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A PRAYER

O GOD, our heavenly Father, we Thy children come at this eventide of year with our offering of praise and thanksgiving. We thank Thee for salvation and for life; for Thy great love which transcends all limits and overflows to us. Every moment has been throbbing with Thy presence, though we have not always been conscious of it. We thank Thee for the "Peace be still" that Thou hast spoken to the warswept world, and for the hope it brings the brokenhearted.

Oh Lord, whose paths are all paths of peace, bring us, we beseech Thee, into such nearness with Thee that we can behold a vision of the path Thou hast marked out for us — peace and service to all men.

Amen



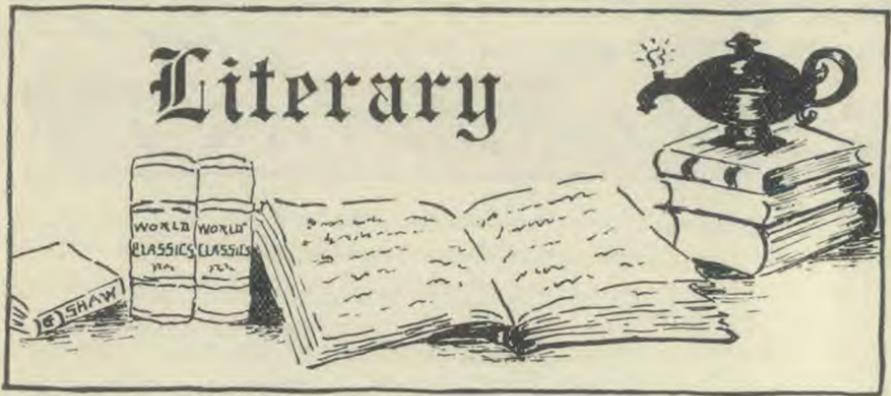
Thanksgiving

THE roaring guns are dumb,
The screaming shells are still.
Machine-gun throats yawn empty now,
And spent the lust to kill.
The hallowed, blood-washed ground
Will soon turn green once more,
And tender flowers and gentle winds
Will cleanse the earth of gore.

And Christ is still on high;
His pierced hands still plead,
His wounded side still throbs with love
And pity for our need.
Ah, what a need is ours,
Convulsed with grief and pain—
The pangs of the bereft and maimed
He longs to heal again.

The year draws near its close,
The harvesting is done.
The trees are bare, the earth is brown,
And lower swings the sun.
The stars still blaze above,
The Lord is on His throne,
Give thanks unto His name, mankind,
For what His love hath done.

DAN CRIP.



Think and Be Thankful

HAROLD RICHARDS

THANKSGIVING is the natural outcome of thought giving. "Thank" and "think," the philologists tell us, are the same word at bottom. In that grand psalm that begins, "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord," the writer specifies reasons for thanksgiving in what God is, and in what he does for us, and then adds, "A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this." So in the brutish and foolish moods of the mind, we do not feel how good it is to give thanks. We do not see into the great economies of nature and grace, and fail to recognize the Pilot at the wheel of providence.

But let us think. We are thankful today that God is, and that men are still able to make peace with Him. We are thankful for a message of hope and glad expectation in an age that is inclined to be doubtful and careless. We are thankful that Christian missions are successful, and that the vitalizing ideal of their Founder is day by day permeating pagan lands, and flooding with saving light, hearts sunk deep in the darkness of many centuries. We are thankful for Christian education, for science, for political liberty, that triad of enlightenment and civilization. We are thankful for our country's welfare, for the blessing of good books, and the associations of true friends. We are thankful for — well this is but the beginning of the list.

Let us think!



The Spirit of Thanksgiving

GLADYS SHAW

THE minister's study was the most restful place in the house, with its book-lined walls, easy chairs, study table, and wide open fireplace. It was a chilly November day and the big logs in the old fireplace crackled merrily. The flames stretched out flickering arms invitingly, as they ran laughing and teasing in glee.

Dr. Maxwell, however, stood looking down into the flames only a few moments, and then turning impatiently, he opened one of the long French windows in the old study and passed out onto the terrace. There were the remains of a fine old garden at the end of the terrace, and it was to this place that he turned his steps.

Rather a forsaken place it looked, with trees and shrubbery nearly bared of foliage, brown and forlorn in the last fading light of day. It mattered not. He must get out and walk. He must thresh it out with God in the open air. Up and down the leaf-carpeted paths he paced restlessly, with bowed head and unseeing eyes, apparently oblivious of the sharp wind which had blown up.

Five years — yes, it was five years ago that he had come to this community. He was a young minister then. It was his first large church. He had come, burning with fiery zeal and enthusiasm, confident and sure of accomplishing wonders. And what had he accomplished? Again, he reviewed the trials, the disappointments, the struggles, and the heartaches of those years. Each disappointment had only brought more determination, but now —

"If I could only reach them once — really touch their hearts." He groaned inwardly. "But no, they are like pieces of marble, beautiful, fine, well bred, intellectual, but so self-satisfied that they want nothing."

