

of this Association, namely, Devil's Creek. There my faith was tested but the experience and training good. The Lord led me from there to the Kentucky Mountain Bible Institute which is now a member of the American Association of Bible Colleges and Bible Institutes. I planned to stay at K. M. B. I. for the whole school year but the Lord planned differently. After the first semester He led me to Amyre station to fill a need. I went with the desire to return sometime to K. M. B. I. and finish the three year course.

Before I returned from Canada definite plans could not be made and I supposed I'd still be needed at Amyx, but God wonderfully supplied the need there which left me free to return to K. M. B. I. this fall. By taking a heavy load of studies it will be possible for me to graduate in the spring, being credited with work at L. P. C. The greatest privilege is to be able to enjoy concentrated study of the things of God in a spiritual atmosphere. I feel happy in the Lord's will and we all are expecting a blessed school year as the Holy Ghost takes control. Our theme song for this year is "A Charge to Keep I Have . . . To Serve The Present Age." We are impressed that the time is short and what we do we must do quickly—God helping us.

There are five student stations supplied by student pastors of K. M. B. I. One, Johnson's Fork, has been assigned to me, with two helpers. We travel two miles by car, then have to walk one mile to the little school house where Sunday School and a preaching service is held. The road we walk crosses a creek bed seven times and is difficult to travel in wet and winter weather. We have been there two Sundays. The attendance isn't large but we felt the Lord's presence each time. There is one woman there who is definitely saved and sanctified. She is a great inspiration. Next Sunday we plan to take our lunches and call in some of the homes, seeking to revive interest that will result in a better attendance and finally in a more serious heart awakening and definite seeking the Lord.

Please pray for the people at Johnson's Fork, and the workers. It is difficult to do justice to a station when we can be there only on Sunday mornings, but God is able.

I'd like to share with you the promises the Holy Spirit quickened to my heart for this school year. "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." "As thy days so shall thy strength be."

Is that not enough to encourage anyone? Your added prayers will continue to help.

Yours to be faithful,

THELMA ROSE.

GUEST EDITORIAL

LET US HAVE FAITH

O. G. Wilson, "Wesleyan Methodist"

We have not possessed our possessions. While the years of the Christian era have gone by, God has been waiting to be honored by the faith of a generation that would call upon Him for really large outpourings of His power. Our fault has been that we have limited God by the trifling dimensions of our undertakings, by our failure to appropriate more than a meager supply of the superhuman resources that are

unlocked to the faith of human agents.

"They limited the Holy One of Israel," are meaningful words of the Psalmist. Of one incident we read in the New Testament, "He could there do no mighty works because of their unbelief." There were multitudes needing His healing touch. There were many sightless eyes waiting for the light of day; many deaf ears waiting for the sweet music of the human voice; many aching bodies needing the help of the Great Physician; but "He could there do no mighty works because of their unbelief." The eyes were to remain forever blind; the deaf ears were never to be opened; and the suffering ones were to continue on in their pain until they sunk into the grave. Why? There was no one to erect a faith cable over which the power of God could flow.

They limited God. Amazing the charge! Mortal man restrict and contract the dimensions and operations of the Eternal Spirit! Here are poor frail men drawing a line beyond which the Creator Himself must not pass. The turpitude is immense. Who is able to measure the guilt which would evolve upon such a man?

This is the sin of mistrust. It is the sin of self-worship. It is the sin of treason against the holy government of God.

It is the sin of our age. It creeps into hearts. It stifles aggressive action. It dwarfs our plans, it pollutes whole communities; yes, entire movements. It turns men from God.

It is a sin in high church circles that needs to be repented of with strong crying and tears. It clogs the avenues of a revival, and must be removed by repentance, humiliation and confession.

The subtle things about this terrible sin is that it often comes dressed in the garb of holy conservatism. Men excuse the sterility of their ministry because they are so separate from the world. Churches explain the meagerness of their accomplishments by pointing to the requirements of their rules and the high standards they have maintained.

Standards and rules that keep back the divine flow of the supernatural convicting power of God's Spirit should be discarded. The Lord of the Harvest will accept no substitute for fruit. The failure of the talent to produce increase was charged to sloth and wickedness. Its possessor was cast out into outer darkness. "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away . . . and they are burned."

Let each reader have a closed-class-meeting with himself. Seek with transparent honesty to find the cause for lack of accomplishment. Stay before God until He speaks.

Let whole churches go in for periods of fasting and prayer. Seek God with contrition and self-abasement until the rain of Divine approval descends and until sinners are made to cry out, "What must I do to be saved?"

—Oliver G. Wilson.

FROM FAMINE TO FEAST

J. B. Chapman, D. D.

At Dives' gate that morning they found but a leprous corpse clothed in rags. Observers sighed, but took consolation from the conclusion that Lazarus had not been used too much, and so his end was not so tragic nor so pathetic as would have been the case with one more fortunate. He had used as his regular food the ends of the loaves which others had laid aside when they became too short to permit being

further dipped in the sop. He had been attended only by doctor dog when he was sick. Rags were begitting apparel for one who was but a beggar. And now it was not necessary to go to the trouble and expense of giving the unsightly corpse a burial. Earth's harvest had ended in doleful famine.

But even while observers sighed over the doleful end of a doleful life at the gate of the rich man's mansion, strong angels were lifting up the doors of heaven, and a redeemed, blood-washed soul was passing through. At a place nearest to the gate the bliss-enfolded arrival sought repose in the hope that he might spend eternity there in praise and thanksgiving for his eternal salvation. But angel companions beckoned him on. Over pavements of transparent gold glorified feet led the way toward higher mansions of light. The erstwhile beggar protested, but his words were disregarded. The dwellings of the great were seen and passed, only to be hidden by palaces of increasing spaciousness and indescribable beauty. And still the guides led on and on.

At last the company stood just outside a diamond-bedecked hall from which came the sound of sweetest heavenly praise. Inside there sat a company of sun-crowned saints of highest rank, with Abraham, the father of the faithful, at the head of the table. The guard of honor led the way, but the beggar could no longer follow. Lost in wonder, love and praise, he saw the place of honor at Abraham's right hand, and saw that it was empty. He saw also that his angel guides were intent on leading him to that place of high praise—and so he stopped. His was not the hesitation of disobedience, but the reluctance of modesty. A mistake surely had been made. All this could not be intended for him. His name must have been mistaken for some great one. Any place in heaven would be too good for him, and now he was being shown to the high seat at the feast.

The glorified beggar waited and protested. The angels gathered around and explained and persuaded. But when the beggar could not comprehend, two of the tallest of the celestial ones made a saddle of their hands while others lifted the beggar to the position where he could be borne. And thus Lazarus was "carried" to the place of honor where when he reclined, as men do at feasts where all reason for haste has been removed, his head would rest upon the bosom of Abraham.

The famine was past. The feast had started. One of heaven's earliest surprises had come. Lazarus had reached home, and home was heaven. Let us stand and sing the Doxology.

AT THE PLACE OF PRAYER

There were only two or three of us

Who came to the place of prayer;

Came in the teeth of a driving storm,

But for that we did not care;

Since after our hymns of praise had risen,

And our earnest prayers were said,

The Master Himself was present there,

And gave the living bread.

We knew His look in our leader's face,

So rapt and glad and free;

We felt His touch when our heads were bowed,

We heard His "Come to me!"

Nobody saw Him lift the latch,

And none unbarred the door;

But "peace" was His token to every heart,

And how could we ask for more?

—Margaret Sangster