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The Educational Messenger

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College Days*

We are parting to-night, but no shadow of gloom
Upon our last meeting shall fall;
For withering roses give sweetest perfume,
Last moments are dearest of all.
We know not if parting be transient or long,
Or where wend our separate ways;
But we'll twine of the garlands of friendship and song
A wreath for the old college days.

Through the flood-gates of memory a mellow stream pours,
Like a tide that returns in its flow;
And the waves rippling soft on Time's mystical shores
Are the echoes of days long ago.
'Tis with us as the exile who bidden to roam,
The loved spot that reared him surveys;
For dear as the memory of mother and home
Are the dreams of the old college days.

But away! There's a voice from the on-coming years,
There's a call from the land and the sea;
Farewell, for the pathway divided appears,
And scattered afar we shall be.
But the sad shall find comfort, the toilers find rest,
The wand'rer have cheer as he strays;
And each shall be true to the noblest and best
As he dreams of the old college days.

Chorus

Oh the old college days, oh the old college days,
With friendship and joy brimming o'er;
Like a leaf on the blast, or a flake on the stream,
Like a tide ebbing fast, or the voice of a dream,
They are gone and we'll know them no more.
But a glory shall crown them like that on the hill,
Resplendent in autumn's bright haze;
And our hearts as we wander in gladness shall thrill
With a dream of the old college days.

Commencement Week at Union College

The graduating exercises of the class of '08 were held in the Seventh-day Adventist church, beginning Thursday evening, May 21. The church was simply yet artistically decorated with ferns and cream roses. Above the rostrum, where the graduates were seated, were the words which the class have chosen as their life aim and motto, "To Hasten His Appearing."

The class day program, given Thursday night, seemed greatly enjoyed by all. It consisted of three

*Words by Eugene Rowell. Music by Winnifred Collins and Lora Smith.

addresses, the class poem, and the farewell, all of which are published in somewhat condensed form in this number. The song, "The Old College Days," written and composed by members of the class, was sung by the entire class to conclude the program.

Sabbath morning, May '23, the teachers, alumni and students, who marched over from the College and assembled in the auditorium of the church, listened to an inspiring sermon by Professor Kern, teacher and personal friend of the graduates. The words of love and cheer, and the closing admonition to "crucify self, exalt Christ, live for him," shall long be remembered by those who are just entering the wide world, "To Hasten His Appearing."

Sunday evening we met for the final words of counsel and good cheer given by Elder A. G. Daniells. Upon the young people who go out from our institutions there rests great responsibility as they herald the message of Revelation fourteen. This excellent address, as well as the sermon by Professor Kern, will be printed in a future number of the MESSENGER.

The grand finale was conducted by President C. C. Lewis, who presented each graduate with that mysterious roll of paper which means so much, yet says so little. Besides awarding diplomas to the graduates, sixteen students received certificates for completing courses of academic grade, and then—"farewell to the old College days."

Among the many gifts to the graduates was a neatly printed ribbon book mark for each member of the class—the gift of the '07's. Having no better way we take this occasion to thank the class of '07 for their very fitting remembrance.

The Seniors feel grateful for the services of the director of the Music Department and the energetic Juniors whose untiring labors made our closing days so happy and successful.

As an expression of their love and gratitude, the class of '08 have left with their Alma Mater a seven volume set of Hastings' Bible Dictionary, hoping that its pages may be finger-worn and pondered over by the future students of dear old Union.

Union College has just graduated her largest class. From Dakota to Mexico, from California to Michigan, they came here to prepare for service. And now they go out with the world as their field, twenty to labor as teachers, five as ministers, two as medical missionaries, and two as office workers, possessed of one purpose,—“To Hasten His Appearing.”

The members of the class are as follows:—

Scientific: Edith A. Rigby, Harry M. Bonniwell, M. D.

Literary: Albert E. Smith, Zelma Small, Lillie M. George, Inez L. Hoiland, Florence M. Aul, Otto M. John, Leonard A. Rucker, Emma E. Christensen, J. Irving Beardsley, Emily A. Johnson, Lora E. Clement, Edith R. Shively.

Ministerial: Eugene Rowell, Martin Anderson, Cush Sparks.

Conservatory Music: Winnifred M. Collins.

Normal Music: Lora G. Smith.

Voice: Marion Crawford, Ernest C. Eden.

German: Hannah V. Reinhardt, Isaac C. Schmidt, Herman F. Neumann, Augusta Schneider.

