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In This Number

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When Leaves Come Tumbling Down

MARTHA DORIS MCELVAIN

Stark days, dark nights,
Cold-bloodedness and death.—
The little wood things scurry off,
Hearts chilled by Winter's breath.
Winds whistle by, and wail and sigh,
The whole world seems to frown.
Gaunt spectre, fear, drives out all cheer
When leaves come tumbling down.

But now, day's bright, as gay as light;
There's time left yet awhile
The sunshine reaches every nook;
A moment still to smile.
The colors dance on every limb,—
Gold, orange, red, and brown.
There's always time before the time
When leaves come tumbling down.

For Bonnie's Sake

WINNIE WALTERS-TURNER

"MOTHER, did Margie come home this afternoon? I thought I saw her and Bonnie coming across the pasture while I was plowing in the south field. If I did, they had a cold walk. That wind was sharp this afternoon. I'm thinking it will snow to-night."

"Yes, I guess you saw them. They came." Mother Winton answered grimly, and continued her preparations for supper. Father Winton turned from the sink, where he was washing, and looked at Mother in mild surprise. Her manner and tones were unusual, and her back, as she was bending over the stove, frying chicken, looked forbidding. But Father continued his questioning. It was the only way to find out anything from Mother.

"What did Margie bring with her? I saw her carring a large bundle. Why didn't Horace bring her in the car? And how did she happen to come again today when they were here just yesterday, and coming again next Thursday for Thanksgiving dinner?"

Mother looked up at last. "James Winton, I'm that worked up about the whole thing that I don't feel like speaking decent, even to you. Margie brought some of her clothes and Bonnie's in that bundle. She came because she can't stand Horace's actions any longer. And right now the poor girl is in her old room where she's been crying ever since she came this afternoon. She can't bear to have Bonnie out of her sight."

"What's Horace done now?" Father was persistent.

"What's he done now?" Mother repeated, seeming to bristle all over, and sticking the fork savagely into the chicken she was taking up. "You know how he's been acting, driving Margie wild by his attentions to that pretty teacher boarding with them. Other people have been talking about how he's been acting. But Margie was too proud to let on, even to him, that she cared. She didn't blame the girl any. She knew May didn't care for Horace, and didn't encourage him any in his foolishness. May even found another boarding place and left this morning. Then Horace accused Margie of being to blame because May left; it was the last straw. They had some words this morning, and this afternoon she left

without telling him she was going. Poor child! I'm glad she's got a home to come to."

"Well, I am too," said Father slowly. He was, if possible, tenderer toward their youngest child than Mother was. But to himself he added, "I'm afraid Margie was hasty. 'Tisn't the first time she's been jealous of Horace. And 'tisn't the first time there's been gossip in this neighborhood, and that usually without any foundation. But no use to say that to Mother and get her wrought up any worse."

"Hello, Grandpa," came a child's voice, interrupting his thought, and Bonnie ran into the room and threw herself into his arms. He sat down and she immediately climbed into his lap.

"Is Mamma asleep?" he inquired anxiously.

Her happy face became serious. "No, she's not asleep. But she's not crying any more."

"Supper's ready, Father," Mother interrupted. "You and Bonnie get to the table, and I'll see if I can't persuade Margie to come out."

Mother disappeared in the direction of Margie's room, but came back a few minutes later. In answer to Father's questioning look, she shook her head. "No use. She says she doesn't want any supper at all. Can't eat a bite. I wish——." She checked herself at sight of the child, but Father could guess her wish, and knew that she was thinking of Horace.

The meal was eaten in silence, except for Bonnie's chatter. Every meal was the same the next day, for Margie persisted in keeping to her room and resisted all her mother's efforts to cheer her.

"What shall I do, Father?" Mother Winton asked that night after Bonnie had gone to bed. "I can't do a thing with Margie. I think the reason she is grieving so is that Thanksgiving is their wedding anniversary. I thought Horace would be over today, and I think Margie thought so too. If he doesn't come tomorrow—— you know the other children are coming home for Thanksgiving, and I'm afraid it will just make Margie feel worse. Do you suppose we'd better send them word not to come this year?"

"Oh, no, I wouldn't do that," Father answered slowly, "Horace isn't likely to let their wedding day go by without trying to make up. But if he does, I think it will be a good thing for Margie to have the others here. 'Twill take her mind from her troubles, likely. Go ahead with your fixing tomorrow."

Following his advice, the next day Mother continued her usual preparations for Thanksgiving. Bonnie divided her time between the kitchen and her mother's room. "O Mamma!" she exclaimed, on one of her trips to her mother's room, "I do wish you'd come out to the kitchen and see all the things Grandma's doing. There's a turkey, and pies and——say, Mamma, will Daddy be over tomorrow? Why do we stay here so long without Daddy?"

Margie burst into tears, but was spared framing an answer, for just then Bonnie noticed the mail carrier driving up to the box and ran out after the mail. There was a letter to Margie from Horace. It was brief: "Come home and we will divide the things." Margie read in silence, then passed it over to her mother, who had entered the room,

"Poor child!" began her mother.

But Margie interrupted. "Don't say anything more, Mother. I suspect I've been a baby all along, but if Horace wants to divide up, that's what we'll do."

A few hours later, two proud, unhappy young people met at the little home which had been theirs for almost six years, the home where Bonnie had come to them, the home into which they had never dreamed such unhappiness could enter. But neither gave expression to these thoughts.

"You may have all of the furniture if you want it, Margie," Horace said coldly. "Now let's get the other things sorted and packed."

They worked in silence, but each was busy with his thoughts. "Why have I been so babyish?" thought Margie. "What if Horace did talk to May? Why should I have minded? I might have made myself more attractive and have been more interested in the things that pleased him."

And Horace's conscience was speaking to him loudly. "Don't you think you've neglected her? Remember, she was only seventeen when you married her, and you promised to cherish and protect. Haven't always been as manly as you should, have you? Been selfish sometimes, too. See how frail she is, and how young she still looks."

The train of his thoughts was broken by a sob from Margie. Instantly he was at her side, where she was bending over a trunk at the bottom of which were Bonnie's baby clothes. Both took in the contents at a glance. There were the tiny baby caps, a long

dress, little bootees, the first short dress, and the first tiny black shoes with a hole in the toe of each. They had not been able to part with any of these things. How could they divide them now?

"Sweetheart!" It was Horace who spoke. "I can't stand this any longer. I can't give up Bonnie, nor you either. I love you again in her, and no one can ever take your place. Can you forgive me, dear? And shall we try again for Bonnie's sake and start out new on another Thanksgiving?"

