

# The Educational Messenger

VOL. 5

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No. 18

## LIKE A CHRISTIAN

*A. R. Perham*

Are you a Christian? Then be glad;  
Christians should not be glum or sad.  
Smile like a Christian day by day,  
Scattering sunshine on the way.  
Speak, like a Christian, words of love,  
Pointing some to the home above.  
Work like a Christian, brave and true;  
God has a work for all to do.  
Give like a Christian; don't withhold  
From God your silver or your gold.  
Praise, like a Christian, God above,  
For all the tokens of His love.

Trust like a Christian; though the way  
Sometimes be dark, still trust and pray.  
Pray like a Christian, and believe  
That you an answer will receive.  
Live like a Christian, every day,  
Lest through your influence some one  
stray.  
Then smile, and speak, and work, and  
give,  
And praise, and trust, and pray, and live  
So like a Christian that you may  
Lead others in the heavenly way.



### Editorial

#### Our Watchword

What has become of our watchword, "The advent message to all the world in this generation"? It used to be seen on the blackboards in the recitation rooms, and was constantly kept in mind by a majority of the students. We seldom hear it now. We can not "lose out" now when "this generation" is growing capable of more efficient service with each coming day. Its importance should be renewed to our minds daily.

#### The Cool Club

Have you joined the Cool Club? No? Not on days like the past few have been? It being a one-member club, one is sure to become president, by virtue of which office he may call himself to order at his first grumble against the heat. As treasurer, he may accumulate a store of patience, and may put into his "saving-bank" a great deal of useless worry by refraining from giving expression to any discomfort he may feel. One will be just as hot whether he worries or whether he does not. One could not better the weather if he would.



Don't worry about the future,  
The present is all thou hast;  
The future will soon be present,  
And the present will soon be past.



## General Articles

### Keep A-going

There is nothing you should want  
But you can get, if you try,  
If you only keep a-going.

Of the many in the race  
So few keep up the pace  
All the prizes go to those  
Who keep a-going.

It is hard when you are striving,  
To seem under Fortune's frown;  
Hard, when trying to press forward  
To stumble and fall down.

But the only thing to do is  
Keep a-going, keep a-trying.  
Don't like cowards get to think  
Of lying down and dying.

—Selected.



### Mother

"All that I am or hope to be," said Lincoln, after he had become President, "I owe to my angel mother."

"My mother was the making of me," said Thomas Edison recently. "She was so true, so sure of me; and I felt that I had someone to live for; someone I must not disappoint."

"All that I have ever accomplished in life," declared Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, "I owe to my mother."

"To the man who has had a mother, all women are sacred for her sake," said Jean Paul Richter.

The testimony of great men in acknowledgment of the boundless debt they owe to their mothers would make a record stretching from the dawn of history to to-day. Few men, indeed, become great who do not owe their greatness to a mother's love and inspiration.

How often we hear people in every walk of life say, "I never could have done this thing but for my mother. She

believed in me, encouraged me, when others saw nothing in me."

"A kiss from my mother made me a painter," said Benjamin West.

A distinguished man of to-day says: "I never could have reached my present position had I not known that my mother expected me to reach it. From a child she made me feel that this was the position she expected me to fill; and her faith spurred me on and gave me the power to attain it."

It is a strange fact that our mothers, the molders of the world, should get so little credit and should be so seldom mentioned among the world's achievers. The world only sees the successful son; the mother is but a rung in the ladder upon which he climbed. Her name or face is never seen in the papers; only her son is lauded and held up to our admiration. Yet it was that sweet, pathetic figure in the background that made his success possible.



### My First Order

C. A. N. VASSER

After sundry delays, including an all day's rain, during which we stopped at a farmhouse over among the hills, we finally reached the town that was to be our headquarters. Some way the downpour had dampened our enthusiasm, and the muddy roads put a clog on our good intentions. But after making the necessary arrangements for our baggage we parted, wishing each other the best of success, neither admitting, even to himself, that he felt like one of the six hundred riding into the jaws of death.

After watching my partner ride away I mounted my wheel rather mechanically, and started up the road north of town. When I reached the top of the hill I saw a farmhouse about a mile away and realized that I must soon try my canvass. I wished the place were ten miles

away. I saw a team coming and I turned down a side road to avoid meeting it. I road along until I was within eighty rods of the house, then down into a hollow, climbed up onto a fence-post and sat there, wishing that some one would come along and massacre me.

Then I thought of my Union friends, and what they would say and think if they could see me now, foolish coward, perched on a fence-post out on the prairie, almost ready to cry. I gave myself a slap that made my ears ring, got onto my wheel, and rode up to the house.

A German girl came to the door. I fished around and got my prospectus and while holding it in my hand started to lift my hat with it. That jarred my jaw loose and I croaked out, "Good—good—how—d—do. I—I—I'm a book—I mean—I—I'm an agent. I—I mean I got a book I'd strike to low you. The name of it is the title, I mean it's called, the title of it is Guide to Practical Health. It's a fine book. Don't you want to buy it?"

