

The Campus Corner

The following article is the second to be written by a student for this column. The writer is Karl Gorman, a Bible-department student preparing for missionary service.

BETHANY AS I SEE IT

I arrived at Bethany in September, 1951, to begin my three years' training for the ministry. Being a stranger a long way from home, I felt a bit apprehensive as I hurriedly surveyed the campus.

To my eye, the buildings were neat and the grounds beautiful.

Upon entering the boys' dormitory, I found myself in a bee-hive of excitement. Boxes, paper, and suitcases jammed the halls, as fellow-students unpacked and settled in their new home. The unoccupied rooms were bare and uninviting. A great wave of disappointment engulfed me and my fancy dreams faded away.

But God was right here when I needed Him most.

The homesickness and loneliness are past, and a feeling of contentment fills my heart. My third-floor cell has been transformed into my new home. The friendship and fellowship of the Christian young people are sweet.

The little chapel has been the scene of many spiritual victories. It is the center of our college life. Of course, our chapel is not the same as the "home" church, but our Savior is the same everywhere.

I have learned to appreciate the counsel and leadership of the faculty. "Academic success and spiritual victory" seem to be their desires for each individual student.

As students, we have ample recreation in spring and fall, but not enough in the winter. However, our idle minutes are few, as our regular curricular subjects demand a lot of study.

Boys who attend Bethany will be well prepared to be bachelors, because we learn how to wash and iron clothes, press pants, and sew on buttons.

There are rules to keep, but they are not too grievous and are for the student's good.

I review Bethany's past with satisfaction and anticipate her future with enthusiasm. However, Bethany will be great only as our church members and friends take an active interest in it. Why not give your children or some other young people the privilege of attending a Christian college. Be a Bethany "booster."

"Lord, keep me filled today with loving service. Yesterday may have been a failure, but it is passed and can only be atoned by Thy blood; tomorrow may never come. So I pray Thee, keep me this day full of active service for Thee."

"We never get beyond the need for watchfulness. We cannot climb so high that there is no danger of our falling; but the higher we get, the more serious are the consequences of our fall. With every step up, we should be more wary and more prayerful, that our steps may be guided aright."

"If He is all to me, He will be in all that concerns me."

The King's Highway

Overlooking the Opportunity to Win Souls

A missionary secretary wrote this confession to the *Missionary Review*. She said:

"I was helping to get up a big missionary convention and was full of enthusiasm over making the session a success. On the opening day my aged father, who was a delegate to the convention sat with me at luncheon at the hotel. He listened sympathetically to my glowing accounts of the great features of the convention that was to be. When I paused for breath he leaned toward me and said, while his eye followed the stately movements of the head-waiter, 'Daughter, I think that big head-waiter over there is going to accept Christ. I have been talking to him about his soul!' I almost gasped. I had been too busy planning for the missionary convention to think of the soul of the head-waiter.

"When we went to my apartment, a negro was washing the apartment windows. Jim was honest and trustworthy, and had been a very satisfactory helper in my home. Only a few moments passed before my father was talking to Jim about his personal salvation. My conscience smote me. I had known Jim for years and had never spoken to him about his soul.

"A carpenter came to repair a door. I waited for him to get through with impatience, that I might sign his work ticket and get to the missionary work. Even as I waited, I heard father talk to the man about the door, and then about Christ the only door into the kingdom of God.

"A Jew lives across the street. I had thought I could possibly call on my neighbors some time, but I had my hands so full of missionary work that the calls had never been made. But as they met by chance on the street, my father talked with my neighbor about the only Saviour of the world.

"A friend took us out for a ride. I waited for my father to get into the car. But in a moment he was up beside the chauffeur and I soon heard him talking earnestly with him about the way of salvation. When we reached home, my father said: 'You know I was afraid I might never have another chance to speak to that man.'

"The wife of a prominent railway man took us out for a ride in her elegant limousine. 'I am glad she asked me to go,' he said, 'for it gave me an opportunity to talk with her about her salvation. I think no one had ever talked with her before.'

"Yet all of these opportunities had come to me also, but I did not improve them, while I was training my eyes to see some big thing farther away. I could but question my own heart whether my passion was for souls, or for success in getting up conventions."

Here is the vital difference between sentimental and practical interest in missions. No matter how much enthusiasm we show in talking and planning missionary work, if we have not enough interest in the African or the Japanese, or the Italian or the Mexican who does our work, to make an attempt to lead him to a saving faith in Christ our interest in missions is nothing but sentiment and scarcely touches the fringes of Satan's soul-destroying work.

It is the almost universal notion that it is the responsibility of the lost to go to church and get saved instead of the responsibility of the saved to go after the lost. Jesus said to

"Lord, Send the Flame!"

Eugene A. Erny

These words were the refrain of the song that swept throughout Wales during the great Revival of the early part of the century. The Spirit of Burning was at work; dross was consumed; the Church was refined and purified and multitudes came to Christ. This needs to be the cry of the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ today. We need the flame of the Holy Spirit. Like Elijah of old we need to pray, "Lord, send the fire."

"The Flame of the Holy Spirit will bring us warmth." Our hearts are so cold. The smoldering embers in the Church today testify of better days. The old glow is gone; the burning zeal for witnessing has vanished; the burning love for Christ—the first love—has become dim. The burning passion to see others won to Christ is no longer evident. Other things have crept in—they have dimmed the flame. Quench not the Spirit," was the warning of the Apostle of old. Just that has happened everywhere. Lukewarmness is the result. Oh, that we might cry from the depths of our souls, "Lord, send the flame!"

The Flame will bring Purity.—So much that is un-Christlike has come in because the Flame is burning low or not at all. Much that is impure is evident on every side. Ashes of sin that have extinguished the fire are strewn everywhere. Division and strife in the midst of those bearing His name bring shame and reproach. Hatred and unforgiveness have created barriers that make the fellowship of saints impossible. Caste or class distinctions continue even among so-called Christians. Backbiting and criticisms bruise the body of Christ. Jealousy and envy sit in the councils of the Church. Hirelings fill many a position for self-gain while the spiritual thermometer drops lower and lower. The flame of the Holy Spirit is the only solution for sin, self, worldliness and all that is un-Christlike. Spirit of burning, come!

The Flame will bring Power.—Spiritual anemia has overtaken us. Weakness abounds. The power of the Holy Spirit is missing. We are busy scurrying about in the pursuit of substitutes, keeping time to the beat of statistics. We must keep up the appearances of achievement. But how appalling little evidence of the Power which accompanies the Fire of the Holy Spirit. The miraculous is no more in evidence. The power of the early Church has evaded us. A sick world is crying out for the Church to lead the way. Statesmen are challenging the Church, reminding us that the world dilemma is first of all a spiritual problem. And yet we languish in our impotence and experiment with human resources. When will we realize that it is the Flame of the Holy Spirit which will bring resources greater than our own—resources divine—to bear upon our needs? "Spirit of Burning, Come!"

—Missionary Standard

Christians "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

A certain farmer walked to church every Sunday past a neglected home. In that home was a boy he never asked to attend Sunday school. That boy was Joe Smith the founder of the Mormon Church. "If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked . . . his blood will I require at thy hand."—Selected.