As she met his outstretched arms, and rested her head in the old familiar place on his shoulder, he was satisfied with her answer.

New Industries at Union College

LUCILLE CARNAHAN

AS I entered North Hall the other day, a feeling of homesickness came over me, and as I endeavored to analyze the reason for the feeling I happened to take a deep breath, and lo, the odor of freshly baked bread assailed my nostrils. At once I understood the reason for my homesickness. I traced the odor as best I could, and going to the basement of the building, I found there a real bakery, and also a grocery store. There was one room fitted up as a store and another room in which bread, cakes, pies, cookies and all manner of good things were made and baked in a large, new oven.

The store has been provided mainly for the benefit of our faculty also the conference workers; however, it is open to the residents of College View or anyone who wishes to patronize it. The dining room is being provided with fresh bread daily from the bakery which I am sure the students all appreciate. And, speaking for the girls, I can say that we appreciate very much having the store and especially the bakery with all its good things, in our building. I predict that most all our spare money will find its way to the basement with such tantalizing odors permeating our home.

Union College also has another new industry or department. We have purchased about four hundred chickens and are starting a poultry department. Some little new buildings have been erected down on the farm and we are hoping that this department will grow and become a valuable asset to the college. It does seem nice to

WILLIAM KONRAD ROENTGEN
1845-1923

Born in Lennep, Prussia. Educated at Zurich. Awarded the Rumford Medal of the Royal Society in 1896 jointly with Philip Lenard for discovery of X-rays. Won the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1901.

"I did not think— I investigated"

One day in 1895, Roentgen noticed that a cardboard coated with fluorescent material glowed while a nearby Pluecker tube was in action. "What did you think?" an English scientist asked him. "I did not think; I investigated," was the reply.

Roentgen covered the tube with black paper. Still the cardboard glowed. He took photographs through a pine door and discovered on them a white band corresponding to the lead beading on the door. His investigation led to the discovery of X-rays.

Roentgen's rays have proved an inestimable boon to humanity. In the hands of doctor and surgeon they are saving life and reducing suffering. In the hands of the scientist they are yielding new knowledge—even of the arrangement and structure of atoms. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have contributed greatly to these ends by developing more powerful and efficacious X-ray tubes.

The General Electric Company manufactures everything electric—from fans to powerful locomotives, from tiny lamps to mighty power plants. Its products are used around the world.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

have good fresh eggs for breakfast this year, in place of the storage eggs which we have had—sometimes—in the past.

Union College is growing and developing, and it is the best place on earth to be. If you want proof, just come and see for yourself.

A Few Days in the Black Hills

ALICE CARLSON

MANY beautiful memories come to us as we look back to the happy vacation days spent in the scenic Rockies of Colorado, the wonders of Yellowstone, and the picturesque Black Hills. Our little touring party who enjoyed these pleasures, included Professor and Mrs. Wolfkill, Miss Katheryn Speh, and me.

The Black Hills are indeed the wonderland of the prairie state, South Dakota, and their rugged grandeur and native beauty attract many tourists. I think all will agree with Marvin Hughitt of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway in characterizing the Black Hills as "the richest hundred square miles in the world." The Black Hills have not as yet become as well known among the travel-loving public as some of the more noted attractions, but they are being appreciated more and more.

Upon entering the Black Hills from the north, the first picture presented to us was that of dark pine-clad mountains. We were fascinated by their stately beauty and coloration. They gave us a feeling of the presence of life, and to some, perhaps, would be more beautiful than the rugged rocks and crags of the mountains.

It was late Friday afternoon when we entered the Black Hills; so we had little time for sight-seeing that day. We visited the old town of Deadwood, and then we passed on a few miles to the city of Lead, noted for its gold mines. No visitors are taken into the mines, but we were glad for the privilege of visiting one of the mills. The noise around the mill was deafening. The process through which the gold ore passes is very interesting. The ore is first put through a hopper and pounded to the size of peas. It is then run through tanks of water and collected in large revolving cylinders. Rods are placed in the cylinders for the purpose of

breaking the ore into smaller particles. The yellow metal is then separated on large copper plates by means of mercury. Mercury has the power of uniting with the gold to form an amalgam. The amalgam is removed every few hours from the copper plates and taken to the retort house where it is heated. The mercury is evaporated and the gold is left. It is then cast into bars, shipped by express to New York and sold on the open market. That gold which is not removed by mercury is obtained by the use of cyanide. The Lead Gold Mine is twenty-three hundred feet deep and two thousand tons of ore are taken out of its beds daily. It may be interesting to note that out of every ton of ore, five dollars' worth of gold is obtained. After leaving the mill, Professor Wolfkill brought to our attention the text of scripture, "I will make a man more precious than fine gold, even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir." This text had a deeper meaning to us after having seen the many purifying processes through which the gold must pass.

After leaving the mill, it was soon time for Sabbath to begin. We decided to camp in the Lead Auto Park, which was up in the hills, away from the tumult of the city and the gold mills. We chose a lovely camp site and began setting up camp as usual. Each had his task to do; so it was not long before we were settled, and had a crackling camp fire in front of our door. In this secluded place we spent a most restful Sabbath. In the morning we held our Sabbath school out on the hillside and in the afternoon we roamed about and enjoyed the beauties of nature.

Sunday was to be a day of sight seeing. Bright and early we were up, broke camp, and started out. We were headed for Sylvan Lake. Our road took us through Merritt, Pactola, and Hill City. On all sides we enjoyed the native beauty of the hills. Upon entering Custer State Park, we thought we were again in the Rockies, for high on all sides rose the rugged peaks. We saw Harney's Peak stand in the distance like a Titan overlooking the lesser peaks. It is the highest point between the Atlantic coast and the Rocky Mountains. There are many other lofty peaks, deep gorges, canyons and swiftly flowing streams throughout the park. Sylvan Lake nestles a mile above sea level, like a fairyland, perfectly calm and serene, locked in by granite walls. As you gaze upon the quiet scene before you, you feel the charm of the surroundings. As the changing light reveals new beauties and mirror-like reflections, you almost expect to see the fairy creatures whom fancy may picture to you. At this

most picturesque scene of nature's handiwork we gazed and marveled. Leaving Sylvan Lake we passed the Needles and Cathedral Spires which characterize the rugged scenic portion of the Black Hills. Passing through the Needle's Eye was an incident that will long be remembered.

Because of our limited time, we did not visit the Wind Cave and Hot Springs in the southern part of the Black Hills. These are considered very interesting, unique features of this wonderland.

