"Well, that's that! I did it."

"Did what, Kent?" and Ralph looked up from the book he was studying for the mid-term exam to face his roommate with a serious expression.
"Broke up with Brenda." And the tall, handsome, blonde-haired Kent gave his head a quick toss, putting in place the unruly shock of hair that had a peculiarly annoying but strangely appealing way of falling over his forehead and eye.

"Why Kent, you can't mean it!" Ralph stood up abruptly and faced his impetuous but likable roommate. "You . . . you . . . broke her heart!" The exclamation was barely more than a shocked whisper.

"She'll get over it." Kent tossed his lanky body over the bed in apparent carefree unconcern

"Will she, Kent? Will she? She's a serious-minded girl and a . . . a . . . good girl. Too good, really, for you."

"Hey! I like that!" and Kent stood suddenly tall. "I thought you were my friend."

"I am. But I don't go along with your like 'em and leave 'em attitude. You go too fast . . . in too big a rush. It'll catch up with you someday, old pal."

"Oh, well, until it does, I'm having a good time. I'm just not the serious type like you, Ralph."

"But why lead a girl on, then? It's wrong, Kent, and someday you'll pay for it. First it was Glenna and now Brenda. Twice engaged and twice-broken engagements, and this just mid-term, too. You gave two good girls a broken heart and shattered dreams."

"She'll get over it," Kent repeated, a bit annoyed.

"For whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," Ralph reminded softly, poring once more over the book.

"Again I repeat, I'm not the serious type."

"Serious enough to be twice engaged," Ralph reminded softly. "You're as fickle as . . . as . . . the . . . ."
"Can I help it if I suddenly decide she's not the girl for me?" Kent interrupted, a bit irritated. "Sure, she's a good girl. Everybody knows that. So was Glenna. But the more I'm in class with Madeline the more I realize Brenda's not the girl. So, what do I do? The proper thing . . . break off with her. Then my best buddy jumps all over me." And he stood facing himself in the dresser mirror. "Why don't you go soothe her poor breaking heart? She has always been a real admirer of yours anyhow."

"I'd have a full time job, Kent . . . almost. Furthermore, I came to Bible school to prepare for the ministry, not to have a 'good time' as you said you were doing. If breaking a girl's heart is your idea of having a good time I want no part in it."

"Don't be too hard on me, Ralph, old pal. I do believe Madeline's the one."

"Until you've won her heart and a Julie or Betty or somebody else comes along."

"Hey, Ralph," and John burst into the room. "Kent's done it. He . . . ."

"You too? And what's so bad about that?" Kent asked defensively.

"She . . . she's taking it awfully hard, old boy. Patsy just told me. Said she looks so peaked and . . . and . . . bad. The girls all feel sorry for her. They think you're a brute, a jilter and a real heartbreaker. Brenda's a serious minded young woman who has implicit confidence in what is told to her. You broke that confidence and shattered her hopes and her dreams. Frankly, if I was a girl I'd certainly not linger too near the great lover boy Kent."

The color drained from Kent's face.

"Sit down, Pal," John continued, "I have more to say . . . a lot more." Eagerly he searched Kent's face as he scratched his own head in deep thought. "Maybe, maybe," he mused at length, "you can be helped . . . if you can be made to see just how wicked and sinful your actions are."

"Wicked?" Kent said, "I can't see a thing wicked about it. It's kind of a game I play." He laughed shakily.
"Game, did you say?" and John stared unbelievably at his friend. "First off, you're too fast... date a girl a few times then ask her to marry you. This isn't a marrying-ground: it's Bible school! Sure, it's only natural and God-given to notice the fine young ladies here, and maybe even to ask God's direction and guidance in selecting His choice for us from this wonderful group. But it is wrong... all wrong... to be so fickle, so shallow and so flirty. Then, too, just because you're good-looking doesn't give you the right to see how many girls you can date and get engaged to. You're acting like a few of the silly women I know... 'I could have had Joe, Charlie, Ben, Tim, Ted, Ned, etc., etc.' Ugh! It's sickening! Have you forgotten Stella?"

"Forgotten?" and Kent straightened up. "She just went with a fellow to brag that she could have had any boy in town."

"You're being just like her," John said kindly. "Ralph and I would like to help you... if you want help." Again he waited for an answer.

For a long while the room was silent except for the rapid ticking of the alarm clocks and the soft rattle of paper as Ralph prepared for the exam.

"D... do... you really think I'm that bad?" Kent finally broke the intense silence. "It... it must be a carry-over from high school days," he confessed. His now honest blue eyes faced his two spiritual roommates. "I used to think it was fun... just like Stella Jean. I made a game out of it."

"It's a losing game, old Pal." Once again Ralph faced the handsome young man. "Do you want to be different, Kent? Do you?" Great tears were in his own dark brown eyes as he asked the question.

"I feel ashamed... so ashamed of myself, and so unworthy to even ask the Lord's help. I've made a fool out of myself and brought a reproach on God and this Bible school. Oh, I would so much like to be different and like you both are... stable and spiritual."

"Let's tell the Lord about it then," John proposed, dropping to his knees.

Sometime near the hour of eleven the light of another world broke out in Kent's soul. His sinful and foolish pride was forgiven and washed away.
"What will I do about Brenda?" he asked. "I can't possibly heal the wounds I put there."

"No, Kent. You've made wounds that only time and God can heal; but it wouldn't hurt to ask her forgiveness and prove to everybody around here that the power of God is still able to change a fickle heart."

"I was terribly deceived in my heart, thinking I was a Christian and even professing to love the Lord, when all the time my heart has been vain, proud, carnal and lifted up."

"Jeremiah said, 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it.' "And Ralph put his hands on the shoulders of the towering six-footer as he continued, "But God revealed your heart to you."

"God, and two of the finest Christians in this school. If the Lord spares me till chapel tomorrow morning I'm going to publicly confess and testify what the grace of God did for me. I'm heading down the Salvation pathway to the highway of Holiness and by God's grace I'm going to seek after a clean and holy heart. Until no longer I but Christ lives in me."

"You're going to make it, old Pal," and John's tears spoke of faith for the victory of his roommate. "But hadn't we better be turning in for the night? None of us will hear the chapel bell unless we do . . . much less the rising bell."

With peaceful heart each boy got sleepily into his single bed where, within the space of a few minutes, the noises of the busy outside world were shut out completely by the steady, heavy breathing.

Intermittently, all night long, from where he had taken up winter living quarters in the corner of the boys' warm closet, a cheerful cricket sang lustily, "He's fickle not. New light he's got -- fickle not . . . fickle . . . fickle not."