Swedish: Anna Shield, Arvid Bjurstrom, Esther Bergquist.

Danish-Norwegian: James D. Johnson.

Certificates were granted to the following:

Sacred Music Course: Etta Oppy, Bertha Lewis, Annie Isaac, Homer Teesdale, John A. Westermeyer, Mary V. Wall, Glenn O. Hodson, Hattie D. Valentin, Gertrude Akins, Carrie B. Teel, Beatrice Baharian, Leon Twining.

Business Course: John A. Westermeyer.

Shorthand Course: Florence M. Peterson, Olive Boutelle.

Academic Course: Beatrice Baharian.

Business Penmanship Course: Ernest C. Eden, Ruth Teesdale, Homer Teesdale.

Class President's Address

J. I. BEARDSLEY

The plan of seed time and harvest is one of the laws of nature. Centuries ago Solomon wrote that there was a time to plant and a time to reap. Some things are harvested soon after planting; others in months; and still others require years of careful and painstaking effort on the part of the husbandman before he can reap the fruit of his labors. Once more we have reached the time of College reaping and in schools all over the land the harvest of graduates is in progress.

Commencement time marks the beginning of life's work—the time allotted chiefly to preparation. Existence holds responsibilities too great for the amateur. The trained hand of the well-instructed is necessary to turn into polished successes the crude opportunities of nature.

The tools for the workman in life are brains, hands, and circumstances, and it is the office of education to teach the apprentice in life their proper use. Every well-born youth is endowed with two hands and a sufficient supply of brains to direct in their manipulation. These brains by cultivation may become those of a farmer or a statesman—of an author or of an inventor—of a wise man or of an idiot.

For centuries, hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth, two bits of ore lay side by side. One day a miner uncovered them with his pick, and sent them to the surface, where they were sold for one-fifth of a cent per pound. Side by side they went through the process of refining,—crushing, burning, melting, and molding,—until after a period of separation they met again. The one was a weight to which a grocer's boy tied his horse before a customer's door. The other formed a part of a king's watch and regulated the times of a nation.

It requires extensive observation to enable one, even partially to appreciate the wonderful extent to which all the faculties are developed by mental cultivation. The nervous system grows more vigorous and active; the touch is more sensitive and there is greater mobility of the hand.

In a weaving room filled with girls above the average in character and intelligence, was one who was highly educated, and though length of arm and strength of muscle are advantages in weaving, this girl always wove the greatest number of pieces in the room and drew the largest wages at the end of the month. Employers tell of many similar instances, and manufacturers have long since agreed that intelligent workmen can do more and better work than ignorant ones.

Circumstances, while not a physical tool, are one with which we must reckon at all times, and there is no time like our school days when we can better learn how to meet and surmount every adverse circumstance, as well as how to improve to the fullest extent those that favor our plans. In school the student learns the causes that bring various circumstances to pass. He learns how to control these causes, so that he in a measure controls his own circumstances; or meeting those he can not control, his knowledge of their causes gives him the necessary courage to bear them.

School days, then, are the polishing and sharpening days of life. It is on the grindstone of school discipline that the dull wits of the farmer boy become sharpened, and the shy nature of the country girl is polished into confidence.

Some one has truly said that “education is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no crime destroy—no envy alienate—no despotism enslave. At home a friend; abroad an introduction; in solitude a solace; in society an ornament. Without it, what

is man? A splendid slave, a reasoning savage."

But education is not all. A refined classical education is not indispensable, neither does it always make a man more useful. He who from his childhood to his majority has been incarcerated within the limited circumference of his school room, may have mastered the classics, but he is destitute of that knowledge of men and things that is indispensably necessary to prepare him for successful intercourse with men, or for action either in private or public life. Classic lore and polite literature are very different from that fund of common sense fit for every day use, that he must have to render his relations with society pleasing to himself or agreeable to others. He may have a large fund of fine sense, but if he lacks common sense he is like a disabled ship in a fog drifting among the shoals and breakers of a dangerous coast.

True, many men, as Sherman or Franklin, have become great without ever seeing a college, but in this enlightened age and in this free country, all who will may drink deep at the pure fountain of science. Ignorance is a voluntary misfortune. The young man or young woman having the opportunity—and every one has—to obtain a college education, who for any reason other than poor health or the care of invalid parents, neglects to supply his mind with the advantages to be obtained in the higher institutions of learning, goes willingly into intellectual poverty. Education of every kind has two values—as knowledge and as discipline. Besides its use as guidance in conduct, the acquisition of each order of facts has also its use as a mental exercise; and its value for complete living must be considered under both these heads. Education can not be obtained without pains and application. It is deep and troublesome digging for pure water, but when once you come to the springs they rise up to meet you.

