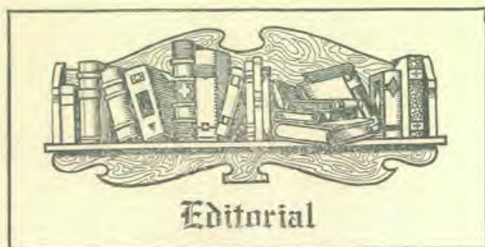


The Educational Messenger

VOL. 5

COLLEGE VIEW, NEBRASKA, NOVEMBER 25, 1909

No. 27



Editorial

Thanksgiving Greeting

To our readers we extend hearty Thanksgiving greetings. We rejoice with you in your thanksgiving.

Personally, our deepest gratitude is on the account of the growing good nature and generosity we see in the school between student and student, and between faculty and student-body.

We believe every individual in the school is coming to realize more and more that nobleness lies in everyone, and that whether he recognizes and appreciates that nobleness depends altogether on his own attitude toward it.

We find in others just what we are looking for. If we try to draw out of another the good there is in him, and contemplate only that, we are not only doing the right and generous thing by him, but we are obeying the injunction to think on whatsoever things are beautiful, and thus strengthening that which is good in ourselves.

If you are not feeling as happy and thankful as you should, just look about you and find something to be thankful for in the faces and hearts of your friends. You will brighten in spite of yourself, and then you will cause somebody else to be thankful.

E. L. S.



"The high duties are the high duties".

That Cup Again!

"A test recently made by Doctor Davidson, of Lafayette College, has caused school authorities to sit up and take notice. Dr. Davidson found that a cup which had been in use in a public school for nine days was so completely covered with human cells scraped from the lips of drinkers, that a pin's point could not be placed anywhere without touching several bits of skin."

It is time for us to stop and seriously consider before we use the cups in the college hall, particularly during these days when we are especially susceptible to tonsillitis, diphtheria, and other diseases easily transmitted by germs. Last year about this time, several cases of tonsillitis were attributed directly to the cup by the chapel door.

Drink between meals we should, and must, if we expect to retain health and good digestion; but it would not take us long to form the habit of carrying an individual cup, and then we might drink whenever and wherever there is water to be had, and with safety.

E. L. S.



How to Spend a Thanksgiving Day

Arise with cheerful heart.

Sincerely render thanks to God.

Go to breakfast with a bright face.

Do your work cheerfully.

Make somebody else thankful.

Attend and join in the thanksgiving services at the church.

Take some recreative exercise.

"Be bright yourself, though all the world be blue."

Get your lessons out of the way.

Close your eyes thankfully.

Present Reasons for Thanksgiving

PRESIDENT LEWIS

At this Thanksgiving time let us "count our many blessings o'er," let us "name them one by one," that, the reasons being more vivid, our thanksgiving may be more fervent.

And we do not have to look far for reasons for gratitude. They are all about us in the common blessings of life,—blessings so common that we are prone to forget them, or to receive and enjoy them with indifference, as if we ourselves were their source.

First there is food, without which we would all soon perish. We live in a land of plenty. Prosperity's smile is spread over all the face of nature. Our barns are bursting with grain for man and grasses for beast. Our cellars are filled with fruits and vegetables.

"Praise God for wheat, so white and sweet,
of which to make our bread!

Praise God for yellow corn, with which His
waiting world is fed!

Praise God for winter's store of ice! Praise
God for summer's heat!

Praise God for fruit tree bearing seed; 'to you
It is for meat.'

Praise God for all the bounty by which all the
world is fed!

Praise God His children all, to whom He
gives their daily bread."

But food without health can be but poorly enjoyed, even though for the enjoyment of food we often endanger our health. He who with food has health besides, has double cause for thanksgiving.

As Burns so aptly sung—

"Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit."

But what would food and health be without home and friends?—Means of existence, to be sure, and hence reasons for thankfulness. But their value is

greatly enhanced when we enjoy them in comfortable homes and share them with loving friends. Home, father, mother, sister, brother, husband, wife, son, daughter,—these are the dearest words in all languages, and doubly dear among Anglo-saxon and Germanic peoples, to which we nearly all belong. For home and friends, O God, we thank thee.

