The moving of Wiseheart to Oak Hill was a source of grief to the pastor for he knew that there would be trouble down the road, but the pastor purposed in his heart that he would do the right thing and try to avoid getting into their trap.

The next Sunday Barton Terry, his wife, and daughter were at the church at nine forty-five for Sunday school. This was a good day for both Sunday school and church, for their number had increased.

When the Sabbath school closed, people found their places and the song service strated by singing that old song, "There is a fountain filled with blood."

After prayer had been offered, the pastor started to speak and just then Barton Terry stood to his feet and asked if he might speak.

"I suppose," said he, "you all know about last Sunday's happenings, and how I have been acting lately. I want to ask the church to forgive me for the stand I took against the church and pastor. I was backslidden before I did it, but since the accident the Lord has forgiven me." The church all forgave him.

Mrs. Terry arose and said, "I have not been saved for months, I have been worldly, and have talked about some of the people. We have not been paying our tithes, but the Lord has forgiven me." The people wept with

her for they knew that what she said came from an honest heart.

Alice then stood, wiping her eyes, and said, "When I left the holiness school I was saved, but I came back here, let down in my experience, then had my hair bobbed. I knew when I did it I was doing wrong, for I knew it was a fashion of the world and, too, I knew the Bible said, in Romans 12:2, 'Be not conformed to this world,' and I knew that the church did not start this but the world started it, and I lost God before I got the consent of my mind to have it done, but God being my helper, from now on I will be different."

Many shrugged their shoulders, nodded to each other, pushed up their bobbed hair, and said, "It's nobody's business what I do, or how I look, what I put on, or what I put off." But to this soul it made a difference for now she desired to please God.

The old pastor took for his text I Corinthians 10:31, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

In his discourse he gave the picture of those who say, "It is no one's business what I do, but," said he, "whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

"Could God get more glory out of my life when I am worldly, following the fashions of the world, would it glorify his name more for me to look like the world? Then why should I say, 'It is no one's business what I do'?"

The pastor told of a family that had lived wrong and one by one they were lost. "No doubt," said he, "if the father and mother had lived right they would have saved their children, whereas they were lost."

This service was a victory for both pastor and church for God was running in some of their opposers.

3519
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14183

On Monday it was reported that Miss Aline Burger had taken suddenly worse. It was thought that she was not hurt very badly in the wreck some few days before, but when the doctor came he advised that she be sent to the hospital at once. This George Burger did. After an examination the doctor told Mr. Burger that his daughter would have to be operated on as she had sustained internal injuries in the accident that had occurred.

Aline was somewhat worried about her condition and asked her father to send for the old pastor and have him pray for her before she was operated upon. This her father did although he would rather have called someone else.

Gene Terry had grown worse, and Mr. and Mrs. Terry had stopped for the old pastor on their way to the hospital. When they were in the car and had started Barton Terry asked the old pastor if he had heard that Aline was worse. To this he replied that he had not. On their way they met a man that had been sent to tell the pastor Aline wanted to see him.

In the hospital they stopped to see Gene and were told by the doctor that he had very little chance to live but all was being done that was possible to save him. Gene was conscious but his suffering was so great he could not talk much. The pastor prayed for the Lord to have mercy on this poor lawbreaker.

The pastor moved on to the room of Aline, and the minute she saw him, she began to weep, saying, "You have come too late, I am afraid I am going to die and if I do I will be lost." The nurse was close by and asked the pastor to step out of the room, which he did. As the pastor stepped out he met George and Mrs. Burger and told them he had just been in to see Aline. Mr. Burger

said, "Aline will be all right, I am sure," and moved on and the pastor saw that George had no time for him.

Aline asked the nurse if she could see her father and mother alone. To this she replied she could, and they were called. When they were seated in the room by the side of their child, she looked into the face of her father and said, "I am afraid I will not get well, and cannot die as I am, for if I do I will go to hell," said she, "I wanted the pastor to pray for me and before I could tell him the nurse had him leave the room." "Daddy," said Aline, "I had a dream last night and I dreamed that I was in a broad road with many people both in front and behind me, those behind were pushing and saying go on. I tried to get out of the great crowd but could not. Just then I heard someone scream and when I looked I saw them falling into something like a pit. They would try to stop but could not. The number was so great I could not count them. When I saw this awful pit I tried to tell those coming what was ahead but they paid no attention to what I said, and finally I was pushed off into that deep gulf. I screamed as I went down, and I heard those coming behind me, and looked and it was you and mother. You had fallen also into this deep gulf. In my dream it seemed that I was falling for years. At times I would pass those that had caught to the jagged rocks on the side of this awful deep place and would see their bleeding hands trying to hold on. There was the form of one that I can not describe, but he had horns and was pulling loose those that had caught, and hurling them into this gulf below. Daddy, I am afraid this dream means something."

"You will be all right, dear, after awhile," said George.

"But, Daddy, I will not be all right if I die. In my dream I thought we were trying to confess our wrong

3519
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14183

but it was too late. I thought we were carried to a great river that was overflowing its banks, and this river was full of people, and I asked if this was a bathing beach and was told that it was called the river of death. There were those riding those awful waves and it seemed to me that there were a million screaming and trying to get out. In my dream I saw many in this place who claimed to be right. Daddy, if this dream means anything it means we will all be lost."

The doctor and nurse came to the door and said they were ready to operate, so everything was made ready and soon they were using the knife.

The old pastor, his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Burger were in the room, but when Aline was heard groaning her mother left the room; she could not bear to hear the last wails of her child. Walking the floor, Mrs. Burger again was confronted with the truth of the dream of her child. These words kept ringing in her ears, "If I die I will go to hell, if I die I will go to hell." There was no comfort in Christ for she had not lived right, there was no comfort from the old pastor for she did not want him in her presence. To her the whole place was filled with darkness, the sun in the life of their only child was fast setting. A desire to die was hers, but this would do no good for she was not ready to die.

Soon Aline was back in the last room she was to ever live in on this earth, when she moves from this it will be to the place of which she dreamed. In room Number Thirteen the father and mother, and the old pastor and his wife were seated beside the once happy Aline, but now her face was drawn and she did not look like she did when she had God.

A moan was heard and the lips of this drifting soul moved and these words were heard, "I told you my dream would come true. I am now in that crowd and cannot get out, we are driving so fast, and can't stop. Oh, if I could live life over again, but it's too late. There is the form of that one I could not describe. I know now who it is, but it is too late to escape.

The mother of this drifting soul left the room. She was muttering something to herself, she must have heard it somewhere: "Too late, too late, poor trembling soul, too late, too late, to be made whole."

The nurse stood by the bed in Room Thirteen holding her watch, looking into the face of Aline. At last and as the end was near, the lips of Aline moved and the nurse leaning over to catch the last words, heard her say, "I told you my dream would come true."

"What did she say?" asked George.

The nurse replied, "She said something about her dream."

George left the room; he called himself a fool, but this did no good.

In five minutes the spirit of this soul had gone to the place of which she dreamed. Hell had gained another soul.

The next day was a scene never to be forgotten. The church was filled and the old pastor preached the funeral, taking for his subject, "Where are the dead?" The thought of living after one is dead was the thing that struck George Burger. He knew his girl was lost.

It was not long till Burger and his wife sold out and moved away, and as far as the old pastor knows George and his wife have gone to meet Aline and her dream is completed.

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14183

CHAPTER FIVE

After the stir about the curtains, and since the church voted to let them stay up, one morning the old pastor went to the church to find that someone had been in the church and had torn them down. To find out who did this was not an easy task, but the pastor soon was on the trail of the one who did it. To the surprise of many it was discovered that Hiram Grouch was the man who did it. From this time on events developed rapidly.

Many days had passed and the opposing crowd had not been to church although some of them lived within a block of the church. The old pastor had just let them alone, for at the beginning he had tried to talk with Arthur Kilmer, telling him he would ruin his influence if he quit the church, as he was superintendent of the Sunday school, but Kilmer gave him to understand that he did not want any of his advice.

Mrs. Daggett had been slandering the old pastor but this man of God well knew that there would be a stopping place. Not a penny had been given by this bunch, and more than one of them had said the pastor would have to leave when they quit paying, but God will care for his own and the offerings increased. When this crowd of trouble makers came into the church they pledged themselves to attend public worship, to give as God prospered them, but they disregarded their vows.

Many dreary days had dragged along, with Gene Terry still barely alive. The pastor had been to see him nearly every day, the prayers of the church and the skill of the

doctors, it seemed almost certain, would pull Gene through.

Van Clark, Henry Sadler, Casey Stanley, and others just as loyal to the church, poured their money into the church and God prospered them.

The time for the calling of an evangelist had been announced, for since the crowd that had given the church so much trouble had quit coming the Lord had shown his great power, and there was hardly a service but what someone had prayed through. To the church this was a sign that God would bless when the stones were moved, and many well knew that some of the trouble makers were as hard as any stone. Such harmony prevailed and the burden deepened.

A board meeting was announced for Monday night and when the time came for the meeting all were in their places. The new members of the board were on time.

The pastor opened the meeting with prayer, and thus he prayed: "Lord, we are sure of the fact that our souls have been washed white in the blood of the Lamb. We are glad for the promises we have from thee that if our will is in thy will we shall never fail, so lead us tonight in this meeting. Let all we do be done to thy glory. Let us exalt thee in our lives.

