

THE OASIS



Willard Isgrigg

Wesley Swalm was a member of this faculty in 1919. He died early and his books went down to his mother and then to younger members of the family. I am a "shirt tail" relative and this book came to me in about the year 2000 and I donated it to this University.

Bruce M. Fleming

THE OASIS



COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

1919 — JUNE — 1919

Published by the
Students of the Northwest Nazarene College
Nampa, Idaho.



Dedication

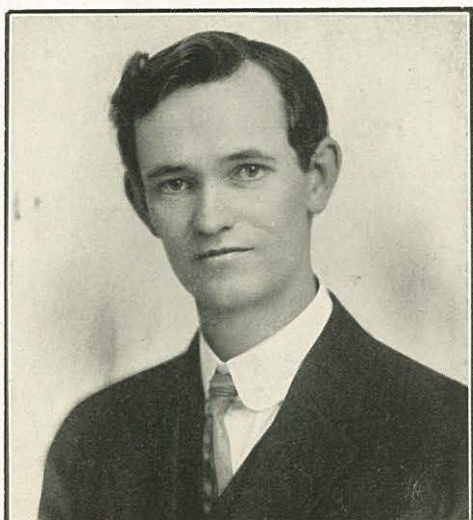
To our Professor of English

Miss Mary Forsyth

as a token of our appreciation of her kind
assistance in the publication of this volume,
we respectfully dedicate these pages of

"The Oasis"

“Education is the apprenticeship of life.”



Our President
Dr. H. Orton Wiley

The Faculty

MRS. ^EM. R. MANGUM,
Assistant Medical
Missionary Course

MRS. GRACE B. McHOSE
Piano

THOMAS E. MANGUM, M. D.
Medical Missions

C. V. MARSHALL, A. M.
Science and Mathematics

F. R. SHIELDS, A. M.
Philosophy and Religion

MARY I. FORSYTH, A. M.
English

O. M. WINCHESTER, A. B.,
B. D., S. T. M.
Bible

WESLEY SWALM, A. B.
History and Education

B. W. SHAVER
Principal Grammar School

MISS HILMA SHERN, A. B.
Grades

MISS ZALA FERRIS, A. B.
Assistant English

MISS EFFIE GOOZEE, A. B.
Assistant Piano

MISS BESSIE CLEARY
Grades

MISS ETHEL McGEE
Primary Grades.

J. E. JANOSKY
Bookeeping

F. C. SUTHERLAND, A. M.
Modern Languages.



The Faculty

Northwest Nazarene College selects its faculty according to the two-fold standard of spiritual life and educational efficiency. The men and women therefore, who compose our faculty are called of God to the ministry of teaching in the same well-defined sense that the pastors of our churches are called to the ministry of preaching. In addition they have prepared themselves through long periods of college and university training to fill the positions to which God has called them.

Professor Shields, who for the past three years has been the faithful and efficient instructor in theology and philosophy has been called to the presidency of the Eastern Nazarene University.

Miss Olive M. Winchester is recognized as an authority in Biblical subjects and has a language preparation for exegetical work unexcelled by any one in our movement. Professor Swalm devotes himself untiringly to his classes and the work of teaching and has proved himself an efficient head of the Department of Education.

Professor Marshall and Miss Forsyth have been with the college almost from the beginning and their work is of an exceptionally high order. Professor Sutherland is an enthusiast in Modern Languages and in Missions and Miss Ferris has demonstrated her ability as an instructor in Latin and English.

Dr. and Mrs. Mangum have the burden of the Medical Missionary work on their hearts and have made an excellent beginning with their courses. The opportunities are great, the students are coming and the great need at present is the Missionary Sanitarium.

The Music Department is an essential feature of an institution like the Northwest Nazarene College, and the present high standard is the result of the untiring zeal of its faculty, Mrs. McHose, Miss Goozee and Miss Switzer.

The Grammar School Faculty is composed of Principal B. W. Shaver, Miss Helma Shern, Miss Bessie Cleary and Miss Bertha Dooley. Owing to the long illness of Miss Dooley, Miss Ethel McGee has carried the primary work throughout the greater part of the year. This department has maintained the same high standard as the regular public schools and in addition given much attention to the study of the Bible.

Rev. Wines, the Dean of Men, has been serving in various capacities this year owing to the fact that no regular dormitories were maintained for men. He has been especially successful in his field work for the college. Miss Mabel Stake has carried heavy burdens as Dean of Women, but God has blessed her and we come to the close of the year with victory through the name of Jesus and the power of the Holy Ghost.

"For all that we might become through the right use of our talents, God holds us responsible."

Dormitory Life

The dormitories of the Northwest Nazarene College afford a pleasant college home for the boarding students. Rules are such that students are able to devote their time to quiet study in their own rooms. An important phase of life in the dormitory of a Holiness school is the regular hours observed for prayer. To spend an early morning hour in communion with God and meditation on His word is profitable to the Christian life of the student. By putting God first the circumstances of the day too, adjust themselves. The one who fails to observe the morning prayer hour is conscious throughout the day that there is a lack in his inner life. The Sunday afternoon prayer meeting is another advantage in the development of the Christian life. There the young people receive encouragement by the fellowship of prayer. The effect of these times of refreshing together reminds a person of the family altar at home. Opportunity is given for testimonies and personal experiences. Thus mutual aid and encouragement is received. These prayer services are often meetings with definite results, for many times some one prays through and God answers by fire.

Dormitory life wields an influence along disciplinary lines. Rules are stringent and those who are inclined to be disobedient find it hard to comply with them. But the lives of the godly students create an atmosphere which greatly affects the behavior of the younger and unsaved students. A high standard of social behavior is held up. The school, as well as the dormitories endeavor to throw about the students the environment that will make them real men and women with a gentle and kind disposition toward all.

Another important phase of dormitory life is the impetus given to cleanliness. All rooms must be ready for inspection by the matron by nine o'clock in the morning. This is important training, for some students are inclined to be dilatory or untidy. We believe in cleanliness in both the inner and outward life.

The social life of the students in the dormitory is not neglected. To relieve the mental strain of the week, Friday evening is given over to the wishes of the students. Study hour rules are forgotten by those who prefer not to study.

We are indeed sorry that the boys were not able to have their dormitory this year. More students came to school this term than were expected, and accordingly the boys gave their dormitory over to the girls, and found rooms in private homes.

We would not forget our kind matrons. They have been a real help as well as a blessing to us. As there has perhaps been more sickness this year than usual we understand how to appreciate Miss Stake and Mrs. Steers. Their encouraging words and acts of kindness meant more to us than they likely realized.

Miss Arensmeier, Col. '21.



STAFF

THE OASIS

Volume III

JUNE, 1919

Annual

Staff

Ira L. True	Ethel Shern	A. Frischneckt
Assistant Manager	Stenographer	Business Manager
Fairy Chism	Allan Goozee	Harriet Sharp
Literary Editor	Editor-in-Chief	Associate Editor
Valera Bliss	R. Hertenstein	Zylphia Switzer
Asst. Art Editor	Art Editor	Asst. Art Editor

Editorial

At the close of another school year we are grateful to God to be permitted to publish the third volume of our school annual, "The Oasis." In keeping with the aggressive spirit of the day and the increasing progress of our school The Oasis of '19 will be larger than our previous publications and we trust that in other respects it will not fall short.

We are not publishing an annual because it is customary, nor to conform to the fads of other colleges. We are publishing it because we believe it is for the glory of God. In editing The Oasis it has been our desire that its pages convey this thought that we love the Lord.

We send forth this edition with the hope that it will serve the purpose for which it was published. For our classmates we desire that The Oasis shall bring to them all that the name signifies, blessing, inspiration, and renewal of joy. Our school days have been pleasant ones, filled with many blessings and they have enriched our lives beyond our ken. They have

"Deposited upon the silent shore

Of memory, images and precious thoughts,

That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

It is our purpose that The Oasis shall ever serve to revive in our minds the pleasant memories of other days.

But the Oasis is not published for the students alone. We desire that it shall find its way to our friends and patrons, and perchance to strangers. To these it will reveal our successes and failures, our needs and our ideals. It will be an index of what we are—"By their fruits ye shall know them." If there are found qualities worthy of commendation we rejoice; if parts are discovered which rightly deserve criticism—and we are conscious that there are—for what men's works are perfect—we mean to profit by the error and do better. And so we trust that one and all who look into its pages may receive some profit from The Oasis of '19.

A. R. Goozee, Col. '21.

Managerial

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?

No, I must fight if I would win;
Increase my courage Lord,
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No words could more aptly express the spirit and sacrifice of the students of N. N. C. None have come here for an easy time, but to get the training that God wants them to have before they go out into His service. They are here for business and they do not shrink when confronted with hard tasks.

But no year has been so trying as the one now about to close. Never before was our school work interrupted for seven weeks by an influenza epidemic; never before were our dormitories hospitals and our students patients and nurses. Yet in spite of these conditions, at the beginning of the second semester the Lord graciously visited us with a burden for the lost, and, for five weeks gave us a great tide of salvation. And now he is again blessing us with a revival under Evangelists Little and Shepherd for which we are very grateful. And though all these things have hindered our regular school work we still have the victory in our souls and the smile of God on our lives.

In the publishing of this annual we owe the students of N. N. C. our heartfelt appreciation for their willingness to help with their literary talent and their money.

We also tender our kindest thanks to our advertisers for their loyal support in helping us finance this work. We are grateful for business men who gladly help us whenever they are given an opportunity.

Then, dear reader, do not forget to remember the staff. We have gone to the limit so that you might have this book. We have done our best in the time which we have had, to issue a book that would bless you. We have prayed and cried over it; we have sacrificed many of our lessons; we have missed many of the Little-Shepherd evangelistic services in order to be true to the trust bestowed on us. Please criticise it mildly, overlook its faults, and when you have read it and the Lord has blessed you, thank Him through whose help it has come into your hands.

Dear N. N. C., this annual is for you. We give it to you with our deepest affection. We love you. And as we, one by one, leave your dear old class rooms we pray that we will be remembered as we remember you.

A. Frischknecht.

"If"

(By Rudyard Kipling)

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;
If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginning
And never breath a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on."

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And, which is more, you'll be a man, my son!



"One always has time enough if one will apply it well."

"Make use of time if thou valuest eternity."

College Seniors

Emma Cook, A. B.

"A woman that feareth the Lord shall be praised."

Steward Maddux, A. B.

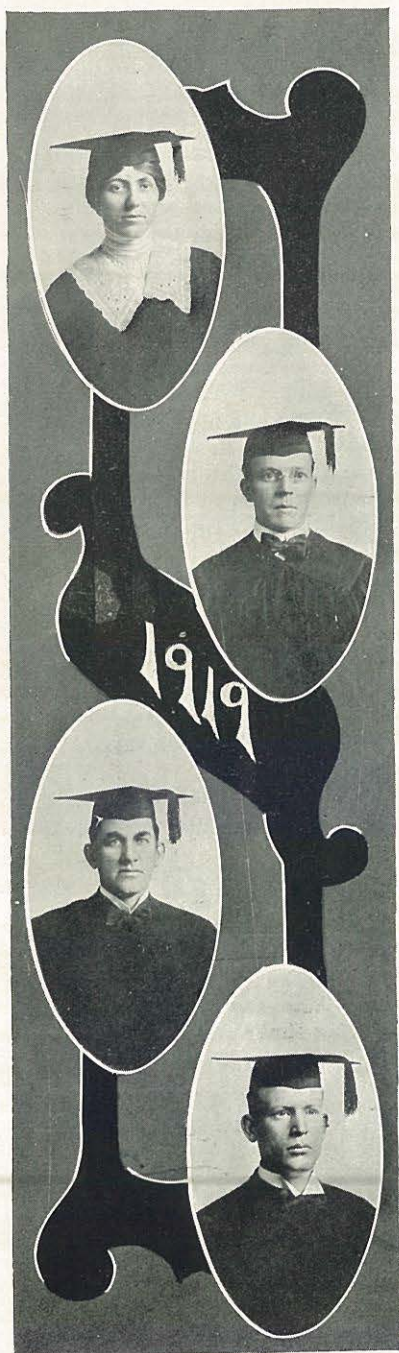
"For He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."

James Short, A. B.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Thomas Mangum, A. B.

"Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."



College Seniors

Oliver Gault, A. B.

"Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God."

Willard Shattuck, A. B.

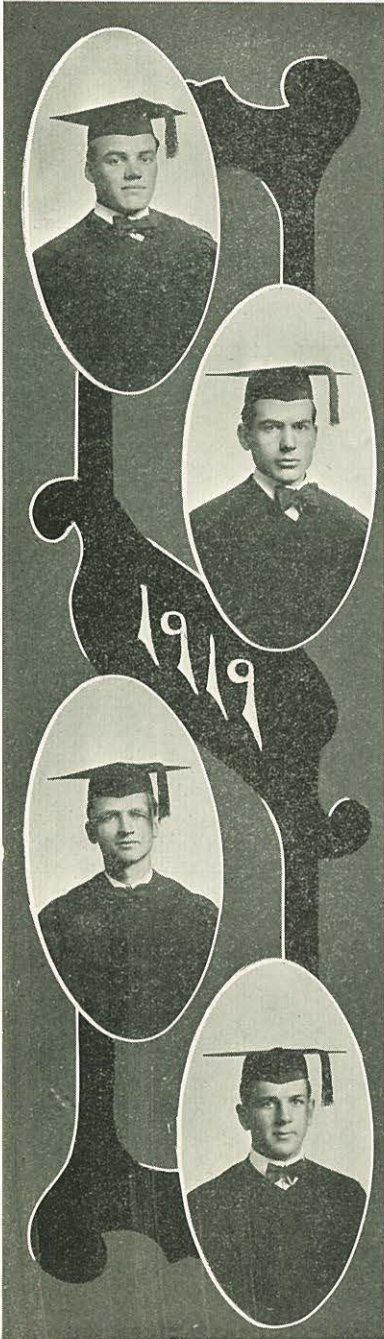
"The path of the just is as a shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Prescott Beals, A. B.

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even forever more."

Ralph Hertenstein, A. B.

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and that bring glad tidings of good things."



College Seniors

"That in all things He might have the pre-eminence."

Class Officers

President, J. S. Maddox

Vice President, P. Beals

Secretary-Treasurer, Emma Cook

Class Colors: Blue and White.