For the blessings of liberty we should be thankful. For these, our fathers, who gave us Thanksgiving Day, braved the perils of an unknown sea, and strove with the elements of an unbroken wilderness. For these they later fought and died. Though preyed upon by corporation greed at the present, and threatened with extermination by religious bigotry in the future, we yet enjoy a large measure of liberty of life, worship, and happiness. Let us be truly grateful for this priceless heritage purchased for us at so great a price.

Above all let us be thankful for the love of God, for faith in Christ, and for the hope of immortality. All other blessings may be taken from us, but these endure forever. Let hunger gnaw our vitals; let health depart from every nerve and fiber; let homes be burned and friends be laid away; let civil, commercial, and religious liberty be removed,—we may still rejoice because our souls are free. The eye of faith still looks for better things in the world beyond. For these eternal blessings, for the love of God which provides them for us, and for the gospel of this Son which reveals them to us, let us to-day be thankful.

And shall our gratitude rest only in empty words? Rather let us look about us and see if through misfortune any of our brothers or sisters in the great family of God are deprived of the blessings we have mentioned; and if so let us generously, out of our abundance, or even freely out of our poverty, share with them our bread, our service, our

love, that they with us may have cause for gratitude, and that we together may render an acceptable tribute of praise to God our common Father and to Christ our Elder Brother.



The Nature of Friendship

It is a noticeable fact in all our lives that we are sometimes better friends with our associates of only a few months, weeks, or even days than we are with some of our oldest acquaintances, those we have known from infancy. Perhaps in our college days we first become aware of this. After leaving home and the acquaintances we have known all our lives we find ourselves forming with comparative strangers firmer friendships than we have ever before experienced. We intuitively feel as if we had known these new friends all our lives, and the bond of attachment between us seems not to be measured by mere years.

Or perhaps we form a friendship for, not with, one whom we have never met, someone we have seen only a few times, someone whose personality has attracted us. We find ourselves intensely interested in the well being of a stranger, glorying in his success, lamenting his defeats, simply because something in his nature has attracted us. It may be some public character toward whom our friendship is directed, some one we have read about. We become interested in him, we admire, we respect, we idealize him, all because something in his character has appealed to us.

Time and again we find ourselves mentally deciding whether or not we shall like some one we pass on the street. We only catch a fleeting glimpse of the face, photograph its expression, the light of the eyes, whether it be kindly or not, and search our consciousness to know whether that nature was attractive or repulsive to us, plus or minus, so to

speak. He of the plus type has in his eye a touch of kindness, a gleam of human sympathy, a sort of unspoken welcome. The minus nature, on the other hand, voices aloofness, distrust, and repulsion so effectively that our own heart can never fail to interpret it correctly. Why is it that "all the world loves a lover?" It is because in his happiness he is so filled with the plus nature that he cannot help scattering some of the crumbs of it around upon a hungry world. He may lose a great deal of it later, but when he does he has ceased to be a lover; some other lover has taken his place.

Truly, friendship is a thing of the inner consciousness, of the soul, one of those things like the great emotions of love, anger, fear, which we cannot explain but know to be an actuality. As Emerson has said in his essay on "Friendship", "The heart knoweth."



How to Use the Library

The next time you enter the library for study, pause at the door and select the empty seat farthest from you; then make your way to it strenuously, whacking your heels into the floor. Pull out your chair, scraping all four of its feet with all your might; flop your books down on the table; give your chair another hitch; lean over to your neighbor and deliver a bit of news loud enough to be heard by all in the room; open your books, and spread out your elbows; complain of your "terrible rush" to the man across the table; and settle down to work. Yes, do all this—and then be surprised and furious if the librarian rings the bell.



Each of us has the power of making happier, sunnier, that little spot wherein our daily life is spent.—*Archbishop of Canterbury.*

A Dream

To-day when the bell for chapel rang, and the long lines of students began to surge through the big doors, and up and down the aisles, I wearily sighed as I laid aside the book I was studying, and looked up. I love to watch the faces as the students come to chapel exercises; there is such a variety of thought and character shown. There came two girls together. They were evidently not anxious over their lessons. Instead, their thoughts seemed to be of their dress, the style of their hair, and the appearance they made. Near-by was a girl who had not learned the secrets of the "art of pleasing." If these three girls could come to the "happy medium," what a blessing it would be! But there are girls and girls, and most of those who came in were carrying books and thinking of lessons.