The shadows in the garden were fast deepening, while little lights all over the town came twinkling out; but still the minister, scarcely heeding what he did, paced up and down and across the garden. He stopped, and lifting his eyes toward the sky, "Father in heaven," he breathed. "Touch their hearts this once."

"Daddy! Daddy!" called a soft childish voice, as his youngest child and best beloved came skipping down into the garden. "Daddy, where are you?"

"Daddy's here, little girl. And I'm coming right in."

"What's the matter, Daddy? I've been looking everywhere for you."

"Nothing is the matter — now, darling," imprinting a kiss on

her upturned face, "but it's too cold for you out here," and gathering her in his arms, he carried her into the house.

As they came into the lighted room, a keen observer might have noted that a great change had passed over the minister. A look of peace, of tender love, of contentment, shone from his face. It was always so, that little Alice, the sunbeam of the household, lightened his troubles, downed his discouragements, and drove dull care away.

* * * * *

Just the week before Thanksgiving the blow fell. It all happened so suddenly that the townspeople were still questioning how? where? who?

Little Alice Maxwell was trying to rescue a pet kitten from a passing motor, but the attempt cost her her life. There was a faint scream, but it was too late, and Alice was carried, limp and white, to the hospital.

The minister sat dazed in his study. The sun on his horizon seemed to have set forever. His Alice — his own little comforting sunbeam — gone! And why? Why had the Lord, whom he had tried — God knew how hard he had tried — to serve faithfully, allowed this to come to him? Why, oh why? His open Bible lay on the study table. Scarcely knowing what he did, he picked it up. His eye fell on the passage:

"Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience."

* * * * *

The church was nearly full that Thanksgiving morning. The bright sunlight flashed in through the colored glass windows of the beautiful church, shedding a bright radiance over the fashionably clothed congregation. The soft murmur of voices became hushed as the great organ awoke, and under the hand of a master musician poured forth its melody.

The audience vaguely wondered who would speak today. It was not even a matter of speculation whether Dr. Maxwell would be there. He had been so crushed by the catastrophe that people had even wondered whether he would ever be the same eloquent orator again.

As the voluntary drew to its close, there was a moment of breathless wonder, for yes — yes it was the same, and yet not the same, familiar figure of Dr. Maxwell ascending the platform. His head and shoulders were not quite so erect as formerly, his step not quite so confident and assured. Indeed, one might almost say that

his steps lagged, and he seemed to carry the weight of years upon his shoulders.

The opening exercises for the morning passed off as the exercises of innumerable other Thanksgiving services had done, and then the minister arose and announced his text.

“Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place.”

It was a simple talk the minister gave that Thanksgiving morning. There was no wealth of oratory, no brilliant discourse, such as Dr. Maxwell’s audiences were accustomed to; but it came straight from the heart of a man who had passed through the valley of sorrow and had come out victorious on the hilltop; from one on whom the hand of the Lord seemed heavy, but who yet had faith in his God that all things must work together for good to those who love the Lord. It breathed the spirit of Thanksgiving — Thanksgiving from the torn heart of one whose dearest possession on earth had been snatched away.

His message went straight to the hearts of his hearers and found an echo there. For the first time in all their self-centered and selfish lives they were touched. What sacrifices had they ever been compelled to make? The Lord had blessed them bountifully. They had taken all and given nothing — no, not even praise to the Giver of all good things.

When the collection plates were passed, bills, silver, and gold pieces filled them to overflowing. And as the congregation rose as one man to sing the doxology, the whole church filled and rang as never before, with

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

The minister stood before them with face illumined. Not only had God’s peace come to him, but his Lord had sent His richest blessings, and the minister’s eyes, his heart and soul were fixed on the bright picture of the future as it should be.

Yes and No

THERE is a mighty power in the little word “No” when it is spoken with resolution and courage. It is like a mighty Gibraltar in the sea of life, as it hurls back the waves of temptation. It is a wonderful power to be able to say “No” to everything that is not right. But life is not all resistance. It is just as important to be able to say “Yes” when “Yes” is the true answer, for whatever is right we should welcome with a hearty, cheerful, thankful “Yes.”

M. A. P.



EDITORIAL

ORDINARILY our mental pictures of Thanksgiving are peaceful and beautiful. Events have usually run so smoothly that we have hardly given ourselves the trouble to be thankful for them. This year, however, has been so out of the ordinary that our Thanksgiving should be correspondingly out of the ordinary.

Our most fervent thanks are usually felt and expressed after some great averted disaster. What should be the nature of our thanks this year? Some one has aptly used the passing of a streak of lightning as a figure to express the swift and surprising nature of events during the last year. The most recent happenings have surpassed our highest hopes—William off the throne and out of Germany, Germany down begging favors of despised America, Austria and Turkey surrendered, and our own beloved country busy with her many vexing problems.

The coming year will doubtless be as full of surprising events. What will be their nature? How shall we meet them? Rudyard Kipling's *Recessional* might have been written to express what our attitude should be upon this Thanksgiving occasion:

“The tumult and the shouting die,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.”