Class Flower: Carnation.

Class History

When the class of '19 first assembled in the halls of N. N. C. it numbered a pitiful three: Ruth Doane, who left our class in the fall of 1919 in order to take up her work as teacher in the commercial department, the position which she now holds; Marcus Cook, who by his genius and unwonted application went on ahead and graduated with the class of '18; and Emma Cook, of the class of '19. These three have the honor of being charter members of the college.

Miss Cook will be the second charter graduate of N. N. C. She may be called a home product of our college. She has had the pleasure of being with the school from its early period of existence, and has accordingly realized the meaning of the maxim, "Despise not the day of small things."

In 1916 we added to our class Messrs George Greer, Lawrence Walker, and Rev. G. Arnold Hodgkin, who was our pastor, and also dean of men at the time. These three stayed with us the period of one year and a half and then returned to Pasadena. We were indeed sorry to have them leave us.

Prescott Beals, who is a member of this, now the senior class of '19, joined us in 1916 as a sophomore from the theological department. We charter members had the privilege of having Mr. Beals for our Greek teacher in the year of 1915.

Miss Letha Jones also joined our class in the fall of 1916. Miss Jones was a very studious member and we were glad to welcome her, but she had been with us only a short time when Dan Cupid stole her away. This thief was personified in the fair haired Stewart Maddox, who entered our class as a sophomore in February, 1917. Mr. Maddox grew in knowledge and understanding and soon was unconcernedly threading the mazes of philosophy. He has so mastered its truths that we may rightfully name him Socrates II. Do you wonder then why we have elected him our class president?

The fall of 1917 again brought to us Prescott Beals. Glad we were to welcome him back.

But this is not all that 1917 gave us, for Ralph Hertenstein, Oliver Gault, and Willard Shattuck appeared upon the scene and registered as juniors. How glad we were to add these three new members of our class! Mr. Hertenstein and Mr. Gault came to us from the Pasadena University. They were filled with enthusiasm and

zeal and began work as if at home, and it was hard for us to realize that they had not been with us from the beginning. Mr. Shattuck came from the College of Idaho, and astonishes even our professors by solving the deep philosophical problems of Kant, James, and Eucken.

When September of 1918 came, we were wondering if any new students would register as seniors; to our glad surprise we learned that Rev. James W. Short, our much loved pastor, had registered as a college senior. Rev. Short has truly been a blessing in our class as well as in the pulpit.

Dr. T. E. Mangum, who has charge of the missionary medical department, also registered as a senior in the fall of 1918. We were greatly pleased to have him join our class. Dr. Mangum will have charge of the new missionary sanitarium which is to be erected in a short time.

And so, of the fourteen that enrolled in our class, eight remain; viz; Prescott Beals, Stewart Maddox, Willard Shattuck, Ralph Hertenstein, Oliver Gault, Emma Cook, James W. Short, and Thomas E. Mangum.

Ours is the largest class that has graduated from N. N. C. We have toiled side by side without one instance of disagreement. The high esteem, the pronounced respect and admiration we have had for one another will linger long in our memories. E. C.

College Atmosphere

The immaterial atmosphere holds in the development of the character as important a place as the physical atmosphere holds in the body development. There are subtle influences coming from all about us, which affect our feelings and consequently our actions. Every external object about us has its effect upon our lives even though we may not be conscious of it. The bearing of other persons has a still stronger effect climaxing in the social will or public sentiment.

Consequently in a college where young men and young women are acquiring their education and forming their character, it is very important that the atmosphere be favorable. This atmosphere depends very largely on the students themselves. Hence, if they wish the best for themselves and for others, care in regard to the influence at work, is a matter of great importance.

A college furnishes an ideal place for the development of the social instincts of individuals. It provides opportunity for broad acquaintances, intimate friendships and friendly associations. These instincts may be crushed or wrongly exercised or they may be rightly cultivated and the highest type of useful men and women be the result. What use is made of them depends, too, largely upon the social atmosphere of the place.

In connection with the social element is the cultural. A proper

attitude toward others, a true self-expression, and an ability to properly conduct one's self in whatever part of society he is placed, are the aims of social education. If gentlemanliness and womanliness and refined manners are not produced it is surely incomplete. The fact that suggestions received by association are much more forceful than a great deal of teaching makes the atmospheric question important.

Again, the college atmosphere should be characterized by a spirit of industry, in the sense of application. Nor should this be limited to the foot-ball field, or on the other hand, wholly to text books. Athletic, social, literary, class room and spiritual activities, should all in their proper places, be carried on with a whole hearted earnestness and thoroughness. "Let us do with our might, what our hands find to do."

The cultivation of the aesthetic taste also has its place even if its importance is not so easily recognized. The tendencies which have raised men from living in rude huts to dwelling in fine residences, and have led to the fine production of art, are worthy of training. Moreover, pleasant, and artistic surroundings have an ennobling effect. Music is one of the most powerful of influences on feelings, and harmony in any sphere has an important bearing on mental activities. It is told that one of philosopher Kant's lectures was spoiled by the absence of a button from the coat of one of his pupils.

There are many elements which help to make up the immaterial atmosphere. However, we mention but one more, the spiritual. This is the factor of most importance. However splendid the surroundings may be, or however well a person's powers may be developed, if he fails to have his character transformed to the moral likeness of his Maker, his life will be a failure in the end.

No amount of influence can effect the transformation, but it does have an important place in the maintenance and development of the Christian character. Thus if spiritual things are put first and other things in their proper places, the student will come out of college with a proper outlook upon life.

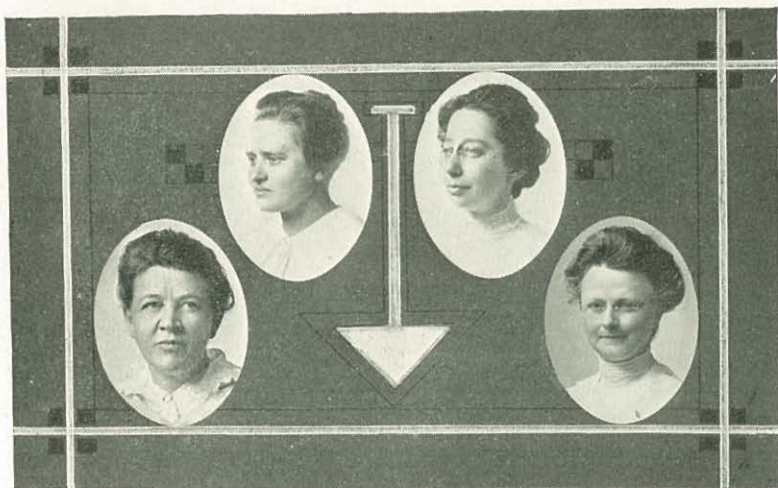
We would add that we appreciate the wholesome influence which exists in the Northwest Nazarene College, especially the last mentioned, the spiritual.

Willard R. Shattuck, Col. '19.

"Knowledge is leagued with the universe, and findeth a friend in all things; but ignorance is everywhere a stranger, unwelcome; ill at ease and out of place."

"To improve the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life."

"Application is the price to be paid for mental acquisition. To have the harvest we must sow the seed."



Bible College

Graduates

Susie Bevard
Mrs. C. A. Wilson

Mabel Stake
Mrs. A. C. Marshall

One of the most important departments of our college is that of Biblical Education.

We give the Bible first place and use the other subjects as stepping stones to lead us on in our investigation of the word of God.

How we have enjoyed the study of Prophecy, Old Testament and New Testament Interpretation! While there were many other subjects that were very helpful to us, we remember especially the hours of practical work in Homiletics and Sermon Preparation.

At first we were not inclined to like Systematic Theology, but as days and weeks rolled by the value of this subject became apparent to us, and we rejoiced in the truths taught concerning the divine personality of Jesus Christ, and the assurance of sins forgiven and hearts made pure through His sanctifying power.

Then from our medical work we have gathered much valuable information and that, supplement with our study of missions, will be used in future years, both at home and in the foreign field as relief is given to suffering mankind.

Truly we can say that the Bible studies have been a great blessing to us, and, we have been deeply impressed with things eternal. Our minds have caught the vision of fields white unto harvest.

A. C. M.



Academy Seniors

A. Frischknecht

"If perseverance be the key to success, he will unlock the door."

Florence Robinson

"She hath a daily beauty in her life."

Lota Channel

"We shall escape the uphill by never turning back."

Ethel Shern

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Edward Martin

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil o'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

Viola MacDowell

"Silence and Sunshine blent."

Academy Seniors

Class Officers

President, A. Frischknecht

Secretary, Viola MacDowell

Vice President, F. Robinson

Treasurer, Ethel Shern

Class Motto: "No Cross no Crown."

Class Colors: Rose and Silver.

Class Flowers: Pink rose buds.

Seniors

Four years of school life lie behind us and we are standing at the turn of the road. Once the hills seemed steep and the imposing summit difficult of attainment, but now the toils of the road seem nothing as we approach the end of the way.

Fond memories come to us of teachers and classmates. We see their faces and we hear their voices. They welcomed us but yesterday, now they bid us good bye. And as we hear their parting words we are filled with sadness and long to remain and live over again the days of the past. But the conflict is not yet ended, life is still before us and duty is still calling. Therefore, we buckle the armor closer, we grip the sword tighter, we take new courage and face the future bravely.

We feel that we have found our place and purpose in life. We have heard the voice of God and we have obeyed His call. The future looks bright and encouraging, Jesus is leading and we love to do His will. We are not looking for easy places or for unobstructed paths. But we do look for victory, we expect to be conquerors because all we desire is the will of God and His smile on our lives. We can truly say, "gladly will we toil and suffer, only let us walk with Thee."

Dear juniors, to you we leave an honorable position of which you are quite worthy. We leave you fame, honor and class traditions. But we feel constrained to warn you. Do not set your aim too low; be not content to reach the mark we placed before you. You can do better, and N. N. C. expects far more of you. Then take the standard we lay down and raise it higher than it has ever been raised before. Keep it floating in the breeze and let it inspire the faint and the weak. We rejoice over your future and bid you God speed. And may He, who safely steered our bark, guide you into the harbor.

We, the class of '19 have reached the goal we have so long desired and now we can see what pleasure our school life has been to us. We shall never forget our class meetings and how God did keep and lead us by His hand. Some of us will enter other fields of action, but we shall never forget what Northwest Nazarene College has been to us. Fond memories will fill our minds as we think of by-gone days. Some of us will take up another four years of school

work and we will learn to love this place more and more as we form new ties of friendship and see our beloved college grow. We are glad that the members of the class which fill our place, have such bright prospects for the future, and we pray that a double portion of God's blessings may fall upon them.

L. E. Channel.

Senior Sneak Day

9 A. M. Seven Seniors and five visitors are boarding the electric with suit cases, hand bags and a yellow keg of ice cream.

9:30 A. M. Happy on the way. Lessons forgotten and seniors arguing against commencement exercises. Prof. Marshall opposes and is severely threatened.

10:00 A. M. The park is reached. Professor Marshall tries the childrens' slide but hangs on with both hands. The boys explore the place and find a fine spot near a beaver camp.

11:30 A. M. Startled by the appearance of two natives of the island—Bible College Seniors, who are also startled and move on.

12:30 P. M. First and last call to "dinnah." Professor Marshall eats with both hands. Miss Forsyth takes a second sandwich. Ethel calls continually for olives. Martin and Frischknecht eat pie and drink coffee until they have no room left for ice cream. The dishes are washed by throwing them into the river. Viola sits in the shade and rests. Bessie improves in health.

1:30 P. M. Professor Marshall seeks a biology specimen on the banks of the river. Frischknecht tries to drown out the mole which Martin failed to catch with his cord lasso. Martin takes his afternoon nap in a dry-goods box. The ladies gossip.

2:30 P. M. Two seniors fish with wrapping string, bent pins and young trees. Plenty of bites but the frying pan remains empty.

3:30 P. M. Much ice cream and cake, then cake and ice cream.

4:30 P. M. Senior Meeting. The President fails to keep order. The girls blow whistles and refuse to tend to business. It is moved to throw the feed bill into the Boise river, or to table it. Carried.

5:00 P. M. More ice cream, scrambled eggs, cake, dinner-left-overs, fudge and oranges. The ice cream refuses to give out.

5:45 P. M. Prayer meeting by the car track. The Lord blessed richly.

6:45 P. M. Home at last.

Later. Face steaming, peroxide and vaseline to ease the sun burnt faces of the feminine seniors.

Still Later. Sound asleep and dreaming of the joys of the day.

At the beginning of this year we had a class of only five. But from the depths of college lore and learning came Mr. Martin to graduate with us. Then at the eleventh hour Bessie Moritz came in. Miss Moritz came too late to classify and have her picture in the Oasis, but nevertheless she is welcome as a member of our Academy Senior Class of '19.



Grammar School

In retrospective contemplation of the grammar school department of Northwest Nazarene College we can but exclaim, "What hath God wrought." Surely, the things that He hath done for us are many and wonderful, for which we shall never cease to praise Him.

The new building is sufficiently completed so that we have occupied four rooms in it this school year. We are delighted with our new quarters but shall be glad when the rest of the plant is up; this will give us two more school rooms and a large assembly hall with added room for manual training and domestic science departments. We have been crowded beyond our normal capacity, and have had to turn away some for lack of room. Our largest enrollment at any one time was one hundred and forty; at present it is one hundred and eight, having fallen off some on account of the influenza.

Miss Shern, Miss Cleary, and Miss McGee have proven themselves thoroughly efficient, and have labored incessantly, not only for the education, but also for the salvation of the children, and God has blessed their efforts in a marvelous way. Mrs. McHose, as heretofore, has had charge of the music and has done good work while Miss Valora Bliss has been laying the foundation for a domestic science department. Miss Olive Crane has rendered good service as helper in the seventh and eighth grades.

About the first of the year, as a result of the influenza, Miss Bertha Dooley was forced to resign her position as teacher of the primary department and return to the home of her parents in Yakima. We were sad to see her go but feel sure that God will

answer prayer and that she will be back in her accustomed place at the opening of another year.

In spite of the fact that the school was closed a long time on account of the influenza we are completing the full year's course. Most of the pupils will pass with good grades, and a worthy class of twelve will receive diplomas of graduation from the eighth grade.