I turned to watch the other door a moment. There came a boy who had played ball all the previous afternoon. He did not know his lessons to-day, and his face carried an "I don't care" look. There was his friend who had played an hour or so, but, to judge by his confident bearing he must have studied briskly before and after his exercise. There were noisy boys—whose tread made me thankful the floor is as solid as it is. There were also quiet, genteel boys—good students who carried power in their very bearing; boys who seemed to be making the most of their privileges; and the careless ones who would be better for more home training.

Quicker than it takes to write it, they found seats, and settled down to spend the chapel hour. But how they spent it! Some tried to make the most of the time visiting with their neighbors. Others were so studious (knowing some things, one must wonder if they ever study any other time)! A number were busy with their books at first, but as the exercises

began, these were laid aside while their owners gave good attention to the platform.

While I was engrossed in my reverie, I regret to say, I did not pay attention to the exercises as I should. Soon, as I watched, a change came over the chapel, and I saw what I had never seen before. Figures in white were patrolling the aisles and taking note of each student's conduct. One of these figures paused by a seat where two girls were whispering, and wrote something in a book which he carried. Strangely enough I could read it. It was, "Ill-bred, disrespectful to teachers, irreverent to God. These girls do not care to be ladies."

I saw another writing beside a boy who sat slouched down in his seat with his eyes shut. He wrote, "A weak will and lack of reverence for God's word. This boy is missing golden opportunities that would be his salvation if he were not too lazy to seize them."

Elsewhere an angel was writing, "This student has lost all sense of the true proportion of things. If study time had not been wasted last night, she would not feel the need of studying now. She is offering an insult to the One who is being worshipped, and is showing herself a person of ill-breeding."

The company began to sing, and the angels sorrowfully noted many who kept their seats, seemingly oblivious to the hymn, and they wrote, "These students are worshipping self and slothful ease. They are following the path of least resistance, and unless there are radical changes in their habits, they will never have a chance to sing before the throne in the new earth, for they would show the same indifference there."

A prayer followed the song, but many seemed indifferent. One angel wrote, "Irreverence, insulting rudeness to the servant of God who is presiding. Self rules in the hearts of these students who do not

humble themselves to kneel in the presence of God."

At last one of the angels stopped beside me and wrote, "'Could not ye watch with me one hour?' A golden blessing has been lost by this student because she weakly let herself be overcome by drowsiness instead of guarding against it."

I started as I read the angel's words, and the bustle around me as the students arose to be dismissed from chapel awoke me to a realization that what I had seen was a dream. But is it only a dream?

M. M.



Home Thoughts

Written for East Hall Reception by E. C. Rowell.

I am far to-night from the land I love,
The land of the dear green hills,
With the deepest of azure bent above
The high rough crag and the dark wild grove
Where the wind-song wakes and thrills,
And shadows glide o'er the mountain-side
And over the valley green and wide,
And torrents leap down the ragged steep,
Into a silvery lacework spun,
Through beaming morning and noonday sun
To the river's stately tide.

Ah yes, I am far from home to-night!
But I in a vision see
Still there in the windows of home a light,
Where close by the hearthside, warm and bright,
The loved ones speak of me.
And I hear a call from the dear old wall,
And the murmuring wind and the waterfall,
And all that is dear in the love of home,
Are calling, calling for me to come;
And my heart yearns for them all.

But my course, like that of a star, is set
And ruled by the Hand divine;
Though I long for the scenes that I cannot forget,
And would linger there still, I know that yet
The choosing is not mine.
As He calleth me over land or sea,
True to the onward course I'll be,
Tho' lone through the years the way appears;
And whate'er of love or home I've lost,
Whatever it be that the way has cost,
Sometime He'll restore to me.

In Chapel

We have noticed a very grievous thing. Of late it hath borne heavily upon us, and we can no longer restrain ourselves. Yea, verily, in the night time it haunteth us, and at chapel time it becometh unbearable. Not since the days when men dwelt in tents hath there been anything that can compare unto it, yea, verily, not since the days of the cave-dwellers. We are loath to reveal this abomination, but the spirit groaneth within us and we must give utterance. Oh, that we were eloquent, that we might make clear unto the small sons of men that sit in the back rows of the chapel seats, the awfulness of their condition. They come into the chapel and know not what to do. Verily, some think it is a place to lie down in. They come to their seats and straightway they put their feet on the back of their neighbor's seat, and their head they recline on the back of their own, and there they hang and think themselves comfortable. Others think that the chapel is a place to play in, and verily they make a great noise. The shuffling of their feet is as the sound of a great rising, and when the announcements are read, they delight themselves in the making of noise so that none may be heard. Yea, verily, some have been known to speak aloud so that when unexpectedly the music ceases, their voices are heard throughout the whole chapel. Then think they themselves wise for their much talking, yea they attribute great knowledge unto themselves because they are noticed by all that are in the chapel. Yet they remember not that there is a beast which is known for his bray, that can make more noise than they all, and still is not wise. Verily, the ways of man are past finding out and foolishness is bound up in the skull of all those who make disturbance in the back seats of the chapel.