SHALL we celebrate Thanksgiving in a different way this year? All of us have had experiences, in this strangest of all years, which should have left our hearts more humble and contrite.

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As a nation we can see the Almighty's smile in our bountiful crops and unexpected success. But we have more than material prosperity to be thankful for. To write down the many blessings of the year would be a capital idea. The exercise would be a real benefit.

We are bidden to ask for our daily bread. — "Bursting barns and swollen bank accounts" are not good for our souls. The logical thing to thank God for, then, is adversity.

Brave men and women across the water have been tortured and crushed out of existence. The saddest among us can be at least thankful for escaping their fate. Some have lost loved ones through war or disease. Should such feel a sense of gratitude? Here is test of true character, — to thank and bless the Hand that smites. But faith and courage can meet it with a smile.

Instead of planning for ourselves and what "goodies" we can have to eat, let us enter into the true spirit of Thanksgiving by helping to bear the burdens of the bereaved, lonely, and hard-pressed.

E. L. H.

A Grand Finishing Drive

GLOOM! This expresses the feeling of the students of W. M. C. when they saw the parade of sullen chair carriers, led by "Bud" Fisher, tramping in broken ranks from Columbia Hall to the old college building Monday morning, November 11. What was the trouble? Every student stared inquiringly at his neighbor, who in turn stared back. Had class work been suspended? No. Was it too cold to meet in the new building? Absurd! Were the instructors ill? Of course not! Well then — *what?* wondered every student as he squeezed into a recitation-room built to seat ten, now holding twenty-five. "Everybody come to chapel at nine-thirty" was the only answer that leaked out of the great Cup of Mystery.

PERPLEXITY! At nine-thirty the chapel was full to overflowing (an everyday occurrence). A cloud of troubled presage seemed to hang over the assembly as it waited for the appearance of the faculty — and waited — and waited. At last the faculty marched in — yea, more than the faculty. The air was blue with interrogation marks as Dr. B. G. Wilkinson stepped to the speaker's chair.

After the opening exercises, it fell to the lot of Dr. Wilkinson to answer the "why's" of the student body. He informed us that work on Columbia Hall had been stopped and classes could not meet there because the building had been closed on account of "insufficient funds." He reminded us that it had been agreed at the outset that the work on the building was to go forward only as fast as funds came in to pay for the same. He frankly told us that although the Union Conference had done nobly in contributing on four occasions, the Students' Association had not done what it had promised. In closing, his thought was: This is the situation, what are you going to do? The students accepted the challenge, and by a rising vote, said, "Give us a chance."

HOPE. The students and faculty immediately pledged themselves to raise \$6,000 — \$25 each — which was to be the grand finishing drive. Of course, they will be forced to secure this while doing penance by meeting in the overcrowded, stuffy classrooms of the old college building. Twenty-two bands were formed and every one started to work; the money-securing machine has started on a merry grind.

JOY. Everybody is working, digging, and scratching for that \$25. The money is rolling in; the Students' Association is "hitting the line" hard. The sound of the hammer and the buzz of the saw

is being heard in Columbia Hall again. Watch us go "over the top" and into Columbia Hall in a jiffy. Meet us on "the point" on dedication day and we will jointly celebrate our victory, which is already in sight!

H. EMORY WAGNER.



Sodom

SODOM'S last sunrise beamed on ripening fields,
And vineyards purple with their precious store;
Upon the walls it glanced from burnished shields
And lit the helmits that the watchmen wore.

Sodom's last noonday passed as others passed,
Eating and drinking, feasting as of yore,
Nor dreamed that this day was the last
The avenging ones should tarry at the door.

Sodom's last sunset tinged the western sky,
And Lot had gone to bring his children in—
To plead with them while hope remained, to fly;
Not perish there with Sodom and its sin.

Sodom's last sunset faded from her towers;
Her glory had departed with the day,
For angels marked the passing of the hours
That hastened but to blot her name away.

Sodom's last midnight passed, and then the gray
Of morning came on streets as yet untrod;
A watchman's trumpet sounded far away,
And then—the fire of God.

HAROLD RICHARDS.



"THE old year is fast slipping behind us. We cannot stay it if we would. We must go and leave our past. Let us go forth nobly. Let us go as those whom greater thoughts and greater deeds await beyond."—*Phillips Brooks.*



Medical Missionary Work

A. C. SELMON, M. D.

When a great conflagration breaks out, the important business of the hour is fighting fire. At such a time the urgent need of checking the conflagration brings into prominence this occupation. At the present time wherever one looks the hosts of sick and suffering bring into prominence two occupations, that of the physician and that of the nurse. The great world war has added its heavy toll to the sum total of the sick and disabled; but apart from this great catastrophe, physical suffering and mortality have been increasing instead of decreasing. Witness the recent epidemic of influenza, which found tens of thousands of victims in the space of a few weeks. During a single week of the epidemic there were over sixteen thousand deaths from influenza alone, reported in the United States.