"H—m, no."

"Well just let me show you to it." And then I broke loose and talked away until everything turned black. The dog sneaked off toward the barn. The cat got on the other side of the picket fence and eyed me with her fur all ruffled up. The flock of geese gathered in a solemn circle and watched the performance in silence, finally rushing madly away to a pond.

At last I seemed to lose consciousness and when I came to, I found myself holding my prospectus while the German girl signed her name for a book. I looked around somewhat dazed, trying to locate myself. "There," said the girl as she finished, "Now don't forget where we live. I think that is a fine book and I want one."

I lifted my hat, mounted my wheel and started down the road. The whole procedure had taken just fifteen minutes. I was initiated into the mysteries of book agency.



## The Call of the Wild

W. C. FLAIZ

Sisseton, S. Dak., is near the border of the old Fort Sisseton Indian reservation. Most of the reserved lands were distributed among the few remaining Indians; much of it has now passed to the hands of the pale-face, who understands only too well how to take advantage of the weakness of his dark-skinned brother. So now, with his hunting ground torn up by the white man's plough, the poor red man must eke out an existence as best he can, for he seems unable to learn to work, or to save what he receives from the government.

As the memorial day parade marched up the street, about fifty old braves, and perhaps a hundred children from the agency school joined in the procession, and marched to the cemetery where they placed flowers on the graves of those who had perhaps been the slayers of their own fathers and grandfathers. A program followed in the town hall and the agency children sang "The Star Spangled Banner," and "America." They were well trained; but some way there was a wild sub-tone running through the melody that made me think of the distant cry of young wolves, or the call of the prairie-chicken on a still morning. Then they gave a recitation in concert in their own language, and it seemed to me I could detect the same peculiarity, a sort of chattering singsong like the rythmic discord of a flock of blackbirds.

As I looked into the stolid expressionless faces of those old men, and noted the melancholy, almost pathetic look in the eyes of those little dark-

skinned boys and girls, I thought of the story in the old reader of the little girl who caught a young robin and shut it up in a cage. How all day it struggled at the bars to get free and just as the sun set, it fell to the bottom of the cage dead. These poor children are only wild little creatures who have been caught and tamed. The call of the wild makes them uneasy and discontented.

Things have changed since the days of Little Big Horn and Medicine Hat. Some of the men marching in that parade carried hideous scars on their faces, telling perhaps of those very battles. Once they were the terror of the whole border; now a miserable handful is all that is left of the "terrible Sioux."



### The Quitters

The world has little use for a quitter—the fellow who starts and backs out because the creek is up; the fellow who starts to trim the hedge, blisters his hands and decides to let it go until spring; the boy who goes racing through his school books until he strikes participles and compound fractions, then wants to quit school to get a job; the girl who starts out to be a great musician and learns just enough to play ragtime to beguile the fancies of some young saphead.

There is a big family of these quitters, but they are a sorry lot. They never want a job that takes time and patience. With the qualifications of a bill poster they would like to earn the salary of a railroad president. Their ideal is a job that requires two hours of easy labor each day, with Saturdays and holidays off. You will find them scattered up and down the road of human failure, turning back from the handle of the plow, complaining of their lot and of the world. They are clogs in the wheels, broken rails on the road, time killers, patience

killers, forever wanting what they have not.

The people who accomplish things in this world are those who qualify themselves in spite of bad crops, high water, and measles; who hang onto their work until failure turns to victory; whose courage rises as difficulties thicken; whose faces are forever turned toward the rising sun. It was not a bad plan, that of the Indians flinging their boys into the river where they had to swim or drown. The best thing any parent can do for his child, is to compel him to finish what he undertakes. Keep him at it, no matter how much he cries and objects; make him do the thing he started to do. And the best thing any boy or girl can do is to do this very thing without being made to do it. Success is a good deal like habit. There is not much difference between failure and success. One quits and the other does not.—*Spare Moments.*



### A Letter from China

[A personal letter from B. L. Anderson, Class of 1904, to Prof. P. E. Berthelsen will be of interest to MESSENGER readers.—EDITOR.]