A careful and systematic study of the Bible is the leading feature of this entire department, a regular course having been arranged so as to complete the entire book by the close of the eighth year. The course includes the Bible stories, old and new testament history, a light course in theology, and much scripture memory work.

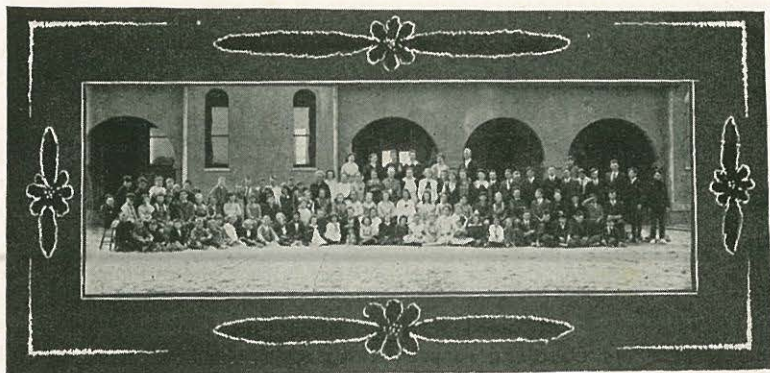
We want to say that we believe in holiness schools for boys and girls! So do they! So does the Master! So would you if you could only know and see what we know and see. Holiness will not make them popular but it will fit them for the skies. We have caught the vision. We are going on. Amen!

B. W. SHAVER,
Principal.

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and the love of our fellow men, we engrave on these tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."

"To the healthy mind the world is a constant challenge of opportunity."—Thoreau.

"The price of excellence is labor."





Music Department

Music is called the language of the soul. It is the only art which comes wholly from within. Sculpture and painting are reproductions of the outward world, but music, though often inspired by the beauty of nature, has its origin within and gives voice to emotions which can be expressed in no other way.

The true end of music is not technical display nor merely entertainment; its mission is to convey thought. Have you not caught the spirit of happiness when listening to some piece of music? Have you not felt the pathos of the composer in some sad, minor strain? Have you not felt stronger and more courageous after hearing a stately masterpiece? Have you not felt your heart fill with devotion to God when listening to His praises sung? Music cannot be separated from humanity, it is a part of our nature, and to fail to cultivate a deep appreciation for it, is to suffer loss.

Our school has had a marked increase in interest and enrollment in the music department since its beginning. This year over thirty per cent of the entire student body were registered for either voice or piano training. Student recitals were given at different times during the year and two public recitals were creditably rendered.

E. S. G.

"Music is a sacred, a divine, a Godlike thing, and was given to man by Christ to lift our hearts up to God, and make us feel something of the glory and the beauty of God, and of all which God has made."

"Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion."

Alumni

Any institution is judged or valued by its finished products. The best advertisement that a growing college can have is a successful alumni, who are filling places of responsibility and trust. Our graduates are filling positions as teachers, evangelists, pastors and missionaries.

Miss Myrtlebelles Walters of the class of '17, sailed last July for India to enter upon her life's work, as a foreign missionary to that benighted people.

Miss Harriette Goozee, '17, has proved her efficiency as a teacher in the Canadian schools. She has spent the past two winter terms in the Bible College at Edmonton, Alberta.

Mr. Floyd Nease, '17 is one of the pastors of our Alumni Association. The past two years he has pastored the Grand Avenue Nazarene Church at Los Angeles, this year he takes his master's degree from the University of Southern California.

Miss Merle Thompson, '17, is still preparing for her life work as a medical missionary to India. She has been training the past two years in the Extension Hospital in connection with the University of California at Berkeley.

Mr. Daniel Hallstrom, '17, has been engaged in pastoral work since he left Northwest Nazarene College. His first year was spent in building up the work in Emmett, Idaho. This past year he has done some evangelistic work while pastoring the church at Troy, Idaho.

Mrs. Marion Benton Howard, of the class of '18, was the first of our Alumni Association to enter matrimonial life. She is our missionary to Japan. After her marriage she returned to Nampa. She and her husband expect to leave for Japan when the Lord opens the way.

Mr. Ira Shanks, '18, is another of our missionaries to India. He too, followed the example of Miss Benton, and decided that two missionaries were better than one. He was married during the winter holidays to Miss Mary Thompson, of Fresno, California. He has taught Science and Mathematics the past year in the Pilgrim school at Pasadena, California.

Mr. Marcus Cook is the only charter member of the college belonging to our Alumni Association. He spent the past summer in evangelistic campaign work in connection with the Northwest Band that traveled through the Northwest District in the interest of our college. He has been very loyal to his Alma Mater, taking post graduate work here the past year.

Miss Hilma Shern, '18, has also been very loyal to old N. N. C. She spent the summer with the Northwest Evangelistic Band, after which she returned to Nampa, where she has been engaged in teaching in the grammar department of the college.

Miss Hilma Shern, '18, N. N. C.

"Heaven on occasions, half opens its arms to us; and that is the great moment."





Literature is the expression of truth and beauty and moves a person to a deeper appreciation of life. Christian literature, we believe to be the expression of the deepest truths and rarest beauties.

If in the perusal of these pages you find anything that quickens your appreciation of life or leads your thoughts into deeper spiritual realities we shall be glad.

When Man Finds Himself

One morning I slipped from my bed to lower the window, but a solemn stillness held me. There was something in the atmosphere that spoke of the unusual. The gay shadows of early morning were being driven back by the mellow light of a new day. A gentle rain during the night had bathed and refreshed the earth giving the sage brush a dull green color. Far out the dull sage stretches gave place to the blue bases of the eastern mountains that lifted their snow capped heads into the lone strip of light grey clouds. The undisturbed stillness and sublime newness of life combined to produce that peculiar sensation which makes a person draw a long deep breath and for a moment forget himself. I realized, that I looked upon a world fresh from the hand of God—fresh indeed, for God's hand still seemed to rest upon it. He had not yet given the new day to man. The whole world seemed to be the home of the Divine, and God now walked in the gardens. As I looked upon Nature and felt the presence of the Omnipotent, I stood perfectly still, fearing lest I should intrude or disturb. It seemed that I had slipped into God's hour and was seeing what human eye should not have seen. By and by birds began to softly chirp; each little songster appeared to fear he too, should break God's holy hush.

The tranquil beauty deeply moved and thrilled my being. The calm and beautiful rest at last found its counterpart in the Divine beauty of this early morning, for my soul, like the morning, knew the touch of God.

Now I understood Emerson's thought when he said, "Study Nature, and know thyself are one maximum." What he saw through philosophy I experienced through religion. Man can find and know himself only as he finds and knows his Creator as a personal Savior who destroys the nature of sin and sets the soul in tune with the pure creations of God. There is a big difference then in the conclusions arrived at through philosophy and through religion. The finis of philosophy is the genesis of religion. For Nature's philosopher may be lost in her beauties and even fall at her feet in worship, yet even then he has only reached the place where he recognizes a supernatural force and finds something within his soul that is identical with the soul of Nature. But not until a change has taken place in his spiritual man can he come to the full knowledge of what he recognizes to be a fact. When the philosopher of Nature gets to the place where he acknowledges the identity of something within his soul and Nature he thinks that he has reached the end of his physical possibilities; he has reached a wall, and not until by Divine aid he has broken through that wall and caught hold of the living wire that anchors the soul to the power back of nature, does he know himself.

But when a man once breaks through the wall the finite gives place to the infinite. He is no longer limited by the bounded capacity of the human, but God lets visions of the eternal burst on his sight and within the spiritual realm untold possibilities are his. Then when man is found, man is lost and God is found.

Fairy Chism, Col. '23.

"A 5000 Dollar Forgetter"

Have you never been allured by the imposing advertisement—"A 5000 Dollar Memory in Six Months?" An attractive proposition I confess. But strange as it may seem I have hit upon the idea of cultivating a useful "forgetter" as a necessary mental discipline and a practical christian injunction. Before I go any further let me give you my authority for cultivating a valuable forgetter. It is no less a personage than the great apostle St. Paul who said, "This one thing I do forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before I press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Indeed a great life motto, and, I believe, the psychological secret of a noble and successful character. Yes, I propose a 5000 Dollar Forgetter.

Do you mean to say that our "forgetter" is as important as our

memory—as important in dollars and cents—that the successful man has a good forgetter? Most certainly I do. And since you have anticipated my story by introducing that question I will take it for an appropriate starting point and lay down our first proposition by saying that our forgetter is as important as our memory.

Did you ever stop to think what life would be if we were compelled to carry around in our minds the stupendous load of all we have ever seen, heard or done? Why, life would be unbearable. We would soon be loaded down with a vast volume of facts and fads, the most of which would do us little or no good, but would rather do us positive harm. All this mass of unprofitable stuff if I carried it endlessly would occupy the present as an unbearable burden and block my vision of the future.

The people who are living in the worthless past have lost the vision of the golden possibilities of the present and future. The pessimist interprets everything through the misfortunes of the past. Pessimism is neither sane nor successful. Thanks to the wise Maker of our frames that He has endowed us with a mental censor who relegates things to the mental scrap heap—burying them out of harm's way—and we say we forgot. With a sweep of this magic word our mental censor sends loads of things into oblivion.

However, the strange part of this glorious fact of forgetting is not that we can forget—for we are all only to painfully conscious that we can—the strange part, I say, is that our forgetter is an irrelevant fellow and mysterious. He banishes what we ought to remember and leaves untouched what we ought to forget. He evades us so slyly that, lo, before we realize it we have forgotten. Had we kept our mental eye on the fact we wanted to remember all would have been well, but on a sudden our interest is turned to something else, and sometime later when we seek to find the former thing, it is gone. "While thy servant was busy here and there, lo, he was gone."

Can we control our forgetting in any general sense as we do our memory? Are there any well defined laws by which we can learn to forget as we do to remember? I believe there are. Like many of the profoundest lessons of life, they lie so easily within our reach that we have often stumbled at them. We have lost the simplicity of life. We do not enter the kingdom as a little child. A mother monkey once had a baby monkey that died a few days after it was born: She nursed it on as tenderly as though it were alive, she carried it ceaselessly in her arms looking down upon it with a solicitous eye—she would lay it carefully at night in a soft straw bed, she clung to it, fought over it fiercely when the keeper would have taken it away—nursing a dead form. How many are doing just that in the battle of life. They are nursing daily the dead forms of their yesterdays that have long since lost their usefulness for life's struggles—old dead forms—much better would it be to bury them, forgetting them. This fundamental law of forgetting, then, when stated, is that we can deliberately, purposely,

banish the past that is useless. We can forget what we want to forget.

And now I am sure we are ready for a few simple hints in this valuable art of forgetting:

First, we must will to forget as we do anything else; resolutely seize the thing that persists in filling our vision and banish it out of mind. Often the effort of banishing an annoying thought becomes more voluntary, more conscious, more of a dead lift than willing an act. But whether hard or easy, the thought must be banished.

Second, we can change our interest by a change of the object of vision. A child will surrender a pair of scissors for a large red apple, and, so will we, many times "let go" a mind full of past difficulties by turning to something else. Change the destructive "scissors" of ever dwelling on the past for the "red apple" of present prospects and bright future possibilities.

Third, we will forget what we want to forget. If some thought insists on projecting itself upon the mind, there is usually some hidden desire that keeps it ever rising up in the mind. Is it hatred, a lurking desire for revenge? Is it the troubles of the past, a deep desire to free one self from present distasteful circumstances? Be it what it may, some "want to" keeps alive the old forms of memory, at least I mean when they become persistent and annoying. Go back to the source of this desire; undo it, and the "old form" will sink away into the forgotten past. Fix up a grudge and you no longer will be haunted with it in mind.

In closing, let us turn briefly to our original idea—a 5000 dollar forgetter. The value of forgetting lies in the use of this good law of the mind by which we banish worthless things of the past. A good forgetter will unload the mind, ease the heart, and give us spirit for the present and for the future. We can then profitably forget all that will hinder us in the right fight of life. Then let us forget our troubles. Nothing so cuts the nerve of effort like endlessly dwelling on our troubles. Let us forget our failures. And who has not had them? What man has ever succeeded without shutting his eyes to apparent failures and tried and tried again? Let us forget our mistakes. If we had perfect heads, life would mean nothing from the view point of manly struggle. If mistakes will hinder you then be prepared to succumb early in life for, certain it is you will make them. Let us forget our little successes. The future can eclipse the past in every endeavor. Today and tomorrow call for more than yesterday. Many a man would never have won out in life if he had permitted the troubles, failures, mistakes, heartaches, or even success of the past to engross his mind and fail to meet even greater responsibilities. There is money, success, happiness, in it. Let us learn to forget.

E. E. Martin, Col. '21.

"Given a man full of faith, you will have a man tenacious in purpose, absorbed in one grand object, simple in his motives in whom selfishness has been driven out by the power of a mightier love, and indolence stirred into unwearied energy."

The Man in the Mountains

(A True Story)

The sun was slowly sinking in the western sea, lightening the sleepy earth with its glorious, resplendent rays. The evening breeze sang a low sweet lullaby as it slowly crept through the waving branches of the pine trees. Below the ebbing tide lazily lapped the shining pebbles of the sandy shore. It was a night of nights—a peaceful, calm, holy, night. My heart was light and happy for did not I know the love of Jesus, had I not felt the crimson blood as it flowed surge after surge over my hungering soul? Did I not know that my blinded eyes at last were opened, and did I not now feel the cleansing, filling spirit burning in my soul?

The night came on, its dusky veil settled around me but the night in my soul was past, the morning had come.

I looked across the waters and saw another land and another setting sun. In this land a storm was threatening. The clouds hung low and dark. The mountain in the foreground had abandoned its beautiful coat of green and was now garbed in a dark, blue-gray garment, much in harmony with nature's sullen mood. Above and behind the towering peaks the black clouds scurried. Bank upon bank they rolled themselves together. The frightened birds dashed by with startling cries and then, the air was still—still and heavy with the expectancy of the coming storm.

On one of the highest cliffs of the mountain stood a man—a man of strength and stature, a young man, a handsome man. Wildly he paced the cliff, his eyes always looking, looking into the distance. Now and then he would pause, stretch his arms out over the waters and then from his lips would come a long pitiful wail. Faster and faster he walked, louder and clearer came the cry—a cry as of a wounded, dying animal, a cry that startled me, and shot an awful dart into my very soul.

