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THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. I

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., DECEMBER, 1916

No. 6

True Christmas Spirit

LORETTA TAYLOR

HAVE you the Christmas spirit in your heart and in your life? Has winter crept close around you, and by contrast, caused to burn more brightly within you, that warmth that reaches out to those about you—that lingers for a moment with those beyond, whose lives may touch yours only remotely? These are things we must know, that we must make sure of; for it is the Christmas season, the good-will time, and we—you and I—have a love-duty to perform that never rests so heavily upon us as at this time of the year.

Outside, nature lies sleeping, and the sun is not smiling so warmly upon us. It may be he is gathering new blessings to bring to us when he comes again in the New Year. But meantime he has left the sunshine of summer stored up in our hearts, and it is for us to dispel the dark and gloomy feelings that winter may have brought. It is for us to scatter sunshine and happiness to those who have forgotten to be happy, to those who may be merry but who look for an answering smile from some other happy heart. And when we have done this, then we have shown the Christmas spirit. Isn't it easy?

Have you bought a Christmas present for some one who remembered you handsomely last year? Take it back, and buy—or better—make something that is full of little corners in which to hold love and good cheer. Then heap it full, and running over, and all the world will not hold the pleasure it will carry with it. There will be smiles, pleasant thoughts, and kind words—all of them in that package—for you and for the receiver. For that's the spirit of Christmas giving, that's the joy of Christmas living.

But maybe you've never thought of Christmas in this way. Maybe it has never touched your heart strings so that they sing a song of Yuletide cheer. Maybe you weren't going to send any sunshine packages on the day when nature's sunshine stays with us only a few short hours. Perhaps you never thought of wrapping your love in packages gay with Christmas seals, and holly ribbon.

Too often, we are busy and our hearts are full of other things when winter comes with its many demands. But just then is when we need

Christmas, for it bids us remember the poor around us who are in need of comforts and necessities; it bids us be kind to them in the name of him whose children they are. Surely we know some one who is sick or old, and perhaps unnoticed by the world in its heedless hurry. The Christmas spirit in our lives will prompt a little remembrance in Christ's name; and a lonely heart will be cheered and set in tune with the joy of the whole world.

So we learn that the Christmas spirit is beautiful and wonderful. It opens hearts; it brightens lives that have more than their share of gloom; it makes merry when nature is sleeping; and it broadens spheres until a few more lives are included in the list of brothers whom we must keep. And oh, it is a blessing, a joyous blessing to those who give and those who take, when we know how to keep Christmas well.

On Conversation—With Apologies to Bacon

CLARENCE PALMER

ALWAYS holding your ground and downing the other fellow by telling all you know is not good policy. Use judgment in the way you argue with another lest you antagonize him. Become learned in more than merely a few topics, so that you need not talk of just two or three things wherever you go: if you do, you are ridiculed. Do not dwell too long on one subject, lest you be cut off and embarrassed. Do not wear out your point. Weave into your argument illustrations, stories, questions, and jests to give variety and spice to the duller parts. Beware what you jest about. Do not jest of sacred things, weighty matters, or anyone's private affairs. Do not say aught that would reflect on anyone's character or hurt his feelings. He that diffuseth satirical wit hath need to fear the memory of the injured one. Ask questions of them that are able to answer, for then it pleaseth them to answer. If you ask many or absurd questions, you appear as a poser, which is not fit. Do not monopolize the time. Give other men their turn. If you tell too much on one subject, you may be asked to tell more than you know about another. If you talk about yourself, you must needs be noteworthy. If you wish to praise yourself, praise your personalities in others. Make your speech general, so that no man need feel that he has been pointed out. To sum up the question of conversation, adopt this rule: be genial but not over-bearing, inquiring but not bothersome with questions, and above all choose something worthy of discussion.

□ Into All the World □

From Panama to Peru

(The following letter was recently received by Miss Kneeland from Mrs. Mackenzie, with whom she made the trip through the Panama Canal. Mrs. Mackenzie tells in a very delightful way, her experiences after leaving the Canal until they reach their destination.—*Ed.*)

El Huaico, Peru.

September 28, 1916.

DEAR FRIEND,—

By this time you are in Washington again and busy, but I hope not as busy as you were last year. It seems such a short time ago that we saw you in Panama and that makes it a little difficult to realize that you are so far away. Panama is one of the "near places" now but Washington seems very, very far away. Gordon and I did so enjoy being with you for a few days. It is a big, bright spot in the trip down that we will not forget. You must have been very weary after the trip through the Canal, and I only hope you suffered no ill effects afterward but rather that a night of sleep refreshed you.