Since coming here I have occasionally drawn comparisons of China and the homeland, from a sanitary standpoint, and have been astonished at the contrast. The people seem to have but a very vague idea of sanitation. By this I do not mean to cast any reflections upon good old China with its crowded cities and grave-covered hills and mountains. Nor do I mean to say that I am sorry that we came here; for we are strangers and pilgrims in every land, and the Father of us all is as near to us here as he is at any other place on his footstool. China is quite as dark as it appears on the map. Yet the Sun of Righteousness has risen upon this land of temples and many gods, and the people are gradually turning their faces

toward its beams of light and hope. Heathenism, however, has a firm hold upon the people. Even here on the small island of Kulangsu where there are a dozen Christian schools and several large churches, where the gospel is being preached and has been preached for over fifty years, heathenism still walks the streets, gods are carried on mens shoulders, the devil is paid his just (?) dues with spurious paper money, women and children howl at the graves of departed relatives, and several desirable pieces of land are lying waste and can neither be bought nor sold because of the prevailing superstition of good luck and bad luck. It means that a piece of ground is dedicated to "hong-tsui" (wind and water) and if a house should be built on that certain piece of land, bad luck would then befall the family or clan. The people here are quite a good deal more superstitious than those of Western nations; but I have not as yet heard that they are afraid to plant potatoes in the light of the moon. But on the other hand, it is a great satisfaction to know that there are here, true and loyal Christians, who will put to shame many in the homeland. Hundreds, and even thousands, assemble from week to week to worship the true God, here in this place.

In the port cities of China there are a good many Chinese, Christians as well as non-Christians, who speak and read English, and as a rule are well informed. Whether it is a good thing for the Chinese to know English or not, I am not prepared to say; for it is very true that "knowledge puffeth up." But it is also true on the other hand that "people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." Of the two evils, I think knowledge is preferable, and the Chinese should have their proportionate share.

The Chinese, as a rule, like to dwell compactly, and it is surprising the num-

ber that will live in a small place. They actually crawl into holes. It has been said that the missionary should live as the heathen do, that he may be more able to reach them with the gospel. But the heathen do not live, they die. It is only a survival of the fittest. To try to live as the heathen do would be folly; especially in a country like this, where doctors are very scarce and expensive. Such an experiment could be carried on much more successfully in countries in which doctors are more numerous and their professional calls more lenient with the patient's bank account. In this country it is no uncommon thing to find families where half or even all the children are dead.

In the early part of the winter while visiting our mission station at To-Kang, I had an opportunity to observe a heathen funeral in the country. In the evening before the day of interment, minstrels came and played the bag-pipe for a season in order to appease or scare away the devils. For this service they received about five dimes Mexican, equal to twenty-five cents United States. The following day at about ten o'clock the casket was placed in the street upon wooden jacks, and in front of it was arranged a table which served as an altar. Upon this altar was placed a roasted pig's head, a dish of boiled rice, some fresh fruit and other edibles. While the coolies were making ready, arranging their carrying poles to convey the coffin to the mountain side, the family and relatives of the dead man gathered about the bier dressed in sack-cloth. The three sons of the deceased then prepared incense sticks, the two older boys each carrying two red lanterns, came and bowed themselves many times at the right hand side of the coffin, and this finished, they went through the same performance before the altar, falling to their knees and bowing their heads to

the earth. The same ceremony was continued at the left hand side, and during the whole time there was a constant wailing. Next the female members of the family bowed, wailed, and worshiped at right of casket and before the altar, and then resumed worship at the place where they first started, while the relatives, dressed in white, individually took their place before the altar, bowed and worshiped several times. The services nearly concluded, a basketful of paper money was poured out upon the street and burned. This spurious money was for the purpose of paying all bills for the spirit of the departed. A paper covered bamboo frame, similar to a chair in shape, was next consigned to the flames. The reason for this I know not, but the intention is evidently to give the soul a comfortable seat in the spirit world.

The coolies then repaired to the mountain with their load, followed by mourners, men and women, in single file; but the women went only to the outskirts of the village and then returned until the men again appeared, when they went out to meet them and followed them in orderly procession to the house. The reason for the women not going to the grave was probably the condition of their feet due to binding. Drummers led the procession to and from the mountain. Very quickly a feast was prepared, consisting of boiled rice, vegetables, and a bit of meat of some kind. This food was put on the pavement of the street, where the male members of the family and relation at once squatted and indulged. After the men had finished, the lowly table was again set and the women, having laid aside their garments of mourning, comforted themselves by the rice bowl. No more signs of mourning were apparent after the completion of this meal.

As the people were returning from the grave I noticed a red wooden tablet upon the bosom of the oldest son of the dead

man. This was the ancestral tablet and in time it would be placed in the house where such tablets of each member of a family or clan are preserved.

About two hours after these ceremonies were over, a man dressed in a dark red gown passed through the streets, cleansing all the houses from the devil. He carried in one hand a small bell and a bowl of water, and in the other a small twig with which to sprinkle water upon all the houses. A boy walked in front of him carrying a cake of burning incense. The bell was rung occasionally to scare away evil spirits. Thus all was finished.

China is indeed opposite. It is opposite the western world not only geographically but also psychologically. The people's methods of thinking is so different from ours. A sentence in English, to be translated into Chinese, must usually be inverted and vice versa. Customs that a Westerner would consider perfectly proper and of good taste appear quite different to the Chinese. On the other hand some of their customs seem equally peculiar to us. So you see we are necessarily very queer to the Chinamen; the same is true of the converse.