"Now, Lord, we come to the business part of the church and we ask that we may be guided in the right way to further thy gospel. In calling the evangelist let thy will be done and not ours. Lord, there are those who need help, if there is any way possible to help them may we do so. Look into our own hearts and see if there is anything there but pure love, reveal ourselves to us. If we can serve thee better by suffering, let us suffer. Give us the money needed for missions, both home and foreign.

3519
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14183

May we stand by the holiness school in this hour of heavy debt. Bless the men who have the general oversight of our church, help us not to criticize them, for they are doing far more than we could do. Help us not to be fault finders, but let us see our own shortcomings and profit by them. Keep within us a forgiving spirit, and may our souls rest in the bosom of God. May we shine in dark places, may we have the light that will lighten the pathway of poor, suffering humanity, for there are many tonight that are on the verge of giving up and this may be the last fight of their souls. May we bind up the broken-hearted. Bless the loyal people of this church, who have given their money, time and talent. If we have any in the church who have broken hearts, bless them, and let us feed the flock of God. Amen."

This is a prayer that will never be forgotten by those who heard it, the old pastor prayed till all were in the presence of God. They arose wiping their eyes and soon business began.

The old pastor gave his report, and a marked increase was shown since the last board meeting. Other reports were given. The minutes of the previous meeting had been read and approved. The reports showed that they had raised their Budget, both District and General, for the entire year. This was very gratifying to all, to think it had not been long since they voted to raise only one month in advance, and God had blessed them in their undertaking and poured in the money.

The time had come now for calling an evangelist for their meeting. Not one in the board objected, and there were no hard luck stories, of work being scarce, or of a crop failure, grain market off, potatoes worth nothing, prunes or cherry market off, boll weevil eating the cotton,

in fact there was not one opposer. Two men were voted upon and the old pastor asked to write each of them about a date.

When this meeting closed one could hear it said, "Didn't things go nicely tonight? There was no friction and all voted as one." "Quite different," said one, "from the meeting held a little while ago." Van Clark spoke up and said, "It should be this way at all times."

It was true that Hiram Grouch had not given a penny to the work of God for some time, but in reality he had paid well, for it had cost him one hundred and fifty dollars to have the car fixed in which Miss Aline Burger lost her life, but of course he would not have it that God had anything to do with it, although many believed it was God calling to account some of the trouble makers.

The Burgers had not been heard from since they left. Rev. Wiseheart was at home with no calls, saying the church did not want the truth, they were so backslidden, and that he had been snubbed. It was no wonder for the pastors had found out about his tricks. It was not that the church did not want the truth, but he had acquired the name of making trouble, having the folks dissatisfied with their pastor, and putting himself up to be called.

It was not many days till a letter came from one of the evangelists, saying he could give them a date. This was glad news, and it seemed to strike fire to the entire church.

Large cards were placed in the windows announcing the meeting, the old pastor ran a paid "ad" in the "daily," and had a thousand red cards printed, with these words on them: "Don't Park Here, But Park at Oak Hill Church and Hear the Old-time Gospel." These cards were to be hung on the cars, and since they were red, the first

3519
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14183

thought was, "I am arrested for parking in the wrong place."

The evangelist they were calling had never held meetings in Oak Hill church, so many were wondering what he would be like, how tall is he? is his hair red or black? is he young or old? married or single? how many children does he have? will he preach loud, or will he be tame? but the church believed he was the man God wanted, so they were going to be pleased whatever the circumstances, for they had read of many great revivals that God had given this man.

Barton Terry came by and asked if the pastor could go with him to get Gene, the doctor had said he could return to his home, and this filled the heart of Barton with joy since he wanted Gene to be in the revival that was soon to start. Poor Gene had suffered so much, and the thought of Aline being dead and what he had heard about the dream she had before dying, had troubled his heart.

He said, "What if I had been killed? I, too, would have gone to hell."

On their way to the hospital the old pastor saw Rev. Wiseheart, Hiram Grouch, Kilmer, and Mr. Daggett talking, and as he passed by he heard them say, "Let them go; they will not have anything." Mr. Daggett was not a member of the church, but had for many years given the church trouble. He was always interfering in things which did not concern him, as he was of the overbearing type, and when things did not go as he wanted them to he was ready to stir up trouble.

On one occasion he had met Jack Cavey, one of the church's best boys, but an invalid, knocked him down, kicked him in the side, and called him all kinds of names.

Jack Cavey could not have protected himself if he had chosen to do so, but this saint of God picked himself up and with two black eyes, went to the house to cry, while Daggett paid a small fine, and boasted of whipping a man, when in reality he had whipped nothing but a walking shadow. This was an awful trial to the church, but they had not forgotten that God had said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." It was whispered around that Arthur Kilmer paid the fine of Daggett for this act.

This was a happy day for Gene Terry, and as he left the hospital that day he promised God that he would soon find the peace that he once had. At their home the first thing they did was to offer prayer and thanksgiving to God for sparing this boy, for they knew very well it was the hand of God that had protected him.

Seated by Gene's side, Barton Terry began by saying, "Son, I want to ask you to forgive me for causing you all this suffering you have gone through."

"Father," said Gene, "it was not your fault; we were to blame."

"No," said Barton, "if I had not backslidden and taken you out of the holiness school, this would not have happened, and you would be saved today, for the influence you were under there was so different. My son, as soon as you are able you and Alice shall return. I have just received a letter from the president asking about you, and I have written him that you will return as soon as you are able."

"I forgive you, father, for I am sure you would never have taken me out of school, had it not been for some of the trouble makers of this church."

"Yes, son, I know I was led into some things, but yet there was a voice that told me I was wrong all the time."

3519
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06
14183

"I will pray the best I know how and you pray for me," said Gene, "but there is Aline, and I know she was not saved. Who will atone for this soul? I know," said Gene, "that hell must be an awful place. It seemed for days that I was hanging right over that awful place, and more than once I thought I was gone. Someone must have prayed for me a great deal, for I could hear the voices of many, asking God to let me live."

Alice stroked the coal black hair of her brother and said, "Brother, we will follow God from now on."

Edna Grouch stepped in to see Gene and in a humorous way asked him if he had gotten back from his trip. "Well, I am here," said Gene, "and it has been a trip I never want to take again, for one that took the trip with me has not returned."

"Who is that?" asked Edna.

"It is Aline Burger," replied Gene.

Edna turned away, with something like a lump in her throat, saying, "I must be going." As she walked from that house she heard a voice saying, "How long will it be till you take that trip?" To this she had no answer.

CHAPTER SIX

Saturday found the old pastor at the depot waiting for Number Six to pull in. The evangelist was to arrive at that time.

The place where Daggett worked could be seen from the depot, and when the old pastor turned his eyes in that direction he saw the villain watching to see if the evangelist came in. This specimen of humanity was the one who had knocked Jack Cavey (almost a corpse) down and kicked him, blacking his eyes, then boasting that he had whipped a man. If the specifications had been drawn for a man Daggett would have lacked a lot coming up to them.

When the whistle of Number Six was heard the glad heart of the old pastor throbbed with joy. He had forgotten just then the many, many trials he had gone through. As the engineer pulled his train to a stop, the old pastor thought of the time when the great engine would pull in and the saints would hear the welcome words, "All aboard."

The first man who stepped off the train was the evangelist. This man's face was all aglow, he was glad; his faith said they would have a revival.

As they drove past Arthur Kilmer's place of business, there was the old crowd of trouble makers gathered there, and something seemed to say to the pastor, "Where the carcass is there will the vultures be gathered," for he well knew that this gathering was not one to profit the Church of God.

3519
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14183

When at the house and the evangelist had been given his room, the old pastor's wife called Sister Clucker and told her that the evangelist had arrived and they wanted to open the service Sunday morning with victory.

Sister Clucker said, "Well, I don't know whether it will be so I can come or not; really, I don't think this is the time for a revival. First, the people are too busy, and the weather is going to be so warm the folks won't come, times are so hard now nobody has any money, and the whole church is backslidden."

"Yes," said the old pastor's wife, "I know some are busy, the weather will be a little warm, and some may not have as much money as they have had before, and it may be that some are backslidden, but that makes the need even greater."

"Well, I won't promise, but will come some if I can," was the reply.

The evangelist had heard what the old pastor's wife had said, and surmised from the one-sided conversation that there was someone on the other end of the line who did not want a revival. He said, "The party you were speaking with doesn't seem to have much faith for a revival."

"Well, no," said the pastor's wife, "but things will come on all right."

At the church Sunday morning the evangelist met many happy faces that told him their faith claimed a revival. "Yes," said the evangelist, "it is coming."

There was not one of the vultures in the service Sunday morning. They must first pick the bones of the old carcass that they had been dragging so long. Their nature was for dead things, so they were not satisfied to live in the flower garden of the peace of the church. This

crowd of kickers was some of the very ones that had helped to vote the old pastor in three years before, but now it is, "Leave or we are through." The home of Mrs. Puckett could be seen from the church, and she was the one who had led this riot, so while God's people were preparing to have a good time at the church, the devil's crowd was stirring around the home of Mrs. Puckett.