The dark clouds settled deeper and blacker, and the angry waves lashed the rocks beneath. A loud clap of thunder, a bright flash of lightning and the storm had begun.

I looked again at the lone sentinel on the mountain. With one last, lingering look he scanned the waters, looked long and pleadingly toward the land of the setting sun—looked with an eye that searched my very soul, and then with faltering hopeless steps turned and walked back into the mountains.

I knew not why, but my heart was bruised and broken. I found myself at the foot of the towering rocks. The dark mountain loomed up before me like an unsurmountable barrier. Reason said, "It is useless to try." My heart said, "I will,." Up and up the awful precipice I toiled, my clothes torn, my body bleeding, my strength nearly gone, my progress slow, but still a hand led me on, lifting me over the rock I could not climb; a gentle voice bade me hasten

for the night was swiftly throwing its cloak of darkness over the black continent.

At last the summit was reached; driven on by an irresistible force I followed the man of the mountains. His care worn face beamed with a sad, beautiful smile, his deep black eyes told tales of hunger, thirst and oppression; of courage, strength, and determination. Hurriedly he led the way along the winding path. Deeper and deeper we plunged into the mountains and always the dark form of the dark-faced man led the way.

There was a lull in the storm. The dark clouds rolled backwards and the autumn moon struggled bravely to shed its pale light on the blackened earth. Directly before us descended a column of slow rising smoke and gradually the dense atmosphere became filled with a steamy human odor that caused a faint, sickening feeling to steal over my trembling form. A few steps farther and a weird and ghastly scene appeared before me. Thousands upon thousands of dark colored men and women sat huddled together. In the center of the group stood a number of naked, inhuman creatures, their bodies cut and bleeding. Wilder and wilder they danced and cut themselves and louder and more piercing rang the weird music of the tom-tom, but their god did not hear, did not care that his people perished. My eyes wandered around amid the human mass—many were dead, many were dying, many were sick and afflicted. Here and there scattered among the living were the bleached bones of the dead—the skeletons of the previous generations who had lived in another long, weary night and had suffered and died, and gone out to meet the judgment without once hearing the name of Jesus. Again the heavy clouds veiled the silvery moon and the darkness settled thick and fast over the awful scene—a night of darkness without, a night of darkest darkness within. Again and again the blackness was rent by the mighty sea of wailing voices and I knew it was the sorrowing cries of those who have no hope. Then thundering in the heavens above the noise of the raging storm I heard a sad despairing cry—a cry that shook the very foundations of the deep and the pleading voice of the man of Galilee called to me through the darkness “my child, my child, carest thou not that my people perish?”

Minutes have lengthened into hours and hours into nights and still with seven-fold intensity the darkness settles down. And now, as the golden sun in our own fair land of America sheds its beautiful light around me and the glorious light of the Son of God fills and overflows my rejoicing soul, ever before my eyes is the man on the mountains still waiting, waiting—his waiting shall not be in vain.

Louise Robinson Col. '20.

“Life is a Mission,
The Aim is Service
The Law, Sacrifice,
The strength, Fellowship with God.”

Round and About

Sunset

It is April. The day has been beautiful and now the golden rays of the setting sun are casting their shadows over mountains and valleys. The western sky is aglow in purple, red and pink.

Almost unhindered the eye sweeps across the level valley with its freshly plowed fields and patches of sagebrush, broken here and there by the inviting green of an alfalfa field that has sprung into newness of life by reason of refreshing showers of the past few days. To the northeast the graceful lines of a mountain range greet the eye. Crowned with a blanket of freshly fallen snow, they stand out in bold relief against the tinted sky. To the southwest the Owyhee mountains make a wonderful background for our college buildings. The base, almost bare of vegetation, is of a cold blue color. The lofty white-capped peaks tower high in their majesty and grandeur into the still evening air. Over all vaults the pale blue sky, only occasionally broken by a fringe of silvery white. The stillness of the early evening is broken only by the distant lowing of a cow and the happy chirping of the meadowlark. Everything breathes peace and contentment and speaks of the tender care of an all-wise Father on high. The shadows lengthen; the sun has dropped behind the horizon, and the gorgeous colors of the western sky fade away.

E. R.

A Winter Morning

On my way to school one frosty morning in January, I noticed the atmosphere to be exceptionally clear; so much so that the slightest sound could be heard above the crunching of my pony's feet on the soft fallen snow. The telephone wires hummed and twanged stiffly in the cold northwest breeze; the approaching railroad train shrilly shrieked forth a whole catalogue of warning notes as we drew near the crossing; the glistening hoar frost bore testimony more impressive than words to the severity of the northern winters; a sleigh squeaked hoarsely as it bore a crowd of young folks on their way to school. The cattle were all grouped and huddled together on the sunny side of the strawstacks and brush patches, chewing their cuds deliberately and complacently. Snow birds were perched on their backs, partly to obtain warmth and partly to pick the chaff and stray kernels of grain that chanced to lodge in the long matted hair of the cattle as they rubbed the stacks with evident enjoyment. Rabbits hopped rheumatically from bush to bush in search of their morning meal. Far away, a coyote stopped half way across a clearing, yawned, stretched lazily, and swung off out of sight into the bushes again.

Presently a farm house came into view. Smoke was curling in silvery wreaths from the chimney. The door opened and two children came out and started for the barn where their father was doing chores. A long gaunt hound came around the corner, followed them

a few steps, stopped, looked wistfully at them and then turned back. Rounding a curve in the road, the town burst into full view and the now nearby school bell began pealing its fifteen minute warning and soon the streets were lined with groups of boys and girls, all intent on the same goal.

L. M.

Sounds at Night

It was a hot, close night. Peeping down through the trees the moon spread its silvery rays over the little valley. I lay in the door of my tent listening to the sounds about me. The whip-poor-wills were chanting their last song for the night, while the owls were just beginning their evening requiem. Chickadees sleepily chirped amid the ever green branches. Presently there came a buzzing sound like that of a fly in a spider's web, and a night hawk flew over my head. Along the small stream which flowed quietly by, I knew that the mosquitoes hummed in multitudes, and I shuddered to think of the number probably down by the river. Bats flitted silently about and the air was full of winged insects, whizzing, buzzing, humming. From far up the canyon came the occasional yelps of a coyote, faint and sharp like the wail of someone in distress. Meanwhile, the shores rang with the hoarse trump and hilarious croak of frogs; over the waters the password was repeated until it had made the circuit of the shores again and again. Above all these sounds was the soft monotony of running water as streams from thousands of little springs which pierced the side of the tall precipice fell to the rocks below. At last contenting myself as to the source of each sound, I huddled under the bed coverings and went to sleep.

M. W.

The Flight of the Tumble Weeds

The Pied Piper of Hamelin once more played his enchanted music. And as the strains reached the ears of the Tumble Weeds, each one started in delirious pursuit. There were the big and the little, the lame and the strong, the great and the small of the Tumble Weed Tribe, all fleeing across the country, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

Where were they going? Why did they leave all at once? No one knew. It might have been that their judgment day had dawned—one could only see that they went and could not tarry, for the very March wind itself was aiding and helping them on with a terrific gale straight from behind. From the south they came, jumping, galloping, whirling, on and on to some far away goal.

Now the Tumble Weeds came to a hill back of the college, but no, at this obstacle they could not falter. The frisky ones bounded over it and went pell mell on their journey. But the steady, watchful wind from straight behind forced the faint hearted over the hill,

and away they all went, away and past the big lumbering ones doggedly trying to catch up to those that had gone on before.

Now they came to the Ad building. It looked as if they would pile up in a heap behind it and their hearts sank, but no, their friend the March wind, again guided them around the corners, past the hindrance, and what a mad rush then across the campus! In their joy of escaping this premature fate they fairly flew over the campus to the park. Trees and shrubs did not daunt these Tumble Weeds, over they passed through the park so swiftly that they left the trees behind in amazement, Oh! they stood on their heads—they kicked in the air in their glee, and with the great plain before them their speed became wilder and wilder in the vast liberty of the miles stretching before them.

There were clumsy, galloping Tumbles that made the people laugh, for they resembled great loping brown bears. Then were graceful ones that tilted over and over so fast one could scarce follow their movements. The belated ones grew frantic for fear of being left behind and threw themselves into the air only to lose more ground. A lame one fell over on its side and for a second it rested from its flight until the faithful March wind gave it extra strength.

Still the Tumble Weed Tribe kept coming—soon the plain was covered with the multitude of low, round, moving figures.

Faster and faster they went—the people grew dizzy watching the maudlin pace of this nation of Tumble Weeds intent on reaching some far away home.

But you did not answer my question. Where did they go to?—this mob of dry Tumble Weeds, that charged across the country, like the famous charge of the forty-second division of Chateau Thierry. We may wonder, and the sages may ponder, and we may never know the secret of their swift march for not one was left behind to tell the story.

D. S.

"Power with God in prayer is the greatest power that man can wield; it moves the Arm that moves the world. Possess your possessions and exercise to the full the prerogative of prevailing prayer."

"If there will be any grief in Heaven surely it will be this, that we have not done more for God on earth."

"The Pentecostal blessing is not something for you to use, but a divine person to use you."

"What men want' is not talent, it is purpose; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor."

"The aim of education should be to teach us, rather how to think than what to think, rather to improve our minds so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load our memory with the thoughts of others."

Building for Eternity

In the history of the world there probably was never an age in which so much emphasis was placed upon personality and personal freedom as today. In the restless heart of humanity there is a universal awakening to a recognition of the true worth and value of man as a person. Life assumes a deeper shade of meaning to that individual who recognizes the real worth of himself and his responsibility before God.

One becomes impressed that there is something more to do than simply live a life—we are intrusted with a divinely given task of developing a personality, of building a character to the glory of God. And because we are free persons, capable of self-conscious decision and choice we become responsible for the edifice we build.

In nature, the bud that receives the sting of an insect or is bruised, never blossoms into a perfect rose, yet the bud resists not, neither could it resist, for it is helpless to such intrusions of its environment. But this is not true of man. Environment may throw upon us crushing weights that seem to threaten our very lives yet we possess within our being power to throw these things aside. Our lives may be bounded by circumstances that are injurious or pierced with situations that hurt, yet these may be diverted or else transformed in such a way as to become means of beautifying and strengthening our personal characters.

Environment and inherited characteristics in themselves can mar no free personality. We become slaves or victors by a power of choice which lies within our very breast. There is an ancient allegory of the East which pictures a young man sitting by the sea, when there fell out of the sky into his hands a bundle of loose threads. "Some were silk and some were cotton, some were stout and some were rotten." And soon he heard a low voice saying, "Spend the day weaving my son." All day long the young man wove, choosing one thread and rejecting another. In the evening a great storm arose and blew all the loose threads into the sea, but left the young man with his woven mantle. And so each day we are choosing threads either good or bad and weaving them into the mantle which is to adorn our soul and the quality of threads we choose today will help determine the strength and beauty of the finished product. Ralph Waldo Emerson has thoughtfully said, "One of the great illusions is that the present hour is not the critical decisive hour." How differently we would live our daily life, attend our daily duties and render our service to God if we fully recognized each passing hour as the decisive and important hour of our life. To the person who lives always in the tomorrows, the passing day will furnish constant data which will cause shame and regret to arise in the inner heart.

It may be said that a truly beautiful personality is the result of daily conformity of the life in its choices and actions, to the moral demand of a righteous God. But this means infinitely more than

simply ethical busyness or a mere performance of good deeds from a sense of duty or habit. It is not so much what we do but the motive with which we do it that counts in character building. Wordsworth expresses this thought very beautifully in the form of a challenge—

“Go and demand of him, if there be here
In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
And these inevitable charities
Where with to satisfy the human soul.”

Good deeds are simply worthless as material for character building except as they are laden with love and launched from a heart pure in the motives. Sooner or later every man must come face to face with his inner life, and when he does he will find there a condition that is adverse to righteousness, and a noble character—a condition that can only be changed by Christ enthroned within. Only from a sanctified personality will there radiate a benign influence of goodness and purity, characteristic of a noble character. In fact, character and personality can come to their truest and highest levels only in a life hid in Christ in God.

“Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn.”

I have not intended to convey the thought that our chief business in life is to develop a character. The result of such self-conscious endeavor would be only a prig. Our business is to each day and hour do our duty to God and mankind, and in so doing we will build a character. We build effectively and beautifully in proportion as we pledge our-selves to Christ and lose ourselves in a love and interest for humanity.

O. F. Gault, Col. '19.

The Value of a College Education in a Holiness School

A college education obtained in a Holiness school is of peculiar value. From the physical standpoint the Holiness school aims to provide exercise to keep its students physically fit. In this training it does not find participation in intercollegiate games and contests necessary or advisable. It goes without saying that a gymnasium be a part of the school's equipment and that attendance upon its classes be compulsory.

Then, too, in a school of this kind the social life is kept in its proper relationship with other activities and is not unduly emphasized as in practically every school not classed as a Holiness school. It goes without saying that dancing, card playing, theatre going and similar amusements are strictly tabooed. As a rule, however, there are enough social events, together with the training received in the dining hall to enable the student to be at ease in public. The school of course aims to give such training that a student may not feel himself a misfit among cultured people.

One of the chief advantages, however, of attending a Holiness school is from the intellectual standpoint, especially along certain lines of education. In the study of philosophy, for instance, a study with which every theological student should have some acquaintance, an highly impressionable student or one with a philosophical bent of mind, is likely to find at the end of his college course that his faith in God has been shipwrecked, that for him the word of God has lost its inspiration, that the doctrine of Holiness of heart and life is no longer a reality. Just here a Holiness school deals with the situation by providing a teacher who by the aid of the Holy Ghost is able to steer his students past the dangerous shoals of unbelief, and guide them into the haven of truth. The same may be said to some extent of many of the other subjects found in a college curriculum.

Let us now consider briefly the most important phase of life in a Holiness school—the spiritual element. To one who values a soul as Jesus did, spiritual training is by far the most important. Without such training it is impossible for a student to develop a well rounded, symmetrical character. Who can estimate the value to a student in the formative period of life, of four years of college life spent in a place where the Holy Ghost is honored by teacher and student, where every class is opened by prayer, where ever the daily chapel services are times of refreshing as well as of salvation; where the search light of God's truth, directed by the Holy Ghost truly "pierces even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit," until the student is not only enabled to see himself as God sees him, like Isaiah of old when he cried out "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts, but also that he might hear the angel of God, as he takes the live coal from off the altar and lay it upon his mouth, speak forth the welcome words, "Lo this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged."