Now that we are back at our work again and have little time for recreation, thoughts come to us of our vacation trip and give us a feeling of satisfaction and pleasant recollections.

A Bit About Neihardt

[After a reading of his own works at the College on October 29.]

PAULINE BERGERSEN

E are proud to know that the State of Nebraska has, by legislative recognition, a poet laureate. We are even prouder to have heard this poet, John G. Neihardt, read to us some of his own poems.

When Mr. Neihardt was born his parents lived in an unplastered, one-room house, on a farm near Sharpsbury, Illinois. In 1886, when the boy was six years old, the family moved to Kansas. During the time he lived there the poet received his first impression of the compelling beauty of the prairies that, with the years, has more and more enthralled him. While there the boy saw a prairie fire, which in later years he used as the theme for his poem, "The Song of Three Friends."

The family later moved to Kansas City, Missouri. When the boy was ten years old his father died. During the next few years the family suffered a poverty that was almost destitution, and which brought them into close contact with the life of the wretched. By working hard, for fifty or seventy-five cents a day, his mother managed to support herself and the three children. In spite of the hard struggle, all the children received a college education. In 1900 the family moved to Bancroft, Nebraska, where they now live.

The one great aim of Mr. Neihardt's life was to become a poet. When he was a child poetry was not far away, for his father wrote verses; and often on rainy Sundays he would entertain his son by

writing rhymes about things within the boy's own world. When he grew older he started a collection of historical works and of great English poetry. The first book of poetry he ever owned was a copy of the "Idylls of the King." When he was fourteen years old he wrote a poem called "The Song of the Hoe." This was printed by the *Youth's Companion*, and was the first poem for which he received pay.

Mr. Neihardt loved to read and somehow he found a way of knowing what was worth reading. He read far into the literature of many countries, both ancient and modern. The many books he read became a part of him, for he has the genius of seizing what he needs and making it his own. This was, perhaps, the most significant part in his training for the great work he is now doing.

Mr. Neihardt was named poet laureate in recognition of the "American Epic Cycle," which he is now writing. This cycle covers the period of western development from 1822 to 1890. It includes five narrative poems, namely: "The Song of Three Friends," "The Song of Hugh Glass," "The Song of Judd Smith," "The Song of the Mormons," and "The Song of the Indian Wars." Although the poet has already spent three and one-half years on the last poem of this group, it is not yet completed. Mr. Neihardt has also written many lyric poems, which are published in a book entitled, "The Quest." Throughout this volume runs the strength of expression and the fitness and vividness of imagery that are so characteristic of all his work.

There is a rugged Saxon strength and a vigorous originalty in the poetry of Mr. Neihardt, that place him in the front rank of American poets.

Preparation for Missionary Service

I. F. BLUE

ANY people have asked me about the qualifications for service in a foreign field, and whether I thought they were qualified for some field. It is difficult to answer that question, so in taking up this matter I can only hope to set forth some general principles, and will give some of the things that have come to me in my observations and in my own experience. I will also give the opinions of others and try to set forth as far as I can what to me are at least primary qualifications for missionary service.

In the first place a man to be a missionary must have a real Christian experience. He must be a man governed by principle rather than by feeling. In a foreign field there are many trying situations to face and one is continually finding that things are uncongenial. He should know that he is "sent of God" and he must have a steadfast confidence in the source of all power. Such a man will not soon be discouraged even though things seem to be contrary. Nothing can take the place of consecration and devotion. It must be an experience that does not lean upon others, for in the mission field the missionary is often alone and will be months without the help and encouragement of fellow missionaries. This is of first importance and unless the knowledge of a real connection with heaven is in the heart, there is little possibility of permanent success. One should not harbor the delusion that it is easier to live the Christian life in a heathen land. On the other hand it is very much harder.

I will give here a quotation on this point from the great missionary to India, Dr. Duff. This was spoken to candidates for the ministry: "Oh, it is easy for you at home to maintain a blazing fire on the borders of an ancient forest—to rear the tender exotic in a sheltering hot-house, to keep full the liquid reservoir in the neighborhood of a thousand rills, but to feed the flames on the very crest of perpetual forest and snow, to cherish the budding exotic on a bleak and desert heath, to replenish the reservoir amid the scorching sands—this, this is to maintain the plans of life flourishing, the fount of purity overflowing, the fire of devotion

burning bright in the frightful solitude of an idolatrous city in India."

The influence of a holy life on the life and labors of the missionary in a heathen land can not be told in words. But in the words of another, "A man's holiness is the measure of his usefulness." If the piety is of the kind that fires others with a zeal for a better life, if it is not contagious, it will mean failure. Baxter, in "Instructions to Missionaries," pp. 4-7, says: "When your minds are in a holy, heavenly frame, your people are likely to partake of the fruits of it. Your prayers, and praises, and doctrine will be sweet and heavenly to them. They will likely feel when you have been much with God, that which is most in your heart is likely to be most in their ears."

Next after this I would place the knowledge of the worth of a soul. This may not state exactly what I mean, but one must know what it is to yearn over the lost and to know the joys of seeing souls born into the kingdom. We may never know what the soul is worth in God's sight, but we must have a real conception of what being saved means to us, and then what it should mean to others. Selfishness would lead us to make ourselves first, but love for the lost, and the spirit of the Shepherd that leaves the fold in search for the one lost sheep, and rejoices in finding it, must characterize the life of every missionary. Oh, the joy that comes in seeing a soul born into the kingdom!

The third point that I would emphasize is that of being embued with good, sound, common sense. It will place the new missionary in a position to be able to learn from those of more experience. Those who have been in the country longer than we have are sure to know more about things than we do, and we ought to be willing to learn. In fact, a great part of the missionary's life is spent in learning new things. It is quite necessary that a missionary learn on the ground many things that can not be taught in books. Humility, of course, would come in this list, for if there is a virtue that is needed anywhere, meekness is needed in the relation of the missionary to his task. Judson, in writing home for recruits, said: "In encouraging young men to come out as missionaries, do use the greatest caution. One wrong-headed, conscientiously obstinate man would ruin us. Humble, quiet, preserving men; men of sound, sterling talents, of decent accomplishments, and some natural apti-

tude to acquire a language; men of an amiable, yielding temper, willing to take the lowest place, to be the least of all, and the servant of all; men who enjoy much closet religion, who live near to God, and are willing to suffer all things for Christ's sake, without being proud of it—these are the men we need."

This could be discussed at great length, as there are so many things that enter into the life of the missionary that call for a steady hand and common sense.