The sermon the evangelist preached that morning will never be forgotten by those who heard it. He preached on prayer, showed the need of it and also the results of it. "One of the needs," said he, "is to remove the things that might hinder our experience. It will give us a clear vision, more power for service, make us a greater blessing to the people, and give us a greater reward in the end.

"It also reveals our needs. What do we need? It is not more land, fine houses, stocks and bonds, more stores, oil wells, better automobiles, finer clothes. No," said he, "we need a revival of fire worse than anything else, to save your wife, your husband, your boy, your girl, your neighbors and friends.

"Praying brings the promises of God to our attention. He has promised to hear and answer us. God said, 'Ask and ye shall receive.' Do we want a revival?" said the evangelist. "Well, let us ask and we shall have the same.

"Last," said this man, "to pray gives us inward strength to live holy and humble, and to overcome the trials that come our way. There are many," said he, "who will be a trial to us, but if we keep our eyes on God he will take us through. When things don't go as we want them to, take the matter to the Lord. He can move the things that hinder, and he will do it. Let us stand and sing No. 311, 'I Am Thine, O Lord.'"

3519
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06
14183

The minds of the people had been lifted above the things that had been a trial to them, and now this song:

*"I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice,
And it told thy love to me.
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to thee."*

Then the chorus:

*"Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where thou hast died,
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To thy precious, bleeding side."*

This was enough, the service closed in a blaze of glory, and the shouts of the saints were heard in the camp. The people did not slip out as if they had stolen something, but rushed down and shook hands with the evangelist, saying, "That was a wonderful message. If God wills we will have a revival," and so on.

Just across the street from Rev. Jordan's who is an evangelist, lived Mrs. Puckett. The telephones of Mrs. Puckett and the evangelist were on the same line and when one would ring the other would ring also. Mrs. Jordan, hearing the telephone ring, went to answer it but heard Mrs. Puckett and Mrs. Daggett, her daughter, talking, and what she heard would have made reading that they would not have wanted printed. They were bandying the old pastor's name back and forth over the wires. In their eyes he was the worst man living. He had wrecked the church, been too loose with women, had taken the world into his church, and in their judgment he should be sent to the Isle of Patmos and left there to die.

"Wait," said Mrs. Daggett, "till after the vote is taken this year. We will vote him out and get a man filled with the Holy Ghost." It was agreed by these two broadcasters that the revival now in progress would get none of their money, but that they would go and see how things went.

All this time Evangelist Jordan's wife was hearing what they said, and it was well that she had heard, for they had plans that were covered, and now that she was aware of their plots, Mrs. Jordan prayed for the old pastor and kept to herself what she had heard.

Mrs. Puckett could be heard for more than a block singing and praying, but the spirit she had manifested had destroyed the faith of the people in her for they well knew that she was one of the leaders who had started the trouble about the curtain.

When service time came Sunday night, some of the rebels were there, and like vultures high in the top of a tree they perched themselves; with an eye like an eagle they were looking for something to drag home with them to feed upon the next day.

When the old pastor asked for the singers to come to the platform, there was no begging and pulling to get them there, they came, filled the place, and such singing as they did. God was there, to be sure.

The announcements were made, urging the people to come, and to be on time. The evangelist took the stand, and such preaching as he did! Of course he did not know anything about what had been going on, but in case he had, he was not the kind of evangelist to preach about it. Mighty truth poured from this man's lips, like holy fire and nothing was left unsaid that would give this crowd of poor trouble makers a place to start.

3519
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06
14183

After the service closed, Grouch, Mrs. Daggett, Mrs. Puckett, Kilmer, and Rev. Wiseheart were seen making for the door, but the evangelist caught them on their way out and shook hands with them, asking them to come again.

The next day while the evangelist was in town he stopped in Kilmer's place of business, had a few words with him and went on.

The next night when service time came, it found the evangelist with only one verse of scripture in all the Bible that he felt he could use as a text: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper" (Proverbs 28:13).

The house was filled, and among them were some of the crowd that had said they would never enter the church again till the curtains were taken down.

The evangelist spoke of sin; said he, "It will blight the life, cloud the vision, ruin the brain, kill the conscience, destroy the soul, and land us in hell forever." Said he, "Sin is like the mighty serpent that will fill the life with poison, and then choke the soul of man after he has gone to hell. All trouble has been caused by sin," said this man. "Death itself came because man sinned; every home that has been broken was by sin. Sin is the deceiver that will make you think you are right when you are wrong."

Just then God said, "Hiram Grouch, how do you feel about the matter?" "Evangelist Wiseheart, have you acted fairly with the old pastor?" "How about that telephone conversation, Mrs. Daggett?" "You pray long and loud, Mrs. Pickett, but you have no soul rest." "Would you not feel better, Mrs. Clucker, had you not used your mouth quite so much?"

Oh, this truth; they were being battered down like mighty forces of Napoleon Bonaparte at the great battle of Waterloo. In that battle more than forty thousand fell, while many fled before the British forces. This service was not a battle where a bayonet was being used, but the mighty truth of God. Although this crowd had many in reserve who were willing to take sides with them, they could not stand before this truth.

Wiseheart thought of the letter he had written to Hiram Grouch, since Grouch had told him that he had lost it. "I would like to know where that letter is," was the thought that raced through the brain of the traitor.

Hiram looked toward Wiseheart and something said, "Letter, letter, letter." Hiram blinked his eyes and would have given a good deal to know about the lost letter.

The evangelist said, "If God should call you just now to be judged would it be all right? or would you desire time to go make right your wrongs? Would you want to go ask someone to forgive you for what you have said about him? What if the telephone in your home could talk, what would it tell? Have you used it to the glory of God, or have you used it to talk about your neighbor, your pastor, or someone?"

Mrs. Daggett looked at her mother; Mrs. Clucker was trying to compose herself. Eyes snapped, flashed, winked, and then went closed; some hung their heads as if they were praying, but the evangelist could read the faces of some and he knew well that he had chosen the right message.

Like a mighty machine gun the evangelist turned himself loose again, "He that covereth. Oh, this mighty Word of God. Do you know that you cannot cover from God? He will see you here and hereafter. Come on," said this

3519
.045
06
1418

man, "are you honest with yourself? Do you know that God can see that covered hatred you have in your heart? Have you said you would not speak to someone? God has said, 'He that hateth his brother abideth in death.' This death is the death of the damned. How about the letters you have written?"

Then the evangelist stopped, and you could almost hear the heartbeats of Wiseheart and Hiram Grouch. Something fluttered in the brain of Hiram like a bird with a broken pinion as it would beat itself against the iron cage in its desperate struggle to free itself, but finally it would fall to the floor with its last cry of despair.

"Did you write that letter with a heart of deceit or did you write it in a fit of anger? Have you made amends for it? If not, this letter will be posted on the billboard of the skies while you stand before the bar of God's justice. Will you say you did not write it, did you not sign the same? Well, your name will be on it at that day, and it will read then just as it does now. 'He that covereth.' Would you be willing to say to the man's face what you said to his back? Why not, if it is right then tell him. You say someone did not treat you right; but that does not give you the right to mistreat him if he has not treated you right.

Jack Cavey thought of the time he had been knocked and kicked by that villian, but there was nothing in his heart to disturb him; he had put the whole matter in the hands of God, he had only said, "Mr. Daggett, you will meet this at the judgment."

The od pastor was praying; he was afraid someone would think he had told all about the letter he had found, and of course both Wiseheart and Hiram Grouch were

sure that the old pastor had found the letter and then told the evangelist about it.

“‘He that covereth.’ How about that old debt you owe? You have covered it and think no one knows about it, but—man, you know it, and God knows it, and all of hell will know it later. That grocery bill, doctor bill, and the time you kept the overchange, when the man gave you too much money in change, you counted the money and saw you had too much, but you put it in your purse and you have it today. If you gave too much change would you want the other person to keep it, or give it back? God said do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Have you done that? Covereth, covereth, what a word! You do not need to cover your good deeds and good life, for you do not care who sees them.”

Mrs. Jordan thought of what she had heard over the phone. Surely someone else heard this and told the evangelist. Not many amens were heard, for some did not feel like saying amen and others were afraid someone would think they had been telling.

How this man could put on the truth, while it cut like a knife, yet he did it in such a way that it went home to the people's hearts.

3519
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06
1418

CHAPTER SEVEN

"Everybody stand," said the evangelist, and he prayed thus: "Lord, give us a revival at any cost. Help us to give out the truth. Amen."

Mrs. Daggett shook hands with the evangelist and asked if he had been invited out for dinner the next day. When he said he had not, she asked him to come to her place for dinner, giving him the number.

At the house the evangelist asked about the number that had been given him, and said, "I am to go there for dinner tomorrow."

"Very well," said the pastor, yet he well knew that the evangelist would have his ears filled.

At the home of the Daggetts the next day the evangelist saw that there was a trap being laid for him, but should he walk into it? Mrs. Daggett spoke of how she was praying for a great revival, and she added, "We sure do need it for so many of the folks are cold." She did not tell him how cold she was.

After they had finished dinner, Mrs. Daggett began by asking the evangelist what he thought she should do about the church.

"Well, I don't understand what you mean," said the good man.

"I suppose the pastor has told you all about the trouble here in the church."

"No," said the evangelist, "I have heard nothing."