Such are a few of the advantages of attending a Holiness college. Such has been the experience of the writer. To God be all of the praise.

Prescott Beals, Col. '19.

Under the Old Poplar Tree

The summer sun had already dropped behind the western ridge and evening shadows were fast filling a small mountain valley as Ascentha Page dipped a large granite bucket into a spring about a stone's throw from her mother's kitchen door. She did not draw the bucket up immediately but sat looking down at the uniform waves formed on the smooth surface of the water in silent meditation. While she sat there the waves smoothed themselves allowing

a clear reflection of her face in the still water—a face that was made to be pleasant, with a broad smooth forehead, tanned a little by the summer sun, large grey eyes so expressive that one might imagine her soul to lie in their dark depths, and a mouth, full lipped, slightly turned up at the corners. But this evening there were lines in her forehead as she leaned over the spring, and a heavy furrow between her eyes suggestive of deep thought; and had the spring photographed truthfully it would have shown a deep shade of sadness over her features where determination and indcision mingled.

As she sat staring into the spring there was a strange far away look in her eyes. She shuddered and drew back, for in its depths she could see dark misty shadows, darker than any night she had ever seen, and dusky hands groping for her through the darkness. The furrow between her eyes deepened, her face grew white and her lips quivered.

How long she sat there she never knew, for while lost in thought a twilight bat beat its dusky wings near her face and called her from her reverie. When she looked about the shadows had deepened round her and a light breeze was stirring among the willows by the spring. She shrugged her shoulders as if to relieve herself of some heavy weight while the shadow on her face like the shadows of evening deepened. "No, no," she murmured in a voice deep with emotion, "I can not go."

She drew her bucket of cool water from the spring, brushed back the loose hair that had fallen about her face, and started slowly toward the house along a narrow path where long grasses, cool with twilight dews, overlapped one another.

It was a wonderful evening. The air was sweet with summer flowers, and fresh with summer dews. Roses nodded to Ascentha from the garden, and the grasses whispered to her as she passed; a cricket chirped lazily from under the kitchen porch, and an owl hooted from the trees by the spring, but Ascentha neither saw nor heard.

Half way to the house she set her bucket of water down in the middle of the path and gazed thoughtfully into the sky. Her face was as pale as the new born stars that twinkled timidly in the twilight but her heart was as dark as the shadows that enveloped her. "The price is too great," she whispered, "no I cannot go, no I cannot go." Then from the dusky stillness about her came a pleading voice, "Others have paid it, why can not you?" Startled she looked about but saw nothing but shadows; and with a heavy heart she picked up her bucket and walked into the house.

After tidying the kitchen a bit for morning and giving white pussy a bowl of milk, she drew a light shawl about her shoulders and went out and sat down on the front porch.

Directly in front of her on a small knoll outside the gate and across the road stood a big poplar whose outline grew darker and stronger as the twilight deepened—a true friend who knew her

secrets, understood her sorrows, and always sympathized with her. Tonight as this friend looked down upon Ascentha with her sad thoughtful face and heavy heart, the grief that burdened her soul seemed to take possession of the poplar, and he moaned and sighed as the summer breeze stirred among his branches.

Often before when Ascentha's heart had ached over little troubles that come to all young lives, she had climbed the knoll, laid her head against the great trunk of the poplar and poured out her soul, and there, under his mighty boughs had found strength and comfort. But tonight she felt that it would do no good to go to the poplar, her trouble was too deep, her heart too sore. His sympathizing moans only deepened her sadness.

While she sat there the clear call of a meadow lark came to her on the evening breeze. Ascentha sighed heavily. "I, once was happy," she reflected and a faint light crept into her dark eyes dispelling the shadow from her face. "Life was one happy day and my future a bright picture before me. How changed!" and the light in her eyes went out leaving only dark sadness. "Life now is an endless night; wherever I go I see dark shadows, and lean dusky hands reaching for me through the darkness—oh such an awful picture; it haunts my soul," and trembling violently she buried her head in her hands and was soon lost in the thought of that awful picture.

The old poplar looked down upon her in silent pity. Could he have spoken, he could have told the curious roses in the garden the secret of Ascentha's trouble. He could have told how she and her mother, through hard work and careful saving, had put away enough money to send Ascentha to college. How evening after evening, while the shadows deepened and the moon came up, they had sat side by side on the front porch and planned Ascentha's future. When the autumn came Ascentha was to go to college and win a place for herself in the big world, and a little honor for her mother. How happy she was! Many a time with her mind full of bright plans and fond hopes she had climbed the knoll and with her hand against the rough trunk of the old poplar had laughed and cried softly, "when the snow clouds began to gather, dear friend, and your leaves begin to fall, I'll be far away. You must not forget me old poplar." And he had stood silent and gloomy. Thus the days were passing swiftly by, when one evening her mother was called to nurse a sick family down in the valley, and Ascentha was left alone; but she did not mind. Every evening after the work was done, she would sit on the front porch, look over the evening mail and plan and dream of the future. But one evening as she sat looking over the mail she saw a strange paper among the number. She picked it up. "Other Sheep" she said, with a lift of her eye brows. Glancing over its contents she noticed the heading, "Lost in India's Night, Who Will Rescue?" As she read the article there was pictured before her, in striking vividness dark and dying India in all its terribleness. She could see a country darker than any night she had ever seen, a country

filled with wretched people who had never heard there was a Saviour. Somehow it gripped and broke her heart and held her. "Why doesn't some one go and tell them about Jesus?" she whispered to herself; and in startling plainness the question came back to her "Why don't you go?" "No, no, I could not go," she thought, and tried to picture the bright future that she had planned. But the picture was gone. She could see nothing but shadows. She blinked her eyes rapidly and tried to shut out the darkness but she could not.

Hours passed into days but the picture of suffering India did not fade. Each day it seemed to take a fresh grip on her heart until she could see and think of nothing else. So this was the secret of Ascentha's pale worried face, the secret of Ascentha's deep trouble. And all this the poplar could have told the roses in the garden but he was dumb; so the roses drooped their dewey faces and went to sleep, leaving Ascentha on the porch her head in her hands dreaming of suffering India.

When Ascentha awoke the night was black around her for the moon had not yet risen. She rose, drew her shawl closer about her shoulders, and walked slowly down the gravel patch to the front gate. A bunch of white holly-hocks, nodded from the corner of the fence. She opened the gate, crossed the road and went up the knoll to the poplar, which was still moaning and sighing in the summer breeze.

As she stood there two paths stood out before her leading to two worlds. One was a shining path full of friends and led into a bright world where there was praise and honor for the girl who could succeed. The other path was very dark and led into a world as black as the night about her. She could see dark faces drawn by sin and suffering, pleading for help and light. She shuddered and grew sick at heart. She wished she could help them, but she could not. "No, not now, maybe some day I'll come to you," she whispered and from the dusky stillness about her there seemed to come a voice, "you must make your choice tonight, and your choice must be forever." Ascentha blanched, and again she saw the two paths; one, bright and full of friends the other, very dark, and if she went this way she must go alone. "The price is too great," she said, "The way is too dark." Then she thought of men and women who had made the same sacrifice, had paid the same price. She thought of Christ, who left a world far brighter than any future she could ever picture and who rather chose a life of shame and death for her. As she waited, the dark path grew darker and darker and she shuddered as she thought of following that path alone. Then she thought of Christ, who gave up every thing for her. Her face grew white like death, her lips pale and stern, she clinched her hand and stared into the blackness. The old poplar groaned and sighed heavily.

All the womanhood in Ascentha's being rallied for the great decision. She waited but a moment, then turned her back on the glittering path and the bright world, and, gazing into the heavens,

her white hand pointing toward the dark narrow way, she said, slowly but decidedly, "I will go."

A weight that seemed like a ton slipped from her shoulders but the night was still dark, so was the path, and so was her soul. She knew she was to go and tell of Christ to a lost world; and, in crushing force it came to her how little she knew of that Christ. How few her opportunities had been to learn of Him. A strange, unusual feeling took hold of her, and yielding to its force she unconsciously, at the foot of the big poplar, dropped on her knees. Conviction for sin hitherto unrecognized now became a great reality. She saw her life unfold before her and realized for the first time how proud, how selfish and sinful she had been when she saw her heart she drew back in horror—a heart as dark as the shades of India, as dark as the path she so dreaded to follow. The formal prayer that was wont to slip off her lips as she knelt at her bed side, now became a real, and living heart-cry. Friends, ambitions, dreams of the future all slipped away. Nothing but desolation seemed to be left. She felt herself alone in time with nothing awaiting her in eternity, but eternal night. Despair seized her, and when hope was almost gone, the moon came up over the eastern hills, bathing the valley with a soft beauty, the summer breeze stopped blowing and the old poplar ceased to moan. In the distance on a slight elevation she saw a cross, and beside the cross stood the Man of Galilee, his Nail pierced hands outstretched to receive her. "Thy soul is healed," he whispered tenderly. Every shadow was dispelled and her soul was filled with light. She looked for the dark path that led to the land of shadows, but it was gone. Instead she saw a light shining way leading to India made bright by the Son of God.

An hour later as she walked down the knoll where moonlight and shadows mingled, through the old creaking gate where white hollyhocks nodded from the corner of the fence, and up the gravel path, there was a calm and beautiful rest in her soul.

Harriet Sharp, Col. '22.

A Bunch of Pictures

The Peddler

A little old man was coming up the street very slowly, pushing a cart filled with knives and files. He was a man of perhaps sixty years, with wrinkled face, and cold, purplish lips and ears. On his head was an old fur cap, and coarse heavy shoes covered his feet. A ragged coat, too long in the arms, dropped from his shoulders, and long loose trousers hung down in strings at his ankles. He stopped at the gate, and looked up and down the street as if afraid some one would see him come in. Then he raised the latch and came limping up the walk.

W. D.

The Peasant

A roughly clad French peasant stood leaning heavily upon his

crude, shorthanded hoe. All morning he had worked doggedly on, turning the rough ground for the spring planting.

His very attitude and appearance told of an extreme state of degradation. His back was bent with months and years of machine-like work with his short hoe. His old woolen shirt was open low at the neck showing his sunburnt chest. Large, dirty trousers hung loosely on him, and wooden shoes covered his feet. His narrow, sloping forehead showed an undeveloped and ignorant mind. His deep set eyes, open mouth, in fact, the general expression of his face was that of one who is entirely lost to all that is uplifting to soul and body.

This is only one example of the depths of degradation to which the peasantry of these old countries fall, when there is no higher aim in life than toiling mechanically, from sunrise to sunset, day in and day out, generation after generation, for a scanty living.

C. E.

The Preacher

He produced a strange, indescribable sense of reverence akin to awe—the preacher from the Southland. The smooth, close-shaven face wore a serious expression, indicative of the passion of his heart, and of his high and honorable vocation—the fiery, jet black eyes whose blackness was enhanced by a large pair of amber rimmed nose pinchers, peering out beneath their roof of heavy black eyebrows, seemed to pierce the very inward apartments of the soul—the latest cut clerical coat, matched by a pair of spotless, neatly pressed trousers, save where the incessant performance of knee drill, so necessary for a successful minister, had reduced the press to nothingness, the neat-fitting, well polished shoes, the springy step—all these marked a person whose inward man is ever restless and who possesses a longing, burning and even passionate desire to see the souls of men prepared for eternity, and then to meet their God.

L. M.

Forsaken

The miner's shack was dirty and neglected. There was but one room and that had but one window. Over this single window was drawn a faded and tattered shade which admitted through its holes just enough light to disclose the condition of the room. The pine boarded walls were grey with soot. The furniture consisted of a clumsy board table, a single chair, the miner's trunk and an old rusty stove. Unwashed dishes lay piled over the dust covered table. On the trunk that stood under the window were some old worn clothes and several grimy towels which the miner had carelessly thrown down. The stove was rusty from the rain that had run down the pipes. In the corner behind the stove a sack of coal lay opened while in front the lazy owner had heaped buckets of ashes.

The floor was covered with ashes and coal dust and the muddy tracks of the miner. So dirty and slovenly was the room that I wondered if it were possible that a man had ever lived there.

A. G.

Desolation

It was a still moonlight night. Among the ruins of an old deserted temple there stalked a solitary lion. He stopped abruptly, looked sharply around and sniffed the air with satisfaction as the scream of a hyena broke the deathlike stillness. Presently two of his mates emerged from the black dusk of shadows, followed closely by others who came slinking cautiously along in the search of prey.

The crumbled stone floor, the tottering walks, and the toppling pillars held a strange indescribable sense of loneliness and dread. A single owl hooted from one of the highest arches, and the rumbling roar of a lion as it rolled down through the empty vaults filled the air with horror. Long uninhabited, the ruinous mass had become a hunting ground for the beasts of the forest, and now, save for the occasional scream of the panther or the roar of the lion, all was silence and desolation.

L. M.

The Ghoul

All day the fearful and bloody battle had raged. Charge and countercharge had been made, the toll had been heavy. Now the deafening roar of cannons had ceased and a brief respite had been given to the exhausted forces of the contending armies. The oncoming night mercifully covered with her protecting wings the fearful scenes of suffering. The ensuing silence, broken only by the last feeble cry of the dying and the pitiful moaning of the fearful wounded was oppressive and filled with evil forebodings. There was no cheery star to cast a beam of light and hope upon the sinking ears of men to point them to the one that knows and cares and understands. Low-hanging clouds, traveling swiftly eastward, driven by a fitful wind cast an inky darkness over this scene of suffering and despair.

Presently the shadowy form of a man emerges out of the blackness of the night. Grimly clutching a glistening knife he approaches with cautious and serpent-like movement. It is a ghoul, the fearful monster of the deserted battlefield, the outcast of society and fit companion of the demons of the pit, who has come to gather his rich harvest from the dead and dying. Knowing that if caught, he must pay with his life for his crimes against humanity, he works with feverish haste. As his pockets begin to bulge with money, watches, keepsakes, and valuables, his beady eyes shine with a hellish satisfaction. Finger rings, if proving troublesome, are removed by a slash and hack of the wonderfully tempered steel knife. Resistance of an unfortunate victim is quickly stilled. One more

murder does not matter. On he roams over the field of wounded and dying completing his awful deeds. Only the approach of a new day is able to drive him to his underground haunts where with others of his ilk he squanders his ill-gotten riches until some day his nemesis overtakes him and his wretched existence is wiped out by a bullet or a hangman's noose and his wicked spirit takes up its abode in the regions of the damned.

