

## I Now Bid You Cheer Up

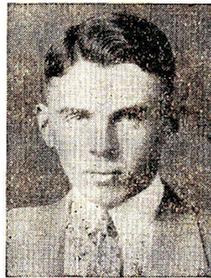
By E. F. Adcock, Secretary Board of Church Extension and Home Missions

If you still have tears, better shed them now and then prepare to smile. Because the really up-to-date countenance will wear smiles and gladness in 1932. Put the old perpendicular mask of depression-gloom away moth-proof and label it for use again in seven years, or seventeen—whenever your eye calls for another depression.

Out of whose fashion book did I get that? God's. From Acts 27 (Moffatt's).

"Presently down rushed a hurricane of a wind called Euroclydon; the ship was caught and unable to face the wind, so we gave up and let her drive along. Running under the lee of a small island called Clauda, we managed with great difficulty to get the boat hauled in; once it was hoisted aboard, they used ropes to undergird the ship, and in fear of being stranded on the Syrtis they lowered the sail and lay to. As we were being terribly battered by the storm, they had to jettison the cargo next day, while two days later they threw the ships gear overboard with their own hands; for many days neither sun nor stars could be seen, the storm raging heavily, and at last we had to give up all hope of being saved. When they had gone without food for a long time, Paul stood up among them and said, 'Men, you should have listened to me and spared yourselves this hardship and loss by refusing to set sail from Crete. **I now bid you cheer up.** There will be no loss of life, only of the ship. For last night an angel of the God I belong to and serve, stood before me, saying, 'Have no fear, Paul; you must stand before Caesar. And God has granted you the lives of all your fellow-voyagers.' Cheer up, men!"

A blind man ought to see our picture in thought. How like a storm a depression is! We become accustomed to sunshine and good weather and fear not the storm. It brews and mutters in the distance, but we think fair weather. When the storm strikes we are appalled, and ere long ask if the sun will ever shine again.



Rev. E. F. Adcock

In this long period of depression we threw out some cargo, pulled in the sails, and lay to. We tried to undergird the ship. The sun and the stars were hidden. Euroclydon has been in its worst form. No worse depression have we ever known.

But just as the world is ready to lose hope, we are bidden to cheer up.

"Cheer up, men!"

Why? Because the depression is over? Not that, but there are reasons, several of them. Shall we enumerate them?

1. We are now taking our losses soberly. Thousands of people have lost jobs. Fortunes have been lost. Homes have gone to satisfy the mortgage. Jones, who for many years has been in easy financial circumstances, meets an old acquaintance, Brown, on the street and asks Brown for just enough money to buy groceries for his destitute family. A few years ago he

would have died rather than ask for bread.

With the loss of material wealth and our willingness to face our losses comes a better appreciation of true values. After all we can stand to jettison some cargo, and even lose the ship, if we come through with our lives and some valuable lessons learned.

2. The futility of man's efforts and inventions in times of great storm and stress is better realized. Men have been building their sky scrapers, their huge corporations, their fabulous fortunes. But in this Euroclydon these giants lose some of their grandeur. After all, in some crises of life men are only men and one is as helpless as another.

3. Again, in times like these people give some thought to the destiny of life. After all we are really going somewhere. If not before Caesar, then somewhere else we are to stand at the behest of the Great Master of human events.

4. And now a most hopeful sign is that God is coming back into the picture. In prosperity it seems easy enough to bow him out. But now true religion has something to say to a distressed world. The God we belong to and serve stands before us. He is a God bigger than we are, big enough for a depression. There is good cheer in that.

5. Then finally, Good Cheer is the advance agent of Prosperity. She comes not just to announce, but to prepare the way. Now that the world is settling itself seriously to the task of finding a way out the effectiveness of good cheer will not be overlooked. When men can smile they believe in something good. And faith is what will cure our ills. So cheer up, men! I now bid you cheer up.

## Personal Mention and News Items

Several new students plan to enter with the new semester.

Rev. W. E. Monk was a recent and welcome visitor at the Seminary.

Rev. J. Wesley Stewart, Trustee of Anderson Township, was a recent and inspiring chapel speaker.

Mrs. Melissa Oldham spent the holidays in a revival at Wise, Virginia. A successful meeting is reported.

Walter Ott, a student, won a \$50.00 prize offered by the Herald Publishing Company for hard work in securing new subscriptions.

Albert Duke, of the Jubilee Quartet, underwent an operation for rupture and is confined to St. John's Hospital for two or three weeks.