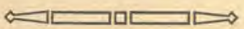
The fourth point that I would emphasize is the need of the good mental training. The more training the man has, the easier some of his problems will be. It is not so much the flashy mental ability to learn things quickly as the systematic plodding that makes possible the desired attainment. This comes through a systematic course of training in our schools. Determination and perseverance are necessary qualifications in the study of the language, as well as accurateness and system. I have seen men who had been trained in the school of "stick-to-itiveness" who eventually came out better in their mastery of the language than those who appeared to be making great headway at first. There are times when the language seems that it would never yield to study, and after hours of wrestling one feels that he has got nowhere. However, there comes a time if one perseveres when the light breaks through. Sir T. F. Buxton is quoted in the *Indian Missionary Manual* as saying that "The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—INVINCIBLE DETERMINATION—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world—and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a MAN without it." When once the missionary sets at the task of learning the language, he should never think of letting go until he has mastered it. It is not merely a matter of one or two years that one has to study the language. A young missionary just arriving in the field asked of a veteran on the foreign field how long it would take to get the language. He answered that he did not know. He said, "I have been studying it for forty years and still there is a great deal to learn."

Much might be said about the physical qualifications for the missionary recruit. It is of course necessary to have good health in the trying fields, but on the whole the young man or woman who

knows how to care for the body and knows the value of regular habits will come out better than the one in robust health who thinks that his body can stand anything. With ordinary care and the usual precautions, one in reasonable health will get on very well. Usually the first year or two are the most trying and after that one gets more or less accustomed to the climate.

In closing, I will say that all that I have said about the men applies to the women, also, who go out either single or as wives of missionaries. It is essential that the wife have her heart in the work and that her qualifications be such that she can appreciate and enter heartily into the labors of her husband. She should be able to get the language and take her responsibility with him in all the tasks. I would give great credit to some of the women I have seen in the foreign fields. Many of them do not seem to be accomplishing a great deal about their homes and in their communities, but all the time their silent influence among the women is telling for Christ. Alone for months without seeing another white woman, they have bravely upheld the hands of their husbands and their Indian sisters. There is a work for the missionary wives that can not be accomplished by the men. The Indian women can never be reached except by the women, and it is generally conceded that the Indian home is ruled by the woman in spite of the inferior place given to her and the seclusion in which she is kept. Her influence goes a great way in either helping or hindering the introduction of Christianity into the home, and until the women are reached, India will never be reached.

There is great satisfaction and joy in knowing that one is in the place where God wants him to be. Such must be the call of the foreign field to the man or woman who is looking for a place in the great vineyard. God will make it clear to any one who is looking for light, and is willing to answer the call as did Isaiah of old, when he said, "Here am I, Lord; send me." The great need and the definite conviction of duty must influence the decision of each one.



"Consider
The sparrows of the air of small account:
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount,—
He guards us too. —*C. Rossetti.*

Two Educational Systems

WARD VAN TILBORG

CHRISTIAN education is the outgrowth of Jewish teachings. A large part of the world has failed to recognize the importance the Jewish nation has played in regard to its contribution to the uplift of mankind. On the contrary it has magnified the teachings of the pagan philosophers, thinkers and teachers throughout the history of the world.

It is not over-drawing the situation in the least in stating that the Jewish people, through their literature and teachings, have made the civilization of today possible. Jewish education has formed the basis of all true theology and morality in the enlightened countries of the world. The world needs to learn that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and that this, more than anything else, will develop the character and the morals which are so much needed today. President Coolidge has said that there is no surer road to destruction than prosperity without character. God, in His dealings with men, has found it necessary to take away prosperity many times in order to save them.

God planned for Israel to be a peculiar people. He desired to have them lead the world in every sense of the word, and in order for Israel to do this, it was necessary for them to occupy a position in advance of all other peoples. He desired them to lead most decidedly in the spiritual plane.

Men live on various planes. The man on the mental plane guides and controls those on the physical plane. There are very few leaders, and the majority of people prefer to be led. Man reaches his highest plane of existence only by faith, and this may be called the spiritual plane. A larger portion of mankind is guided by reason only. Pagan education inspires the individual to workship self instead of God.

The Jews were to hold their position on the spiritual plane by a life of faith. As long as they remained faithful to their instructions the whole world looked to them for guidance. As soon as they adopted the educational system of the surrounding nations, their education became pagan. Their ambition became like those of other nations, and God's plan of education was set aside. Instead of being the head they became the foot.

Originally the Jewish children were taught in the home, and as long as they were a nation the children were under the instruction of the parents until twelve years of age. They were taught the family traditions and history. The sacred writings of the Old Testiment were taught almost exclusively until the child was ten years of age. They sought to develop the spark of divinity that is bestowed at birth.

Later, the responsibility for the education of the youth was shifted from the home to the church. Ezra is credited with founding this educational system. The schools of the prophets were also established for the purpose of training leaders, for spiritual culture, and for barriers against corruption. The principal studies in these schools were law, music, poetry, history, and trades.

The same instruction that God gave Israel regarding education is His policy for the people of today. The harmonious development of the physical, mental, and spiritual powers should be our ideal. It is often found that the education of today is a one-sided affair. It develops, perhaps, only the physical or the mental. A person with such an education is dangerous to society.

When Christ came to earth, He revolutionized the education of the world. As He uttered the words, "All ye are brethren," class distinction began to be broken down. The nations of today must practice this principle if they would avert future wars and strife. "Those who attempt to remove Christ's philosophy from education are enemies to humanity."

We must not be narrow in our conception of education. It is worth while to study the teachings of the ancient philosophers, and know them personally. Many times they approach near the doctrines and morals of Christianity. Anyone who can think out such inspiring thoughts and ennobling ideals as some have done, surely must be under the influence of a higher power. We should "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." In this corrupt age, filled with erroneous doctrines, we are duty-bound to seek divine wisdom to enable us to know what is right.

Public education is doing a mighty work in training men and women to become good citizens. But this education alone can not make good citizens. The church must do its part, and this phase more than anything else, is failing. It would be against the principles of religious freedom for the nation to attempt to teach the Bible in the public schools, because the differences in belief can not

be harmonized. The only solutions to this question are the home training and denominational school.

When one notices the courses many higher institutions of learning are taking in education, he can not but feel that it is a one-sided affair. We read about the fraternity dance, attended by several hundred students; and, again, we are given an account of a football game witnessed by many thousand people. As we read we naturally get the idea that the social and athletic activities predominate in a college curriculum. Does not this kind of training tend to create in the minds of the students a disregard for the dignity of labor, and right moral principles?