Catching Mountain Trout

Catching mountain trout is an art—a careful application of scientific principles, though the fisherman seldom looks upon his well-ordered stock of fishing facts as anything of a science. Yet his method is as surely scientific as is that of a chemist with his testing glass.

A good rod, light and flexible, a rod that you know as you know your own disposition, and one that knows you with all your humors and oddities. For by all means as the first necessary requisite there must be mutual confidence and understanding between the fisherman and his trusted rod. An invisible line, perhaps a dark green silk that will hum in the whirling water as cheerily as a humming bird—some hooks of various assortments—plain black flies and beetles—some natural bait, worms or red meat—and above all, an element as basic and indispensable as hydrogen or oxygen, the never give up anglers passion. These are the instruments in the fisherman's laboratory—the instruments he uses in his tests in landing the idol of every fisherman's heart.

Now to the experiment. Sally forth some day in early summer. By the way get up when it is yet grey dawn and whip through the long wet grass to a reconnoitering spot near the brook. If you are not fortunate enough to have a pair of wading boots your legs will soon be wet a good way to your knees and the squeak-squ-e-e-k of the water in your shoes will give you the first taste of fisherman's luck.

From your ambushade, which may be a flop almost full length in the sparkling wet grass as you suddenly come upon a turn in the brook, cautiously look about for a good hole beneath some overhanging alders. Remember now the counsel of the Scotchman who said there are three rules always to be remembered in trout fishing: the first is, "keep out of sight," the second, "keep out of sight," the third "keep out of sight." With this cue then of "lay low" fasten the piece of the red flank of a gophers leg to your hook and drop it lightly into the water, giving it an occasional jerk to give the bait life. If the trout are there, after you have crawled through wet grass or stood in water fresh with the morning chill, you will likely be thrilled with a strike, a sudden pull, a delightful fight up and down the brook. Finally you release a pent up sigh as you land a glistening spotted trout, which jumps wildly in the grass. Well of course that's hoping you get on at the first few attempts, though I

have heard of fellows well nigh wearing out a fisherman's patience without even the satisfaction of a decent strike.

One thing goes however which the fisherman seldom notices and that is time. The sun shining hot on his hook will usually remind him that it is time to change the bait. Flies or grasshoppers are always best for the mid-day and many a time one will catch more trout by skipping a grasshopper along the grassy edges than by any other method. The more natural the appearance of the bait the more sure to arouse a hungry trout. It is well to say just here that no set method will always win. When a grasshopper does not do try a fly or a beetle, natural or artificial. Watching the results is scientific and also good fishing sense.

E. E. M.



Apart

An humble life is all I ask
Of simple thoughts, of lonely deeds,
Remaining faithful to my task
And serve the day as each day needs.

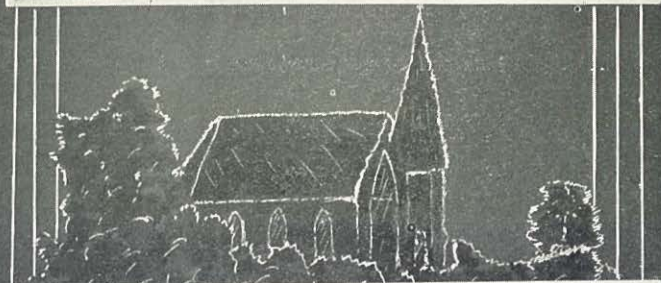
To seek the high and dizzy place
Of famous folk, be such a man
Of stronger mien or nobler grace
For me there seems another plan.

My mirthful children need my hand
To gently train and guide them on
Youth gleams with hopes so high and grand
To gain the goal when I am gone.

My gentle wife was made for me
And home a blissful haven blest;
Ignoble thoughts our sanction flee
'Tis life to love, to pray, to rest.

An aye to live alone for God
Then will I live for others, too;
This is the life exalted, broad
What makes the humble, brave and true.

E. E. M.



Missionary Department

God has peculiarly laid the need of medical training for missionaries on the hearts of some of our loyal, spirit filled Nazarenes since the organization of the church.

Missionary fields have been opened to the Christian missionaries at the point of the lancet. Because of their superior medical knowledge thousands of homes have been opened to our missionaries and to their message.

It is impossible, we know for our missionaries to obtain the literary, the theological, the missionary instruction, together with the necessary medical knowledge in the proper spiritual environment of the colleges and universities of other denominations; either is it practical generally speaking, for them to receive a part of their instruction in our colleges and the medical training elsewhere; and so it is necessary to establish a missionary center with opportunities in all these lines, a place where 'he heavenly fire burns, and from which may go men and women missionaries, trained and full of the Holy Ghost.

The ideal of the Northwest Nazarene College is to be such a center with one of her special lines of training—that of medicine and surgery for missionary work. Plans are being perfected for the erection of a medical missionary Sanitarium, which will be in part the home of the outgoing and returned missionaries. The first floor with its library, rest and prayer rooms will be devoted entirely to the missionaries and their interests. There will be no restrictions but they will be perfectly free to bask in the spiritual environment in this institution, feasting and resting in soul and body. In turn, we expect great blessings for our missionaries in training because of contact with those who have returned. The second floor will be given to the medical and surgical work. The third to the care of nurses in training.

God is greatly blessing our efforts in beginning. We are desisting not the day of small things, but believe God for great things in the near future in behalf of this much needed work. Let us all pray and believe.

Missionary Opportunity

We shall endeavor to give in this space a short discussion of some of the fields that lie about us and which need the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The first country we wish to talk about is Central America. The question that comes before the mind is, what are the opportunities in this field and what are the possibilities of securing results? Are we going to see some thing for the money and the effort put forth? And does it pay to send the gospel to Central America?

In this country next door to us we find 5,250,000 people of which number comparatively few have accepted the gospel of Jesus Christ;

numbers as yet have never even heard the gospel, and those who have heard it do not have an intelligent conception of it.

When we come to understand something of the conditions that now exist in this country, we will see why it takes so long for the light to break through upon these poor darkened, benighted souls. They have been burdened with a religious system, what is it? It is Catholicism, a religion that is forced upon them. Remember, it means severe persecution for one of them to turn from the Catholic faith to the real faith of Jesus Christ.

But, is this any reason why we should give up in despair and cry no use? No. We as God's children must buckle on the whole armor of God, and go up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. If Jesus had given up because of opposition, the devil would have driven him off the field of Judea and we would have been without the completed plan of salvation. He said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," and again he said, "and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Our privilege is to go. God will take care of the results.

The outlook in Central America is encouraging. The battle seems to be turning in favor of the forces of righteousness. Our missionaries say that the sun is coming up over the hills, and that the public mind seems to be in process of a change for the better. The people are getting their eyes open to the real situation. There is a movement away from the Catholic church. The officials, business men, and those of the higher class, have denounced the old church, and have refused to allow their wives and daughters to attend the confession. There is too, an awakening among the lower classes, the largest work now being accomplished is in Guatemala. Natives are coming from other parts of the country and inquiring about the gospel of our Christ. They are asking for missionaries to come and tell them about Jesus declaring that there are cities of several thousands that have never had the opportunity to hear the glad story. All this, of course, works for the opening of the door for the entrance of the true gospel.

Next we will notice our neighbor that lies one door beyond Central America—South America. This rich productive continent is capable of holding and feeding the whole population of the world, and it is within two weeks travel of our front door! Like Central America, its eyes are opening.

In the past, the relations, the sympathies, the business of South America have been with Europe and Great Britain and not with North America. Nearly everything in this new and rapidly rising country is European. Today a whole new interest is felt in South America. It is about us like a rising tide.

Shall this new interest be commercial and diplomatic only? Will the Christian men and women permit the lure of gain or change for political advantage to be the chief expression of North American interest in her sister continent? Shall our churches permit the impact of the new commercial invasion of South America by our manufacturers, our merchants and our banks to be delivered with-

out seeking to Christianize that impact? Shall the nations of the southern half of our hemisphere be filled with hosts from other lands, while Christs' followers stand idle, and neither attempt to create a favorable spiritual atmosphere for their reception nor meet them in love as they come?

Beloved, this new interest in South America is of God. He has great designs of grace for its peoples. It is for us to be wise in the day of his power.

There are many other countries with golden opportunities as great as the two we have mentioned. We have mentioned them because they are at our very door.

Mexico is opening up to the gospel as never before. China is now open to the gospel and is crying for help. Japan is still a needy field, but her fast rise in civilization is a turning away because we failed to give her the help when she most needed it. The islands of the Pacific are ready to be worked for Christ. Africa is now opening up to the gospel. India is crying for help for her starving millions. Russia will soon be open to the gospel of Christ and civilization.

Beloved, the greatest thing we need today is for the church to get a vision and go to work, and not be disobedient, to the heavenly vision. It is not seven weeks to the harvest, but it is now. God help us to work while it is day. The night is coming when no man can work.

These are some of the open doors of the present centuries for missionary work. The fields lie before us, and the ripened grain stands ready for the reapers. The people are dying without God, and many have never had the chance to accept Jesus Christ. WHO WILL GO?

J. S. Maddox, Col. '19.

"Watchman, What of the Night?"

As we look out upon the world and behold the sin and iniquity that abounds on every hand, as we call to mind the number of those who sit in darkness and have not seen the light, as we count the number of those who are bearing the good tidings of a full salvation to a lost and dying world, we are lead to exclaim, "Watchman, what of the night?"

In our own land there are open doors for earnest, zealous souls to enter. In the south among the Mountain Whites, there are opportunities freighted with possibilities; young lives to be reached and moved to higher ideals of living and service in the kingdom of God. There is unoccupied territory to be possessed. In the cities there are the slums wreaking with moral degredation and wickedness, where one may go and win from the very depths of evil some jewel which may shine resplendent in the crown of the Master. In our great Northwest country the valleys, many of which have only recently been opened up, give to us abundant harvest fields, where we may plant churches and gather in the people to hear the message.

From all these places in the homeland, the call comes, "Watchman, what of the night?"

As the horizon of one's vision extends and enlarges, one still sees the pall of night and the darkness of sin settled down upon the human race. In European countries where once the light of the Gospel was glorious in its manifestation, now the shades of darkness have gathered, and one quarter of the population is without the Bible, and almost all are bound down by ecclesiastical tyranny. Oftentimes a reaction from such conditions sets in, and propaganda hostile to divine truth and a holy religion finds ready adherents. Roman Catholicism holds in its fetters its millions, and likewise Greek Catholicism while the Protestant churches maintain a formalism of a different phase but equally void of life. From Europe again, the call comes, "Watchman, what of the night?"

Once more as one lifts the eye to scan a wider range and extent of territory not only does no light break in, but the darkness deepens. Just out beyond lie some of the great nations of the earth; there is China just awakening from her long slumber and dreams of the past to the thought of the present and the future. Shall the powers of darkness be left to be the main factor in the moulding of her future. or shall the Church of God arise to her opportunity and occupy this land in the name of her Lord and Master? Now and then a ray of light has pierced the darkness, but there are many walled cities with hordes of mortal beings which have not yet had the faintest glimmer reach them. Then there is Japan, Korea, India, the Islands of the Sea, Africa, the countries of Latin America. Moreover there are minor countries, such as Armenia, Persia, Palestine, Tibet. Furthermore there are the waste places of earth where the nomad finds his camping place such as Arabia, Mongolia and Siberia. From all these there rings out in clarion note the call, "Watchman, what of the night?"

"O Zion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling,
To tell to all the world that God is light,
That he who made all nations is not willing
One soul should perish, lost in shade of night."

"Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life he died for them to win!

Olive M. Winchester.

"No. generation ever faced such possibilities of weal or woe as does ours as it sees nations being reborn, civilizations looking to the church for guidance, and yet sees the forces of evil, of Paganism, of Mohammedonism growing more aggressive."



Chapel Talks

Brother Little gave us some very practical and inspiring talks on prayer. We chose the one in which he gave the hindering forces in the inner life of man which makes it impossible for him to live a successful prayer life.

Psalms 66-18 reads: "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me!" "There are many people who harbor iniquity in their lives are not conscious of it. O, the depths of the human heart! The heart is the emotional center of man and it means a great deal to have our imaginations, desires, and purposes holy. God demands truth in the inward parts. Did you ever stop to think of what iniquity means? Iniquity means deceitfulness, unfairness, unjustness, perversness, grievances, regarded in my imaginations in my desires, or in my purposes. If you will search carefully you will find that most folks are bothered somewhat with deceitfulness. In dealing with our fellow men we are often not honest and frank, and who of us does not attempt to represent himself a little bigger than he is? But there is power in Jesus blood to actually purify the hearts of men."

Job 35, 12-13 "There they cry but none giveth answer because of the pride of evil men. Surely God will not hear vanity neither will the Almighty regard it." "Here it is evident that carnal pride is the thought in the writers mind, but there is another kind of pride sometimes found in God's children. That is spiritual pride.

The devil is always ready to make a person believe that he is accomplishing great things for God's kingdom. His thoughts will then be taken from God and placed on himself. At this point God leaves and lets the person take charge, with complete failure as the result.

James 4:3, "Ye ask, and receive not because ye ask amiss that ye may consume it upon your own lusts" (pleasures). "The motive in your asking must not be for your desires. You will have to ask with an eye single to His glory if you wish an answer to your prayer. We must be dead and ask for these things which we need, as God's sent ones to advance his kingdom."

Prov. 28-9, "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law even his prayer shall be an abomination." "We must study the word of God—just take the little book and eat it. Be Bible Christians, and God will hear your prayers."

Eph. 6:12, "As many as desire to make a fair show in the flesh, they constrain you to be circumcised, only lest they should suffer persecution for the cross of Christ." "The devil will do all he can to stop us from getting our prayers through, but if our hands are clean and our hearts pure we can hold on and press our way through. God will answer when he sees we are in earnest if he has to send all the reinforcements from the skies to our aid."