During this epidemic the demand for help in caring for the sick became so great that calls were made for men and women to volunteer their services, even though they only knew how to smooth a patient's pillow or give a drink of water. No one can tell how soon or how often similar epidemics will sweep over the country.

The conditions that have prevailed here in this recent epidemic, during which there were so many calls for physicians and nurses that could not be answered, is simply staging on a small scale a situation that is constantly present in China, India, and some of the other mission fields. I have traveled for days through thickly populated territory in China and passed cities of tens of thousands of inhabitants, and in all that section there was not a hospital or a dispensary, and not even a physician or a trained nurse. The great ignorance on the part of the masses as to the cause and prevention of disease, together with ignorance and absolute disregard of many of the most essential things comprised in the science of sanitation,—all these account for the fact that the amount of sickness and death per thousand of the population in China or India is far in excess of what it is in America.

The Great Medical Missionary worked in an Oriental mission field, and in the Orient there are today more of the blind, palsied and demon-possessed who are in need of the ministrations of the physician and nurse than in those days when Christ went about healing the sick. Moreover, the sick have seemingly as much faith in the ability of the medical missionary to help them as they had when even lepers came to Jesus for healing. A personal experience came to me while located in the province of Honan, China. A farmer came to our dispensary and asked for the doctor to go to a nearby village to see his boy. Upon inquiring as to the nature of the disease, I was told that he had fallen into a pond the day before and had not breathed since he was dragged out, but it was expected that I could restore life by causing him to breathe again.

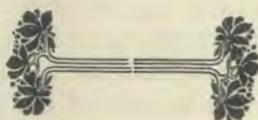
This last warning message that we are giving to the world is intended to fully represent the work of the Saviour. It is noted by all missionaries in the non-Christian lands that the people expect that the missionary will be able to treat the sick. Almost every missionary, as he travels about in the interior, carries with him a supply of simple remedies because he is so often called upon to minister to the sick. Some who have gone to the mission fields to work in other lines have, through seeing the great needs, been led to enter educational institutions and secure a training that would enable them to minister to the sick.

In these times in which we live there are many evidences of the physical decay of the race, such as the marked increase of the so-called diseases of degeneration, *i. e.*, diseases of the heart, arteries, kidneys, and nervous system. This accounts for the fact that notwithstanding the wonderful advances in medical science, there is an ever-increasing need, even in Western countries, of more young men and women engaging in the ministry of healing. The need of such workers in the homelands is multiplied manyfold in the mission fields. This ministry to the sick is the right arm of the Third Angel's Message, and in the mission fields is a most effective way of reaching the educated and upper classes as well as the masses. In many places strong Christian communities have grown up about a well-conducted hospital and dispensary. The medical missionary work is peculiarly adapted to the reaching of the educated, the merchant, and the official classes, because it is almost the only way that they can be brought within hearing of the gospel.

The hospital is a most excellent field in which to conduct evangelistic work. Especially is this true of such countries as China, for the patients are in the hospital for an average of a three-weeks stay.

While in the hospital they are in clean beds and clean, cheerful surroundings, and in the case of almost every patient the hospital is so far superior to his own home that he is favorably influenced by the very cleanliness and cheerfulness of his environment. But far above this, is the influence of being cared for by Christian doctors and nurses. The physician and nurse not only have opportunity to reach the sick in a personal way, but a most sympathetic audience is assured whenever either doctor, nurse, or evangelist gives a gospel talk to the patients in the wards. Other methods of reaching the people with the gospel may be checked in part or entirely. During this pandemic of influenza all gatherings for church services were prohibited. In such a time ministry to the sick is an effective channel still open whereby the everlasting gospel may be preached without hindrance. During the turbulent times of civil war in China the hospitals and dispensaries have been the refuge for the sick and wounded of both sides, and on many occasions the missionary doctor has been the mediator through whom terms of an armistice and peace were discussed.

Recent events have served to call our attention to the force of the statement made by Sister White that medical missionary work can be carried on after other lines of work are hedged up. It is a cause for thankfulness that we have our own training schools for nurses and our own college for the education of physicians. Many young men and women should avail themselves of the excellent opportunities presented by these schools. The special needs of the Oriental mission fields should lead a much larger number of young women to take the medical course than are now in our medical college. It is high time that all the students in our schools or colleges, no matter what courses they are pursuing, should pay more heed to securing the knowledge and training that will enable them to keep their bodies at the highest efficiency, and to be able when the necessity arises to minister skilfully to the sick and suffering.



Experiences in India

FOLLOWING are a few quotations from a letter recently received from Floyd W. Smith and his wife, both former students of Washington Missionary College, now located in North India, where Mr. Smith is principal of the Garhwal Mission School:

"If there is one thing I regret more than anything else, it is that I did not have some real medical training before I came to India. What I am able to do along that line gives me more real pleasure, and I believe brings me closer to the hearts of these people, than anything else I can do.

"If we give these native Indians clothes or food they say, 'Yes you are a very righteous man,' and then they ask for more. Many Indians are born beggars and those who are not beggars by profession are by nature. If we try to preach to them they think we are doing it just for money. When it comes to school work, they are thankful for that, but when we get right down to relieving their suffering we begin to get to their hearts.