The elements of a liberal education are bound up in the small college. The personal contact with each other has a wholesome influence upon all. A student becomes personally acquainted with his instructors, and the instructor with the student. It is self-evident that this can not be done in a large school. A student who is found in a denominational school may consider himself fortunate. A public school seeks to make good citizens out of its pupils. A Christian school also has that for its aim, but in addition to that it seeks to train citizens for the new earth. This is the aim of Christian education.

After the Storm, the Rainbow

LENORE BREWER

"GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footstep in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

How seldom we think of, or consider, the life that has been instrumental in bringing to us some of our familiar hymns—hymns that we sing so often. Possibly we see some little beauty in them, and so appreciate them, or perhaps we are just fond of them because of memories of associations that twine about them; but how infrequently it ever occurs to us that they are a part of the life of the author who has written them.

William Cowper was a victim of circumstance. Nothing in his tempestuous life offered strength to tide him over the vast, dark expanses of doubt that enshrowded him. In such circumstances many lose faith, and, beset by trials that shatter men's hopes, give up. To these Cowper usually succumbed. He could not withstand the fits of despondency and periods of depression. As a drowning man at sea, he clutched fiercely for the frailest straw to stay him in his downward sweep, but, always missing, he was despairingly conscious of forever slipping out of the reach of human power. Three times he was taken by insanity that at times reduced him to a state of semi-imbecility. How loathsome it was to his accutely affected mind! With what abhorrence he felt the steadily on-coming tide slowly submerge him, in his helpless struggle! His mind was continually in a state of intense perturbation lest he should succumb as aforetime; and, sadder still, he had no hope in God. He always thought himself entirely separated from the Saviour of men, thus increasing this sense of utter hopelessness. How he must have longed for that spirit of acceptance, for he wrote of the great omnipresence of Jehovah in such powerful strains that we marvel at their sublimity. Truly he thought the movements of God mysterious, but how he could recognize their wonderous majesty in a worshipful attitude is almost a greater mystery.

As a child he was timid, sensitive and solitary; an object, at school, for the taunts of a bully and the victim of the heartless pranks of others. In his defenselessness and total loss, he shrank

within himself and evaded associates. Instead of becoming hardened and gaining ground by these rebuffs, he painfully retreated. Would you not have, unknowingly and with contempt, labeled him as a cowardly child? It is often done today, even among mature people, and yet is flaunted as righteousness and constructive criticism. The struggle within the unfortunate one is never considered, neither the suffering nor the pain. The boy became secretive and fearful. Only to his mother could he turn, and this understanding was the healing balm to his pathetic inexperience. Only those who have suffered similarly can understand the sweetness and confiding trust that grew up as a result; but how short a space it was to continue! The very thing that might have written success for him as a man, was suddenly taken while still in the bud. The mother died when the child was only six years old. With a grief, unusual to children, the boy, Cowper, mourned for her as if his heart were broken, until his nurse, in despair for his well being, tried to comfort him with promises of her soon return. So he hoped again, —looked for her, waited for her, —each day thinking surely she would come. With every passing day his disappointment grew, until, as he said in one of his later poems, "Many a sad tomorrow came and went," and finally, "he less deplored her but ne'er forgot." How little we realize the keenness of the sorrows of childhood, the pain and the utter hopelessness of their little souls. We have lived through and will not remember. These were intensified in Cowper. He grew up always enshrowded in a bewildering atmosphere of uncertainty, never knowing where to turn, and too timid to ask. He had no one to help him over the dangerous pitfalls that await the youth—no one to counsel him, no one to encourage him—so he went around obstacles rather than over them, and left decisive questions undecided because in his secretiveness no one realized his need of mature judgment. They did not care for, or understand, the apparently stupid boy.

He prepared to be a lawyer, but did not have the initiative to practice. He lacked self-command because of the over-powering fear from which he suffered as a boy. However, a depression of finances made it necessary for him to do something, so his uncle, Major Cowper, procured for him an appointment as Clerk of the Journals in the House of Lords. He passed the written examinations, but as the time for the oral examination drew near, he was seized with a kind of terror that he could not shake off. As he read the journals that

he was afterward to keep, the difficulties loomed in such frightful proportions that his mind became deranged. In the humiliation and chagrin at his own cowardice he gave up the position. Shortly afterward he was sent to a private hospital for the insane, where, under the care of competent physicians, he seemed to recover, and after two years left the institution.

He wished to be near his brother, who was then an undergraduate at Cambridge, and so took lodging at the home of Reverend William Unwin. Soon a warm friendship grew up between them and he became as one of the family. After the death of Mr. Unwin, a few years later, he, with Mrs. Unwin, removed to a more humble abode in the parish of a curate, Reverend John Newton—a man who exercised a profound influence over Cowper. He was staunch, stern and devout, possessing great strength of mind and purpose. If he could have been of a more understanding turn of mind or a little more sympathetic, Cowper's life might not have been so tragic. Unwieldy analogies and difficult problems that were food for the curate proved deleterious to the unstable young man. He had a firm conviction of the predestined reward of the righteous. Cowper believed it also but to him a greater and deeper conviction arose, the inevitable and eternal loss of the non-elect. He brooded over this apparent lost condition until his reason became so impaired that he imagined God required of him the sacrifice of his life. Several times he tried desperately to kill himself. He was deferred some times by circumstances and sometimes by his own resolution at the last moment, until insanity again robbed him of his reason.

Through the constant and devoted care of Mrs. Unwin for several months, slowly and by degrees he again regained his mental soundness. The following period was no doubt the happiest period of his life. During this time he made pleasant acquaintances and wrote most of his poetry. Nevertheless at about sixty-seven years of age he again began to feel the approach of the dread disease that had worked havoc with so much of his life. It crept upon him, imperceptibly at first, then in taunting flashes upon his consciousness. At last it overtook him in its most ravishing form, from which he never fully recovered.

Never did he feel the grace of the saving power of God. He thought it must come as the result of some effort on his part. He labored under this delusion, ever despairing of making sufficient reparation, and saw no other light. The only bright spot in his life,

after the death of his mother, was the period of the maternal solicitude of Mrs. Unwin for his welfare, which awakened something that seemed to have been implanted within him by his mother's ardent affection. No doubt it was the source of his inspiration for the beautiful hymns, in spite of the darkness of his soul, for he realized the greatness of God's power, and said that though we may not discern his designs, they are everywhere worked out. That thought from Cowper is magnificent, for that power had been to him only one to crush and destroy. There was some strength that the powers of darkness were unable to obscure, and these immortal hymns were the result. In them he breaths admonitions of trust and faith that put us, as more fortunate ones, to shame.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and may break
In blessings on your head."