Luke 18-1, "And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray and not to faint." Here we are, our hearts

pure, our hands clean, and God has promised, we must recognize the fact that we will be tempted to stop short of a direct answer. We sometimes give an audience with God, then run off before God speaks. Daniel purposed in his heart, and we must have a purpose and determination that will enable us to hold with a will-not-to-be denied grip.

What we need is a body of young men and young women that will stand up and bring things to pass. We must go forth to conquer in the name of our Christ. God has given us a job and we must finish the job."

The Victorious Life

In the presentation of this text, "The Victorious Life" Rev. Shepherd impressed indelibly upon our minds and instilled deeply in our hearts a precious truth, "All things work together for good to them that love God."

He developed the thought of this message by contrasting the vision of the old testament saint with the vision of the new testament saint. As typical of the former he chose Jacob and Elijah of the latter Paul and John.

"Jacob said, 'All things are against me.'

"Paul said, 'All things work together for good.'

What was the difference? The old testament saint had a shortened vision the new testament had a lengthened vision.

"Jacob said, 'Joseph is not, Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away, all these things are against me.' Jacob could not see beyond the present circumstances. As contrasted with Jacob's troubles Paul said, 'In labors more abundant in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep; In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own country men, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fasting often, in cold, the care of all the churches.' Co. II, 23-28. But instead of becoming discouraged Paul looked out beyond his present sufferings and saw that 'all things work together for good' and could rejoice in the trials. He had caught the heavenly vision and recognized that the things of this world are temporal and will soon pass away. Elijah another old testament saint was able to pray rain and fire down from heaven, yet when threatened by the wicked queen Jazebel who threatened his life, he lay down under a Juniper tree and wished that he could die.

Elijah had a shortened vision. Could he have looked into the future and seen a chariot of fire descending from heaven to convey him to the glory world without passing through death, he would never have lain down beneath the Juniper tree and wish to die.

John the second new testament saint had such visions of spiritual realities that the difficulties of this life actually enriched his joy. While exiled on the Isle of Patmos absent from the temporal blessings of life and supposed to be forsaken and alone he enjoyed the best time of his life. He saw sights foreign to earthly life. He saw the city of Jerusalem with streets of gold and walls of jasper. He saw the descending Christ and the great marriage supper of the Lamb, of which he was some day to partake. He did not think himself forsaken or alone.

The new testament saints had found the secret—all things work together for good to them, that love God. They had found that love of God. They had found that only those things which add to their spiritual development will God permit to touch the lives of his children.

If every Christian would take the trials of life as God meant them, each trial would be a Chariot to carry the Christian father up the spiritual way.

For in God's estimation the trial of the Christian's faith is more precious than gold that perisheth.

"There is no language that can exaggerate the ministry of the Holy Ghost."

What Is Man?

W. E. SHEPHERD

"When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

The way to find out how great a person is, is to find out what he has done. Let us consider what our God hath done. Look around and see the world. It isn't very small. The distance around the earth is 25,000 miles, and about 8,000 miles through it. But when we think of our largest planet called Jupiter, we see a planet that is 1400 times as big as our world. Jupiter is 86,500 miles around. When we go out a little farther and go to the least planet we have to travel two billion miles to get to it. While it takes this world one year to go around the sun, it takes Neptune 165 years. So if you were born on Neptune today you wouldn't have another birthday until 165 of our years. Our sun is 93,000,000 miles from this world and it is so big that compared with this world it is one and one third million times larger. They say that there is another sun that is so much bigger than ours that it would take fifty-one of our suns if they were hung on a string to go down through it.

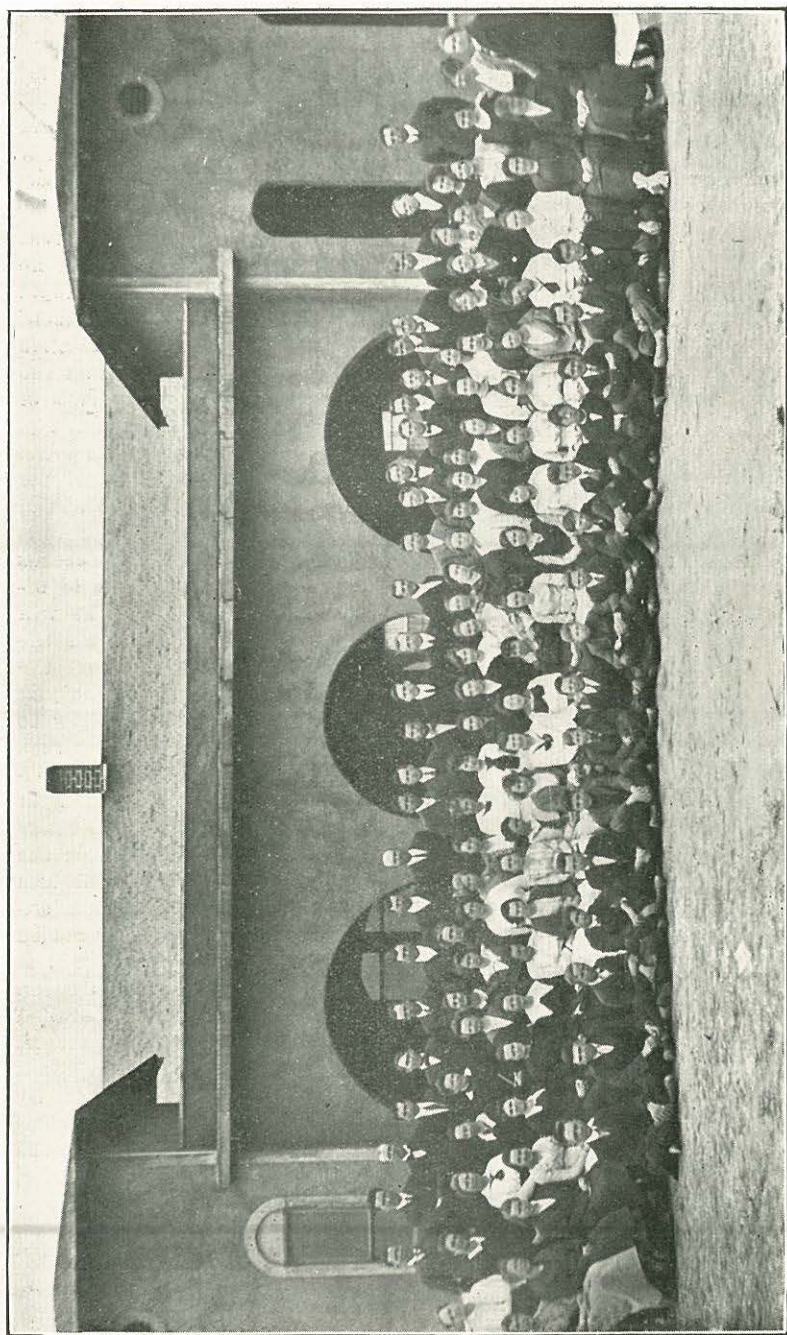
Why am I telling you this? I want you to see how big God is. The human eye can see 6,000 suns in the universe but if we were

to look through a large telescope we would discover 100 million of them.

So great are the worlds that are in the universe that we cannot grasp their magnitude and their distances are so far that we cannot comprehend them. The next nearest sun to ours is Centauri and that is 264 thousand times as far away as ours, in other words it is 25 trillion miles away. How far is that? Perhaps the following illustration will help us to comprehend it.

I see a gentleman like Mr. Hill the former owner of the Great Northern Railway. One day as he is walking down the street he comes to an advertisement, "Excursion to Centauri on the Rapid Interstellar Light Line." What does this mean he asks himself. He goes down to the office and says, "What about this new fangled railway you have?" How do you operate it?" "By light" said the ticket agent. "Do you mean to say that you travel by the rays of light?" "Why yes, we hook the trolley on a ray of light and zip. Light travels 186,000 miles a second. Do you want to take the trip?" "Well what do you charge." "We sell you a ticket for one million miles for a dollar." "Alright," says Mr. Hill, "You can put me down for a reservation. Then he goes home and tells his wife that he is going to take a trip to Centauri and he proceeds to get his suit case ready. He refuses a lunch which his wife offers stating that he is going to the nearest station and that he will be back for supper. He reaches the ticket office prepared for the trip and hands the agent \$100 for a ticket. "What is this for" the ticket agent asks. "If you are going to Centauri it will cost you just 25 million dollars. "Well but I thought you allowed a fellow to travel a million miles for a dollar." "Yes that is so Mr. Hill" says the agent, "but you know it is some little distance to Centauri." "Alright sell me a ticket" says Mr. Hill, "I am going anyway." The Light Line leaves the station at twelve o'clock and Mr. Hill is all ready to make the trip. He steps on; but just as he gets his foot on the first step he passes a great ball of fire. The conductor tells him that it is the moon. When he gets to the second stop he passes another heavenly body, Venus. By the time he is comfortably seated in the car he sees another great ball of fire, and learns that it is the sun. He has been on board just eight and a quarter minutes. He seats himself comfortably again and takes out the paper and begins to read. He tires a little and nods off to sleep. When he awakes he looks at his watch and finds that he has been on board four hours, he says "I should think we would soon be there." By this time he looks out and sees a great world, and supposing that this is Centauri he grabs his luggage and prepares to get off. But the conductor meets him and asks him where he is going. "Well," he says, "isn't this Centauri." "No," the conductor politely replies, "this is Neptune if we have no mishap Mr. Hill we will be in Centauri on the 9th of November, 1923 just four years from now. "Well now that is terrible Conductor. But say you say that you travel between stars

(Continued on Page 75.)



School Notes

The annual camp meeting began at Nampa, September 20, and lasted until October 6th. Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Roberts of Pomona, California were the workers in charge for the first ten days after which Bud Robinson of Pasadena, California arrived and led the hosts on to final victory. Messages were also given by District Superintendent N. B. Herrell, James W. Short, Pastor of the local church, Evangelist Harry J. Elliott of Nampa, Mrs. DeLance Wallace of Walla Walla, and Mrs. Whitesides of Portland.

God blessed the ministration of his word in a precious manner which resulted in the conversion of sinners, the reclamation of backsliders, the sanctification of believers and the strengthening and "building up in the most holy faith" of the saints of God.

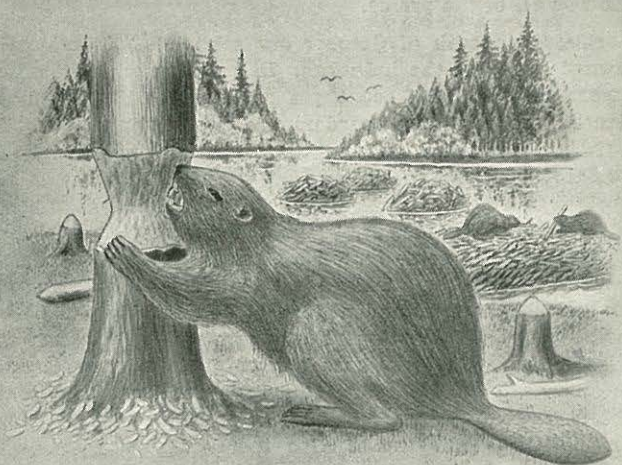
Time after time the altars were lined with seekers—two hundred or more in all—many of whom found that God was able "to supply all of their needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." To God be all of the praise.

During the month of October our school became alarmed by the westward sweep of the influenza. In common with all other schools we were ordered to discontinue our work. But as most of our students were dormitory boarders and shut away as a big family we thought it possible for us to continue work under a strict quarantine. After careful inspection by the state health officers we were granted the privilege of a quarantine. For about three weeks we were left undisturbed by the plague, but our time was soon to come, while some rejoiced and some feared a strange feeling took possession of a few of our number. They went to bed with fever, sore throats, headaches, backaches, and a general bad feeling. A slip of white paper bearing the inscription "No visitors allowed." appeared on each patients door. Our fears rose but we could only whisper and intimate our suspicions. Finally, to relieve our fears, it was announced in the dining hall that we had all symptoms of the flu, but not the flu, nevertheless, the white slips increased; the doctor came and went. One day to our chagrin we saw posted on both dormitories a sign printed in bold black letters, "Quarantined for Influenza." The number of well students was soon diminished to a scanty few. Both dormitories were converted into hospitals. All able bodied students were put to nursing, cooking, or carrying provisions.

We had a hard siege, as some of our number were very sick. However, while outside patients were dying all about us, not one of our cases proved fatal. For this we give God all the glory.

For a month the flu raged. After most of the students had recovered they were found unable to resume their work out of possible injury to their health. It was decided best to discontinue until the New Year. By the time January arrived we had fully recovered and felt ready to tackle a semester of solid work.

BEAVER ENGRAVING COMPANY



MACHINE ETCHED PLATES
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE WORK
A SPECIALTY

148-5TH Street Phone Main 2003
Portland, Oregon

"THE WORK OF THE BEAVER IS UNEXCELLED"

"Flu Days"

'Twas in the month of October,
On a busy, happy day,
When we saw in the "Evening Daily"
That the flu was coming our way.

Ay, yes, had we not been reading
How everywhere, far and near,
That monster called influenza
Left sadness, death and despair?

Immediately, Yes and immediately,
Every public place in the land,
Must be closed and barred from the people
Except where duties demand.

Then news came to our college
That straightway we must close,
Or separate from the public,
And so the latter we chose.

Some of our goodly number
Hurried away to their homes,
The remainder—hopefully, trustfully,
Waited to find out their dooms.

Already all over the village
Many were stricken and low
But surely we could not get it
Protected and shielded so.

Hours and days and weeks passed
And then, to our great surprise,
Two of our number were stricken
And their fever began to rise.

We hurriedly summoned the doctor
But soon all our fears had fled;
For, "this is acute tonsillitis,
And a little cold," he said.

Soon all were as well as usual
Then suddenly, how we did quake.
For eight or ten were complaining,
Of a fever and one great ache.

But still our hopes were lofty
And to strengthen our faith a bit,
We did not name our visitor
But simply called him, IT.

And so we looked forth to the future
And gave IT more trust than 'twas due,
For in the light of the morrow,
It stood there, the hideous flu.

Day after day added victims,
So dormitory, school and den
Were converted into a hospital
And practical work began.

Then many busy students
Turned away from their books,
And arrayed in their Red Cross costumes,
Looked wise as old Doctor Brooks.

Medicines, stretchers and patients
They handled with greatest skill
Never fearing the out come
But conquering all with good will.