Educational

Investigation and Revelation

Having treated of the beginning of knowledge in a former paper, I will pass over many intervening steps and come immediately to the consideration of a problem that confronts every thinking person sometime in his life. To most of my readers that time comes somewhere in their college course. The problem formerly stated is, What is the relation of investigation and revelation in the obtaining of knowledge? Is one method superior to the other? If so, which one? And how can these things be determined?

It will take but little consideration to know that revelation is our first means of acquiring knowledge. Our first ideas of the external world and its relation to us are communicated to us by our parents. Our ideas of right and wrong and of God come from the same source. But very early, too, investigation begins. The mother tells the child that fire will burn. That revelation does not however become positive knowledge until after investigation. The child establishes the truth of the revelation by experiment. During the first few years of his life he finds by experience that his mother's revelations are true, and he begins to believe implicitly in them, or he finds that her revelations are not true and he has no longer any respect for them.

In the child is illustrated the working of the adult mind. The normal mind bases all its knowledge upon investigation. Revelation must always be tested by the powers of reason. Faith is not irrational, it is not mere credulity.

How do we judge of truth? Is it not

by a process of comparison? I have at this time stored in my brain certain facts, or what I suppose to be facts, which I will call knowledge. Some one presents a new idea for my consideration. He tries to persuade me that it is truth. I compare it with my content of knowledge and if I find it compatible, I admit it as a truth to be used later in ascertaining the truth of other ideas.

When a man begins thinking, he has to start with a content of knowledge absorbed from his parents, his associates, and his teachers. His first task is to overhaul this content. His parents may have given him wrong ideas. These must be rooted up, and great indeed is that thinker who can clear himself from all the preconceived ideas of his childhood.

Having done this, he is ready to begin his acquisition of permanent knowledge. But now everything is subjected to scrutiny. Even the Bible itself must stand before the tribunal of reason. "Let every man be able to give a reason for the faith that is within him" is a scriptural injunction which applies very well in this place. In true education there is no place for the blind credulity of the middle ages. But someone says, "Do I understand you to say that I ought not to believe anything that I cannot reason out?" That depends entirely upon what you mean by that question. If you mean to ask me whether I am advocating a discarding of all that the human mind cannot fathom, I answer no; but if you mean to ask whether I am opposed to the acceptance of anything as truth because someone else has said so, I answer, yes.

We are directly accountable to God for the thoughts that we think, and the deeds we do, and it will not be enough to say in the great day, "My father did so and so, and he was a good man, therefore I did likewise." Such an an-

swer will be of no more avail to the one who had a Christian father than to one born in the darkness of paganism. We, as well as they, must investigate the premises of our faith.

In one way or another we must satisfy ourselves of the truth of the claims of the Bible. Some establish it one way, and others in another, while still others never establish it at all; but all by some method of investigation arrive at their conclusions.

Investigation, then, is the foundation of knowledge. Revelation stimulates investigation by opening up new fields of thought, and increases our realm of knowledge by going further than it is possible for investigation, unaided, to go. For after we have determined upon the authoritativeness of the source of revelation, knowledge obtained in that manner becomes as positive as any we may obtain through direct observation.

"The Relation of Science to True Education" will be the subject of the next paper.



My Creed

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;

I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;

I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

—Howard Arnold Walters in *Harper's Bazaar*.



The mind is a reflecting surface for eternal truths. This is inspiration, and as philosophical as to say the mind is a reflecting surface for physical truths.—*Mendenhall*.



"The brilliancy of the Bible depends on the setting we give it in our lives."

Are We to have a Christmas Vacation?