We are still living in Kulangsu, and at the present time occupying a Chinese house. The building itself is not bad, but the location and surroundings are not conducive to health or comfort. We hope to secure a better location ere long. We are still grinding away at this language, for though we can understand and be understood, we do not say that we have perfected it and have no need for further study. When not in the country visiting the out-stations, I spend some time each day reading and writing characters. Some day I hope to be able to read the Bible in the literary language of China.

The work is onward here in Fukien. So far thirty persons have been baptized, and there is a goodly interest to hear the

gospel. You sometimes read of wonderful openings here and there in this and other heathen lands, where whole companies or churches are all of a sudden keeping the Sabbath, etc. We have had such interests even here in this province; but they are to be feared, and personally I regard them as soap-bubbles. In all such cases there is generally a quarrel with their own mission, or a case of litigation back of it. It requires a good deal of prudence to deal with such cases.

Greetings to the brethren and sisters.



### How We Saw the President

C. C. LEWIS

Wednesday, June 2d, was designated by the Conference as the day for visiting President Taft at the White House, and careful preparations were made for the event. Consultation was held with the President's private secretary, and it was arranged for a representative delegation of about 125 persons to be selected from the Conference delegates. It was thought that perhaps one hundred more might be admitted if they would be all ready when the regular delegation passed in.

Promptly at 12:30 several hundred people assembled in the park opposite the White House grounds. Half an hour was spent lining up the delegation and carefully counting the favored one hundred. Wives, torn from their husbands, and others who had got out of place in the procession, formed a second double line of one hundred, for whom it was thought entrance might be secured. Two hundred more brought up the rear, hoping to catch a glimpse of royalty. But it happened to us all after the ancient saying, "The last shall be first and the first last;" for the favored ones passed through the lower corridor, up the stairway, and into the East Room, where the ushers ranged them in a broad semi-cir-

cle around the room opposite the door of the President's room; and then came the second corps filing round in front of the first, and then — the mixed multitude! They poured through the door, and filled all the remaining space in front of the "seconds" who were in front of the "firsts," until the "firsts" could see little but the ceiling and the great chandeliers above their heads.

Then we waited and sweltered! Fifteen minutes, half an hour, three quarters, a full hour and more, before the President appeared.

Suddenly the door glided noiselessly back and before we were aware, the great man was among us. A delegation of surgeons was received first and quickly disposed of. Eld. G. A. Irwin, at the head of our delegation, was introduced, and spoke as follows:—

"As vice-president of the North American division of the World's Conference of Seventh-day Adventists now in session at Takoma Park, and because I am a Buckeye by birth and education, and veteran soldier from the great state of Ohio, I have been accorded the honor of heading this deputation and presenting to your Excellency this brief address containing the sentiments and greetings of our people throughout the world. I wish you a peaceful and prosperous administration."

The President grasped his hand cordially and replied, "Doctor, I am very glad to meet you and your co-religionists. I am glad to meet them here and welcome them to Washington. I have no doubt that your Conference has led to satisfactory results, and that your aims are high, and that you are entitled, like all the rest of us, to worship God in the way that seems best to your conscience, and under our Constitution everybody figures on an equality in that regard."

Following Elder Irwin, the delegation was presented to the President; and then

he shook hands with every man, woman, and child in the room. I do not know how it all came about, in view of the careful preparations which had been made in accordance with the secretary's instructions to present only about one hundred. The people simply walked along after the rest, expecting every moment to be stopped; but no one said them nay, and so they all shook hands with the President.

The foreign members of the delegation, accustomed to the pomp and ceremony of royalty in the Old World, must have been impressed with the simplicity of our democratic institutions. There was no show, no military display, about the White House. The half dozen officials who managed the reception could scarcely be distinguished by their dress from common people. One officer alone wore a uniform and a sword, the only military symbol visible. This was the officer standing next to the President, to whom each person gave his name, and by whom he was in turn introduced to his Excellency.



### Address to the President

C. C. LEWIS

The address from the General Conference to the President of the United States, which is mentioned in the article, "How We Saw the President" as having been engrossed upon parchment and presented by Eld. G. A. Irwin to the President, reads as follows:—

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

Washington, D. C., June 1, 1909,

The Honorable William Howard Taft,  
President of the United States,

Sir: We have the honor to wait upon you as a deputation from the World's Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, now in session in Takoma Park, composed of three hundred and thirty delegates from six continents and the islands of the sea.

We desire to express to you our appreciation of the blessings of liberty, both civil and religious, preserved by the founders of this Republic, and transmitted by their successors to the present generation.

We acknowledge God as the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, and the duly authorized officers of state as his ministers for the preservation of social order.

We affirm our confidence in the eternal principles of justice and righteousness taught in the gospel as the foundation of all permanent forms of government.

We heartily desire the peace and prosperity both of the church and the state during your administration, and pray that the blessing of heaven may attend your efforts to this end.

Signed by the officers and 125 others.



