

LOST—FOUR SOULS!

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Something important came up, he doesn't remember what, but he decided it wouldn't hurt to miss church services this once. He had been taught differently, but he missed. She hated to go without her husband; the two children were difficult to manage without his help, so she missed too.

The conscience worked overtime that day. A short while later they decided on a Sunday out-of-town trip and missed again. Conscience spoke again, but its voice was softer.

With each succeeding absence their spiritual appetites diminished. Fellow Christians were concerned and came to call. At first there were excuses—out of town, didn't feel well, etc.—and then resentment because such concern made them uncomfortable.

It has been years since they were active in the Lord's work. Their hearts are stirred occasionally by nostalgic memories of a better yesterday, but God seems far away. No one ever goes back to see them. Too many have tried, but their interest was not welcomed. They are now left alone in their sin and their darkness.

Their loss is sad enough, but the loss of the two children, now teenagers, is even more tragic. They never had a chance. The father and mother did have the privilege of knowing the Lord, but they rejected Him. The children never knew Him.

It is a tragic story; the story of **FOUR LOST SOULS** on a one-way street to somewhere they don't want to go. The parents are driving—the children are being taken for a ride. It all began with the mistaken idea that it wouldn't hurt to miss “**just this once**”!