"Recently a man came from a long distance, saying he had heard that I could do all kinds of hospital work, and he had two teeth he wanted out. They were loose, so I had little difficulty, except that they were upper molars, and I have only one pair of forceps and they are for lower molars. A few weeks ago a boy was brought to the compound who had cut a severe gash in his leg. I dressed it as best I could with the limited means I have at hand. The father has been worrying a great deal for fear the boy will never get well. I told him that I thought he would be able to walk in a few weeks. The father was very much encouraged. Yesterday he noticed the boy's bright expression, and spreading a blanket on the ground before me, he put his hands together in front of his face, and then getting on his knees and bowing his head against my feet he called me all the epithets that are used, to show gratitude or submission, such as, 'Great king,' 'Protector of the poor,' 'Merciful one,' etc. He said 'You have saved my boy.' I only used a little common sense. I dressed the wound antiseptically, put clean bandages on it, and drew the edges of the wound together, using adhesive tape, as I had no needles for that purpose. I have so many uses for a simple surgical outfit, a few forceps, tweezers, scissors, probes, catheters, suture needles and lances. I hope that sometime we may be able to secure some of these things at this station.

"This has been a trying week. Two of my Christian teachers have left me for war service, making my burdens here very heavy

until I can get some one in their place. But the Lord helps us out of our difficulties in a wonderful way, if we only put our trust in him.

“Just to give you some idea of what a day’s work means in a mission field, I will mention a few of the day’s duties. First I have to prepare lessons for four classes I teach, also get something ready for the opening exercises of the school. This being the first of the month, the register has to be rewritten and made ready for roll call, and a few accounts straightened up. The two teachers I spoke of are just leaving, so a few minutes must be spent in getting them on their way. There is a new boy for the school. He has been a private pupil and has no certificate, so that I must give him an oral examination in English to see where he belongs. There are a few natives wanting medicine, and then some instruction must be given to mission servants. I try to find time for breakfast. At ten o’clock the bell rings for the opening of school. After roll call, a song, and prayer, I read a selection from a “Child’s Life of Christ” in Hindi, and now the seventh Bible class. The lesson today is concerning the temptation of Christ in the wilderness. This lesson is taught in the Hindi language. The class in physiology requires a great deal of explanation in the native language. After a half hour’s interval the combined third and fourth grade Bible class is called, consisting of Old Testament history stories from creation to Samuel. This also is conducted in Hindi. The fifth and sixth Bible class is called later. This covers Old Testament history from Samuel down the line. Between classes I have to pull teeth and doctor the sick. We have some very pleasant visits with the educated classes, and hope to see some good results from our work in this great field. The need for workers here is very great, and it is with much pleasure that we look forward to the meeting of some of our former fellow students from the homeland. Remember us in your prayers, and keep this field ever before those preparing for service, that the work may soon be finished.

The Student Missionary

JULIAN C. GANT

OUR zealous enthusiasm is deeply stirred when we hear of the crying need of the foreign mission fields. Especially do those who believe that God has called them for this special line of work feel more keenly the call when their attention is brought to the ever-increasing opportunities that are now opening. It deepens their conviction that they should prepare quickly for effective service. The Lord is smiling upon those, who, having gotten a vision of the

great possibilities before them, are putting forth eager and untiring effort to obtain the needed preparation to do this work acceptably.

In the endeavor to gain a speedy preparation for this special line of work, the fact should never be lost sight of, that now, while the preparation is being made, there are innumerable opportunities to manifest the missionary spirit. It matters not where the child of God may be, there is something for him to do, some one that he can help. Many have fanciful ideas as to what they would do if only they were in the mission field, little realizing that if they only had the true missionary spirit they would find ample material for work in the place where they now are. Such persons would yield little fruit if placed in the best mission field. *Now* is the time to begin missionary work.

Nowhere is there better opportunity for the missionary spirit to be shown than in a Christian college. The genuine student missionary is a priceless jewel. The young man or woman who, as a result of much prayer, will not be swayed by circumstances, who, though things may sometimes look dark and forbidding, never doubts that the cloud will break, is the "little leaven" that "leaveneth the whole lump." Such young people are necessary for the spiritual life and vitality of the school.

Many and varied are the experiences of the members of a student body, and just as varied are their needs. There are those who for the first time have stepped into the busy world and are endeavoring to make their way without the immediate protection of parental love and sympathy. They need the human instrument of God in whom they can confide. Some have but recently been born anew in Christ, and they must be taught how to walk in the footsteps of Jesus. Others as yet have never experienced the forgiveness of sins, and the heavy load has not been lifted from their hearts. They must be guided to the foot of the cross. Some one must encourage and help the one who finds the Christian way rough or slippery. Also, some one should seek to turn the minds of the light and frivolous into a channel of more serious thought. The despondent needs to hear the cheery words and see the smiling face. There are none but what need the sympathetic association and warm inspirational love of their fellows.

