It was dark when Steve left the dorm and headed down the sidewalk. Yellow-white street lights shone through the somber oaks as he passed the well-trimmed yews and boxwoods on his way to the chapel on the college campus. The campus was calm, peaceful, beautiful. Yet his throat was aching and his heart felt heavy, like lead. Tears, which he had concealed around his mates and friends, now squeezed out of his eyes and dripped
down his ruddy cheeks. This couldn't be real! he thought, shocked and pained.

At the thought of Kristen, this throat constricted. His heart, too. It was almost like he was suffocating. Pent up confusion and frustration seemed to boiling inside of him. What was happening to Kristen? he asked himself for the dozenth time. She was changing. How she was changing! Rather, had changed, the past several weeks especially.

He passed the campus library but didn't notice. His mind was on Kristen beautiful and lovely, soft-spoken, auburn-haired Kristen. They had met in a geology class a little over a year ago and were attracted to each other almost immediately, the mutual bond of true Christianity being the thing that attracted and appealed to each. Without verbal confirmation that first day in class, each knew the other was a true and devoted follower of the Lord Jesus Christ; their deportment, conversation, dress and hair were sure testimonies as to whose side they were on.

Kristen was modestly attired, standing out like some brightly shining star among the half-dressed, pants-outfitted coeds. And she stood gallantly and nobly for her God-given standards, too, when accosted about them or ribbed and made sport of over them. She was not militant in her attitude, not in any way; but was loyally firm to them and strongly unmovable in them, stating that anything God decreed wrong and immoral and sinful and evil and wicked was just that -- no matter who argued otherwise or said differently. And now, suddenly in the past weeks she had changed.

Steve felt as if someone had a hold on his heart and was wringing it like he had seen his mother wring towels out for drying. It ached and hurt. Pained too. With an indescribable pain. "O God, help!" he cried into the still night. "What's happening? Please head Kristen off. Do something, God! Anything! She's made the wrong turn; she's heading in the wrong direction!"

He walked on, his legs feeling like dead weight, his steps propelled like a giant robot. He was numb with shock. Fear, too. Fear for Kristen. One couldn't pivot around from light to darkness without paying a penalty and suffering the consequences. No indeed! God had decreed "This is the way, walk ye in it." When one suddenly turned about-face and stood up in class (or anywhere . . . class, in Kristen's case) and denounced the principles of right and righteous living, saying it was all a lot of "bunk" (her words), well, that
was cause for fear and alarm. Where had she begun changing? he
wondered, trying to recall what subjects she was taking that may shed light
on what was happening to her on the inside.

He thought of Professor Deamie then and suddenly he knew. Kristen
had a class under him. He was noted for his sarcasm and his "far-out" liberal
teaching and beliefs. There is where the trouble began, Steve thought. The
professor was a shrewd man. He knew how to "bait his hook," throw the line
out . . . verbally and intellectually . . . and have just enough truth mixed well
into his erroneous teaching and philosophy until the naive, the unsuspecting,
would, first "nibble" on the intellectual tidbit then swallow it, "hook, line and
sinker."

This is what had happened to Kristen, Steve was sure. The shrewd,
cunning and handsome professor had won her over to his philosophy . . . to
his way of thinking . . . by the deadly-poisonous mixture of half-truths (or truth
tid-bits) and error. And Kristen, not bothering to search the Scriptures for the
answer, had accepted what he said and absorbed it into her brain until it
became an established fact in her mind. The steady diet and daily process of
error-teaching had eroded away all the good, the noble and the righteous.
Now it was easy to make light of that which once she believed. And lived!
How dreadfully frightening, he thought.

A groan seized his soul and tore itself from his lips as he opened the
heavy chapel door and walked inside. The front of the church was bathed in
soft light. To his embarrassment, he saw a slender, blonde haired girl
kneeling at the altar, weeping softly. She buried her head in her arms when
he entered, but after a moment's hesitation she raised her head again,
looking upward.

He stood for a moment, feeling awkward. He had thought the chapel
would be empty. Then, zombie-like, he slipped into a back pew and knelt
down, his tears flowing unrestrained now.

He could hear the soft sobbing of the girl at the altar. Suddenly, he
wondered how many people had prayed through to victory around that altar
in yesteryear's revival era. Any more, the college was religious in name only.
Revivals were a thing of the past on the campus. The old chapel was
maintained as an historic relic, an integral link of the past. Its great, massive
oak doors were kept open, as in the days of yore, for any who may wish to enter and get quiet and pray. For this, Steve was thankful.

   It was peaceful in the chapel, the way it was back home in Pinesville when he went to the church to pray. God always met him there. No matter how heavy the burden when he entered the church, he always departed with peace in his heart, a song on his lips and confidence that all would work out for his good and God's glory.

   He tried to pray . . . he longed to pray, to pour out his soul before God to empty his heart of all the pain and grief, the disappointment and hurt and fear. But the only words his numbed spirit could form and manage were, "Oh, God, hear me. Help me!"

   Great sobs shook his six-foot-three-inch frame. They mingled with those coming from the slender figure kneeling at the altar. "How unsophisticated!" Kristen would have exclaimed if she had seen him weeping. A college student crying, a male college student especially.

   The many things he had tried to say, but couldn't, suddenly took the form of agonized groans and impassioned moans, and the One Who understood and knew and cared interpreted the meaning and sent a deep calm into Steve's soul. He knew he had made contact with Heaven.