Uncle Sam's Children

TALK about your patriotism! What red-blooded American would not have been stirred from the top of his head to the sole of his feet, had he heard the American Patriotic Program rendered by Engle's Orchestra Saturday evening, October 13.

Uncle Sam's children came marching in, dressed in their best Fourth of July clothes. The boys seemed quite proud of their high hats trimmed in red, white, and blue, their red and white stripped trousers, white vests and blue jackets. And the girls—well, we could not help but admire their patriotic costumes. We could hardly keep our seats as we listened to their remarkable rendition of Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever."

The orchestra's program included old war songs, folk, songs, including the immortal Dixie, and several classical selections. The program ended with that greatest of patriotic hymns, "The Star Spangled Banner."

"Uncle Sam's Children" spoke that strange language, music, so well that everyone who listened lived again those moments of joy and sorrow. LLOYD COWEN.

The True Vision

ED D. DEGERING

"I AM become all things to all men, that I may by all means save some," was the elegant testimony of Apostle Paul, relative to his life of service for others. Elegant testimony it is, because this missionary's pass-word, penned by his hand, is only an echo of the life he lived. How essential, then, that the requirements of this message which has sounded down through the centuries be given special attention by us at this time.

If we are to be instruments of such a cause and servants for such a work, we must first receive the essential preparation. And this most needed physical, practical, mental, and spiritual equipment is the question which is giving us the most concern at the present time.

According to Paul he "became all things to all men" that by "all means" he might be able to "save some." Although well educated and endowed with masterful natural ability, there was one thing he yet lacked as a qualification for the bearing of such a testimony. He was yet to receive a heaven-sent vision concerning his relation to the humble Nazarine and his fellow men, as well as to the nature of his future work. As a result of this glimpse, the lack was supplied: the proud, arrogant Saul was transformed into the humble servant Paul. He was now ready to serve those whom he had once despised; ready to become a learner at the feet of those whom he had once persecuted. He was ready to adjust himself to the needs and conditions he found, and not attempt to adjust the world to himself as he had previously set out to do. In his own words he now "became all things to all men"—whatever the need, *that* he fulfilled; whatever the call, *that* he administered unto.

As in the days of the apostles the successful missionary must be "all things to all men," and that we might better realize this and gain the needed preparation as far as possible, the Foreign Mission Band has become an integral part of Union College.

Here the life and field of the missionary are studied from every angle, and we are led to feel our own undone condition and the necessity of constant reliance upon the Author of missions. All the preparation we can possibly receive is an aid, but the one essential thing with us, as with Saul, is to see the vision. Then we "become all things to all men" and are eligible for service in fields beyond.

The Colporteur Outlook

H. B. CHRISTIANSON

"HELLO, Cecil, what did you do last summer?" asked a voice from a distant room as I passed through the corridor of second floor in South Hall.

"I spent the summer in Iowa again," was the reply. "That makes the second summer I have spent in the colporteur work in Iowa."

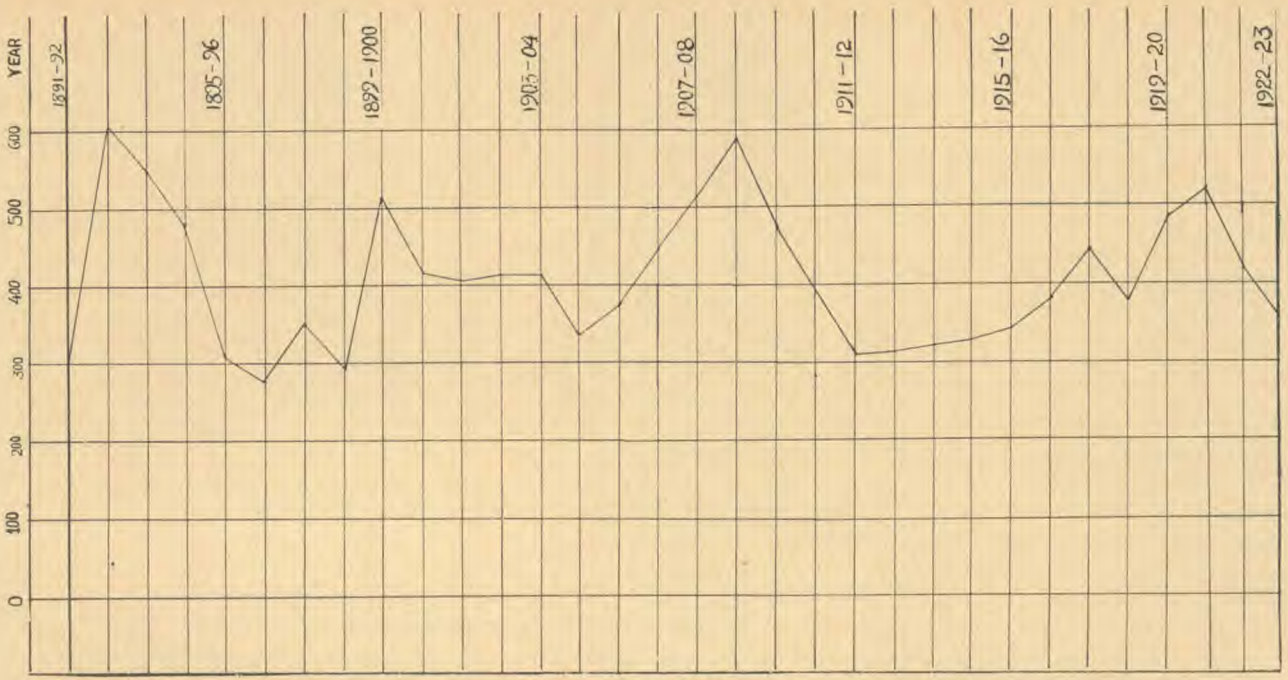
As I walked through the halls and around the campus of Union the first day, many other remarks came to my ear, such as, "I never enjoyed any work as well as the colporteur work I did last summer. I'm going again next summer. I made more than my scholarship." The last statement overheard that day was in a tone of regret, "I wish I had gone, but I'm going next summer. A scholarship looks better to me than six or seven hours of hard manual labor each day to get through school."

These remarks and similar ones show that the colporteur spirit is still alive here at Union. There are students here who have found it to be interesting missionary work, and at the same time have found it a means to help them through this school year.