Says Swedenborg: "It is of no advantage to a man to know much unless he lives according to what he knows, for knowledge has no other end than goodness, and he who is made good is in possession of a far richer treasure than he whose knowledge is the most extensive and yet destitute of goodness; for what the latter is seeking by his acquirements the former already possesses."

Aside from the advantages of youth one of the most agreeable consequences of education is the respect and importance it imparts to old age. Men should rise in character as they rise in years; they become venerable because of what they know; pleasing from what they can impart.

Character

INEZ. L. HOILAND

The greatest thing in the world is character. It is the only thing that counts. The Bible was written for it; the Saviour died for it; the standing of this

world depends upon it. More lasting than the pyramids, more enduring than the hills and the everlasting mountains is character. It is the one imperishable thing in all the universe co-existent with eternity. When earth's mighty monuments shall have crumbled in dust, when the history of men, nations, and empires has faded into oblivion; when this old earth has been burned, there will stand forth unharmed and unchanged to endure through eternity, the greatest thing in the world—character.

But, like the diamond, the most precious jewel is also the rarest. The thing most to be desired is the least thought of, the least sought after. The world is madly rushing to destruction through base idolatry. Men are bowing down to the triplet gods of wealth, fashion, and pleasure. In a frenzy of rivalry they hasten to lay their offerings at their shrine, meanwhile trampling in the dust the pearl of great price—the one thing needful. But in the midst of this apostasy there are a few who have not bowed the knee to Baal; a few who are striving to rescue the pearl from the dust and hold it up to the world. It is these few who are preserving society from the death to which it is surely tending. The world is morally sick and its only cure can be found in a renewed life, in the development of character pure and noble. It is the greatest need of the hour.

Let us represent character by an engine. Before the engine can do its work there must be beneath the rails a firm foundation of soil and wood and rock. So the foundation of character as given in 1 Cor. 3:11 is Christ: "For other foundation can no man lay than is laid, even Jesus Christ." Not a foundation of hay, sand, stubble, but the enduring Rock of Ages. To really know the love of the greatest of men, to know His life, to know Him is the secret of power, of character. Every atom of greatness found in the lives of men is a part of that great Life, and the more perfectly this has been recognized and acknowledged as such the greater has been that life.

In studying our pattern we must know the principles which made Him great. And here we discover the two rails upon which the character engine runs. Self-sacrifice and self-control were the principles which brought the Christ-life into perfection, and upon these character is dependent. As long as the engine is kept on these two rails there will be no moral wreck, no fatal disaster.

It is said of Christ, "From his earliest years he was possessed of one purpose: He lived to bless others." The law of nature is that of self-sacrifice or ministry to others. "There is nothing save the selfish heart of man that lives unto itself. No bird that cleaves the air, no animal that moves upon the ground but ministers to some other life. There is no leaf of the forest or lowly blade of grass but has its ministry. The sun sheds its light to gladden a thousand worlds. The ocean, itself the source of all

our springs and fountains, receives the streams from every land, but takes to give."

There is a strange paradox which says, "What I gave I have; what I kept I lost," but it is a law of life. Just as love and kindness go out of our lives toward others is there room for more and still more until we become reservoirs of blessing ever filling and over-flowing to others.

History records two classes of great men and women: the one, which like the flash of lightening attracts the whole world by its sudden splendor and then is gone; the other, which like the light of the sunshine quietly and continuously without any noise, but spreading life and joy everywhere. The former live for self alone: the latter live to bless others. Napoleon is a good example of the first class. Never was there such a leader so endowed and so weaponed. He carried all Europe before him,—burned cities, squandered treasures, and spread consternation everywhere. Every eye was fixed upon this great man who was first in war, but ah, not first in peace and in the hearts of his country-men. Napoleon had met many a moral Waterloo before he entered upon that battle. The life that was lived in self died in solitude, and when the lonely exile retired defeated from the battle field of life, there was but one to mourn him, his noble Josephine, who in spite of the most cruel wrong she had suffered at his hands, remained faithful to her ignoble hero. The poorest peasant who makes one soul happy through a life of service is greater than Napoleon.