It is in the midst of these needs that the student missionary finds his field of labor. Surrounded by these many individuals, the personal battle of each being peculiar to himself, he sets to work to better the condition of each one who comes into the circle of his influence.

As a result of the varied experiences, there are no two persons who may be approached in the same manner. Therefore, to work effectively one must acquaint himself with the human mind and nature. But regardless of our knowledge of human nature, the questions may often arise: How may we know just what is most needed to help this person or that one? how may we know when a smile might brighten some one's way by causing a rift in the cloud that is settling down upon him, or a cheerful word might lighten a load that is resting heavily upon some heart? how may it be known when the right course is being pursued in the labors for the wayward and indifferent?

Apart from spiritual insight, it is as impossible for us to reach and minister to the needs of others as it is to read the inmost thoughts and motives of the human heart. In order that one may do effective work and be helpful to all who breathe the atmosphere of his influence, he must have the experience of which Paul speaks in Gal. 2:20: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Here lies the great principle, — Christ's life, the only perfect life, lived over again in the individual. Self must die and Christ must have complete control, not merely to guide the life, but in reality to live his life over again within the individual. Then the sunshine of the Saviour's love will beam forth from the countenance, brightening the lives around; and the surrounding atmosphere, instead of being tainted with sin and selfishness, will be saturated with the love and tender mercy of God.

Witnessing

"BUT ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Acts 1:8.

Many of us look forward with great anticipation to the time when the Holy Ghost will be poured out upon God's remnant people, when we will receive power to witness for God unto the uttermost parts of the earth. Do we really understand what it means to receive power for witnessing?

What do we know that we are so anxious to receive power to tell? Do we know that we have repented of every sin? Do we know that God has forgiven us of our sins? Do we know that through Christ it is possible for us to live in this world without sin? If we do not, we need something to tell more than we need power to tell it. A

witness tells only the things he knows. Do we get impatient or cross when we are sorely vexed? Do we lose our temper under the slightest provocation? Are we given to criticism or faultfinding? If so, do we want power to tell this to the world?

We have sufficient power to publish our shortcomings to the world. If God should give us the power of the Holy Spirit for witnessing while we know so little of His saving and keeping power, we would be powerful witnesses against Him instead of for Him.

When Solomon's heart was humble and submissive, God gave him power for witnessing by giving him great wisdom. Thus it was, he became the greatest witness for God in all the world. "All the earth sought to Solomon, to hear his wisdom, which God had put in his heart." 1 Kings 10:24. But when he sinned, all the earth heard of it, and Solomon became the most powerful witness against God in all the earth. There were many other idolaters in Israel in Solomon's day, but their influence for evil did not compare with that of Solomon.

The world is full of men and women who are burdened down with a load of sin, who do not know that God, through Christ, first gives repentance and then forgiveness of sin. God wants witnesses who can tell these people that there is hope for them, that they can be forgiven; that there is something better to look forward to than the passing attractions of this world.

Peter could not have witnessed to the necessity of repentance when he was asked by the multitude, on the day of Pentecost, "what must we do to be saved?" had he not had the necessary experience himself.

What we need first is to repent and get an experience with God that will be worth telling. Then we can say with the apostles of old, "Him hath God exalted with his right hand . . . for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. And we are his witnesses of these things." Acts 5:31, 32. C. H. T.



THE polish and refinement of the true, conscientious Christian far excel anything found in the social circles of the world.—*Machlan.*



NEWS



Wednesday morning, October 30, Dr. A. C. Selmon, our pioneer missionary to China, spoke to the students during the chapel hour. Having spent fifteen years of his life in that field, he is thoroughly acquainted with its needs in all departments of the work. Dr. Selmon brought out the thought that the problems in the mission fields are different now from what they were even ten years ago. This is a day of specializing, and it is no less important in the mission fields than in other places. It used to be considered that those who appeared, before the mission board with the willingness to go any place and do anything were the most desirable workers, but today those who are most successful are the ones who have some definite work in mind. Dr. Selmon then mentioned some of the departments where workers are greatly needed. His burden seemed to be especially for the educational work.

PROFESSOR W. E. HOWELL, General Conference Educational Secretary, made his first visit to the College this year on Nov. 5. In his talk to the students he said that we have many reasons for being joyful. For instance, in the recent epidemic which has swept the country, our schools, as a whole, have been wonderfully spared. He also brought out the thought that the lessons which the war has taught have put heavier responsibilities on teachers and students. In our school life we should not only work for grades and diplomas, but we should have a worldwide vision in our hearts of the opportunities which are given to us.

Professor Howell has just returned from a visit to our schools in Canada

and the Western part of the United States. He visited Alberta, which is the farthest north of any of our schools. At Battleford Academy he met Mr. Wilder Salisbury, one of our graduates of last year, who is greatly enjoying his work there.

He told of his interesting experience in visiting the Maplewood Academy. As he approached the school campus he was told that he would not be allowed to enter until he had first gargled with listerine, which they supplied. As a result of their precautions they have not had one case of influenza.

As the reports come in from the different schools it is found that all have a splendid enrolment. Although we meet with many perplexities and trials in our work, we receive blessings which more than counteract them.