We had some funny experiences on our trip—ordering meals while on the boat was the most amusing. Everything was said in Spanish and there were so few words that we understood. We were, however, fortunate enough to have at our table, people who spoke English as well as Spanish. One gentleman, a Bolivian, was the only other except some natives, who disembarked at our port. He, Mr. Prado, was such a help, and was very friendly all the way. Another at our table was a young woman from Colorado, a Mrs. Richardson, who had been on the boat from New Orleans to Panama. She had two little boys with her. Imagine my surprise to learn from her that she was an Adventist! It always seems so good to meet any of our people; somehow you never feel as though they are strangers no matter how short a time you have known them.

We had some dreadfully rough days on the trip down, the roughest it had been in fifteen years, so our captain said. I was ill, but not as badly as on the Carribean. We did not make as many ports as usual, because of the condition of the weather, but we did stop at Payta and Lima. At both places we went ashore and enjoyed the strange scenes. At Payta we had our first glimpse of a street procession. They were hav-

that save once in a while, but they speak of me that way, often. I am enjoying teaching my kiddies very much and they are getting along nicely.

Do write. We shall be glad to get letters; for we hear very little of the outside world, as everything is Spanish. I will be getting the *Literary Digest*, and my *Journal* and the *Review* soon, so it will be very much better.

Sincerely, your friend,

MIGNON BOLLMAN MACKENZIE.

“Come over into Macedonia, and help us.”

Through midnight gloom from Macedon
The cry of myriads as of one,
The voiceful silence of despair,
Is eloquent in awful prayer,
The soul's exceeding bitter cry,
“Come o'er and help us, *or we die.*”

How mournfully it echoes on!
For half the earth is Macedon;
These brethren to their brethren call,
And by the love which loved them all,
And by the whole world's life they cry,
“O ye that live, *behold, we die!*”

By other sounds the world is won
Than that which wails from Macedon;
The roar of gain is round it roll'd,
Or men unto themselves are sold,
And cannot list the alien cry,
“O hear and help us, *lest we die!*”

Yet with that cry from Macedon
The very car of Christ rolls on;
“I come; who would abide my day
In yonder wilds prepare my way;
My voice is crying in their cry;
Help ye the dying, *lest ye die!*”

Jesu, for men of man the Son,
Yea, thine the cry from Macedon;
O by the kingdom and the power
And glory of thine advent hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their cry;
Help us to help them, *lest we die!* Amen.

—*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*

□ □ □ **LITERARY** □ □ □

Nora's Christmas Lesson

RACHEL SALISBURY

NORA was disappointed, bitterly so. For weeks she had planned on going home for the Christmas holidays, and now had come this short note from her mother that exploded the whole plan: "Father had an accident with the automobile last week, and the repairs will cost so much that we will not be able to send you the fare home this Christmas. I am sorry, dear, for I know that you will be disappointed, and we shall miss you terribly, after having planned on it; but you will have a good time there with your chums, and I will try to send you a box with some good things to eat. Now cheer up and don't feel too badly. With love and Merry Christmas wishes, Mother."

At first Nora rebelled, so disappointed was she; then after a good cry in girl fashion, she asked the Lord to forgive her for not appreciating the sacrifice that she knew her parents were making for her, and settled down in her usual indomitable optimistic way to make the best of the situation. Of course it was hard to see all her girl friends leave, but she wished them all a Merry Christmas with genuine enthusiasm, and turned to the dreary prospect before her, without showing outside a bit of the feeling that was in her heart.

Sabbath seemed almost unbearable; the students' meeting was a mere shadow of its ordinary self. The little handful of students that gathered for Sabbath school and church service looked quite as dreary as she felt. Somehow they got through the lesson, and she remembered that the preacher talked about submission to God's leading; he had announced that as his subject. But how he developed his theme, she could not have told.

In the afternoon, Nora roused herself, and almost reluctantly asked one of the younger girls to go for a walk with her. This companion was a slight little girl named Mamie, whom Nora knew as notorious for her mischief and her absence from prayers. But her mischief was not in evidence in their afternoon stroll; she seemed to be possessed of a very meek and quiet spirit. In fact, Nora discovered after a half hour's talk, that her little friend was also disappointed that she could not go home, although, as she said, she had not expected to, because she knew

girls' rooms. Then the preceptress rang the little bell that always summoned the girls to the center hall, for whatever immediate instructions she had to give them.