No, it is not yet Christmas; but Christmas is coming and so is New Years, so the question uppermost in the minds of some is, Are we to have a vacation? To the wise and staid professors, such a question may seem frivolous, and indicative of a lack of interest in one's work. It seems to him that students should be so interested in their work that it would be a grief to them to quit even for a day or two. But we are inclined to think that it is the most industrious student that is in the greatest need of the vacation. He has toiled hard and faithfully for three months and it is no more than fair that he be given a little time to recuperate. It is the custom in all the schools throughout the land to give this respite at the holiday times, and it seems to work for good. Two weeks time is not long enough to forget what he has already learned, and to be free from the grind of class room work for a little while will give him a new grip on things. And even the staid old professors will brighten up a little with a short rest and will come back to their class rooms better fitted to guide the feet of erring youth in the way of knowledge. And then, more potent than all these considerations is the fact that some of us are quite heavily loaded and we need a little time free from class room work to catch up in. Let's have a Christmas vacation! It is one of the natural rights of students.



Thank God every morning when you get up, that you have something to do which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and being forced to do your best will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred other virtues which the idle never know.

—Charles Kingsley.

Leaves from the Students' Notebooks

A View from the Hills

I stood one morning on the glacial hills that overlook the plain where I was born. The sun was just rising above the horizon of the east, and over all the western slope before me he cast his brilliant beams, lighting up the scattered dwellings of the farmers until they appeared like gilded palaces. It was in the month of June, and before me, far as eye could reach, stretched a sea of green. It was a scene of peace and plenty. No towering hills, or dark and fearsome woods were there to mar the beauty of the level prairie. It was a scene of awe-compelling wonder. Boundless are Thy works, O Lord. Oh, that men would praise Thee for Thy wondrous goodness to the children of men! One could not look on such a scene and not be better and nobler all the days of his life for having done so. It was a painting from the hand of God himself, and its theme was Peace and Love. In the morning light the homes of the people were flooded with glory, surpassing the brilliancy of the gilded domes of the palaces of kings. Surely, I thought, this is God's expression of the beauty of home life, and the simple joys of frugal toil.



A Misdirected Letter

On a certain day last summer, when I saw the mail man coming, I folded several sheets of paper I had written, put them into the envelope I had stamped and addressed, and gave it to him.

When he took it, I felt that my part had been done. I was sure the letter had said just what I intended, the pages were clean and the spelling correct, the envelope was sealed and the stamp was on. Nevertheless that letter did not do its duty.

Why? Ah! here's the trouble. It was one of those misdirected letters. I had

failed to put the name of the state on the envelope.

It was only a little mistake, but what did it mean? It meant that that letter was a worthless package of paper, even worse than worthless; I was expecting and trusting it to do its duty, but it never could; and, besides, it would be a nuisance among useful letters until it had been put where it would forever be out of other people's way.

Many young persons start out in life, obtain an education, have a bright future; but alas, they turn out failures. They were never properly directed. They did not aim towards any particular place where they wanted to go, or see anything they thought they would like, so they kept hunting something, some place.

These people look very much like other people, but when watched one can see that they are not traveling to any definite place. It is a pity that one can come so near being a success, yet because he has no goal in view, must be a failure.



Home

When on an evening I am weary, and I shut my eyes for a moment, I can see the house that stands on the hill two miles away from my home town. It is an old house, gray and wrinkled with the storms of a score of years; but it holds fond memories; for I can see there, too, in its rustic rooms, the faces of loved ones engaged in their evening work. The light slips out from behind the curtains, and whispers to the passing breeze the secrets of the bright interior, and the faded leaves on the autumn trees bend low to hear what the breeze may say as it rustles by in the dark. I stand on the threshold ready to turn the knob, when I open my eyes to find myself as far as ever from the home and house that I love.



Clouds and Sunshine

MILO D. WARFLE

Beyond the clouds the sun is shining;
What need is there for sad repining?
The clouds will drift away.
We know the sunlight of Christ's glory
Reflected from redemption's story
Will light us on our way.

The clouds may be all dark and dreary,
And we may feel all worn and weary,
Yet there's a Guiding Star;
And nothing can His light conceal,
For God His glory doth reveal
In gleamings from afar.



A Letter from C. N. Harvey

[We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Harvey, who, as all of last year's students will remember, were married here last winter, and went as missionaries to Bonaca. We feel sure our readers will be interested in hearing a part of the letter.—Ed.]