The committee appointed for the nomination of officers of the Students' Association gave the following report Monday, November 4, in chapel: president, Mr. Latham; vice president, Mr. Charles Fisher; secretary, Miss Sander-son; assistant secretary, Miss Mabel Cassell; treasurer, Mr. Howard Shull. We are anxious to have our first meeting and begin the work for this year.

On Hallowe'en evening a very enjoyable time was spent in the dining hall. In one way or another, almost all took part in the program. The first part of the evening was taken up with recitations and special music. One very interesting feature of the evening was a dialogue given by the boys of Lyndon Cottage. After playing a few charades, the program of the evening was suitably closed by singing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

As soon as Sunshine Cottage was vacated of "flu" patients, it was turned into a boy's dormitory. Mr. Latham is acting as preceptor.

Mrs. W. O. Daniels from Columbus, Ohio, is visiting her sister-in-law, Helen Daniels, for a few weeks.

Miss Nadia Frolova, sister to Madame Maria Bochkarova, who led the Battalion of Death, is attending the College.

November 6, Elder Carr, the president of the Maine Conference, spoke to the students in chapel.

Ingeborg Horton, one of last year's students, was visiting friends here for a few days.

Doctor Selmon gave a very interesting sermon Sabbath morning, November 2, in which he told many experiences which he met in his work in China.

On her way home from Virginia, Mrs. John Hottel visited friends here.

Miss Jessie Miller, a government worker in the navy department of Washington, was the guest of Carrie Sims, November 7.

Mr. Cecil Ross, a graduate of last year who is now acting as preceptor and Bible instructor at New Market, made the College a short visit.

The young men of the Pastoral Training class have charge of the chapel exercises every Thursday.

Mrs. Machlan entertained a number of ladies at her home on November 20, in honor of Miss Lacey, sister of Professor H. C. Lacey.

Although tarred paper has been flying thick and fast in the vicinity of North Hall the last few days, no one has been seriously injured. The reason for this disturbance?—North Hall was getting a new roofing.

THROUGH an oversight the names of the Ohio students were omitted from the Roll Call in the Autumn number, so we are now giving them, together with the names of the late registrants.

Africa: A. Jennings.

Delaware: Karl Wood.

District of Columbia: Louise Adamson, Marie Barrow, Merrie Birge, E. Edwards, William Fisher, Loran Goode, Mrs. L. W. Graham, Caroline Halley, Eva Howe, Emma Howell, Virbrook Nutter, Edward Paap, Louise Pill, Gay Rogers, Mrs. J. H. Sheirick, Addie Shipley, Margaret Shipley, Ferris Walker.

Maine: Iver Iverson.

Maryland: Chas. L. Jones, Amie Martin, Nora Martin, Orpha Smith, Louisa Wilkens.

Massachusetts: Irving Yelland.

North Carolina: Robert Lutz.

New York: William Bradley, T. R. Holden, Alfred Robbins, Ralph Russell, Louis Zink.

Ohio: Kenneth Aburnethy, Ethel Andre, Mabel Andre, Martha Bloom, Mabel Cassell, Denver Coleman, Ray Corder, Rose Craig, Helen Daniels, Mark Hagman, May Harkins, Mary Holder, Elizabeth Morris, Eulah Morton, Glen Morton, Bessie Mount, Mabel Robbins, Ruth Shriver, Earl Smith, Wallace Smith.

Pennsylvania: Nettie Porch, Rathbun Shaw.

Russia: Nadia Frolova.

Texas: Willa Maye McCutchen.

Virginia: Ruth Douglas.

In answer to a note in the last SLIGONIAN asking for further information concerning the boys in the service, we received the following notices: Clarence Palmer is located at Fortress Monroe. Delmar Palmer was in England, according to the last word received, but is probably in France now. He is connected with the Tank Corps.

Ivan H. Richmond is taking a course at the Bliss Electrical School.

SANITARIUM NOTES

THE Alumni of the Nurse's Training School has recently been organized with the plan to meet annually. Also plans were laid by which news notes of mutual interest to all are to be published and sent to the various members.

A diet kitchen has been installed in the new Hospital. By having this improvement it is no longer necessary to carry the trays from the Sanitarium to the Hospital.

Dr. Selmon has been staying at the Sanitarium for a few days. While there he has given several talks with the purpose of interesting workers for China.

Sir Robert Hotung, from the Chinese Legation, is spending some time at the Sanitarium.

A very pleasant program was enjoyed by many patients and nurses in the parlor Hallowe'en night. The parlor was prettily decorated with pumpkins and leaves. Very appropriate programs were printed for the occasion.

REVIEW & HERALD

ABOUT twenty-five students are working on the student shift in the bindery, the press-room, and other departments.

Mrs. Porter, one of the assistants in the periodical department, had an operation a few days ago at the Sanitarium. She is recovering nicely.

The Review and Herald made its record in publishing Elder Spicer's latest book, "The Hand That Intervenes." Less than a month after the manuscript was accepted, bound books were being shipped to the field.

