

then, but I remembered something about the chastening of the Lord. As I thought, there came to me a sense of guilt before God. Several instances came to mind in which I had wilfully sinned and transgressed His law. And then I came to the place of repentance. When I had confessed my sins and prayed for forgiveness I prayed the Lord to deliver me out of my present distress and let me find some means of earning an honest living. I felt better after this. A Christian always feels better when with a contrite heart he confesses to God.

When I got back to my brother's house my sister-in-law met me at the door and said, "A Mr. Alexander has been here to see you and left word for you to come to see him at once."

Hope sprang up in my breast. Mr. Alexander was trustee of the Wise Chapel School to whom I had made application for a teaching job the summer before, but was turned down because I had had only one year's experience.

I lost no time in making my way to Mr. Alexander's house, where I learned to my great joy and delight, that he wanted to see me about finishing out their term of school. Their teacher had resigned and they were without a teacher. School was closed before the middle of the term. Would I accept the position? Well, I was at that time unemployed and would be glad to do so. They wanted me to begin at once.

There was a little vacant house near the school. I rented this for four dollars a month, and in a very little time wife and I were settled again in our own "Sweet home."

The salary was tops, too. \$60 a month. It, too, was a very large one teacher school and I talked the trustees and other patrons into hiring my wife to assist me because the school was just too large for one teacher. My little wife had no certificate to teach school and it would have been unlawful for the trustees to have paid her out of the public fund, but they made up money by private subscription and paid her a small amount. I think it was fifteen dollars a month. But just look! Seventy-five dollars a month income. Of course, there was only about three months of school remaining, but it was enough to "put us back on our feet" financially.

Could I ever doubt that the Lord hears and answers prayer?

"I CALLED UPON THE LORD IN MY DISTRESS
THE LORD ANSWERED ME AND SET ME IN A
LARGE PLACE." PSALMS 118:5.

This experience, together with scores of others before and since, have taught me the Sublime Truth of Psalms 46:1.

"GOD IS OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH.
A VERY PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE."

I did not intend that this should be a history of my entire life, as much as I would like to write on concerning my public profession of faith and uniting with the church when our first-born daughter was an infant, and concerning the coming of four precious children into our home, my further school teaching experiences, my call to the ministry and many, many experiences that have proved the truth of all God's promises. I know by personal experience that,

"THE PATH OF THE JUST IS AS A SHINING
LIGHT THAT SHINETH MORE AND MORE UNTO
THE PERFECT DAY."

Now, we conclude "MEMORIES OF THE PAST" and will take a look at the present.

CHAPTER EIGHT

A LOOK AT THE PRESENT

And now, we are catapulted, so to speak, into a different world. The last event recorded in "MEMORIES OF THE PAST" was in the year 1910. This is the year 1953. Only 43 years but what a change! What a vast difference! The transition is from the horse and buggy days to the day of automobiles, radios, airplanes, television—the "Atomic age"! So vast is the difference that it is as if we live in a different world. Different homes, different schools, different churches. A different government, different political thinking, different world conditions, different customs, different standards of living, different standards of honesty, different standards of morality.

DIFFERENT HOMES

Our homes are different. Fifty years ago the