One might study geography a long time and never hear about the little speck in the world called Bonaca. It is one of a group called the Bay Islands, and lies in the Caribbean Sea, near Honduras. It is about fifteen miles long and five miles wide. From our cottage we can look out over the vast expanse of sea. There is a variety of vegetation. We have large cocoanut gardens, mango groves, bananas, yams, and bread fruit. Our trees are mostly oak and white pine. There are about two hundred people in our village. We have a nice church here, and many church privileges. We are very busy, and the Lord is blessing our activity. We can not do as hard work here as we could in the States, much more time for recuperation being needed. We are of good courage. Pray for us in the far South.

Important to Sabbath Schools

On account of the continual increase in the price of raw materials which enter into the production of our publications, the publishers, upon the advice of the recent General Conference Council, held in College View, Nebr., have arranged for an advance on the club rates of the *Youth's Instructor* and the *Sabbath School Worker*, after January 1st, 1910. Previous to that time, however, new subscriptions may be given for any part of, or for the entire year 1910; old subscriptions may be extended, or renewals ordered at the old rates, provided the orders are received by the publishers before January 1, 1910.

The new rate on the *Instructor* clubs of 5 or more copies to one address is 75 cents per copy for one year; 40 cents for six months; 20 cents for three months.

The new rate on the *Sabbath School Worker* in clubs of two or more copies to one address is 30 cents for a full year. Only yearly subscriptions on the *Worker* are received.

Old prices on single subscriptions for each of these papers remain unchanged.

Let all Sabbath Schools take notice of these changes in the prices of these important periodicals, and if possible extend present subscriptions for the entire year of 1910.



Attention of Periodical Agents

Our Publishing Houses having thoroughly demonstrated after several years of experience that it is not possible for them to produce the ten-cent magazines at the old rates without sustaining destructive losses on each year's business, are forced to advance agents' prices as follows: 5 to 40 copies, 5 cents each; 50 or more copies, 4 cents each. These prices will go into effect on the January business. All January ten-cent magazines will be furnished to agents at the new prices.



Culture is quality, not quantity, of knowledge.

Do Right, though the Heavens Fall

A boy and his mother were parting; he to his life work, she to the well-earned rest at the close of hers. But just before the boy was left alone, the mother said, "My son, I can not be with you to guide you farther on your way; see yonder star with these words upon it, 'Do right, though the heavens fall.' Follow that star to a better land than this."

With these words she was gone, and the boy with no one else to look to, began to look at the star and then to follow it.

The path over which the star led him was straight, narrow, and up-hill; at either side of it was a steep descent with rocks jutting out here and there.

The climbing was hard work and made him feel very weary at times, but the sides of the path looked too dangerous for him to try making his way to the road below, which led through a fertile plain and was lined with flowers.

However, the more he looked at the road, the less steep did the descent become, till at last there appeared a place where it seemed that he might leave the narrow path with safety.

As he turned aside and walked leisurely down the slope, he thought that regaining the path would be easy when ever he wished to make his way back.

Down the broad road went the boy, filling his hands with flowers, congratulating himself on the ease with which he traveled and the beauty of everything about him, thinking all the while that either way would bring him to his desired destination. But before long he began to see that the road he was following was taking him farther and farther away from the way which he knew to be right. Things did not appear as tempting as they once did. Even his flowers had faded, and those by the roadside had no perfume.

He thought of the star, the pleasure of

obeying the motto upon it, and the satisfaction of looking back on the hills he had climbed. Climbing was hard work, but a steady, stiff ascent was better than following a road which was taking all his strength by never making him use any of it.

He began looking for the star, but during the seemingly short time he had spent so foolishly the star had been going on, and it now appeared to be far away. But he was determined to go back; turning round he began to retrace his steps. And now something faced him which he had not thought of before—many people were following his footsteps. In vain did he tell them that they were following the wrong road; they would not go back; nothing he could say or do had any effect on them. They continued to move on in the downward way, and he, borne along by the tide, was about to despair, when a strong, gentle voice near by bade him take courage.

The voice revived hope; he looked at the one who promised aid. As he looked the rescuer said, "I have been to the end of this road that I might be able to help such as you who have wandered into it. The end of this way is death, but hold fast to me and you shall soon be back under your star."

After many struggles and hard climbs they felt hard ground beneath their feet, and the boy had his eyes once more fixed on the guide of his earlier days. The star never shone so brightly before, never had there been such pleasure in following it.