How different is the picture of the "Lady with the Lamp" as she glides noiselessly among the sick and dying, here bathing the fevered brow, there soothing the anguished sufferer. No wonder the weary soldiers turned to kiss her shadow as she passed by. One hour of Florence Nightingale's life was worth more than the whole span of Napoleon's career. By the one, thousands of hearts were made glad; by the other, as many were ruthlessly wiped out of existence with the hand of death.

The other rail upon which the character engine runs is self-control. "The greatest battle fought in life by every heroic soul who seeks to conquer in strife is self-control." Of the kingdom within us God has appointed each one of us as rulers; and according as we exercise this divine appointed Kingship are we masters or slaves: masters of our appetites, passions and ambitions, or their miserable slaves. Self-control is the great weapon of defence against the enemies of character.

In no character has this quality been more strikingly displayed than in the life of the world's greatest legislator. For forty years Moses led a rebellious, stiff-necked people, listened to their murmurings against him and his God, bore with their backslidings, and patiently endured their complaints. Only once in all that struggle did he lose his self-control, and

that one hasty word cost him the entrance into Canaan—the one bright hope to which he had been looking forward during all those wanderings. But how did this great leader gain his self-mastery? First of all, he surrendered worldly ambitions the highest, riches the greatest, education the most advanced, for the honor of God, and not until this complete surrender had been made did God undertake his special training. Then began a forty years' course in self-discipline. For every year of service as leader of God's people Moses spent a year in the wilds of Midian as in a school, and not until every trace of pride and selfishness had been removed did he graduate. And not until his forty year post-graduate course was completed did he receive his diploma—the well done which permitted him to enter the heavenly Canaan, there to meet Jehovah face to face.

But this work of character building is not of the nature of the mushroom, springing up in a night and then shriveling away; it is the slow, steady growth which comes through the conquering of trifles.

"We rise by the things that are under our feet
By what we have mastered of good or gain
By the pride deposed and the passion slain
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."

Each victory gained, however small, is an additional strength to the bulwark of character. We think of Abraham Lincoln as the restorer of freedom to four million slaves—but before that hand had signed the famous proclamation it had served to raise up the fallen and lessen the unhappiness of those about him. The heart of him who wept at the great American curse was also stirred with pity at the sight of a bird lost from its nest and the very same hands which broke slavery's chain tenderly restored that bird to its nest in safety.

Along the central coast of California a few miles north of San Francisco there is a mountain which gently slopes from its summit of three thousand feet down to the ocean. It is said that of all the scenes of beauty which this state offers she has reserved her favorite picture for him who witnesses a June sunrise from the top of this mountain. One summer night a company of twenty began the eight mile journey. I shall not attempt to describe the utter weariness of those long hours as we climbed that narrow, rocky path, guided only by the faint light of the stars, stumbling over rocks and brushing against shrubbery that persisted in obstructing our pathway. Nothing save the assurance of the coming sunrise kept us perseveringly climbing onward. With the first gray streaks of dawn we reached the summit and the beauty of that morning panorama was full recompense for the night's toil. We were above the clouds: not even the faintest outlines of the great city or the ocean could be seen; all lay quietly sleeping under a coverlet of fleecy clouds. But as the first rays from the east gleamed across the valley, the clouds slowly rose and finally vanished before them. Below us, lay

San Francisco Bay with its surrounding cities, and the Queen of the West with her harbor filled with ships just awakening to the morning activity, her western shore gently lapped by the breakers of the Pacific. In the quiet San Rafael valley we could see the network of sloughs like white silken threads intertwined and entangled. The morning sun shining on the sparkling water of the bay filled the scene with splendor.

So it is in the slow, steady climb for character. At times utter darkness may enshroud us; the path may be narrow and rough and stony; we may even fall and become bruised, but with each advancing step we get nearer to the goal, nearer to that summit of perfection toward which we are climbing. The hope of reaching that end, of seeing the Sun of Righteousness, will lead us on until we shall be above the clouds of sin. Then only can we get the true perspective of life, the broad, open view of God's great plan. And it is the privilege of every one to attain to this character. It makes not an iota of difference whether we be rich or poor, talented or not, God has given us everything in the heritage of character and in spite of every disadvantage, we can through faith in Him attain to it. There can be no monopoly on character. No Rockefeller or Morgan can get a corner on the market. It is open to the poorest of the poor. He with only one talent may nourish and cultivate that until it grows into a dozen, and no disadvantage of person, lineage or fortune can prevent it.