   He stood to his feet and moved toward the door, hoping to slip outside unnoticed. But the young woman was coming down the aisle toward him.

   "Please don't leave just yet," she pleaded. "It's so good to know I'm not alone in my beliefs here on campus. I guess I've been feeling a lot like Elijah when he thought he was the only true follower of God left in the world."

   Steve felt instantly at ease. "Perhaps we should go outside to do our visiting," he said. "It would be less 'evil appearing,' if some one should happen to look inside and see us together."

   The girl nodded agreement and hurried through the heavy oak doors to the tree-shaded street outside.

   They stood beneath one of the street lamps then. She clutched her well-worn Bible to her heart like it was her dearest treasure and told Steve
her name was Rebecca Ruth Rockford. He revealed his name and the weight of the burden which had rested on his heart until he had prayed it off there in the chapel.

She was not forward and bold, this Rebecca Ruth Rockford; on the contrary, she was shy and almost fragile looking. So much so that when a spurt of tears poured from her eyes Steve had the feeling that she was going to faint.

"Oh it's terrible!" she exclaimed. "This erroneous teaching; this do-your-own-thing philosophy! I just couldn't tolerate what was going on and taking place in my dorm. That's why I came to the chapel. Oh, the drinking and the evil carryings on! I've been coming here almost every night to pray. Tonight, when I was so sure I was the only born again person on campus and when I felt I couldn't stand much more of this school and its permissive attitude, God reassured my heart that I was not alone. And then, in you came. When I heard you sobbing and praying, I knew immediately that here was another fellow-student who, like myself, had not bowed the knee to Baal. Oh, how my heart rejoiced. Thank God, you came."

"You needn't say more," Steve declared. "Until Kristen Page backslid and began marching to Professor Deamie's commands, there had been two of us, Rebecca. Three, with you. That is, three known and avowed followers of Christ. Now, with Kristen out of victory, so far as I know there are only you and me. There could be more, though, since the college is so enormous and vast. How I do wish it were possible to get the credits I need for my future line of work in one of the spiritual Bible schools with which I am acquainted. If this were possible, believe me, I'd leave here faster than anyone would believe possible."

"This was another area in which I had been praying," Rebecca said. "Sometimes I'm not sure that my education's worth what I must put up with and listen to. Oh, I do so much want God's will in each and every step I take. I felt this was God's leading when I was praying over where to go to further my education. But just knowing that I am not alone here . . . that you are a real Christian . . . and that God has more than one candle in this wicked and sinful place, well, I feel stronger already. I guess, up until tonight when I heard you crying in the chapel and just knew you were there, I never fully realized how much we Christians need each other's support and
encouragement. It's like a spring tonic to my soul, knowing you are truly born
again and sanctified wholly and are here on campus."

"We really do need each other, don't we, Rebecca?" Steve replied,
thinking of Kristen then and realizing for the first time since her back-sliding
that it was the Christian fellowship which he had missed more than Kristen
herself. This fact shed light on many things; among them the knowledge that
he was not in love with the girl as he had thought he was. It had been her
beautiful Christian character that had appealed to him and made him want to
be in her company. They had had a mutual bond . . . a common denominator . . . which had drawn them together. Now, however, the bond was broken;
the trust was shattered. All that remained of their once-beautiful Christian
relationship was a memory, a memory of better days where Kristen was
concerned.

Rebecca's soft-spoken words sliced in to Steve's thoughts. "I feel strong
now, Steve. Strong, and unafraid in my soul. I'm ready to go back to the
dorm. The Lord is going to give me the strength and the grace I need to go
into that 'den of lions.' I'm so thankful you came into the chapel tonight. God
sent you to bolster my faith!"

Where is your dorm, Rebecca? May I walk you to it? My head's just
now beginning to clear and I'm in no big hurry to get back to my room.
Furthermore, I'd like to see more of you, God willing, if it's all right with you.
We need each other's encouragement and testimony. This is partly what that
'not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together' Scripture verse means.
I'm just now beginning to realize how all-important it is, this Christian
fellowship. Not just in a good, spiritual church, but here in college, too."

"Oh, Steve, please let's do meet together somewhere and have Bible
study and prayer. We'll benefit from it immensely. I miss my home church
dreadfully."

"That makes two of us," Steve declared. "And now, where is your
dorm? We'll make plans, to fit into our study and class schedules, for Bible
study and prayer. On nice days, we can meet under one of these trees.
There are plenty of benches to sit on; so that's no problem . . . ."

By the light of the street lamps, they walked down the sidewalk toward
the dorm which Rebecca had pointed out to him. It was a long walk but Steve
was happy. God had sent him another whose soul was like his own . . . hungering after the things of God and hot set on earthly things.

Things were going to be different for both of them, he knew: God had led them together that they might strengthen, encourage, and support each other while in a desert land -- a wilderness of sin and sinful students. And wasn't this why He needed "salt" in the college and "candles" on campus? Two Christians may not comprise even a fraction of those others on campus: but two plus God, well this was a different story. Yes, a very different story; It spelled V-i-c-t-o-r-y.

He smiled as he looked down on the silken hair of the girl. This tiny blonde-haired 'Elijah" was not alone! So, so long as he was on campus there would be two whom the Lord could count on -- two who had not bowed, and would not bow, the knee to Baal!