"Well," said she, "the spiritual part of the church has been crowded out by the pastor, and they have put cur-

tains in the church, trying to make it like a show, and we just told them that we would not attend church there if things did not change; we just can't feel free there any more. I want your advice. Do you think we should put our money into a place where it will be wasted? And the old pastor is so jealous of Brother Wiseheart, he won't let him preach any more. If Brother Wiseheart was pastor this church would get on, but as it is things are going on the rocks, and I don't think I should be a party to it when it takes place, so I have about decided to just quit. I do enjoy such good preaching as you are doing and I would like to go and hear you all through the revival, but I just can't feel right there, for I know they don't want me. I do enjoy good, straight preaching like you did last night. They put Brother Kilmer out of the Sunday school and my mother, Mrs. Puckett, has been treated very badly. We had some good folks, Brother and Sister Burger, and they nagged at them till they left the country. Clark, Sadler, Stanley, Mary Nelery, Evangelist Jordan's wife and a few others have run the church till they think it belongs to them. If you were in my place would you stay in the church and keep putting your money into it?"

The evangelist was not a novice concerning this kind of tactics, and all the while she had been going he sat with his elbow on his knee and his chin in his hand, and would say now and then, "Yes, yes, that's too bad." The evangelist told Mrs. Daggett that he did not know anything about the affairs of the church, and did not care to take part in any trouble.

Just as the evangelist was making ready to go, Mrs. Clucker, Mrs. Puckett, and Mrs. Copeland came in. He tried to get away, but they begged him to be seated again

3519
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06
1418

and began pouring more refuse into his ears, but immediately he started his flushing machine, and as fast as they poured in he would flush it out; nothing they said stopped long enough in his mind to affect him. But there he sat for another hour being bored, and every time he would start someone of the crowd would say, "Just one more question, and then you may go."

These vultures dragged out every old dead thing they had ever seen, before the evangelist, and picked and pulled the bones of nearly everybody but the evangelist himself, and they told him he was the greatest preacher that had ever preached in that church, and many, many times they told him how they liked straight preaching like he did the night before.

"Well, I must go," said the evangelist, and as he was starting out the door, Mrs. Clucker asked if he was slated out for dinner the next day. The poor man was so bewildered he did not know what to say. Then Mrs. Puckett said, "We want you at our place day after tomorrow," and Mrs. Copeland said, "We are preparing to have you the next day." While they were talking the evangelist gathered his thoughts and said, "I will let you know tonight, but I hardly believe I want to go out so much as it takes much of my time that I need to be alone. Goodby, I will see you folks tonight."

This poor man walked along thinking, "Why does the church have to have such people as this?" He well knew that as soon as he was away they would pick his bones as they had done everybody else. Said he, "I came here for a revival and not to be pestered with that bunch of fault finders."

When he was back in the house and had gotten a good deep breath, he was asked if he had a good dinner.

Kelley Library Storage

"Yes," was the reply, "but that was not all I got," and no more was said on the subject.

The pastor knew that the evangelist had been well loaded and knew all about the town after listening to some of the best broadcasters in the city, but he did not care to know what the evangelist had heard for the pastor knew too much already.

The evangelist said, "Don't date me out for dinner any place. I want to stay close." This was enough to tell the old pastor what he wanted him to know.

Gene Terry was better and able now to attend the services, and the presence of this young man told those who came to church that they had better stop and think about where they were going.

Gilbert Wiseheart and Edna Grouch had been in the services but it seemed nothing could move them, even the death of Aline Burger, which took place after that wild Sunday's drive. Albert Grouch, the driver of the death car, had not been in the church since the meeting started.

Miss Grace Clark and Will Sadler had not missed a service and were working in the meeting trying to get the young people in the services saved.

The meeting had gone on for about a week. Gene Terry had been reclaimed, and the fire was falling. The evangelist had not let what he heard affect him in his preaching, he had not spoken or acted as if he knew anything, but since he did not take the rounds for dinner with the broadcasters they were as mad as could be, and said he was just like the rest of that gang. But what did the evangelist care, for someone told him that this bunch of trouble makers had never paid very much to the church, and that they had not paid a penny in six months. This was their old device; when they wanted a fellow to

move they would not pay anything, and stay at home till the next pastor came on and then they were back again to start trouble.

One night the evangelist preached on hell, using for his text Psalms 55:15, "Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell: for wickedness is in their dwelling, and among them."

"My subject," said he, "will be, 'The Sudden Hell for the Sinner.' Many there are that will say there is no hell, but God says there is. Many have said there is nothing like death, but look around us and see the suffering and death. How can we make ourselves believe there is nothing like death?"

"The certainty of hell is not based upon the teachings of some church only, but rather it is based upon the truth of God that will stand when the beliefs of men will fall.

"I have known people who were in the jaws of death," said the evangelist, "and yet they would say they were not sick, and in the act of walking they would die. To make one's self a fool and say a thing doesn't exist when it is right there taking hold of one.

"What is death?" said the evangelist. "Here I am, well today, but tomorrow I have something wrong with me that will still my tongue, close my eyes, stop my heart, cause my eyes to become glassy, my lips to be purple, my fingernails to be darkened, the skin on my nose to be drawn, my pulse stops, then my soul will leap out into the great beyond. Death, death, death, where is thy sting? Look out, death is just around the corner.

"Let us go to the death room of the dying. There he is stretched upon the bed, the cold, icy beads stand out upon his forehead, a rattle in his throat as if someone were choking him; my brother, that is just what's hap-

pening. Death is choking him. You see the hand of death, the cold fingers are placed around your throat and little by little death chokes you; your mother prays, but to no avail; the doctor works but can't help you; your wife cries and says, 'I can't give him up,' but she cannot drive death away. 'Death you are so cruel. Why will you take my husband, all I have, my bread earner, my guide and stay?' Death does not respond, but holds on to the throat of this poor soul. Standing by the bed where death lingers can be seen the poor little children who weep and say, 'O papa, don't die; we can't do without you; we will have no one to buy for us. Daddy, don't die, don't die!' But death pays no regard. The poor man groans and says, 'Light the lamp, the room is so dark,' but oh, it is noonday. Death holds on. Who can say there is no death in the face of these facts? But at last death has conquered. Weeping can be heard; children scream, wife mourns, mother cries. What's wrong? Just death, that's all.

"In the church are gathered many to see the body of the soul that lost the battle with death. In the front pews can be seen the weeping ones; black mingled with white hanging everywhere; flowers piled high on a coffin, but the flower of the home is gone. Everything is deathly still; not a word, no moving about. Then the quiet touch of the piano, and the song, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' Such a feeling; and then the people file by to look the last time into the face of the dead; the wife staggers to the side of this black box, places her lips upon the cold forehead of the once living, but now dead. She falls into the arms of some friends and is carried away. The poor little orphans hold onto this casket, screaming, 'Daddy,

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1418

Daddy, don't leave us; just speak to us once more!' but alas! no voice is heard from this one that is so cold.

"They rush the poor, helpless body to the burying place for the dead, the coffin is tightly sealed, lowered into a hole that has been digged in the earth, the children cry, 'Pease, don't put those clods on my daddy.' Thud, thud, thud, the dirt falls, at last he is covered, the flowers are left on his grave. The crowd of poor broken-hearted loved ones go home, but home is not home any more. Death, death.

"In the book of Revelation 19:20 we read, 'And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshiped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone.'

"God said that they would be cast into a lake of fire, and they would be alive, that is the soul of man that will not die will be there. Think of this lake with the many poor damned, in the darkness of the eternal night, riding and floating in the bosom of this lake filled with liquid lava, to drift, drift, where no lighthouse on the shore of this night will ever be seen.

"God tells us who will be there in Revelation 21:8, 'But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolators, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.'

"Think," said the evangelist, "you will be with this crowd that you would not be seen with in this world, but there you will live with them forever."

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In this service many of those who had given the church trouble heard the voice of God saying, "You are going to that place if you don't confess, repent, and get to God."

The crowd was deathly still, and before the evangelist finished the people were coming. In this service the long altar was lined and among those who came were Edna Grouch, Fay Wiseheart, and her brother Gilbert.

Rev. Wiseheart was down by Fay, but he could not help her for she knew her father had not acted fairly.

Neither Hiram nor Mrs. Grouch came near Edna; they well knew that they could not help her, and God was saying, "You should be praying for yourself."

This was a great service but neither Edna, Fay nor Gilbert got anywhere; they said they could not pray. The service closed with many of the saints praying for the children of the opposers, but they had not gotten saved.

3519
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1418

CHAPTER EIGHT

One day, just before the meeting was to close, while the evangelist was down town, Hiram Grouch drove up to the curb and asked him where he was going.

"I am going to my room," was the reply.

"Well, get in," said Hiram, "and I will take you home."

"I need the walk," said the evangelist.

"But I am going that way. Get in."

The evangelist got into the car, and Hiram said, "Have you seen the town?"

"Not much of it," was the reply.

"I suppose you are not in a hurry. I will show you some of the town."

Hiram was sure that he was putting something over, but from the very minute the evangelist got into the car he felt it was some sort of a trick. They had driven for some thirty minutes, and all of a sudden Grouch stopped the car, blew the horn, and said, "We will stop here just a minute." Charley Grouch, his nephew, came to the door saying, "Get out."

Hiram said, "We were just driving by and stopped."