It is enough to say that his experience with ways that appeared easy was enough to keep him from following one of them again. Hereafter, the time which was given him, he spent in warning others against making the same mistake that he made, for he well knew that keeping the right track was easier than being brought back after having once left it.



News and Notes

Anna Hendrickson, of Custer, S. Dak., who was here in 06-07, is again in school.

F. L. Boynton asks that his Messenger be sent to Salem, Ore.

J. E. Johnson, the electrician at the Sanitarium, has finished wiring J. F. Nelson's new business block for lights.

From notes sent in by Nebraska's state canvassing agent, we learn that Miss Mildred Allam is hard at work in Kearney, Nebr., canvassing.

Union now has another worker in the "King's Regulars", W. J. Eden; his last letter told of delivering a number of Great Controversies at Nebraska City.

A note from O. A. Hall, dated Oct. 20th, says, "We are at Vancouver waiting for *The Montea*gle" to take us to China. Our party consists of seventeen persons."

Miss Edith White has set a splendid example for our other subscribers. She recently sent in six new subscriptions. She is living at Catesby, Okla., and is teaching school.

From our correspondence we learn, "It might be of interest to some of the old students of Union College to know that Dr. C. F. Dail has disposed of his Sanitarium in Eureka, Cal., and is starting a hospital in San Diego."

Miss Elsa Northrup writes from Missoula, Mont., that she and her cousin, Curtis Rentfro, are on their claims making hay, picking up potatoes, and enjoying farm life generally. "From our looks you would never suspect that we had ever done anything so tame as to paint or study medicine."

Lloyd Clark is taking the business course at the Nebraska School of Business.

L. E. Westermeyer, who was a member of last year's Junior class, is attending the Lodi school in California.

Auntie Lee is taking part in the *Review* work, even if she could not move out of her wheel chair. She has disposed of six papers and received seventy-five cents from patients at the Sanitarium.

A. D. Dick is teaching a seven months' school in Buffalo County, Nebr. He is getting along fine and likes the business very much. He takes the MESSENGER, thinks of Union College often, and wishes the College the best of school years.

The Conversation Classes in Spanish and German at Union are intensely interesting and practical this year. The Spanish class has a membership of twelve, and is conducted by Miss McCutchen. Miss Leona Tuley teaches the German class, which also has a membership of twelve.

Myrtle Clark, who formerly lived in College View and was a member of the Normal class of 1898, spent six years after leaving the College in teaching church school in Oregon and Washington. Her address is now Mrs. E. J. Atkins, San Bernadino, Cal. They have two little boys and are living only a short distance from Loma Linda.

On the evening of Nov. 19th, a joint meeting of the Young Women's and young Men's Personal Work Bands was held in the chapel. Professor Stevens discussed the subject of personal work, showing that it is the work of the Spirit. Four delegates, Miss Agnes Lewis, Miss Mary Moore, Mr. Orrel Graham and Mr. George McNay, were chosen to represent Union College at the Student Volunteer Convention, to be held at Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 28th to January 2d.

John Shively recently called on friends at Union College.

Irvin Reed, of Fremont, Nebr., has been visiting his father and sister at the College.

Mrs. E. J. Emerson, of Kansas City, Mo., is visiting her grandson, B. M. Emerson.

Harry Mohr, who attended school here last year, is working in a store in Rocky Ford, Colo., this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Peckover, both former students of Union College, have gone to take up missionary work in Jamaica.

H. G. Ebel has dropped his school work and has gone to Kansas for a short visit after which he will go to his home near Fargo, Okla.

Julius Johnson has returned to his home in College View. He worked in North Dakota during the summer, and lately at Tekamah, Nebr.

We notice that W. E. Hancock is editor of the *Central American Herald*, which is issued by the Central American Conference at Guatemala, C. A.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Thorp recently stopped here for a few days visit with their nephew, Allen Thorp. Mr. and Mrs. Thorp were on their way to Florida.

Prof. Fred Specht, formerly a teacher in the Harvey, N. Dak., school has been visiting relatives in College View for a few weeks. He has gone to Hygiene, Colo.

Maude Ferron is teaching church-school at Spencer, Iowa. She writes that she enjoys her work very much and also hails with delight the arrival of the MESSENGER.

Mr. Hugh Teesdale, a former student of Union, is at his home in Illinois in charge of his mother's large stock farm. He recently returned from Texas with two car loads of calves for feeding.