But now and then Doctor Mangum
With his little valise in his hand,
Came flying across the campus,
Twixt the living and dead to stand.

Now sixty five of our students
Lay helpless and weak with pain;
But with the care of these experts
They would soon be well again.

But far above the nurses,
Towering in deed and fame,
Were the K. P's of the kitchen—
One needs only to mention the name

When everyone who remembers,
The "flu days" long since gone
Longs for some of the oyster soup,
That made them well and strong.

In about a month all was over,
And day-break followed the night,
For the influenza abated,
And suddenly took its flight.

And in spite of the toil and turmoil
That burdened us all the while,
We all look back to the "flu days,"
And we cannot help but smile.

Florence Robinson.

Nampa Department Store

This is a Quality store. We sell only the very best grades of merchandise, merchandise that is guaranteed by the maker and guaranteed by us.

You will find that a dollar will buy as much value, and in some cases more, in this store than elsewhere. The package may not be quite as large sometimes as you get some place else but the value is the same when you consider the quality.

Twenty-five years ago we had one small room about 16 by 25 feet. Our steady growth proves to all that the enviable reputation that we have earned is not undeserved.

You can buy here in absolute safety for if anything you buy is not right we will make it right.

Anything to eat or wear can be bought in this store at prices that are fair and just to all.

Phones

Grocery	43
Grocery	9
Clothing	55
Shoes	55
Dry Goods	453
Office	43

NEARLY EVERYBODY
READS

The Free Press

NAMPA'S NEW MORNING
DAILY THAT PRINTS
THE TRUTH



Advertisers Who Use the Free
Press Columns Get Results

— TRY IT —

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING EXCEPT MONDAY

Canyon Furniture Co.

If you want anything for the home come
to us. Linoleum for every room.

The Store that saves you money

5c-10c-15c Store

Nothing over 25c
We appreciate your patronage

Phone 29

Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing

NAMPA DRY CLEANING WORKS

F. E. Dutton, Prop.

We specialize in Hat Cleaning and Blocking. Also make
new ones to order. All Work Guaranteed

First National Bank

Of Nampa, Idaho

RESOURCES \$1,400,000.00

*Under one management since the beginning
of business.*

Not one dollar of the funds of this bank is loaned to its
stockholders, directors, officers or employees.

Walter E. Miller, President
J. H. Murray, Vice President
A. J. Grosscup, Cashier
G. M. Miller, Assistant Cashier

TOM POOLE

DRUGGIST

The Best of Everything in the

Drug Line

Kodaks--Developing and Printing.
EDISON PHONOGRAPHS

BULLOCK

OPTOMETRIST



*All our optical work is guaranteed and
our prices are reasonable.*

Nampa, Idaho

Badger Furniture Co.

FURNITURE, RANGES AND CARPET

OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT

SEE US

Phone 102.

The Nampa Grocery Co.

Cash and Carry

Pay Cash and Save the Difference

BAKER'S DRUG STORE

YOUR DRUGGIST

Clarence Baker

Photos...

THAT WILL
PLEASE
YOU

Nine Years in Nampa

CUMMINS STUDIO

KING'S MEAT MARKET FRESH AND CURED MEATS

Try our open kettle rendered Lard, Sugar Cured
Hams and Bacon. There is none better.

Phone 11

GEORGE KING, Prop.

"A SAFE PLACE TO SHOP, A SURE PLACE TO SAVE"

"THE
CASH
STORE"

EVERYBODY'S
MAKE IT RIGHT STORE

"THE
Economy
STORE"

Dry Goods, Women's Apparel, Men's Goods and Shoes

NAMPA LUMBER CO.

Everything to Build With



COAL
WOOD



Phone 449 2 Fourteenth Ave. So.

The Lord has been teaching me some lessons in faith the past year that I shall never forget. He has taught me not only to look to Him for my spiritual help but I have learned that He can heal the body and supply our every material need as well.

It seemed that the Lord was trying me out to see if I fully trusted Him, and so He took me through a number of trials. The first concerned my body. I had suffered for days from a severe frontal sinus condition—a condition that medicine could not relieve. It seemed that an operation might be necessary. A few friends gathered around my bed and called upon the Lord. How He blessed us! The glory came down and God touched my body and I have not had an ache or a pain in my head since that day. Praise His precious name! "Our God is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we may ask or think."

The second trial was concerning our little daughter who was taken very sick with pneumonia. Our hope in earthly things was gone but thank God, there was One, to whom we could go in our extremity. Our blessed Heavenly Father heard our cries as we knelt about our precious baby and from that hour she began to improve, and in a few days was running about as well and strong as ever. We can never thank Him enough for sparing our little one for us but we thank Him even more that He was putting something within our hearts that enabled us to say, in the hour of trial, "Thy will, not mine, O Lord."

The third was along the financial line, and taught me that my utter dependence should be in God. We came to the place where we had only sixteen cents in the house and it looked as though I would have to leave school. However, instead of doing that we went to the Lord in prayer. He heard and answered, for in a few days He had sent us in enough money to supply all our material needs for the rest of the school year.

I am glad that I am serving a mighty God. He knows our every trial and circumstance and has promised to be "our present help in time of need."

He is my Saviour, my Sanctifier, my healer, and my helper, bless His Holy name. By His grace I am going to see the end of the race.

Leo W. Collar, Col. '20.

Song rendered by the Sophomores and Juniors at the Senior entertainment. Tune "Old Oaken Bucket."

How dear to my heart are the memories of school-days
When fond recollections present them to view;
The sand-piles, the sage-brush, the thick blinding dust-storms,
That raved till the tumbleweeds scattered and flew;
The old winding drain-ditch, the millions of froggies
That sang till our aching heads swam with the pain.
They sang and they sang till the wee hours of morning
Then the rising bell echoed their madning refrain.

THE Sodas and Ice Creams
dispensed at Our Fountain
Are Good as the Best--Better
Than the Rest.

Joy Drug Co.
NAMPA, IDAHO

Cold Storage Market

"THE QUALITY SHOP"

Fresh and Cured Meats

Trade here and you'll come back

Phone 21

Opposite Dewey Palace Hotel

H. H. KEIM COMPAY, Proprietor

If you want service you will be sure to call

C. R. HICKEY

All kinds of Kutz Addition Snaps

Rentals

Notary Public

Phone 94

First Nat. Bank Bldg.

Nampa, Idaho

"NAMPA'S BEST"
Butter and Ice Cream

Highest in Quality, no higher in price

Manufactured by

Nampa Co-Operative Creamery Co.

Chorus

Those happy old school-days
Those golden old rule-days
Those fast-gliding school-days
Of old N. N. C.

How sweet was the odor from poplar and cedar
That came from fair Nampa's most beautiful park
Where multiplied millions of baby mosquitos
Were rocked in green cradles at coming of dark
And now far removed from their loved habitation
A tear of regret will intrusively swell
As fancy reverts to their new occupation
Tormenting the victims with whom they now dwell.

How I long for a breakfast of biscuits and syrup
Of oatmeal and coffee and of milk thin and blue
And O, for a taste of the old liver pudding
All flavored with onions and hot pepper too,
The old mashed potatoes, the thickened brown gravy,
The delicious old brown bread tho' sometimes it fell,
The smacking good dressing that kept us a guessing
And e'en those old brown beans we all loved so well.

F O R D

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Remember that when you bring your Ford car to us for mechanical attention that you get the genuine Ford service—materials, experienced workmen and Ford factory prices. Your Ford is too useful, too valuable to take chances with poor mechanics, with equally poor quality materials. Bring it to us and save both time and money. We are authorized Ford dealers, trusted by the Ford Motor Company to look after the wants of Ford owners—that's the assurance we offer. We are getting a few Ford cars and first come first to receive delivery.

A. E. LINDSAY, Agent

Phone 248

Third and 11th Ave.

Always First to Show the New Things

THE ROBERTS DRY GOODS CO.

The Style Store for Women and Children

YOUNG TRANSFER CO.

Distributing and Forwarding

Cars loaded and unloaded at our Warehouse

Moving Vans and Auto Trucks

Prompt service

Phone 99

Nampa, Idaho

=====Try It=====

Scotts Best Flour

Every Sack Guaranteed

SHUMATE GROCERY

A Good Place to Trade

Phone 388

Nampa, Idaho

suppose you take this line to the farthest star, how long will it take you." "If Adam and Eve had gotten on that train and started on their honeymoon they would be still going, Mr. Hill."

Now you can see what a great Universe God hath made. When we consider the magnitude of these worlds around us which God hath created we will say with the Psalmist "What is man that thou art mindful of him." Just a little infinitesimal speck. And oh how small is that person that is rebelling against the almighty.

Now let us consider man. What is man? When you ask that question some will immediately get their eyes upon the physical. Probably they would think of the ideal Samson, the strongest man that ever lived, or would think of McFadden the great culturist. Others will think of the intellectual brain as well as brawn. Somebody like Shakespeare, who had the largest vocabulary of anybody in the world, or Macaulay, who could recite articles word for word a year after he read them, or Marconi who could talk across the ocean, or Edison who can make photographs talk on the stage. What is man? Some again would think of the spiritual man; some one like Enoch who, lived so close to God that he was translated, or Paul, or Wesley or some other great spiritual leader who seemed to live in the presence of God.

What is man? Let us think a moment upon the physical being. We are wonderfully made. Look at the eye. God has put a wonderful care over the eye. In the first place it is put in a case or cavern so if you bump it you do not hit the eye but the cavern which protects it. But if anything should hit the eye it has a safety cushion that preserves the eye and it falls back on it. Then there are so many things that might fly into the eye but God has provided a curtain and when you go to sleep you just draw the curtain, and the light doesn't bother you. Then there are the eyelashes which serve as screens to keep out the dirt and dust. But sometimes something might get into the eye sure but if it does God has provided a fountain and it splashes up and washes it out. Surely the Lord hath protected the eye and He says that He will keep us as the apple of the eye.

The human being when I think of it proves to me that there is an all wise God back of it. Let us look at the architecture of man. We have 208 bones in our bodies, 500 muscles, 10,000,000 nerves, 35,000 sweat pores which would extend 22 miles if stretched out. They fill up 1000 times an hour and 24,000 times a day. Then there is that great heart pump of ours that beats 70 times a minute and 100,000 times a day and pumps seven tons of blood while it is doing it. The human body is a perfect epitome of a great machine. There are over 300 mechanical movements. When a fellow gets up some mechanical invention they think it is a great thing but it has been going on all the time in your body. Levers, pipes, pumps, ball and socket joints, beams, shovels, crushers and trusses.

The heart is a pump, the lungs are bellows for ventilation, the stomach and the pores are the sewerages, the kidneys are magnets the arteries are the food distributors and the brain is a telegraphic



We have the agency for the celebrated

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS AND VARNISHES

This means that we have a special high quality finish
for every purpose or surface.

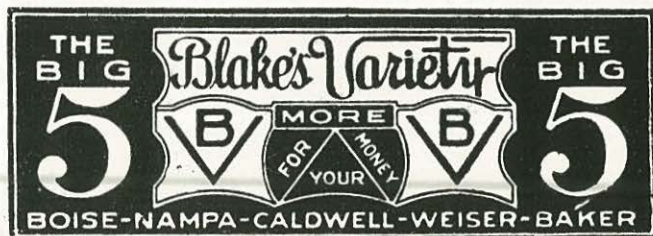
MCLAIN HDW. CO.

Hardware and Farm Machinery

We Accept Liberty Bonds

H. H. HOSTETLER
People's Cash Grocery

We save you money on Groceries and
Deliver to your home Free of Charge



dispatcher and the spirit is the invisible head quarters that communicates with the other world. Oh the marvelous structures of the human body.

Man is not only a physical being he is also an intellectual being. Take a look at the mathematical genius as he goes forth with his instruments. Then take a look at the astronomer. He takes a trip through the starry heavens while you and I go through Nampa. What does he do? He measures the stars and sizes of planets and then weighs them in a scale. Think of the marvelous things that are being accomplished these days. A man invents a machine by which they can talk 3000 miles away. Think of a man that can stand and talk with a man in an aeroplane above the din and noise of the battle. The invention of the phonograph, the taking of a picture of a fellow 24 hours after he has been destroyed. Then watch the fellow as he sails up in the sky thousands of feet. Watch him as he turns the loop the loop and does so many stunts. Think of the wonderful inventions that the farmer uses every day. They are doing things quick now. I read the other day where they had gone out into the field, gathered the grain, put it through the mill and made biscuits and had them on the table all in eleven minutes. We are making tremendous strides in these days. See what the surgeons are doing. We meet a man these days and we hardly know whether he is himself or manufactured. If a person has a limb broken they manufacture one, if he loses an eye they give him a glass one, if his teeth decay they supply him with a false set, if he loses his hair they provide him with a wig.

Coming back to my text, What is Man? He is not only a physical being, not only an intellectual being but he is made in the image of God. Carrying the earth on his palm; rising to walk in heavens and in light above this world and sin. Oh! for a human being that can catch the inspiration of God. And we abide in him. He can so mould and fashion us that we are able to sit in heavenly places with Him. Do you think that the great intellectual God would ever make man with his marvelous powers to live here and then to smoulder away in the dust? I don't think so for a minute. Do you think that individuals should live here for a few years and then pass away into utter oblivion? Do you think that God was so good as to send his only begotten Son into the world to die for us and then let this life be the last of us? No, I don't believe that is the thought of God. I believe He will take the redeemed to live with Him forever, and forever and forever.

What is man? Thank God that he ever visited me. I remember when I was saved, then when he sanctified me and has allowed me from time to time to have the fresh anointing of his Spirit. Thirty eight years ago God saved me and has kept me all this time. Amen. O, God wants to do great things for us. He will send us mighty anointings, mighty revivals and things that we have never dreamed of if we will let him have his way with our souls and our spirits.

We Invite Your Patronage at All Times

IN

MEN'S DRESS AND WORK
CLOTHES

TUTTLE CLOTHING CO.

The Store of Good Business

LAND FARM LAND AND
CITY PROPERTY

See WALLING LAND CO. Ltd.

Successors to
WALLING & WALLING

ESTABLISHED 1886

NAMPA, IDAHO

Religious Books and Bibles

Wall Mottoes, Tracts, Fountain Pens

W. H. BLISS, Book Agent

N. N. C.

V. T. ELVER & CO.

Men's Clothing and Shoes

NAMPA, IDAHO