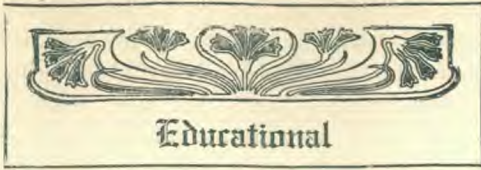
### Danger Signals

God allows no child of His to go on to personal disaster without doing much to avert such disaster by unmistakable danger signals. We all know what our own danger signals are; when a crash comes it is simply because we would not heed them. We know, for example, that a certain line of discussion with a friend is almost sure to result in friction, antagonism, perhaps sharp words and wounded feelings. And we know perfectly well when our conversation approaches the danger line in this particular thing. If we resolutely refuse to get drawn into any such discussion, we are safe; when we think we can risk it, we pay the penalty. There would never be any penalty, any heart-burnings and regrets, if we heeded the first intimation of a danger signal. But we do not; and then we wonder why we keep on failing!—*S. S. Times*.



Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.—*Sterne*.





### Leaves from a Student's Notebook

Sometimes the truest lives of all  
Are lived by those who fail. — *Vern.*

At first thought this little quotation may seem rather contradictory, but as "truest" and "fail," as used here, are defined, one will see the beautiful truth underlying these words. A man need not have a great and honored name in order to be true; he need not possess vast estates with palatial dwellings, nor even be known beyond the limits of his own town, and yet because of strength and sweetness of character he may be one of God's true men.

A girl who passionately loved her art, who was praised and flattered by friends and teachers, and whose dearest dream — giving joy and love to the world by her own glorious voice — was about to be realized, found herself, by a reverse of fortune, once more in the little mountain town of her childhood. She stepped into her old place in the home; warmed and comforted the hearts of the old folks. She sang a message of good-will, tenderness, and courage into the calloused hearts around her. If she grieved that her chance for fame was gone, her lips never betrayed it. Letters of condolence and pity came from her friends; from their standpoint her life availed nothing. But, was not her failure, after all, the truest success?



#### Confidence

Courage, my heart! Shall you and I fail now,  
After the battle's din and stain and heat?  
Shall we stop fighting once we have learned  
how,  
Or call one unrecovered fall a defeat?

— *Mary E. Knevels.*

### The Building of Character

LAWRENCE ANDERSON

[These are the first of a number of articles on character building studied in relation to the child, which have been contributed by Mr. Anderson.—EDITOR.]

#### I. CHILD STUDY

The very highest standard which can be set up to measure the teacher's efficiency in the schoolroom is in the building of good character which her work is doing. No lower standard for measuring the teacher's influence is now acceptable. It matters little whether or not we are of the opinion that the child must build his own character, that no one else is able to build it for him; for nevertheless the teacher's responsibility is significant, for she must furnish to a great extent the favorable conditions, the invigorating atmosphere so essential to the development and growth of character.

Even though our system of education has character building as its chief goal, it must be granted that there can be no successful teaching and training of the child, without a fair knowledge of child nature. It must also be conceded that the knowledge one has of child nature gained from recollection of his own childhood is insufficient, for one has a very meager knowledge of his early years. It is very evident that every line of child study can be made to contribute to good results, if wisely and systematically pursued. It ought to be equally evident that there is a great danger confronting the teacher who enters upon her work, or continues the delicate work of molding the characters of the tender youth, without making a thorough and daily study of the child. It may also be affirmed with a great deal of emphasis, that the teacher who can not interest herself in the study of her pupils' natures, and so seeks to excuse herself from a thorough and a loving study of her pupils, manifests a lament-

able lack of interest and sympathy, so that one may well question her adequacy in the schoolroom.

## 2. THE CHILD'S POSSIBILITIES

Teacher, observe the child as he enters your schoolroom the first day of school. What does he bring? What is there in that little body of his that is hidden from view? What possibilities of growth, development, achievement lie before him? Peer into the future. Do you see the coming man? Can you draw aside the curtain, and catch a glimpse of what he may become, how he may serve his generation? Not unless you study the child. From day to day he sits before you; he learns to have confidence in what you say. Do you realize that he was created in the image of God, and if properly trained is capable of walking in close connection with his Maker, and that he with Kepler may think God's thoughts after him, or may become an Ishmaelite whose hand is against every man, or an associate of the vile and a frequenter of the brothel? Can you appreciate the fact that this little lad sitting before you may scale the ladder that leads to the city of God, or on the other hand, he may sink to depths that lead to degradation and woe and final ruin? If you are alive to the situation, there comes the almost awe-inspiring question, "Have I, as his teacher, a part to act in this tremendous responsibility of determining what he may become? Do his future happiness and usefulness, or his misery and viciousness depend in the slightest measure upon anything that I may wisely or unwisely do, or even ignorantly leave undone?"