When they were all gathered in a wondering group, she opened the door into the parlor and invited them in. Surprised? Nora's face beamed all over as she watched their expressions of surprise and wonder. Of course they all had to make a Christmas speech, which afforded amusement as well as "instruction" for all, before they might examine the tree. Mrs. Casey and Nora were well satisfied, when at an unusually late hour the little company broke up, that their plan had made those girls happy; it had broken the icy gloom that had hung over the company that was not permitted to go home for the holidays, and the cheer that each girl carried to bed with her that night never left her for the remainder of the week.

Nora continued her interest in her little friend Mamie. When her Christmas box came from home, she eagerly called her in and shared it with her. They often went out together for a pleasant walk. Mamie told her during one of these walks, that it was the first time in her life that she had ever been at a Christmas-tree party; or that any one outside of her family had ever shown enough interest in her to try to make her happy, or most of all to give her any presents. She wanted Nora to know that she was supremely grateful for the kindness, even if it *was* shared by others. And she was made doubly happy when Nora told her frankly that the almost pertinent remark that she had made on the stairs, was what had put the idea into her head.

When Friday evening came, the attendance at meeting was even smaller than the week before, but Nora did not so much as recall her former lonesomeness. Seven-thirty found her ready, with Mamie by her side, for the talk and social service. When she rose to bear her testimony, Mamie also rose. Her body trembled a little bit, and she pushed shyly against Nora; but she said simply and earnestly that she wanted to consecrate her life to Jesus, which she had never done before, and daily to live an earnest Christian life that should be full of service to others. The leader said a hearty "Amen."

After the meeting, as they strolled around the campus in the clear starlight, Nora asked her if she understood her to say that she had never given her heart to the Lord before. Mamie's answer was a revelation to Nora, which she never forgot. She said, "I have always said that I had no faith in the religion of people who would snub the meanest of God's children. I could not believe that Jesus would do it. But I have been snubbed all my life because I am poor, uneducated, and peculiar in some of my ways. So I have lived the mischievous, rougher

life, because it was what was expected of me. But during this vacation I have found a friend who seemed to have confidence in me, and who just expected me to do right. It has shown me that Jesus has confidence, a greater confidence in me. I have gained a new idea of Christ and religion, and have seen that what others do, will not save or lose me, but that my sole purpose in life must be to show Jesus to others and make *all* my neighbors happy." Nora's eyes were wet with tears, but she had learned her lesson.

The Christmas Story

ELMER P. DAVIS

*All quiet lay the hills that night
Beneath fair Judah's starry light,
While patient shepherds watched with care
Their fleecy flocks a-grazing there.*

*And far below, a silvery stream
Reflected clear a star's bright gleam,
Whereby three men were being led
From distant climes to that low bed*

*Whereon that night, to man was given,
The richest gift to earth from heaven;
So on they passed o'er meadows wild
Until they found the holy child.*

*Rich were the gifts they offered him,
But richer far each lofty hymn
Which broke the stillness of the night;
And soaring, reached the realms of light.*

*Meanwhile the Father, on his throne,
Spoke to the throng that 'round him shone:
"Behold my Son of mortal born,
Behold the crown which he has worn!"*

*"This home of love, of light and song,
He's left to save a world of wrong;
Haste then, and with a trumpet voice,
Bid yon low shepherds' hearts rejoice."*

*Then swiftly down an angel sped,
While o'er the hills a light was shed,
So bright it filled each heart with fear,
But then, with a sweet voice and clear,*

THE Quadrangle recently met and elected new officers: Lee Warren, president; John Hottel, vice-president; Gradye Brooke, secretary; and Jessie Evans, treasurer. Instead of meeting on Saturday night, as last year, it will meet once a fortnight on Wednesday night. All of the new Seniors and Juniors have been voted in as members. Everyone is looking forward to an interesting as well as instructive year.

PROFESSOR HAMER has organized a chorus of about seventy members. They are preparing a Cantata entitled, "The Crucifixion."

MISS LALA WILCOX was taken ill suddenly, and was confined to her room several days.

MR. WALTER NELSON was away during the Week of Prayer, conducting meetings in Virginia.

