

able; on the second, 97-13 favourable. So, by a better than three-quarters vote of those casting ballots, decision was made to transfer Bethany Bible College to Sussex, N. B., and purchase buildings to accommodate the School for the opening of the 1959 Fall Term.

There was disappointment suffered by some, a natural reaction. But there was no sign of bitterness, and no suggestion on the part of those who voted against the resolutions that changing the location of Bethany would effect their interest in the welfare of the School. Said one of the delegates: "I am deeply disappointed, but I intend to stand behind Bethany just the same. I have made some investment in the School, and if I had my money back to-day, I would give it again in support of Bethany." And this is the spirit that seemed to characterize the attitude of those who voted against the resolutions. Disappointed, but still co-operative. Regardless of difference of opinion expressed in discussion, and in voting, once the decisive result of the vote was known, unanimity of purpose to support the Bethany of the future was the prevailing spirit.

And so the great decision is made. The bargain for the purchase of the Militia Buildings is sealed. Plans for the sale of buildings we do not need are being formulated and pursued, and work or renovation and preparation for next Fall will begin very soon. Bethany's past has been glorious. May its future be more glorious still!

FRIENDLINESS IN THE CHURCH

The Church of the Lord Jesus Christ should be the most friendly place in all the world. Strangers and visitors as well as members should find on entering the church an atmosphere of Christian love, spiritual warmth, and genuine friendliness.

There are many churches that measure up to these standards, and the cordial greeting which the member and visitor receive on entering the church helps create an atmosphere which prepares the listener to receive the message with eager joyousness and makes it easy for the preacher to expound the Word. It must be confessed, however, that altogether too many of our churches are failing to make the visitor feel that he is welcome and that the church is a place to which he will want to return frequently.

One cannot help getting the impression that in some instances the members of the church leave the visitor feeling that he is an intruder making his way into the sanctuary without having first received a special invitation, and that he is preempting to himself something that is, in a sense, the special privilege of those who have been "born into the church." It is high time the church became at least as friendly as the secular organizations with which so many people have contact. The hand of welcome offered him should be not only that offered by the paid staff of the church, but also by those who make up the rank and file of its membership. A cheery smile and warm handclasp work wonders.

Some churches which decry the seeming indifference of those who live in their areas might happily find that indifference would be completely removed if their church could be known as the "friendly church in which no one is a stranger."—Moody Monthly.

NOTICE: WILL ALL TREASURERS OF ALLIANCE FUNDS SEND THEIR RECORD BOOKS, WHICH ARE TO BE AUDITED, TO STORA W. EMMETT, 173 Center Street, Old Town, Maine, AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AFTER THE CLOSE OF THE CHURCH YEAR IN MAY. THE BOOKS WILL BE RETURNED PROMPTLY AFTER AUDITING. S.W.E.

Stop and Think BEFORE YOU MARRY!

This message is a personal one. I have a husband who would give his life for me, and who is the kindest, most thoughtful of men. It would break his heart to have me express to anyone that there was anything lacking in our marriage; yet it was the most unkind thing I could have done, to marry him.

Had I been living in communion with the Lord when I met him, I would have limited my acquaintance to a helpful friendship; but I had allowed a bitterness to creep in and rob me of my fellowship with Christ. I was not an outbroken sinner. The world looked upon me as a Christian, but I knew within my heart that I was not living a Spirit-guided life. This I have done.

How subtle are the wiles of Satan! He caused someone to care for me, and caused me to care for him—one who knew the things of grace enough to converse and sense what would offend my sensibility. But to know saving grace, and to place God first in a life is a far different matter.

After John had learned to love me, it seemed to me most cruel to break our engagement, although I did attempt to, knowing that our marriage could not be blessed of the Lord. When I saw the pain my effort caused I seemed like a criminal to have awakened so deep a love, then to refuse to give it the natural culmination.

I told my fiance how I felt about it, and he insisted that not one bit of religious freedom should be taken from me in our marriage. I mentioned that we had always had family worship in our home, and that I was used to asking the blessing on my food at meals, audibly. I added that these things, I felt, were a part of a Christian home which I would miss, and would feel wrong in omitting. Tithing was a habit with me from my earliest childhood, and as I wanted to be sure I would not have that question to settle after our marriage, we talked it over very freely.

All these matters were agreed upon and I thought my future husband was very near to saving grace.

The fact was, that he was very much in love with me and was willing to make any concession necessary to keep me for himself. I sometimes wonder, now, whether he was fully conscious of the things he assented to, then, not knowing how vital they were to me; or, whether he realized, but just thought that I could be persuaded out of those observances when I saw how devoted he would be, in other things.

At any rate, when it came to the actual doing of those things, I was conscious that these practices looked foolish to him. The matter of tithing not only looked foolish to him; it was an outrage to expect a person who had to work hard for an income to give a tenth of it away. Now it was different—we were married, and were building up our home.

The people whose association I enjoyed were distasteful to my husband, and my convictions were so strong on many subjects that I could go only part-way with the people with whom he would have enjoyed cultivating a friendship.

I go to church most of the time, alone, and he finds an excuse to stay at home, or to do something else. Not always; he sometimes goes with me, but I know it is a concession. If there is no good reason to stay at home, he will attend, but I know it is only that he wants to please me.

We come home. Perhaps the service was one of deep inspiration, though not of an especially intellectual tone. I have been blessed; he has been only bored—and I wonder whether he will resent going the next time.