It is needless to refer to the difficulties which made our great men what they were, but an incident from the life of Lincoln may help to show how independent character is of external circumstances. During an exciting campaign, one of his sturdy opponents approached him and said, "So you're Abe Lincoln?" "That's my name, sir," replied Lincoln. "They say you're a self-made man." "Well, yes, what there is of me is perhaps self-made," modestly replied Lincoln. The old man looked him over from head to foot and as he scanned those angular features and that lank, awkward frame, he replied, "Well, all I've got to say is that it was a pretty poor job." But Abraham Lincoln was not posing as a model of art. When the whole country was ringing with the praises of honest old Abe, who thought of the color of his eyes, or the grace of his figure? Every inch of the awkward rail splitter was blessed in the hearts of the people and there stirred in every breast the memory of that kindly face, and those eyes from whose depths there gushed forth hidden springs of greatness. It was the soul of Abraham Lincoln that shone out in spite of an uncouth exterior.

The flowers of beauty are fragrant while they last, but a golden character far outlasts them all: the one is withered by a warm blast of wind, the other, only polished and beautified by the hot flames of the furnace. Greatness comes from within. The worth of the engine does not consist in its highly polished ex-

terior, its size or particular make. It is the mighty force working within which sets in motion the ponderous wheels and sends them with flying speed over mountain and valley. With most of us the character engine has hardly begun the ascent: we have been laying the rails. Need we be discouraged if the work seems slow? Listen, "Through faith in Christ every deficiency of character may be supplied, every defilement cleansed, every fault corrected, every excellence developed." Education, page 257. And here we are back to the foundation again. "No other foundation hath man laid than is laid, even Jesus Christ."

"From a perishing world there comes the call for men and women who will not be bought or sold, men who in their inmost souls are true and honest, men who do not fear to call sin by its right name: men and women whose conscience is as true to duty as the needle is to the pole: men who will stand for the right though the heavens fall." It is the need of the hour.

The Call

OTTO M. JOHN

Another year has passed and still there comes the call for workers to bear glad tidings of salvation to earth's teeming millions. The great controversy between truth and error has been waging for nearly six thousand years and each year the issue becomes clearer and the conflict sharper. The campaign has been marked off by crises, and to-day we are on the verge of the last and greatest crisis which the world will ever see. It is a time when the strongest forces will be put into the field to make a last grand rally.

The enemy is not content to use ignorant men only. He is utilizing the best talent which this world can afford, for he realizes that it is a life and death struggle and no chances of defeat can now be run. Enlisted under his banner are men possessing keen, trained minds. Years of preparation are employed in developing mental and physical powers which are used for the sole purpose of serving the god of this world.

Hence the great need of trained workers on the side of right. The Christian warrior of to-day should have a three-fold training—physical, mental, and spiritual. The physical side of his nature should be well trained that it may serve as a proper foundation for intellectual and spiritual development. It must withstand the strain and fatigue which are the lot of every soldier.

God has endowed man with intellect. Each individual possesses hidden talents which he can develop and use. The man whose mental faculties are well developed has the advantage over the untrained man. His mind is keen and penetrating and has undergone the strict discipline of an education which fits him with the power to distinguish between truth and error. The moment a problem confronts him, he immedi-

ately sets about to solve it. The trained mind cannot be easily deceived, and not only does it become master of circumstances but it enables a man to perform greater service. In looking into history we find that back of great reform movements there were men of intellectual power. We at once recognize a Moses, a Paul, and a Luther—men who having received a thorough training consecrated it to the cause of truth. That is what we need to-day.

But let us not forget that higher and more important than physical and intellectual training is spiritual training. The mechanism of the mind may be developed to wonderful perfection, but unless vitalized by the Spirit it is worthless in saving a fallen race. After receiving his education in the courts of Egypt, Moses passed long years in the Midian wilderness communing with God and learning lessons of faith, meekness, and unselfishness. Then it was he became a servant of God in a great work. The most complicated and perfect motor is unservicable unless charged with a strong electric current. So it is with the faculties of a human soul. Unless charged with the current from the heavenly Dynamo they cannot fulfill their highest purpose.

As we stop to consider the magnitude of the work to be accomplished in this generation, we are impressed with the great need of efficient workers. The lines of providence are fast converging to a point and human probation cannot continue much longer. What we do must be done quickly and thoroughly. There is no time for needless blunders. Young men and young women must be trained for the front where old warriors are falling one by one.