MR. AND MRS. HUGH MILLER, of Korea, visited the College recently. Mr. Miller represents the British and Foreign Bible Society. He talked in chapel and told some interesting experiences he had had in the "land of high mountains and sparkling streams." He told how progress was being made in Korea toward Christianity and civilization; and how the lowest classes were accepting Christ, and their lives were being transformed into beautiful characters.

NOVEMBER was indeed a month of birthdays. Prof. and Mrs. Votaw entertained a large number of the "Novemberites." Miss Salisbury was surprised by a number of friends at her home the evening of her birthday. It has even been whispered that all the great people were born in this month, but some are inclined to differ.

THE Thanksgiving holidays were unusually pleasant at W. M. C. There was something enjoyable from the beginning to the end. On Wednesday evening the Christian Help Band arranged a nice program. Food was brought in and placed in baskets to be carried out to the poor, to help brighten their Thanksgiving. Dr. Wilkinson delivered a splendid address. On Thanksgiving Day, a delicious dinner was served in the dining room to the students and many guests. The room was beautifully decorated and the courses were served by fifteen couples dressed in unique costumes. After-dinner toasts were given by the guests and faculty. Among the guests were Congressman and Mrs. Caleb Powers, of Kentucky. In the afternoon games were played on the campus. Professor Hamer's music pupils assisted by Mrs. Caviness, rendered an interesting program in the evening.

THE second number of the Lecture Course was given November twenty-third, by Mr. Wyche. He gave the stories of Uncle Remus, which proved to be very interesting and entertaining.

MISSES HELEN AND VIRGINIA SHULL, had for their guests over Sabbath and Sunday a number of relatives and friends from Burlington, N. J.

MR. ARTHUR EVANS, who is attending Columbia University, in New York City, visited his family for a day, and brought with him Iiford Parry of New York to attend the College here.

PROFESSOR C. C. LEWIS has been ill at the Sanitarium, but he has returned to his home and is having his classes meet there. He hopes to be out soon.

ELDER W. C. MOFFETT, President of the Virginia Conference, who has been suffering for a long time from malaria, is at the Sanitarium. He is much improved, and we hope to see him return home soon entirely free from this malady.

WORKMEN have already made quite a showing on the construction of the new bathroom for men. The old gymnasium is being converted into a commodious and up-to-date treatment room. This improvement will be welcomed by both men and women as they are both crowded for space in their treatment rooms.

ELDER WILKINSON was with us during the Week of Prayer. He gave three very stirring addresses, and almost the entire school joined in renewing a sincere consecration to the Lord.

MR. GREINER, brother of Frederick Greiner, '16, who has been taking the nurses' course at the Melrose Sanitarium, has come here to finish the course.

MISSES ALICE MILLER, May Harkins, Florence Comstock and Ruth Atwell, spent Thanksgiving holidays in Baltimore. Miss Harkins visited with Miss Miller's family, Misses Atwell and Comstock visited relatives.

ELDER SANDBORN, President of the New Jersey Conference, visited his daughters, Neva and Mrs. Renninger, at the College for a few days.

THE student body has been divided into a number of prayer bands, that meet at the regular chapel hour on Wednesday. These bands are a great spiritual help to every student. Each one has an opportunity to take part.

ELDER PRESCOTT recently gave us an interesting chapel talk. He introduced to us two new kinds of degrees, one might obtain in College: his B. A. means "Born Again," and his M. S. "Master of the Situation." He also talked in Young People's Meeting, about his recent tour through South America.

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Editorial

THE readers of THE SLIGONIAN will be interested to know that the poem printed elsewhere in this issue, entitled "The Christmas Story," was written by a deaf boy. Mr. Davis has been in W. M. C. for the last two years and, in spite of his handicap, has been able to accomplish a great deal in his studies.

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A RECENT announcement from the Young Peoples' Society, of Nashville, Tenn., tells us that its members are prepared to supply mistletoe, to all who may want to help them in their Harvest Ingathering work. The mistletoe will be sent postpaid at seventy-five cents a pound, the whole proceeds to be given to the Harvest Ingathering fund. The aim of the society is to raise five hundred dollars before the first of January. They are using this means to assist them in this very laudable campaign. All orders should be sent to Paul N. Pearce, 2119 Twenty-fourth Ave. N., Nashville, Tenn.