"Well, if you are not in a big hurry stop a few minutes anyway." There was something that ran up and down the spine of the evangelist all the time. Hiram and the evangelist got out and went to the door, and then he saw that all was prepared. The vultures had gathered and Hiram had been sent out to scout for the evangelist. The

room was so prepared that there were two chairs ready for Hiram and the preacher when they came.

This poor man sat for more than an hour watching and hearing these vultures pick and pull, and drag, and every now and then they would say, "What would you do in a case of this kind?"

This crowd of dead seekers told things on the pastor that no sane man would believe. Wiseheart told how he had been mistreated; he was not asked to preach any more. Mrs. Daggett, Mrs. Clucker and Mrs. Grouch told of the awful things the pastor had been accused of, saying, "We have every reason to believe they are true, we are sure that there is something dark about the child case." They had already told him about a child the pastor had helped get a home for.

"Now," said the evangelist, "I came here to preach. This is none of my affair at all, but I believe in the pastor, and just as sure as there is a God in heaven, if you folks don't stop this talking, the last one of you will be lost, and you will drag your children to hell. I must go," said the evangelist, and he turned and walked away, leaving the crowd very much chagrined. Hiram dragged himself out and drove the evangelist home, put him out and lost no time in getting away.

The last Sunday was a red letter day; the evangelist preached on "holiness," showing that it was for the people of this age, and that we could get it while we live. "We do not have to wait till we die," said he, "neither do we grow into it, but we get it by faith, the Holy Ghost, and the blood of Jesus. We get it after we are converted; it comes as a second work of grace, as taught by the Bible, Dr. P. F. Bresee, John Wesley, Rev. H. C. Morrison, and many of the great men of the world.

The evangelist showed from Matthew 3:11 that we would be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and Acts 11:15, 16 teaches the same, and St. John 17:17-21 says Jesus prayed that His disciples might have it, and in Acts second chapter reading down shows that they received it as Jesus said they would. "I have it now," said he, "and you can have it if you will pay the price. Come now." The altar was lined and many received this Holy Ghost blessing by faith.

The offering had been taken, and came up well, but not one of the vultures gave a penny. They were as mad as they could be about what the evangelist had told them.

The last night of the revival was a great one, many were saved, and many sanctified, but many of the strife stirrers were not there. The meeting closed and the evangelist left town.

Things went well for a time, for this bunch of dead seekers were not seen about the church.

Gene Terry had recovered from the accident and he and Alice had been sent back to the holiness school and were doing well, both in their school work and in their experience. Wiseheart was making trouble everywhere. He had written one of the general officers of the church, finding fault with him because he did not get work for him to do.

"If you don't give me work," said he, "I will go where I can get it." The general officer of the church, in answering the letter, told him that he was very sorry that he felt as he did about the matter, for he had done all for him that he could.

Wiseheart met the district elder and gave him a good going over for the way he had been treated, but he was told by this man of God that it was the way he had acted

himself, that had put him out. "You undermine the pastors and stir up trouble, till they don't want you. Neither would I," said the elder, "if I were pastor." This did not set well with Wiseheart, but the letter was the first thing he thought of.

The district elder, Evangelist Jordan, and many of the loyal people of the church said something must be done now with this crowd.

The time for the recall of the pastor was announced and every vulture, whether large or small, was there to see to it that the old pastor was not called back, and when the vote was taken you could have counted the votes against him before the tellers returned. They had gotten every possible vote they could against him, but when the report was given he was recalled. Defeated and mad, the opposers left saying they would never put their foot into the church again.

When Mrs. Puckett got home she got down and prayed loud and long for God to send a Holy Ghost filled man to take the church, just as though the church had not already called a man.

Since they did not come back, nor did they give their money to the work of the church, as they had pledged themselves to do, the pastor said, "Now is the time to do something, why should we let the church be ruined, when we have done all in our power to save these that oppose the work of God?"

A committee was appointed to see each of them and ask that they line up with the church or ask that their names be dropped, but they said they would do neither. The old pastor did not want a church trial, neither did he want the work of God to suffer.

351
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141

The time was set for trial and the district elder was to hear the trial. The things that they swore to were too black for the midnight of the underworld. Mr. Daggett was there to bulldoze but the elder sat him down. Jack Cavey was used as a witness, so was Mrs. Jordan, and she told of what she had heard over the phone.

Six of this crowd were dismissed from the church and as soon as the verdict was read six more asked to be dropped which was done.

One source of grief to Grouch and Wiseheart was the fact that the old pastor used the lost letter in the trial. They could neither say it was not sent and received, for it had Wiseheart's signature and was addressed to Hiram Grouch. Of course the local church could not handle Wiseheart, as that must be a district affair, but this lost letter like a bloodhound was always after him.

From the very time of ridding the church of the trash, God did wonders for them. The offerings were more, fellowship was perfect, and a revival spirit was in all the services. The old pastor had not done as others had for years, leave when the battle got hot. He stayed, suffered, prayed, and acted when the time came.

Some of this crowd tried to join a church twelve miles out, but the elder told the pastor of that church not to take in those that had been dismissed. They could be seen gathering at the home of Mrs. Puckett on Sundays to have meeting, and at prayermeeting times, but these services were times of picking the bones of others.

Grace Clark had gone to the holiness school to take some special training, as she felt that God had some special religious work for her to do. Many times she would write home of the wonderful school they had. Grace's

Riley Library Storage

heart went out for the girls back home, since they did not have the chance she had.

There was quarreling in the Grouch home, she knew, for she had been there when things were not pleasant. Grace knew very well that Fay Wiseheart would go down and land on the rocks if something were not done to save her. Fay was a beautiful girl to behold, her hair was dark brown, her eyes coal black, her complexion fair, medium weight, her personality was striking. She never saw a stranger, but this trait of character might lead her the wrong way.

One day Fay received a letter from Grace that read thus:

“Holiness School,
“Room Number 13.

“Miss Fay Wiseheart,

“Oak Hill,

“My Dear Fay:

“I have been thinking of you lately, just wondering how you are getting on by this time. I should have written you sooner, but have been so busy with my school work, that it looked as though I could not find time to write.

“How are things going around Oak Hill? Trust you are having a nice time.

“Fay, I have been thinking lately how I would like to see you come to the school here. I am sure you would like it here. The school has been such a blessing to me already. The girls here have long hair, there is no following the world in fashion. The president is such a godly man, and to sit under the influence of such teachers as we have, is simply beyond description. We have no

wild parties here, yet we have times to meet together and such nice times as we do have.

"Fay, dear, see if you can get your father to let you come. If you will come I will help you all I can. It would not be hard for you to keep saved. Write me as soon as you get this, as I surely want to hear from you soon.

"Don't forget that I am praying for you and want to see you saved. I will close as I have some work to do.

"I remain your true friend,

"GRACE CLARK."

Edna Grouch was introduced to Jack Binns by a supposed friend. Jack Binns was one of the town's fastest young men, was only looking for a good time, and he had no time for those with whom he could not have it. Binns came to the house to see Edna one evening and asked if she wanted to take in the show that night. Edna told him that she did not know whether she could go or not, but to call later and if she could go she would.

Mrs. Grouch should have known that when she dressed her girl as the women of the brothel are dressed she was inviting almost anything that could happen to a girl.

Edna asked her mother if she could go driving with Mr. Binns.

"Where are you going?" asked her mother.

"Oh, just driving, we won't be gone long."

"You see to it that you are not gone long," said her mother.

When Jack Binns, that something dressed like a man, who did not have a spark of manhood in or about him, drove back to the house Edna was ready, and from the way she was dressed it looked more like she had undressed than dressed.

They hurried away while Mrs. Grouch stood in the door with her smile of approval. What this girl needed was a mother, but that she did not have.

Edna and Jack were soon seated in the Palace Theater. The first reel was a love affair that no young woman could afford to look upon, but the man running the Palace was a member of one of the large churches of the town, and a large per cent of those there that night were members of some church. Of course there is no wrong in the movies, the pastors had said so, and they were there that night to approve of what was going on. The lights were turned low and one thrill after another was seen on the screen. The young man who played the leading role had his sweetheart in his arms many times, and kissing was a great part of the play.

When the play was over and they started home Edna felt a stirring in her nature that she had never felt before. Jack laughed about the boy hugging the girl in the show, and said she didn't seem to care.

When they were home they stopped on the porch and were seated in the swing. There they sat till a late hour, and Jack left saying he would see her soon again.

After this supposed man had left and Edna had retired, the scenes in the love affair she saw in the "movie" kept running through her mind. Mrs. Grouch was fast asleep, not thinking of where her girl had gone.

351
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06
141

CHAPTER NINE

When Fay Wiseheart received the letter from Grace Clark and read it, there was a desire revived in her to get saved, but she was sure that her father would not let her go as he was out of sorts with everybody, even himself. She thought she could be none the worse off by asking, so she took the letter to her father.

"Father," said Fay, "I have a letter I want you to read."

This request struck Rev. Wiseheart like a sledge hammer blow. A letter, something said, "The lost letter." His eyes danced, he was struck dumb, but took the letter and slowly read it.

Looking up, he said, "I should say you can't go to that school; I have not been treated right and I want none of my money to go there." The look on his face told Fay there was no hope. She was not surprised for she had long ago lost confidence in her father.