It may be thought by some people that at this eleventh hour we have no time for careful preparation. But we well know that the trained man can accomplish the same amount of work, better done, and in a shorter time than the untrained man. An unskilled bridge builder might construct a strong bridge by using scores of immense logs piled one on the other. A skilled architect would build a bridge of equal or greater strength, but less cumbersome and composed of less material. His success lies in knowing just how much material he needs, and just where to place it.

Wonderful opportunities are laid before our youth to-day. Institutions of learning are scattered over the land giving opportunity for intellectual and spiritual training. The Missionary Volunteer movement is bringing our young men and women into touch with the mission fields and offers them plans for systematic missionary work. Let us remember that "he is a Christian who aims to reach the highest attainments for the purpose of doing others good." God works with human instrumentalities and it is our duty to bring into use the powers which God has given us. "To Hasten His Appearing" is the motto that our class has chosen for a life watchword. It is the only end worthy of our efforts.

We have the full assurance that the battle is God's

and not Satan's. When the smoke has cleared away and Christ's faithful, battle-won soldiers march in review before their victorious Commander they will be greeted by the words "Well done, good and faithful servant." Throughout the ceaseless years of eternity they shall commune with God and study his wonderful love and great power.

Our Years are Thine

EUGENE C. ROWELL

'Mid friends and song and flowers and light
We stand, as we shall stand no more,
With happy years behind to-night,
And dim, uncertain years before.
Familiar past, and way unknown,
One claims a sigh, one wakes a fear—
Strange path we dare not tread alone;—
Speak, Lord, thy servants wait to hear.
Unlearned we, that cannot see;
But truth and wisdom dwell with thee.

Alas, how fleeting is man's breath!
How soon his empires waste away!
And, withered in the blast of death,
How soon his pride and strength decay!
How frail the labors of his hands!
How vain the strivings of his heart!
Like symbols traced on wind-swept sands,
His glory and his name depart.
But mysteries known to thee alone
Make all eternity thine own.

Thou stretchest forth thy mighty rod,
Thy voice rolls through the boundless deep;
And constellations own their God,
And worlds and suns in order sweep.
Thy hand put forth, thy breath withdrawn,
Thine anger poured on land or sea,
And like a shadow man is gone;
For time and judgment rest with thee.
We stand or fall as thou dost call,
Thou King of kings and Lord of all.

O God of heaven, our years are thine
To make all thou wouldst have them be:
We pray thee, seal us with a sign
That marks us heart and soul for thee
Lord, help us sense this vital hour,
That we may far thy truth proclaim
Ere mountains tremble at thy power,
And heaven and earth are wrapped in flame:
From ages past, while ages last
'Tis God alone that standeth fast.

Lord, we would first know thy commands,
Then hasten that we may fulfill,
With consecrated hearts and hands
And feet made swift to do thy will.
Above all lingering, all delay,
Each pleasing lure and worldly snare,
Straight as an arrow wings its way,
We would thy message onward bear:
The hour is tolled; O earth, behold
God's judgment robes on storms unrolled.

Clothed with thy saving righteousness,
Lord, send us forth like showers of rain
O'er earth's drear desert of distress,
With healing balm for all its pain.
There is so much of wrong to right,
So much is bound that must be free—
O give us of thy grace and might,
That we may do all things for thee.
We are so frail, so prone to fail;
But thou, oh Lord, canst but prevail.

It may be where the strife is fierce,
It may be where the storm is high;
Where weapons wound or brambles pierce,
Or even in thy cause to die;
Yet toil is ease and pain is sweet,
And thorny paths are beds of flowers—
Dear Lord, our gifts are at thy feet;
O take these humble hands of ours.
Weak hands, ah yes; but thou canst bless,
And make them strong for righteousness.

Far, far from home, from happy years,
 From worldly hopes that we resign,
 Where dreary northern waste appears,
 Where Orient beams, or tropics shine;
 From day to day, from place to place,
 Ere seas be dead and shores be dumb,
 We call on men to seek thy face;
 For lo, the ends of earth are come.
 The land, the wave, shall be a grave;
 But, Heavenly Father, thou canst save.

Then grant us on victorious wing,
 When dawns thy glad eternal day,
 Triumphant over death to sing
 Rejoicing on the homeward way,
 When, labor o'er and victory won,
 United, joyous, ransomed, free,
 Past rolling star and glowing sun,
 We follow, Lord, to be with thee
 Where endless shine in beams divine
 The kingdom, power, and glory thine.
 Amen.