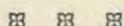
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THE SLIGONIAN BOARD was more than pleased to receive a copy of *The Student Idea* for December. For two or three months we have been hoping to have a copy of this magazine that we might call our

own; and now that our hope has been realized, we feel more than repaid for reading it. From cover to cover it is filled with spicy articles, timely comments, and bits of general advice. Surely we can all agree that the editors of the South Lancaster magazine are not "sleeping on their job."

One article in particular attracted our attention in this number,—that entitled "Forward." Embodied in it is a fundamental truth not attributable to "marching" only, but also to every vocation, every station, every act of life.

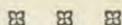
J. R. E.



YOU may have in mind some person whom you wish to have lead a better life. No doubt there is nothing you would not sacrifice in order to be able to place before him, in an effective way, something that would cause him to have a desire to lead such a life. Do not follow a course which would bore him. Many a man has come very near the turning point when all has been lost by some one's attempt to force a decision. Sow a few seeds at a time, but do not try to scatter some every time you come in contact with him. Constant nagging will soon antagonize any person, and cause a rebellious spirit to spring up within.

Allow for the growth of friendship; do not stifle it by becoming a bore. The changing of a person's whole mode of life is a mighty undertaking. You cannot expect to accomplish it in a day, a month or a year, but use patience with wisdom, and do not try to force an issue; but remember "all things come to those who wait," and pray. Lead, rather than drive!

M. B.



WE brush the arm of scores of our fellow students every day, but do we always stop to think that they are human beings? The want of such thoughtfulness causes untold pain and suffering. Little do we realize how much our words and actions, yes, even our looks influence our comrades.

"It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it."

The desire for true service, characterized by the quality of "obligingness," should be seen in the life of each student of this school. We should be the *first* to make a wrong right, to lend a sympathizing ear, to deny ourselves a pleasure if need be, to speak a kind word, or in any way possible to do service for others. Let the maxim seen in the elevators of our city, "Courtesy First," be ours.

F. R. K.

“DOST thou love life, then do not squander time; for that is the stuff life is made of.”

Are you in school to make the most of your opportunities? Then time is golden. A minute that has passed will never return. Have you ever stopped to consider how the minutes make hours, and the hours days? Even if you only waste ten minutes a day, in a year it amounts to about sixty hours.

Have you ever thought of the things you might do if you improved those precious minutes? There would be time to keep in touch with the outside world by reading current events, to take up some new study or to improve in those you are already taking, to practice some music, and a multitude of other things that you might wish to do.

You may say, “When do we have any spare moments to waste?” But you must remember there are many lost in waiting for classes, worship, and meals. People have ascended the ladder to fame, just by improving their spare moments and working under difficulties. If others have done it, you can. Then why not try to improve these minutes and increase your own efficiency as well as your usefulness to others?

L. H. F.

The Service Commission

PHILIP SCHANK

“I HAVE given you an example that you should do as I have done.”

The whole life of Christ overflowed with loving service marked by sorrow and sacrifice. Earnestly he prosecuted the work of salvation. Through weary days he toiled and through long nights he prayed that he might have strength to accomplish his work. He loved his Father in heaven and the great mass of humanity on earth, and tried to reconcile fallen man to a righteous God. To that end he left his position of honor and glory on his Father's throne, and subjected himself to the humble conditions of man's life, assuming the responsibilities of a servant. He endured the ignominious death of the cross, rose from the grave, and became the way of life. He finished his part in the plan of redemption, and to his followers left the commission, “Go ye and make disciples of all men.”

Every Christian has a special part to act in the Master's service. The field of operation is the world. Some are to fill needy places in the homeland; others are to go to distant fields where the name of Jesus has never been heard. They are to learn Christ's methods of laboring for souls. Like him they will find the source of their knowledge and the secret of their power, in direct communion with God and

in realizing the value of the human soul. One writer has said that "men should pray for the spirit of service. The same intensity of desire that marked the life of the Saviour should mark the life of his true follower."

The Apostle Paul understood the meaning of true service when he wrote the words, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise. So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also. For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." In accepting Christ, he accepted the commission. The theme of his preaching was the cross of Christ. He lifted up that cross so that all men might obtain a full view of a crucified Saviour, and realize to some extent the love of God, exclaiming, "This one thing I do." The great purpose of his life was to serve and honor God.

Can we not let the great purpose that constrained Paul to press forward in the face of trying circumstances, lead us to consecrate ourselves wholly to God's service? "Let our daily prayer be, 'Lord help me to do my best. Teach me how to do better work. Help me to bring into my service the loving ministry of the Saviour.'"

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