Will it remedy the matter by saying that the teacher can not overcome the influence of home training, of parental mismanagement or neglect? Remember the old adage that says the teacher is *in*

*loco parentis*. Do we dare say that ancestral traits or influences of heredity can not be modified by wise and thoughtful training? "Even the wild, disorderly, turbulent youth, Bismark, became the Iron Chancellor of Germany." And even the ex-slave, Fred Douglas, became one of the foremost orators of this country. Can we dare to place a positive limit upon what God can do for the human soul? No, let ours rather be that larger faith that sets no limitation, that offers no line of demarcation of human development when led by the spirit of God.

But since we have come to the conclusion that we share the grave responsibility of determining the destiny of our pupils, must we not also conclude that a more systematic study of each pupil's traits, tendencies, inclinations, thoughts, feelings, actions, in short, every manifestation which will give us a clue to his real life, is necessary, so that we may direct him into the pathway where he can make the most of himself, and at the same time render the greatest service to his fellowmen?



### A Pleasant Smile

The thing that goes the farthest  
Toward making life worth while,  
That's worth the most, that costs the least,  
Is just a pleasant smile.  
'Tis full of worth and goodness, too,  
With manly kindness blent,  
'Tis worth a million dollars,  
And it doesn't cost a cent.

—Selected.



"It hain't no use to grumble and complain;  
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice:  
When God sorts out the weather and sends  
rain,  
W'y rain's my choice."

--Selected.



"Trouble and perplexity drive me to prayer, and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble."



## News and Notes

Jack Spicer, from Bedford, Iowa, is moving to College View.

The Sanitarium family are glad to welcome Dr. O. Rockwell home again.

Prof. E. E. Farnsworth is to be principal in the Champion Academy next year.

Jacob Weber, who attended Union last year, and his sister Lena are in the View.

Roy Hay, Peter Mathieson, and Leon Cobb are to be in the tent work in eastern Colorado this summer.

A. G. Kern, who has been visiting his son and family at Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C., has returned home.

Pearl Jenkins has been visiting in Denver. She is keeping house for her father and sister at Boulder, and selling *Life and Health* on the side.

Elsa Northrup writes from Denver: "We had a pleasant little College View picnic in a small park a few blocks from the church. Elder Kite, Miss Kate Sanborn, Mr. and Mrs. Emery, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Rockey, Messrs. Berglund, Leon Cobb, and P. Mathieson were present."

After enjoying the General Conference meetings, Prof. P. E. Berthelsen, on his return home spent several days visiting Professor Newton and others at Battle Creek, Mich., also several days with his sister at Tustine, Wis., besides stopping some time in Chicago in the interest of his department in the College next year. Professor Berthelsen is at present at home in College View, translating the "New Testament History" for Danish department and also revising "Steps to Christ."

Glenn Hodson is again in town.

Dr. J. C. Presnell has returned from his Minnesota trip.

Bessie Christenson, of Dodge Center, Minnesota, is the guest of Grace Aul.

The friends of E. R. Johnson were glad to see him in College View a few days last week.

Miss Alta Barrack is enjoying a pleasant visit at the home of Miss Adeline Skyberg in Luverne, Minn.

Mrs. Pesha and children are going to Battle Creek, Mich., to visit her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Busk.

F. F. Byington attended the South Dakota camp-meeting. He found a good interest in the International and its work.

From July 1st to Nov. 1st, Nelson & Conser's will give one and one-half cents to Foreign Mission Fund from each loaf of Sanitarium Bakery bread sold.

At the General Conference, C. Sparks and wife, S. A. Nagel and wife, and O. A. Hall and wife were recommended to go to China, making nine Union College students that have been sent there.

Among the Union College people who attended the Minnesota camp-meeting in St. Paul were the following: Miss Clara and Lilla Krassin, Miss Martha Anderson, A. N. Donaldson, H. G. Bailey, Peter Schmidt, and Mr. Olson. Mr. Bailey was employed in the provision tent.

Once more the stir of activity is felt about the College. Several days before the time announced for the opening of the summer school, students began to arrive, supplanting the quiet and loneliness of the last few weeks with friendly greetings and busy preparation for the coming school work. Each new arrival brings a spirit of earnest work for more efficient service in the Master's cause.

Miss Kate Sanborn is visiting her father and sister's family in Denver.

Ada Madison was called to Wisner, Nebr., to attend the funeral of a friend.

Frank Jones has been visiting his uncle, Mr. Threlkeld. Mr. Jones is on his way to Wyoming.

Mrs. Ella Van Syoc is visiting friends and relatives at Omaha, Nebr., and different parts of Iowa.

Chas. T. E. Johnson, of Sebastopol, Calif., an old Union College student, passed through the View recently.

Elder H. F. Ketring and family are living in Denver. At present he is pastor of the Capital Hill church.

O. A. Pellemounter, of Modesto, Calif., who attended college several years ago, is sight-seeing in Yosemite Valley.

"We are on the farm enjoying the out-of-doors, but will be back in College View about August 1st," writes T. C. Nethery, from Ladoga, Iowa.