Farewell

EMILY JOHNSON

Farewell! We have said it often and yet it falls with strangeness upon our ears. It carries with it a certain sadness, and it often gives us pain as with throbbing heart we clasp the hand of one we love and whisper the parting word. We sometimes wonder, "Why must it be? Why all this change, these painful partings?" May it not be that He who doeth all things well has ordained even this for our good? We sometimes grieve our friends when we have them always by our side, but called to part with them our hearts grow tender, and the ties that bind us become stronger. In this parting hour we have no desire to think of past estrangements, but all our hearts beat in unison and love, as we utter that sad, sweet word—Farewell.

The birdling thinks it a trying moment when it is forced from its nest and falls headlong into the air. It would so much rather stay in its cozy nest and be fed; but the mother bird knows there are greater possibilities before its bird nature in learning to use its wings, and no wings, however large, can lift a bird upward unless they are used. The time has come for us to use our wings. A little awkwardly it may be done at first, but strength grows with exercise, and we have the assurance, "as thy day so shall thy strength be." Somewhat reluctantly we take our flight: for we love our Alma Mater. We shall miss her friendly shelter in days to come, but the principles which we have here been taught can never be forgotten, and be true to them we will.

Swiftly our college days have passed. We have paused in our work from time to time to think of our purpose in coming here, and to look upon the fields whitening for the harvest. As we have listened to the cry of need from every quarter of this sad old earth, our hearts have been moved with compassion, and we have longed to throw our lives into the furrow of the world's need. But the Master Worker has said "Not yet. My cause demands trained workmen, who can gather in the harvest with skillful hand." Now our days of preparation are ended, and cheerfully we give our lives, our time, our intellect to be used in the place where each can serve the best.

Our education does not close with this commencement hour. Though our places in Union College will be filled by others we shall still be enrolled in that wider school,—the school of life. In this school every day is a commencement day, and every hour an examination hour. The purpose of our training here has not been to fit us for the honored position or the easy place in the world's work. The work to be accomplished in life's school is the preparation for an entrance into the higher grade, the school above. This preparation is the perfection of Christian character, and the true test of character

is found in the willingness to take the hard place, and do the work that needs to be done though it bring no earthly recognition or reward.

Beloved teachers, in behalf of the class which I am proud to represent, I extend to you our sincere gratitude. For your labors of love and sacrifice we never can repay you. At the expenditure of your own lives you have labored untiringly, and by your faithful efforts have aroused the powers which once lay dormant, and have inspired us to higher aspirations and nobler purposes. You have not been satisfied when the daily routine of your work was done, but you have carried your students upon your hearts, and daily from the secret place of intercession have ascended fervent prayers for our success. But that which we will remember most of all is the influence of your sincere, devoted lives. In our daily associations as our lives have come in contact with your lives, we have felt that something of worth has touched us. As we enter upon our work this influence shall still be an inspiration to us, and I trust that the principle of each life may be, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

From the depths of our hearts to-night we thank God for the work of Christian teachers and for the principles of Christian education. That is well worth the highest endeavor. But of far more importance is the soul culture, and the principles of Christian character which a true education imparts. It is this which shall endure when "the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

The results of a true teacher's work may on earth receive no recognition, but the reward is none the less sure. Sometimes he is encouraged by seeing the seeds of truth he has sown spring up in the hearts of his pupils, and he is filled with joy as he sees fulfilled in their lives the prophetic words, "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree." But what joy will be his when the curtain is rolled back and he beholds with no dimming veil between the result of all that he has wrought.

Dear Juniors, and fellow students, to-night we must bid farewell to the pleasant associations that during our school days have done so much to sweeten all our lives. You will remain to complete your preparation for life's duties while we step out a few months in advance. As twin roses hold each other up by twining as they grow, so has your sympathy and kindness helped support us as we have climbed the ladder by your side. We realize keenly to-night that we have not always done our best in giving you an example worthy of imitation, but there is one true Ideal which we have tried to follow. We bid you consider Him.

Though we shall soon be separated from you, there are ties which shall unite us still. The same youthful blood courses through our veins; the same bright hope beams in all our hearts; and the same exalted purpose binds us to the cause we love. The task which confronts the youth of this denomination is great, but what opportunity it affords for grand achievement, and the development of all our powers of usefulness. The Master lays no demands upon our service. We answer to His call for volunteers, "Must I go?" The tender voice replies, "You may," and duty loses itself in privilege.