Mr. Luther, former assistant in the Review and Herald, and his wife sailed for China in October.

ALUMNI

"The Gateway to Service"

TRULY our W. M. C. is "The Gateway to Service." Already ninety-three graduates have left its halls and are faithfully laboring in many parts of the world. Some are valiantly working "Over There" for their beloved W. M. C., others are in far-away China and India, spreading the gospel story, while still others are in the homeland, helping in the preparation of more workers. Although we are all working under different circumstances, and are so widely separated, we are all united by the same spirit of gratitude toward our Alma Mater. She has prepared us both mentally and spiritually for our work, and indeed we can all repeat the words of our college song. "Grateful thanks to thee for lessons which shall guide through smiles and tears."

MARIA I. JIRON, '18.

The Class of '16

'Tis two years and a half, my comrades,
Since we stood on the threshold of
life

At the end of the path of our schooldays,
So quiet, away from earth's strife.

As we think of these days, oh,
We sigh for the joys that are past;
Our air castles have crumbled into ruins,
Now we build lower down, nor so
fast.

Lower down, did you say?— Nay, 'tis
higher,
For we build for the home in the
skies.

Each task nobly done, though it be
humble,
Is our part toward attaining the
prize.

The foundation we laid in our school
days,

We are building upon it today;
And each day we'll build nearer heaven,
If we follow the Master away.

Though the class of Sixteen is far
scattered,
And on earth we may nevermore
meet,

If we follow the footsteps of Jesus,
Our paths will converge at His feet.

JANETTE BIDWELL SHUSTER, '16.

Inspiration

THE man at eve approached the hill,
The bridge spanned over Sligo's rill;
He crossed it now with heart made light,
His heart was full of joy that night.
But when he stopped at Lyndon Hall,
To see his boy he thought so small,
His knock was answered by a man
Who said the boy was at a band.

The band he said without a pause,
Was for the college building's cause.
Rounding the corner, what a sight—
Columbia Hall in the pale moonlight
Loomed up like a fairy castle wall,
All finished but a part so small.
He paused a moment in surprise
Then thought, "I'll help them win their prize."

He passed the building one and all,
And entered in the old school hall—
Around at the tiny rooms he gazed,
Standing bewildered and amazed.
The chapel was filled within and without
With chairs well used, there could be no doubt.
Now he did not wonder why
The students sent forth their building cry.

Inside a room a voice was heard,
It thrilled him through to hear a word.
His son was speaking now in tones
Full of enthusiasm that filled his bones.
He listened and heard their many plans
To raise the money by means of bands.
He rapped, and, like a crash
They received a *thousand* cash.

C. L. T.

Quotations

THE love of Christ is unspeakable. If it were speakable, preachers would speak it and that would end it. — *Sorenson.*

THE Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society should be the school's great missionary laboratory. You have your physical and chemical laboratories, so why not have a missionary laboratory. This school was not established to produce chemists, but missionaries. — *Kern.*

I WOULD rather be in the glimmer of twilight, looking toward the light, than to be totally in the dark. — *Sorenson.*

CONSTANCY is the greatest word in the dictionary. — *Salisbury.*

LET us clarify our concepts. — *Albertsworth.*

THE man or woman, girl or boy, who does not subscribe for the SLIGONIAN this year needs to be rubbed with Sligonian Oil and tarred and feathered. — *A loyal Alumnus.*

No doubt that the era of last year and this will result in seeing the SLIGONIAN rehabilitated, rejuvenated, and perpetually installed on the shelf of "Literature." — *An ex-Editor.*



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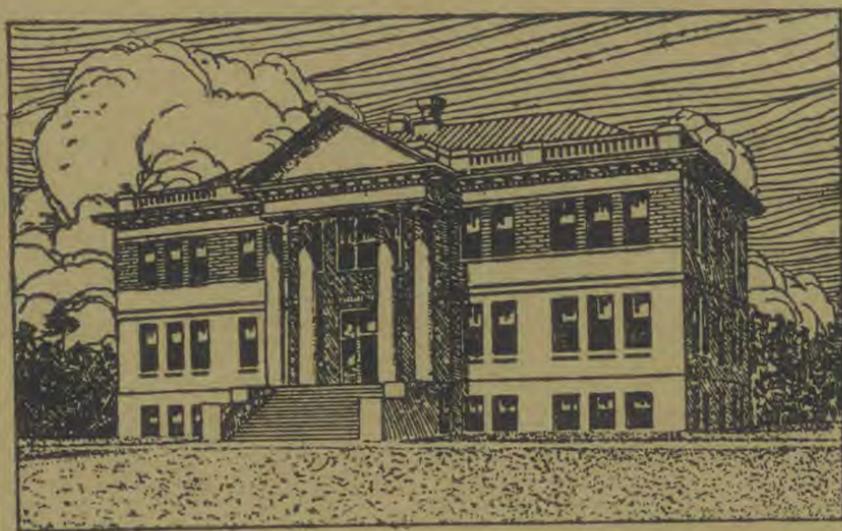
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