C. T. Cavaness was called to Wichita, Kans., to audit the books there. He will return to the View, and finish auditing the books of the College.

N. P. Nelsen is canvassing at Burke, S. Dak. The first fifteen days he took orders to the value of \$133. It is his first experience and he enjoys it.

Union College students canvassing in Nebraska and their respective reports for two weeks ending June 18th are as follows:—

Frank Doll	P. G.	79 hrs.	\$ 91.50
Ben Adson	"	74 "	123.00
*Fred Herzer	"	40 "	178.00
John Strahle	"	76 "	157.00
Earl Ventling	"	102 "	115.25
*Altie Wordell	"	15 "	21.00
John Eden	G. C.	74 "	45.50
Ella Lull	H. & H.	42 "	14.50
Chas. Plumb	"	64 "	16.50

\* One week.

Alfred Peterson is working on his farm at Golden, Colorado.

Miss Frank, of Tekamah, Nebr., is visiting Maude Blodgett.

Earl Bungor is taking a little vacation at Dannebrog, Nebraska.

Misses Bernice and Bess McComas are at home in Nevada, Iowa.

R. O. Dudley of the View attended the campmeeting at Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

J. H. Schmidt, class of 1906, will be in the tent work in Chicago, Ill., this summer.

Miss Elsa Northrup and Pearl Jenkins sold \$3.20 worth of *Life and Health* in two hours in Denver.

Miss Hanna Reinhardt, who has been teaching at Bowdon, N. Dak., has returned to College View to attend summer school.

Bernhard Peterson has gone to Chicago, Ill., to be in tent work this summer. He will be assisted by P. E. Brodersen, class of 1906, who is at present at Perth Amboy, N. J.

Anna E. Sorensen, after spending two weeks at her home at Franksburg, Wis., went to Portage, Wis., to canvass. She writes that she is canvassing in a Catholic community and is having reasonable success.

J. I. Beardsley, class of '08, who has been Educational and Young People's Secretary in South Dakota for the past year, has accepted a call to take charge of the school in Alberta. He expects to leave South Dakota at once.

The following Union College students attended the camp-meeting on Seney Island, Sioux Falls, S. Dak., June 24th to July 4th: Clara Kier, Mary Miles, Ethel Currier, Della Berg, Mabel Berg, Adolph Christianson and wife, F. R. Isaac and wife, Adam Schmidt, F. S. Bolton, K. W. Betts, R. N. Studt, Leo Thiel, Lloyd Egan, and R. A. Hare.

Jacob Schulz is working on the new church building at Shattuck, Okla.

Miss Myrtle Andrews is enjoying her vacation at her home in Abilene, Kans.

Harry Westphal is spending his vacation at his home at Polar, Wisconsin.

Alvis Dick expects to spend part of his vacation in the harvest fields of western Kansas.

A. N. Donaldson and H. G. Bayley are changing their canvassing field from Minneapolis to northern Minnesota.

Dr. Larson has gone to the Hastings Sanitarium to take the place of Dr. Jones, who has gone on a vacation.

Miss Dora Burke is assisting at the Hastings Sanitarium. Miss Pearl Fair has taken her place as bathroom matron.

Miss Ruth Teesdale, who is spending her vacation at her home in Pontoosuc, Illinois, is anxious for school to begin again.

Miss Edna Bronson, who has been spending a few weeks in Glasa, Kansas, has returned to her home in Pueblo, Colorado.

Miss Matie Anderson, of Marsland, who has been visiting Miss Nellie Wells, Nebraska, has returned to her home in Crab Orchard.

Vincent Thomas, who has been canvassing in Villisca, Iowa, since the close of school, has returned to College View to attend summer school.

Miss Stella Parker writes that it seems good to be back among the Rockies, but she is keeping a "cozy little corner" in her heart for old Union and the people there.

The young people of College View are doing a little pleasant missionary work by visiting certain old folks in the village and singing to them on Sabbath afternoons. It seems to bring a breath of life's springtime again into their lives and inspire them with new hope in God.

Miss Rene Strickler is spending a few weeks in Iowa and Colorado.

Elder Rosenwold, class of 1906, is holding tent meetings at Gowrie, Iowa.

Otto Owen, who was a student in '07-'08, is canvassing near Muskogee, Oklahoma, for "Daniel and the Revelation." His orders average about \$175 per week.

Misses Minnie Kirkle and Edith White are attending Normal Institutes at Alliance, Nebraska, and Shattuck, Okla., respectively. Both expect to teach next year.

George Jenks is field missionary agent for the Oklahoma Conference, with headquarters at Oklahoma City. His wife, formerly Miss Etta Oppy, is engaged in the canvassing work.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rouse of St. Joe, Mo., visited Mr. and Mrs. Delwin Eno from Thursday until Friday. Mrs. Rouse is a sister of Mrs. Eno, who was formerly Miss Kiehnhoff.