Rev. L. Roy Lee recently arrived from California. He is locating in Anderson in order that his son may enter the college at the opening of the second semester.

Students who did not get to go home for Christmas made the best of it and enjoyed themselves at the School. A large Christmas tree was placed in one of the classrooms.

The Jubilee Quartet, composed of Melvin Miller, Laude Hayes, Herbert Thompson, Albert Duke, made a tour of the South during the holidays. They visited thirteen congregations and thoroughly enjoyed the trip. They were present at the Alabama Ministerial Assembly at Bessemer for two days.

Rev. S. E. Dooty and Mrs. Dooty have taken a pastorate at Hanford, California. They were formerly pastors at Kansas City, Kansas. Mrs. Dooty graduated from the Seminary in 1923.

## Science and God

(Editor's Note: This is a sermon sent in by Mr. George Acree who is taking our Home Study Course for Preachers)

We read in the daily papers of so many marvelous inventions and discoveries along scientific lines, and our High Schools and Colleges emphasize the teaching of science to so great an extent that many persons have lost their faith in God and have placed all their faith in science. This loss of faith in God is due also to the quietness with which God works. If we turn to the eighty-sixth Psalm, we find the eighth verse reads as follows: "There is none like unto thee among the gods, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works."

Let us consider a few of the works of man as compared to the works of God. After a careful consideration I am sure that the works of God will have so impressed us by their grandeur that our faith in God will have been renewed and we shall be able to say in praise and thanksgiving unto the Lord, in the words of the Psalmist, "There is none like unto thee among the gods, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works." In considering the works and inventions of men, we must not forget in the very beginning, that all the raw materials used for the inventions of men are furnished by the Lord, and he also gives man his mental powers of thinking and reasoning without which man would be unable to do any of his works of greatness.

Thousands of years ago men built the pyramids of Egypt, and they are still a wonder of the world because of their size and the perfection of workmanship used in their construction. But for beauty, and size, and perfection of workmanship, the pyramids of Egypt cannot begin to compare with the Rocky mountains of North America, which were planned and built by God!

One of the greatest engineering feats of our present age is the Panama Canal. It will stand for years as a memorial to the ability and daring of engineers, but the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River stands today and forever as a memorial to the ability of the Great Engineer of the Universe who carved it and colored it in

ages long ago so that its grandeur awes and makes speechless all who see it. The hand of man has carved from the interior of the earth huge tunnels and mines, and has built aqueducts and water mains for transporting water underground, but these fade into insignificance when we think of the Mammoth cave, the Carlsbad Caverns, and the underground rivers of our land, all formed by the mighty hand of God!

The United States is covered with a huge network of telephone and telegraph systems so that one is enabled to send a message from his home to any other city, town, or village in our land and receive a reply in just a few minutes time. For accuracy, sureness of proper destination of the message and speedy response, these electrical systems are very crude and sluggish, if we compare them with the nervous system of the human body. In this system a wrong connection is a thing unknown, a delayed message is impossible, and a proper reply is always forthcoming to any message sent. "Central" wired by the delicate hand of God never fails or errs.

During the world war the combatants developed systems and methods of camouflage which were marvelous in their power to conceal. But can you do otherwise than remove your hat and worship in the presence of a God who has developed the camouflage of a ptarmigan, or of a chameleon whose true color is unknown because it always assumes the color of any object on which it may rest? Men make beautiful paintings of birds and flowers and sunsets, but none are as perfect in delicate coloring as a pansie, a sweet pea, or a single feather from a peacock's tail! When God paints a sunset to delight and please us, he does not confine it to a small piece of canvas, but spreads it over all the sky!

Men fly through the air at tremendous rates of speed but the speed of the earth and the planets through space in God's great Universe is beyond the comprehension of man!

One of our famous watch manu

# EDITORIAL

## THE MARYLAND CONVENTION

On the last day of the old year Mrs. Morrison and I and our little girl, Vivian Jean, motored over to Baltimore, Maryland, where the Young People of the State were to assemble in their annual convention. They were meeting on New Year's day in the Highland Avenue Church of God and we stayed over night a few miles outside the city and drove in in time for the first meeting. When we got there it was raining, and when it rains in Maryland, it really rains. The water did not come down in drops or streams as it does in Indiana, but it came down in "sheets." In spite of all that the weather-man could do a fine crowd of young people were there. Brother Adam Miller, pastor down at Federalsburg on the eastern shore, brought a group of twenty-five or thirty young people up. Brother Howard was there with a group from Gambrils. Miss Wilkinson and Miss Taylor had groups of young people from their respective congregations. Several were down from Pennsylvania, and a great crowd came from Dundalk, Maryland, a little town just out of Baltimore where Miss Esther Boyer is pastor.