Harry D. Anderson is visiting for a few days at Sioux City, Iowa.

Byron Shick came Monday, Nov. 22d, from Hastings to enter the nurses' class at the Sanitarium.

E. R. Johnson was down from Hastings over Sabbath, returning Sunday morning, Nov. 21st.

Edwin V. Johnson, a former student of Union College, is at present working for John Hopkins, of Potwin, Kansas.

Will Wineland, F. S. Bolton and Earl Bungor are attending the Nebraska State School of Agriculture at the State Farm.

Miss Reta Shilling, of Council Bluffs, Ia., formerly a student at Union College, will spend Thanksgiving with friends in the village.

Miss Maude Noel, a former Union College student, spent Friday and Saturday of last week visiting friends in College View while on her return from Washington, D. C., to her home in Seattle, Washington.

"I can not get along without the news from Old Union; please change the address of my MESSENGER to Bozeman, Mont., care of Mt. Ellis Academy. I am going to school here this winter," writes B. E. Burkhart.

Mr. Floyd Bralliar spent a few days in College View while on his way to his home in Nashville, Tenn. He was accompanied by his two daughters, who had been spending a few months with their grandmother in Washington.

Three hundred and fifty dollars worth of apparatus and chemicals have been ordered for the chemical laboratory. After some few changes the equipment will adequately accommodate sixteen elementary and five advanced students. There are twelve in the Elementary Physics class. Professor Stevens says he is proud of their work.

John Pauly, of Sutton, Nebr., has been visiting relatives in College View.

A very interesting program was given by the church school children at the church Sunday evening, Nov. 21st.

Chapman's Concert Orchestra gave an excellent entertainment for the patients at the Sanitarium, Tuesday evening, Nov. 23d.

Bert Glasscock is at the sanitarium, slowly recovering from an operation for appendicitis. Mrs. Glasscock and Cecil are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Burk.

The students, patients, and helpers at the Sanitarium are all glad that the boiler house is again in working order. It was pretty cold some days while the smoke-stack was being put in place.

The band recently received two new trombones, two new cornets, and one new alto. The boys are working hard, as any one can testify who has occasion to be in the College building in the evening.

O. J. Grundsett began work at the Sanitarium boiler house Monday, Nov. 22d. Mr. Thorn will be glad to be relieved of the evening run, as he has been on duty almost fourteen hours a day for the past six weeks.

Recently a large hole was cut in the north wall of the College Business Office. Regular combination post-office boxes have been placed therein, and now the home students can get their mail without troubling either the post-master or the office force at the College.

A pedestrian club has been organized in the "Castle" (fifth floor of the college building). There are only three members at present, but these are strenuously living up to the standard of the club, which is to go for a walk every morning at six o'clock. If you wish to join the club, hand your name to Mr. Bergman, Ard, or Wolter.

Thanks to those who so quickly filled the box. D. E. P.

Prof. J. G. Lamson is principal of the Stuart Academy this year.

Wm. J. Morey, '06-'08, is teaching church school at Fayetteville, Ark.

Some men grow under responsibility; others merely swell.—*Student Idea*.

W. G. Ross, a former student of Union College, is visiting friends in the village.

Lester Wineland has joined his brothers in College View, and is attending church school.

W. T. Marshall has been called to teach in the industrial department of Stuart Academy, Stuart, Iowa.

The photography class is progressing very rapidly and many of the students have taken some excellent pictures.

Lillian M. Smith is visiting her brother Carl Smith, of U. C., and friends in Lincoln. She will be here a week or two.

Ole Grundsett arrived Nov. 22d, from Minnesota. On his way here he stopped off at the Maplewood Academy. He reports a full school and good interest.

On Sunday, Nov. 21st, the Junior Nurses of the Sanitarium spent a pleasant evening at Mrs. Fair's in honor of Miss Beulah Sperry, who left for her home in Battle Creek the following Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison and daughter Imogene left Tuesday, Nov. 23d, to locate in California. They will be greatly missed in the village, and Miss Imogene also in school life. She expects to study music in Los Angeles.

Maude Irene Boynton arrived at her home in Bellingham, Washington, at 2 p. m., November 8, 1909. She sends word to the MESSENGER over the wireless that her weight is eight and one-half pounds. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Boynton.

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Entered as second-class matter April 1, 1909, at the post-office in College View, Nebr., under Act of Congress of Mar. 3, 1879.

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