Fay cried and then had to take a tongue lashing from her father. "Well, it will not always be so," said Fay, turning to go.

There was something in this girl that rose up and became desperate; she planned to run away, but said, "That will not do. I have no funds." Then a voice came saying, "Kill yourself." She said, "That is the thing to do;" so she went into the room where a bottle of poison was found, took out the letter that she had received from Grace and her eyes filled with tears as she read: "I am praying for you."

"But what's the use?" she said, "life is not worth living. What's the use of dragging along through this world

as I am?" She looked to see if there was anyone close by, and when she saw no one, she tried to pray. All the while the voice kept saying, "Take the poison; kill yourself; end it all; get out of the way." Fay uncorked the bottle, clutching the letter in her hand, gave a mighty groan and turned the bottle up.

"Stop, stop!" a voice came. Turning quickly to see who was speaking, she saw no one, but the voice was so clear she could not believe but that someone had called to her to stop. A throbbing heart beating against her left breast like a wounded tiger, tried to tear itself out. She felt like some large hand was squeezing her heart and she could hardly get her breath. Staggering across the floor she went to her room, fell upon the bed and in her desperate struggle trying to fight off that something that was saying, "Kill yourself; do it now; you will not suffer then." She cried out, "Oh, I don't want to live!"

Mrs. Wiseheart ran to the room, saw her child in the act of taking the poison. Just as she turned the bottle to her lips, her mother knocked it from her hand, saying, "What is the matter with you, Fay?"

"I don't want to live," said she. "It is nothing but trouble here, so why should I live in this?"

When Fay was quieted she could hardly believe that just a few minutes ago she was so crazed that she tried to take her life.

"Hello, give me No. 248, please. Who is this speaking?"

"This is No. 248, Mrs. Grouch speaking."

"This is Mr. Binns calling; may I speak to Edna?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Edna, someone is calling you," called Mrs. Grouch.

"All right, I will be there in just a minute."

Edna took the receiver. "Hello, yes, this is Edna."

"How about taking a drive this evening?" said Jack.

"Well, I don't know. I will go if mother will let me."

"Ask and see," said the betrayer.

"Mother, may I go driving this evening?" said Edna.

"Who will be along?" asked the mother.

"I suppose Jack will have another girl that will go with us."

"I don't care," said Mrs. Grouch.

"Mother said I could go if you had another girl along, so bring someone with you." Edna went to the room to get ready, put on a sleeveless dress, cut above her knees, grabbed the paint box, and soon looked like a western Indian painted for war. Little did she know that she was entering one of the greatest wars of her life.

When Jack Binns drove up he had another girl with him whom Edna had met the night they were at the show.

They were soon off; this time her mother did not say how long she could stay or when to come home. A few blocks away another car drove up beside Jack's and honked. Jack stopped. "Where are you going?" asked the driver of this car.

"Just driving," said Jack.

"Suppose one of the girls gets in with me and I will go along." The girl with Jack said, "I will go with you."

The first place they stopped was the "Palm Garden." They sat in the car, ordered the drinks, and while they were drinking jazz music was playing and this fast music stirred the emotions of Edna while she moved her shoulders to the time of the tune. Soon they drove away. Jack asked Edna how she supposed the lovers were making it that they saw in the movie.

"I suppose she doesn't care by this time," said Edna, and they both laughed.

"Well, a fellow isn't young but once," said Jack, "so he might as well have a good time."

Edna found herself feeling dizzy as if she were losing her senses, and some kind of a sensation ran through her she had never had before; she had no power to resist but yielded herself to this something, she knew not what. As they drove along Jack put his arms about Edna and said,

"This is the way that fellow did that we saw in the show," and as Jack was in the act of kissing Edna, and as she was giving herself over into this dreamy state she heard a voice saying, "Stop, stop," and like a flash she drew herself back from this cur.

He said, "What's wrong?"

"I can't do this," said she.

"But do you think I am going to take you out and spend my money on you and not have a good time?" said Jack.

"Oak Hill.

"Miss Grace Clark,
"Holiness school,

"Dear Grace:

"I received your wonderful letter the other day and was glad to hear from you. I had been thinking of you since you left for the school. I am so glad to know that you are getting on so nicely in your school work. I am glad also to note that you are still saved. I know that it is right to do right, but it looks impossible for me; I have no one to help me. Things at home have grown worse since you left. Our home is in the process of being torn up. Life has been such a drag for me that I think sometimes there is no use of living. If I were there with you

in the holiness school I could live all right, but there is no use trying to live right here.

"I suppose it will not be my good fortune to attend the school. I let father read the letter that I received from you and asked if I could go, but it turned out as I thought it would. I got a tongue lashing, and heard of the shortcomings of everybody in the country. My father is down on everybody, and in the home it is nothing but a fuss all the time.

"Grace, I must tell you that I have thought of killing myself, and I suppose I would have, had it not been for mother. I suppose I did not know what I was doing for I knew I would go to hell if I should do this.

"I appreciate the fact that you have been praying for me, but suppose there is no use.

"Your broken-hearted friend,

"FAY."

There had been nothing but trouble in the home of Wiseheart, and there had been some talk of his being too familiar with a woman of the town; and this had caused trouble in the home.

One night Wiseheart was supposed to leave town for an engagement he had at another point. The train did not leave till after midnight, and his wife asked if he was going to bed and have the taxi come for him.

"No," said he, "I will go now and not keep you up." When he picked up his cases and left the house, his wife quickly put on her son's clothes and followed him. She followed him to the depot where he checked his grips, then turning he went in the direction of the place where the talk had started. She followed him there. He passed the house and went into a small building at the back. She watched the house and soon the woman in question came

out the back of the house and entered the small building. Slipping close up she heard them talking but what they said she could not understand, yet she was sure that she had followed the same man all these rounds.

"I have caught you," she screamed as she ran against the door. There was some scrambling on the inside, but she could not force her way into the building and no one would come out. Then she hammered at the door, calling them all kinds of names, but all was quiet on the inside. Finally the door came open and she expected to fall right into the arms of her betrayer but was surprised to find no one in the place but herself.

After going all through the place she found the back door open. She had been beaten at her own game; they had escaped through the back door. Bewildered and despairing of life she thought, "What can I do?" Then she set out for the depot but when she arrived there the train that her husband would leave on had just gone. She was beaten again.

Albert Wiseheart, of course, soon found out the state of affairs around the home. The talk was out, of the trailing of the sneak to the other man's home. Albert said, "If this is religion I don't want it," and he began to stay out late at night.

Mrs. Wiseheart had become bitter in her heart, both toward her husband and the woman in question. She had said she would kill them both. She wrote Wiseheart and told him that she had followed him and that she saw him go into the place with the other woman, in fact, she gave him the full details of the whole matter. But when she received the answer from him he denied the whole affair saying he had left his cases and gone for something to eat, after going to the depot. This sounded pretty good,

but his wife knew very well that her eyes had not deceived her, for she had not lost sight of the figure in all the rounds till it went into the house.

Mrs. Grouch was sitting at home reading the fashion magazines, not knowing where her girl was, and that very minute her child was in the hands of that soft cigarette sucking beast of the lowest type.

On into the night this beast carried the girl, using all the force possible, telling her, "No one will ever know, and it isn't wrong, and other girls don't do as you are doing."

Edna found herself weakening, though she had withstood the attacks of the enemy of her soul for a long time. Finally she let this soul damning wretch put his arms around her without protesting. Thus was the gate opened for his hellish desires.

Parked on the side of the road, he kissed her, saying, "This is the way we saw it in the movie." One thing calls for another in this night of sensation, step by step this poor soul was led. One could not say that she was blind altogether to what might happen, yet she could not free herself from the sensations that had taken hold of her. The devil with all the black imps of the lower region had come to help this devil clothed in human flesh blight the life, ruin the hope, damn the soul, and send to hell this poor unprotected girl and her mother was sitting at home, amusing herself with the changes of the styles. Little did she think or care that the soul of her girl would ever be changed after this fatal night.

CHAPTER TEN

The black imps of the pit had thrown a net about this poor defenseless girl and were swiftly dragging her down. Her feet are now entangled in the web of hell, and how to free herself she does not know. A cold, creepy sensation came over her, and she heard a voice say, "Stop," but this time it was not as strong as it had been before.

"Jack, drive me home," said Edna, and then turning her head she drew herself from him.

Jack, releasing his hold from her said, "Edna, you are some girl. You are too old fashioned to have a good time. I suppose you want me to drive you to prayermeeting, don't you? I suppose you want to live on the farm and never know anything. Well," said Jack, "as far as I am concerned I will take you home and leave you there."

The thought of not getting to go to places that she wanted to go came to tempt her, and then a voice quietly whispered to her and said, "You are a fool to deprive yourself of a good time when others are having it. Why be so prudish? You have seen your last 'movie' if you turn Jack down."

The moon was rising just above the tops of the trees, and as its mellow light shone upon the fair face of Edna, Jack, looking into her beautiful eyes, placed his arms about her once more and said, "Edna, you are the dearest girl on earth to me; if I could only call you mine how happy I would be."

Just then the lights of an approaching car were turned upon them. Jack and Edna sat quietly and the car passed.

Soon they saw the lights of the other car turned out, then they knew it was other petters so they were not disturbed.