As a result of the enthusiasm shown in the colporteur work and its many possibilities, a colporteur band has been organized with a membership of thirty. The interest is growing and some are already doing active work in Lincoln and near-by towns. Many are planning on spending afternoons in the work. By Christmas time they expect to be able to put in the vacation at colporteur work. The band meets once a week and plans are discussed pertaining to the most successful methods of conducting the work. Plans are being made that men who have spent many years in the colporteur work will give inspiring talks on the subject. Many of these talks will be given by men who have been at the head of the work in foreign fields.

Many who are not now members of the band are planning to join us in field work during the coming summer's vacation. No one can put to better use the time spent during the summer months in a better cause than this, and each faithful worker will receive his reward.

Why not B A COLPORTEUR?

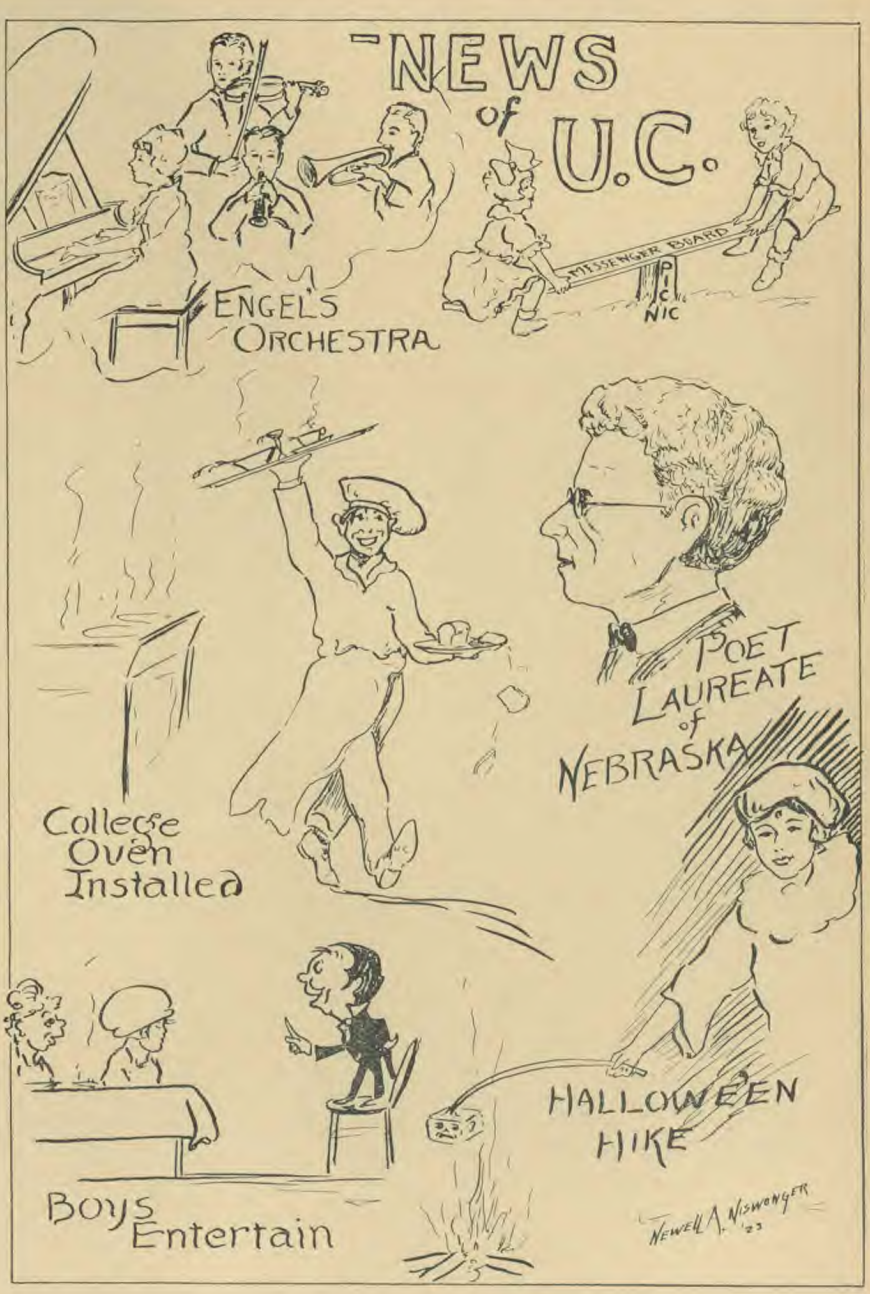


ENROLMENT OF UNION COLLEGE 1891-1923

THE graph shows that the average enrolment of the College has been about 400, or to be exact 407. The cause of the rapid decline of the curve from its highest point in 1892-93 to its lowest point in 1896-97 was without doubt the financial distress following the panic of 1893.

The sharp decline of 1910-11 was due to the establishing of the German, the Danish, and the Swedish Seminaries which took over the foreign languange departments maintained by the college up to that year. It is of interest to note here that the average enrolment before 1911 was 428; afterward, 376. The skyward tendency of the curve from 1918-21 due perhaps to conditions brought about by the World War. The drop in the curve during the past two years is no doubt the natural movement toward the average level of pre-war days.

G. C. GEORGE.


NEWS of U.C.
ENGEL'S ORCHESTRA
MESSENGER BOARD
PICNIC
POET LAUREATE of NEBRASKA
College Oven Installed
HALLOWEEN HIKE
Boys Entertain
NEWELL A. NISWONGER '23

The members of the MESSENGER board enjoyed an outing at the Auto Club Park on Sunday, October 7.

Three young men from South Hall attended the Student Volunteer convention, which was held in Lincoln on October 6 and 7.

Brother D. T. Snideman, field secretary of the Nebraska Conference, is in College View in the interest of the colporteur work.

Dr. Buck, of the College of Liberal Arts, University of Nebraska, spoke to the student body in the Union College chapel on Wednesday, October 3. The subject of the lecture was "The Value and Meaning of a Liberal Education."

A men's glee club, under the direction of Mrs. George, has been organized by twenty of the young men of South Hall.

Monday, October 8, was Harvest Ingathering day at Union College. The students were organized into bands, with a teacher at the head of each band. There was no school, so the various groups left for their definite territory early Monday morning. Eight hundred fifteen dollars has been realized toward our goal of $1000.00. The three bands in the lead in the campaign were: Miss Philmon's band, $62.72; Professor Engel's band, $62.50; and Miss Pearce's band, $60.45.