We may choose to spend our lives in pleasing our own selfish desires, but if we desire the fullest joy, the highest culture, we must seek them alone in a life of unselfish service. Says Dr. Geikie, "What can be more beautiful than a young life freely given to its God in the dew of its early hours with its strength and unbroken vigor? He likes the opening flower rather than one that is blown and fading." Only He who has created our faculties knows how to develop them to their highest capabilities, and if we let Him, He will fill life's measure full, and we shall be "complete in Him."

In these days of great achievement there throbs in every youthful heart a longing to be great. Few ever realize the

thing for which they long, but to each of us is given the privilege of being truly great. Do you ask how? The one whose name is greatest in heaven and in earth has said, "He that would be great among you let him serve." That we might better understand this principle the Master himself became a servant. He came to earth to minister, and at the end to give His life for those He served. It is written of Him, "Bright beams came out of his side, and there was the hiding of his power."

The reward of service even in this life is worthy of any sacrifice. But some day life's school must close, and then it will be found that service here was only a preparation for that larger, grander life in the school above. Those who

on earth have labored with the Master will be with Him when the angelic host shall join in that grand chorus, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in." When they enter those pearly gates they will find themselves at home. In that great school of the Hereafter, will be opened to our study vast fields of truth which here we have not time to enter. At the head of that school stands He who is infinite in wisdom, He who from eternity has stood in the councils of the Most High. Our fellow students will be the saints and the angels, and our school days there will never end. Dear friends, we hope to meet you all in heaven's glad commencement day. Until then, God bless you, and Fare-ye-well.

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Entered at the post office in College View, Neb., as second class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

News and Notes.

Miss Sina Gjerde goes to Eau Claire, Wisconsin, to engage in Bible work and canvassing.

Rudolph Nelson will spend the summer in connection with a tent company in Chicago.

James Johnson will assist Eld. H. Hansen in tent work in Omaha this summer.

Alfred Johnson has gone to Des Moines, Iowa, to assist E. Rosenwold in tent work.

J. N. Stokke, of Chicago, will connect with the Scandinavian Department next year as a teacher in singing.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Curtis, of Geneva, Kans., who have been visiting their son, B. M. Curtis, the College engineer, have returned to their home.

Eld. Andrew Nelson, President of the Oklahoma Conference, spoke in the church Sabbath morning. His discourse was timely and a source of encouragement to all.

S. Sorenson, Louis Hansen, Miss Olena Boose, and Miss Sophia Johnson will assist Eld. L. H. Christian in evangelistic work in Council Bluffs, Iowa, during the summer.

Thursday evening, May 28, the Promotional Exercises of the church school were held in the church. Following is the program: Piano Solo, Alyse Swedberg; Invocation; Piano Duet, Charge and Uhlans, Addie Soucey, Emma Herzer; President's Address, "Out of the Harbor," Ruby Wiseman; Essay, New Jerusalem, Lola Spear; Music, Boy's Orchestra; Essay, Radium, Floyd Miller; Reading, Church and World, Zella Schmaltz; Octet, church school; Biography, Mary Lyon, Lysle Spear; Reading, David and Goliath, Clara Nelson; Piano Solo, "Moonlight on the Hudson," Arthur Thorp; Reading, A Brave Boy, Lawrence Northrup; From the eighth grade, Onward, Inez Hoffman; Piano Solo, Alyse Swedberg; Promotion of eighth grade, Alma J. Graf; Class Song, We Have an Anchor, Ila Anderson; Farewell, in behalf of Class of '08, Helen Byington; Promotion of ninth grade, Lottie Bell; Benediction.

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Estimate of Expenses

We, the board of trustees of the village of College View, do hereby make and publish the following as our estimate of expenses for the year 1908.

Streets and Alleys.....	\$500.00
Sidewalks, St. Crossings and bridges.....	1,500.00
Police protection.....	900.00
General.....	850.00

Total.....\$3,750.00
Total revenue of College View, Nebr., for the past year....\$3,245.70

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Mr. and Mrs. J. Rollin Ferren spent a day in College View this week. They were on their way from Mountain View, Calif., to visit relatives at Sheridan, Wyo. Mr. Ferren is a former student of Union College, and is now connected with the circulation department of the Pacific Press Publishing Co., in Mountain View.