Earl Seward, of Shattuck, Oklahoma, expects to return to Union next year. The enrolment of Oklahoma students for the coming year will probably be much larger than it was during '08-'09.

August Anderson has been attending the North Dakota and South Dakota camp-meetings. Mrs. Anderson and little daughter Adelaide accompany him while he is engaged in the tent work.

As you glance down the news items remember that we would like to see your name there also. It might cheer some lonely laborer far away to learn that you are still in the fight. Don't let the next number be issued without a note of your whereabouts and present occupation. If you meet a College friend or hear something about one, jot it down and send it to us. Your friends and the friends of Union will be made glad thereby and we will all be brought a little closer together. Will you do it?

A. N. A.

John Reinhardt, of Shaffer, Kans., is moving to the View.

Miss Sarah Peck has returned from her trip to Conference.

Mrs. Johnson and daughter Genevieve have been visiting in the View recently.

Miss Winnie Hunt has returned to her work in Hastings, after visiting her sister Dr. George at Nashville, Tennessee.

Mrs. A. L. Reynolds visited her sister, Mrs. C. C. Lewis, Wednesday, June 21st. She was on her way to her home in Minden, Nebr.

Alfreda Mortensen, is canvassing at Clarke, S. Dak. She has found individuals interested in the Truth and has had a splendid experience.

"We are here, building bridges, swimming creeks, and bumping the bumps. Book sales are good and mountain air and scenery are as usual." R. S. Irvine.

J. F. Simon writes from Jamestown, S. Dak., "We are having a good camp-meeting, the spirit of God is very near. There are thirty tents more than last year, and even yet we are crowded."

George Eickman and A. G. Wagner of Tangier and Gage, Oklahoma, respectively, are working on their fathers' farms. They find that it is not a hard matter to keep busy with such crops as Oklahoma is producing this year.

Elmer Blue is with his brother Irvine and Glenn George in the tent work. He writes that they are having splendid success, that God has blessed their efforts, and that some people say they have heard more Bible truth than ever before in their lives.

Eld. J. N. Anderson, of the Chinese Mission Field, stopped on his way to California and spent a few days in College View. His visit was a blessing to all who listened to his clear, forcible pictures of Chinese life and the work of our missionaries among that people.

Miss McCutchen expects to make a tour of Mexico, while selling magazines.

Ethel Titus started home Thursday. She will stop at Denver to visit Stella Parker.

Vesta Cummings has returned to her home at College View. She has been attending school at Harvey, N. Dak.

The young people's society was favored by a talk in which Eld. J. N. Anderson gave an interesting sketch of our work in China. We have now entered five provinces and work has been started in six languages so that we now have access potentially to nine-tenths of the 429,000,000 people of China. One of the great needs now is a school in which the children of the missionaries may be properly educated.

Eld. J. N. Anderson spoke in church Sabbath morning taking as his text 2 Peter 3: 8, 9, "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise." Elder Anderson showed how the fulfillment of this great promise of Christ's second coming is being rapidly hastened. The gospel is going with tremendous rapidity in this century and nations once closed are now opened wide so that the gospel is proclaimed with freedom and will soon be preached to every creature.

J. N. Anderson spoke to the South Hall family Friday evening when he gave an account of the work of J. P. Anderson, who went from Union College to China, where he engaged in the canvassing and school work and is now laboring among the Haaka people. The work in China requires a man of education and experience, a trained and seasoned man who is able to meet the unexpected and be a leader among a race of men who are adepts at reading human nature. J. P. Anderson is a man much older than his years and peculiarly fitted for this line of work.

L. S. Egan is farming at Humboldt, S. Dak.

A daughter was born to Prof. and Mrs. D. E. Huffman, July 4th.

Miss Inez Shultz expects to take the nurses' course at Boulder in the fall.

Mrs. Emerson has been assisting in the children's work at the Kansas camp-meeting in Council Grove.

Professor Witzke has been suffering from an attack of nervous prostration, but is now slowly convalescing.

Prof. W. H. Buxton, of Keene, Tex., has arrived. He will be connected with the Mathematics department of the College during summer school and through the coming year.

The Sanitarium celebrated the Fourth by a picnic dinner and a short program followed by a base ball game between the gentlemen and lady nurses. The score was thirty-five to fifteen in favor of the ladies.

The South Hall family and friends held their celebration on the 5th. All their picnic plans were dispelled by a heavy rain, but nevertheless they made merry in the dining room. A tasty dinner was served in picnic fashion and an interesting program was rendered. The company was honored by the presence of Uncle Sam himself dressed in his gayest. He told some interesting things about his rapid growth and strength. O. Ward was the personifier. Pres. Lewis talked on "Liberty" and a quintette of South Hall young ladies sang "Farmer Girls." The afternoon was pleasant so that the company enjoyed games on the campus,

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