Because of the illness of his son, Professor Griffin, the woodwork instructor, was called to Junction City, Colo. His son died before Mr. Griffin arrived.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McCormack and family of Glenwood, Ia., motored to College View, Sunday, October 22, to visit their daughter, Miss Janice.

On Sabbath afternoon, October 6, Madam Auffray gave a lecture in the church. Madam Auffray, who before her escape from the convent had spent several years as a nun, occupied the hour by telling some of her experiences.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Marshall and daughter Marjorie, of Grand Island, Nebr., stopped at Union College over October 3. They are on their way to Iowa to visit Mr. Marshall's parents.

Walter McKenzie and William Whitaker, former students of Union College, visited in College View on Sunday, October 7. Mr. McKenzie is attending the medical school at Omaha.

The ministerial seminar met at 2:30 on Sabbath afternoon, October 6. It was the first meeting of the school year. The following officers were elected: leader, Rollin Nesmith; assistant, Claude Lickey; secretary, Cecil Nichols.

The colporteur work has received an early start this year. Monday, October 3, the band was organized with Harold Christianson as the leader. Besides studying the work, the members expect to engage in actual field experience.

Mrs. E. E. Pringle, of Seneca, Kans., and her two sons, Ernest and Robert, visited Miss Pearl L. Rees over Sabbath and Sunday, October 20 and 21.

The Union College mission bands has now divided into several smaller bands. Each band will take up the study of one foreign field.

President O. M. John returned from Milwaukee, Wis., on Thursday, October 18. At the following Friday night service, he talked on the subject, "Echoes from the Fall Council."

Mr. Charles Williams, business manager of Union College, left for Dallas, Tex., Sunday, October 22. The Hol-

stein cattle, belonging to the Union College herd, were there exhibited at the Texas State Fair.

Mr. Harold Nash who was called home because of his father's illness returned to his school work Thursday, October 18.

Miss Kiehnhoff, vocal instructor of the college, is ill with the measles. She is improving rapidly and will resume her duties soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Beaman, former Union College students, have returned to College View to live after spending the past year in Iowa.

Professor H. A. Morrison, former president of Union College, occupied the chapel hour Wednesday, October 17. It was a happy surprise for all.

A class in physical culture is now organized for the young ladies, under the supervision of Miss Shirley Nicola.

The Educational Messenger

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Mr. Eugene Crozier spent Monday, October 29, with old friends at Union.

Professor Schilling, in his chapel talk, October 19, spoke on "Kinetics." His text was, "Two thirds of promotion consists of motion."

Twenty-nine attended the Shelton Academy picnic held in Antelope Park in Lincoln, Sunday, October 21.

Thirteen young people from the Union College Mission Bands attended the first Intercollegiate Student Volunteer meeting on October 30. A banquet was held in the basement of the Methodist Episcopal church at University Place, after which all listened to a lecture in the church on "The Authority of the Bible."

Miss Ada Dolan, of Grand Island, and Mrs. Stanley Powers, of Washington, D. C., spent October 14 at Union with old Plainview friends.

A Plainview group, composed of students and a number of the teachers,

spent a pleasant time together at Auto Park, October 14.

A group of Shelton students accompanied by Miss Carrie Graves, spent the week end, October 20, in College View. Those in the group were: Ed Peterson, Helen Pattison, Addice Patrick, Melvin Jacobson, and Vance Canaday.

A group of South Hall boys made a week end visit to Enterprise Academy, week-ending October 27.

Elder Underwood spoke to the seminar Sabbath afternoon, October 27, giving advice to young preachers.

Professor Wolfkill spoke at the 11 o'clock service in the church, October 27, on "Satan's Great Deception."

Professor George spoke in the Students' Friday evening meeting, October 26.

Professor Schilling spoke at the European Misson band on "Economic Conditions of Germany."

Elder L. W. Terry, of Nevada, Mo., spent Sabbath and Sunday visiting his son and daughter, John and Helen.

Professor Schilling was called to Pennsylvania, Monday, October 29, because of the death of his grandmother.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy of St. Cloud, Minn., visited Mrs. Guy's, sister, Miss Luzetta Krassin, over Sabbath and Sunday. Mrs. Guy is a former student of Union.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Cornell and family have returned to North Hall, where Mr. Cornell is in charge of the college treatment rooms. He will also teach the mens' hydrotherapy classes.

The latest arrivals at the school are Lois Ferguson and Vernon Martin.

We are glad to hear from Miss Maud Miller, of the class of '23. She is teaching at the Sutherlin Academy, Sutherlin, Ore.

Miss Laura Belle Shepherd, a student of 1921, recently spent a few days visit-

ing old friends at the college. Miss Shepherd is on her way home to Cuthersville, Mo., after spending the past three months visiting friends in Colorado.

The first number of the Union College lecture course was given Monday night, October 29. John G. Neihardt, poet laureate of Nebraska, spent the evening reading some of his poems.

Miss Philmon, with the members of of the Nineteenth Century Poetry class, spent Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, of Lincoln, Nebr., who have recently returned from a trip to Europe. Mr. Hardy gave an illustrated lecture on the "Lake Country," after which refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Jacobson are visiting relatives and friends in College View.

An Evening at South Hall

They say men are clever. Well, the young men of South Hall rather proved this statement to the young ladies of North Hall, Saturday night, October 27, in the nature of a reception. Somehow they had discovered that girls like roses, for each girl, on her arrival at South Hall, was given a rosebud by little Myrna George and Edward John.

Before entering the parlors, where the young men were assembled, each girl was given a small square of paper on which was pasted the "half snap" of her prospective partner (and here you see the cleverness of the boys, for although it is not leap year they generously gave the ladies the initiative in all matters involving partners). After each of us had found her "better half," we were escorted to the dining room, where the reception-proper was given.

Mr. Rhodes welcomed us very effusively, and then introduced the chairman of the evening, Mr. H. B. Christianson. A very interesting program was then given, after which the game, "Conversation," was played very successfully. During the games the ladies were again given the privilege of choosing their partners, this time unknowingly, for supper. And supper—just the kind one likes in the fall: Sandwiches and pickles, individual pumpkin pies and cider. The feeling of contentment which we experienced after these refreshments was increased by Mr. Pingeno, in his good-night poem to us, when he said:

"Somehow I just believe
God's still a makin' Adams;
And Adam's still a needin' Eve."

Really a delightful evening was the sentiment of the girls as they returned to North Hall, after the reception.

E. M.

Union College

"The Student's Desire"
Recognized Everywhere

O. M. JOHN, *President*
COLLEGE VIEW, NEBRASKA