While they sat under the light of the mellow moon, the rivulets from the mountain side could be heard making their way down their winding path into the pond near where they sat. Even these waters were singing the glory of God, and telling of the purity which God had given them. Many had slaked their thirst from the purity of nature, but in the hearts of these two rebels there was a disturbance like the belching of hell's thunder, the sun had gone down in their souls, the moon had not risen, but the blackness of darkness like a pall had fallen over them.

Far back on the hillside the scream of a panther was heard, and just over them was a rustling in the trees. Edna had given herself over into the arms of a supposed man who had promised to marry her, but God would not suffer the sun to go down in the soul of this girl till she was warned once more. The squall of a cat was heard not far away, as if to warn Edna of the danger she was in, and just then the "Who! Who!" came from a tree owl, that had parked himself in the oak above them, seeing the sin that they supposed was hidden.

God had given these words of warning for such law breakers: "Be sure your sin will find you out." Hell was putting on high carnival, while Edna was losing that which she could never regain. Once a pure girl, but now so vile; once so happy, but now so sad. But no wonder; she had broken every law, for when she was even small her mother would let her run about over the church when the preacher was speaking; there was no regard for the house of God. Her mother could listen to the speaker and never see her child as it walked about over the church, or even made the church a play house.

Jack started his car and he and Edna were on their way back home. There was something that seemed like a buzz saw in Edna's head, cutting away at her conscience, telling her that she had done wrong, and that her virtue was gone, and when she told Jack that she was sorry for what she had done he only laughed saying, "Forget it, why worry about the past?" But this did not mend the wrong she had done.

When they were at the Grouch home Edna got out. Jack told her goodbye, saying he would be back to see her soon, then he drove away. Edna watched him as far as she could see him. Turning for the door there seemed to be something just ready to take hold of her. She wanted to run for the door, then she felt like screaming. There seemed to be a big hand about to take hold of her. Taking hold of the knob of the door she found the night latch had been left on. She began pounding at the door, and though Mrs. Grouch was soon at the door, the minutes seemed hours to this law breaker.

Not a word was said as to the time she was coming home, or where she had been. This was the longest night this girl had ever spent, and it was far in the morning before her eyes would close, and when she was asleep she dreamed she was trying to read a letter. Talking in her sleep about the letter, Hiram Grouch heard her and went to the room, to hear her say, "That letter, that letter!" Then came afresh to his memory the lost letter. Hiram awoke Edna, and asked her what was wrong and she said, "Just dreaming." Hiram went back to his bed to spend the rest of the night thinking of his past. No more sleep for Edna, sin is sin to her now, it is like a nightmare. Oh, this fatal night! She could hear a sound like hissing serpents in her room; she could hear even yet the "Who

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Who" of the tree owl, and in the corner of her dark room she could see eyes which she thought were those of the panther she had heard scream, afraid to move, wishing she could die, calling herself a fool; she felt something moving on the bed, but it was only the old house cat, but oh, what feelings she had!

The next day was spent about the house, looking over the past, thinking of the future, but to her it was dark, oh, so dark. Not one question did Mrs. Grouch ask as to where she had been.

Much had been done against the church by the rebels who had been turned out, also those who came out. Mrs. Daggett had gone to what was known as the "unknown tongues," who said that the tongues were the evidence of the Holy Ghost. She had received this co-called experience, but it had no such effect on her tongue as to cause her to straighten up her past. Mrs. Copeland, although a believer in this doctrine, had not received it, while Mrs. Clucker was busy with the neighborhood gossip, going nowhere to church, for she did not have time. Mrs. Puckett who had done a great deal toward making the trouble in the church, could still pray long and loud. While she did not follow the teaching of tongues, she tried to start a Sunday school in her home in the same block as the church, but the people were not blind to her tricks, so she could not make a go of it. Daggett, that something called a man, who had knocked Jack Cavey down and blacked his eyes, was still boasting around about the man he whipped, but God was marking the count on him.

The church was making great progress since the old pastor had gotten rid of the driftwood that so long had clogged the channel through which God wanted to bless

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the people. The church had done better, paid more, saw more people saved, and was preparing now to build a new church building, and it was great to think that the vultures who had sat so long on everything dead in town were now gone, there was nothing in the way now to hinder and everyone wanted a new building.

Hiram Grouch and his wife joined one of the worldly churches, where nothing would be said about what they did. He could be seen going down the street smoking a cigar, nothing was wrong now. Mrs. Grouch had joined all of the clubs, and it was a stew all the time. She could spend the whole day playing bridge, cards, or something of the kind. Abert, their son would seldom come home till after midnight, and many times he would come in so drunk he would hardly know where he was. Cigarettes had become a part of him, and he no more had any confidence in his parents' religion. He had been in jail and Hiram Grouch had charged the church at Oak Hill with being the cause, since he said he had been mistreated, and that the church would have to give an account for his boy.

Edna had gone farther into the night with Jack Binns, he all the while telling her that they would soon be married. He came and went when he pleased, taking Edna to the movie, dance, and many other places that went with the kind of a life that they were now living. One day Edna told Jack that she was to become a mother, and asked that their marriage be immediately, but Jack put her off, telling her that he could not get ready, but that they would soon marry. By this time Edna had waked up to the fact that Jack did not intend to marry her. Edna went to her room, took out a picture of Jack and said, "You villian, you betrayer, you are the one who has

caused me so much grief. I will meet you at hell's depot when the train you ride comes in." Then she took a pen and wrote:

"Dear Jack:

"Have you no mercy for me? I have no place to go. I can't stay in my present home any longer. Nobody cares whether I live or die. I'm just another poor fool, kicked around like a football.

"If I don't see you Monday I will know my appeal has been vain. You will then be rid of all responsibility, for if God does not help me I must die."

This letter was mailed and Edna waited for an answer that was never to come, then she wrote the second letter.

"Dear Jack:

"I made my last appeal tonight and it was in vain. I can see it will be of no use to try and talk to you again. It's bad enough for people to point their fingers at me, but it would be worse for them to do the same at a poor little innocent soul. I am committing murder, but so are you.

"I know you never really loved me, but I believed once that you did. When I am dead and my soul in hell, don't forget that you are to blame for it. I am sure you have not forgotten that fatal night. I want you to drive back to the spot where you robbed me of my virtue, listen to the rippling of the water, the screaming of the panther, the squall of the cat, and 'Who Who' of the owl. When you hear the owl 'Who Who' just say you are to blame.

"Jack, you had only one thing in mind and that was my ruin. I not only hate you now, but will hate you when you come to hell. I feel a hatred for you that is tearing my heart out, and forgive you I won't, and to forgive myself I can't. For the sake of the soul who does not know, please don't take another girl to the movie, for it was that

night you took me there, when I saw the boy and girl loving that stirred something in me that has never been quelled.

"I have often heard the folks at home talk about a lost letter, but this time it is a lost soul. I know if I kill myself I will go to hell, but hell would be a paradise compared to this world, with the grief and sorrow I have. I will say goodbye here but will say good morning in hell. I will listen for the scream of the whistle on hell's train, as it pulls alongside the tottering station of damnation; count the time for the train will not be late.

"When you get this, Jack, I will be gone on a journey that will never end, and I shall never return. I now say goodbye but will meet you later.

"EDNA."

Holding the letter clutched in her hand, Edna went to the office, mailed it, and hurried back to the house. Upon arriving she wrote a brief note to her parents:

"Dear Mother and Father:

"It may be that you will be surprised to learn of my plight, when you find my lifeless body and this note, but you should not be surprised as I feel you have not given me the right training. Don't put any flowers on my grave for they would be out of place.

"I am ruined, my virtue gone, life blank, no friends, the road so rough, the night so dark, no light for me, the sun in my life gone down, my heart can't love, my brain won't work; all I can think of is Jack, the one who robbed me, turned me aside, left me to die, so this is the only way out. Goodby but not forever.

"EDNA."

Edna closed the doors and windows, turned on the gas, threw herself across the bed, and with a cry said, "God forgive me for what I am doing." She was soon still, for her spirit had winged its way across the great divide.

When Jack Binns received the letter from Edna, he took the next train out of town, only to read in the paper of the tragedy of the soul he had ruined. He was not heard of again.

When Mrs. Grouch went to the room, she found Edna dead. Broken in spirit, she read the words written by her child. She could hear a voice saying, "You Sabbath breaker, you card player, you hypocrite, your time is coming."

A sensational funeral was conducted for this lost soul in the large church of which Mr. and Mrs. Grouch had become members. The pastor, Dr. King, said, "Sorrow not for this one for she is far better off than we." He told how God loves us, and, said he, "God loves us too well to let one who was once His be lost. It matters not what we do after we are saved," said he, "we can't be lost."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The old pastor sat with bowed head, while he heard this enemy of God tell how people could live in sin and still be Christians.

Albert Grouch had gotten into trouble a short time before and was gone, no one knew where. He did not even know of the death of his sister. As far as the people of Oak Hill church knew, Albert had gone to the place of which Edna spoke. God was marking time on this bunch of rebels, and one by one they were being counted out.

Rev. Wiseheart had gone on with his work, but the things that had happened had caused no little talk, and soon places began to close up till he had nothing to do. One day he wrote a letter to one of the general officers of the church:

"Dear Brother: I am writing you in regard to my work. I have not been treated right, by you or the district elder. You recommend others and help them to get work, but you have never done a thing for me. I have been snubbed at the district meetings, others have been shown special favors, but you have never done one thing for me. I have about decided to join another church, where the people will appreciate me and my work.

"I don't like the way things have gone here lately. It's money, money, all of the time. The Oak Hill church has turned out its best members, and just because I was not in favor of raising money for the holiness school in

this money drive, then I am to be classed with the slackers. As far as I can see the school is doing very little.

"You may use your own pleasure in answering this.

"Yours for better conditions,

"M. K. WISEHEART."

The district elder had received a similar letter from Rev. Wiseheart, and the answers of both men were about the same, only stated they were sorry that he felt as he did about the program of the church.

This enraged Wiseheart for what he wanted was a fuss from these men, but they had nothing to fuss about.

Gene Terry and his sister Alice were doing well in the holiness school, they were well saved, and Gene was now preparing to preach. The school with its teachers had made Gene what he now was. Barton Terry, Gene's father, had not forgotten his promise to the Lord, so he was in favor of paying the school out of debt, building greater buildings, including a new church at Oak Hill.

Van Clark, Henry Sadler, and Casey Stanley, with Evangelist Jordan were urging the old pastor to build a new church.

Arthur Kilmer and his wife had not been about the church for many months. He seemed to be doing well as far as his business was concerned, but when he went to church at all he went to the country, but this he had about quit for someone had cut the tires of his car.

Once when one of the noted evangelists of the holiness church and his singer were to be in Holtville, they took the train to the service, paying their fare over and back, but later when the same party was at Oak Hill church, only a block away from Kilmer, he did not show his head. They had said they would never come to the church so long as they had the curtains there.

The church was doing salvation work now, and there seemed to be only one source of grief to the church, that was a local preacher, Rev. Terry, who would have lined up with the crowd of trouble makers but was afraid to. Rev. Terry had held prayermeetings for the opposers of the church, and quite a few times he had preached for the "unknown tongues" crowd. Although he did not profess to believe in their doctrine, yet he gave his influence to them. Their doctrine was, that the speaking in "unknown tongues" was the sole evidence of the Holy Ghost, to the believers, although in I Corinthians 13:22 the Bible plainly says, "Wherefore tongues are for a sign, not to them that believe, but to them that believe not: but prophesying serveth not for them that believe not, but for them which believe." This crowd also seemed to forget that God said in verses 27 and 28, "If any man speak in an unknown tongue, let it be by two or at the most by three, and that by course; and let one interpret. But if there be no interpreter, let him keep silence in the church; and let him speak to himself and to God."

This was all disregarded, and they spoke many at a time, and this without an interpreter, but of course they said they could not help speaking in tongues, when it came upon them, although God had said not to do it. In many places rolling on the floor, and dancing were a part of the program. God said in I Corinthians, the twelfth chapter, that tongues were a gift, and not an evidence, and in verse 30, "Have all the gifts of healing? do all speak with tongues? do all interpret?" All this Rev. Terry knew and it was not that he believed in the tongues, but he was sore because the pastor did not invite him to preach. The old pastor had him preach once and Terry opened the service and gave the opposers a chance to un-

load, and about all they said was a thrust at someone else. Then Terry aired some of the old trouble, and the pastor said then he would never let that man into his pulpit again.

Miss Fay Wiseheart had lost confidence in her father and she had heard so much in her home about the shortcomings of the people, that she had about come to the conclusion that there was nothing to religion after all. There was so much trouble in their home when her father was about, for Mrs. Wiseheart was sure of what her eyes had seen that night when she followed her husband to the house of the woman in question.

Gilbert, Fay's brother, did not attend church any more, since what he had seen in his home. Rev. Wiseheart had less to do since the talk was out about his troubles, soon they were without money, and one thing seemed to call for another.

The district elder had a committee to investigate the reports that had come out about Rev. Wiseheart, the findings were sufficient to warrant charges, and Rev. Wiseheart was brought to trial, found guilty of the charges and expelled from the church. Mrs. Wiseheart, Gilbert and Fay were used as witnesses. After the trial Rev. Wiseheart and his wife never lived together again. Rev. Wiseheart quit the ministry, covered his sin and refused to make right his wrong.

Gilbert Wiseheart had once been a good Christian boy, but now he was far from God. One day he came in, told his mother that he was sick, went to bed and Mrs. Wiseheart called the doctor.

"This boy must go to the hospital at once, he must have an operation," said the doctor.

Rev. Wiseheart heard of his son being in the hospital and went to his side. When he arrived they were ready for the operation. Gilbert, looking into the great beyond and knowing his soul was not ready, asked his father if he thought he would get well.

"Well," said Gilbert, "if I die I am lost, and what I have seen and heard in our home will be responsible for my loss."

Standing near his son, while he was being operated upon Rev. Wiseheart heard him say, "Where is that lost letter?" This cut like a knife. He was reminded of the letter that was written to Hiram Grouch, when he was trying to undermine the old pastor.

Gilbert was never conscious any more, but talked about it being so dark and asked that the lights be turned on, so he could see how to get out.

Mrs. Wiseheart and Fay were there when Gilbert breathed his last. Broken-hearted, Mrs. Wiseheart and Fay went back to their home, and the next day Gilbert was buried. Grief-stricken and broken in spirit, these poor rebels went their way.

Fay became desperate, she was so unsettled, their home broken, Gilbert dead, and life seemed to hold nothing for her. Step by step she went down, with the wrong crowd. She gave her time to anything to drown her troubles and in trying this she went too far. She was led on by a man who did not care for her soul and soon was unable to loose herself. She drifted like a vessel with her mast torn, on the high seas. On and on she went till the sight of the last lighthouse was lost, and then she faced nothing but ruin, death, and hell. When Fay found what she had done, one day she sat down and wrote her father and mother a letter. The lines were brief. She said:

"Dear Mother and Father, if I should call you such: You will not see me again. I am like the lost letter I once heard so much about. Lost to myself, lost to you, lost to society, lost to the church, lost to the world, and, worst of all, lost to God. Our home is ruined, my soul ruined, my brother in hell, and what will the end be? You will never hear of me till we all meet, in a world even far worse than this one. I see now that influence is a great power, but this lesson I learned too late. If I had any one to help me it might be that I could make it back to the highway, but as it is I am stuck in the mud and don't have power to get out. I will not bother you more with my troubles.

"Your girl,

"FAY."

When both Wiseheart and his wife read the lines that had been sent to them, there was nothing they could do. Fay was gone, they knew not where, and to think the last words from their child came as they did. God said to Wiseheart, "Go home; confess your wrong," but this he would not do.

Mrs. Wiseheart was driven wild. Gilbert was dead, Fay gone, not only gone but she was ruined wherever she was. The slimy hand of the enemy had ruined this home. Mrs. Wiseheart was driven insane, she was taken to an institution for the insane, and when she asked to see her husband, Wiseheart was notified, but he refused to go. She would sit and twirl her thumbs, with that far-off look in her eyes, saying, "That lost letter, my lost girl, my lost boy, my lost soul." No wonder that lost letter was troubling her, for she was a party to sending it. She began to pine away, would not eat, she could be heard making a sound like that of a wounded animal in its last dying struggles. She could be heard saying, "Fay, Fay, where

have you gone? Oh, Gilbert, why don't you come home? My husband, my home, my soul."

One cold night, the wind whistling from the north, ice everywhere, the footfalls of a horse were heard, stumbling across the ice, coming to the gate of this once happy soul. This horse was white. The rider's name was Death. Stopping the horse, the rider dismounted, his steps were steady but sure, coming to the room of this poor soul, forsaken by loved ones, rejected by the Lord. Death walked to the bed, then placing his cold, icy fingers about the throat of his victim, he began little by little, choking this poor defenseless soul. Her eyes glassy, her face pale, her lips purple, she began struggling, trying hard to live. She had fought many times and won but this fight she was losing.

A woman dressed in white stood by the bed holding the hand of Mrs. Wiseheart, looking at her watch. This told the story; death was about to defeat and gain the victory over the soul. A sigh and these words were heard: "Don't forget to look for the lost letter."

She was quiet, the battle was over, the rider slipped out into the darkness and sped away. The count of ten had marked the defeat of one more loser.

Rev. Wiseheart heard of the death of his wife, but did not go about the place. She had to die and be buried without the touch of the hand of that one who once stood and said, "I will forsake all, and cleave to thee only."

The funeral was plain, no one to mourn the loss of this wife and mother. She was placed in the cold earth to await the resurrection of the dead. Had there been a tomb placed at the head of this one, you would have read, "Gone and forgotten."

Rev. Wiseheart was now a walking shadow, smoking cigarettes, trying to forget the past. He covered his sin, and God said, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper."

Gene Terry is being blessed of the Lord, many have been saved through the gospel he preached. Alice, his sister, and Will Sadler are to be married and they plan to go to the mission field.

Jack Cavey, the boy who took the beating from Mr. Daggett, is doing gospel work.

They struck oil near Oak Hill church, and the pastor built a fine brick church where the old church once stood, many have been saved, the people love the pastor, all are working together, they believe in the holiness school, and missions are well cared for.

The price the old pastor has paid for the success of the Oak Hill church will never be known till it is revealed at the judgment.

THE END