Rev. E. E. Shaw and his wife, the new pastors at Highland Avenue, seemed to feel at home among their young guests and insisted that the young people feel at home with them.

I spoke four times during the convention. I found it easy to talk to those fine people on matters of spiritual and eternal moment. Like the disciples of long ago, our hearts burned within us as we talked by the way. I did not feel disposed to soft-pedal the spiritual message of the gospel. Our young people are not looking for an easy way. They want the way of truth, whether hard or easy.

On Sunday morning after the convention closed on Saturday, I preached in the little church at Dundalk where Esther Boyer is pastor. And such a crowd of earnest people. It was a big crowd in a little house. I have always thought that women preachers could not do so well as men but a few more observations like I had at Dundalk, I fear would compel a change of mind. Miss Boyer is certainly holding up Christ to those people in an effective manner. After preaching at Dundalk we were hurried to the hospitable home of one of the members, whose name is harder to remember than his kindness, where we had a real Maryland dinner and then rushed to Washington, D.C., forty miles away where I spoke in the afternoon services of the little group there.

In company with Brother and Sister Wiesaupt and Brother Evans, father of Maybrey Evans, we saw a few sights around Washington and left on Monday afternoon for home.

The year just closed has been a hard one. Many battles, financial and other ones, have been fought by Anderson College. Many mistakes have been made. Many lessons have been learned. We enter the new year here at the college a bit worn, but with faith and courage. We mean to go forward. We look to all our old friends and believe that during the year many new ones will be won to the School and to the ideal which she seeks to advance.

—J. A. Morrison

facturers recently ran an advertisement in one of the nationally read publications which stated that 12,007 screws, accurately made for delicate watch parts, weighed only one ounce. This is precision to the nth degree, but not such precision as was used by our Lord when he made the chigre and other minute insects complete with mouths, legs, bodies, and digestive systems! "There is none like unto thee among the gods, O Lord; neither

are there any works like unto thy works."

Every fourth of July and on other special occasions we see fireworks displays of great beauty but of small extent. Our marvelous God is not stingy of his fireworks, though, but spreads the Aurora Borealis across the northern sky, and its beauty far surpasses that of any fireworks display of man. The largest flash of artificial lightning man has been able to produce

### The BROADCASTER

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is about 30 feet in length. I have seen beautiful electrical displays of our Lord with lightning flashes apparently miles in length. To me these were revelations of the majesty and power and glory of God. Men make lamps of some 4,000,000 candle power whose rays can be seen for over one hundred miles. They fade into comparative darkness, however, when we consider the rays of God's sun which travel millions of miles through space and are still powerful enough to warm this old planet on which we reside and without which we should all perish.

Men build jacks of prodigious strength capable of lifting loads of hundreds of tons. Every winter God moves mountain sides and loosens boulders of huge size—all by the simple action of freezing and thawing water. I recall quite distinctly seeing in Colorado a boulder weighing tons which could only have been moved to its present location by flood water—another way in which God levels the mountains. Go to almost any power plant or factory with much machinery in use and you will observe engines with great flywheels, perfectly balanced, revolving upon their shafts with no vibration and little noise. This planet on which we live revolves on its axis daily and we live in perfect security while train loads of the heaviest substances are shifted apparently without making it wobble, though the least variation from balance in a flywheel will cause disaster.

Cement is manufactured in great quantities in many parts of our country by fusing at high temperatures the proper amounts of lime, alumina, and silica. In my home I have samples of marble which God manufactured in ages long past by the application of heat and pressure to limestone.

We read almost daily in our newspapers of the grafting of new skin to replace that destroyed and other surgical operations of equal magnitude. For centuries, God has been growing new bark over scars on the trees, wounds have been healing on animals, and even the glands of our bodies are so constituted that the blood automatically tends to coagulate when one is in danger of injury. "There is none like unto thee among the gods, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works."

Men make beautiful dyes from

coal tar, but my God has done more wonderful things than that. He took black graphite and formed the purest diamonds; he took copper, carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen in the proper proportions and made blue azurite crystals, and I have not seen man made blue so beautiful as they.

Cameras are now made which reproduce colors, though none are perfect. The human eye, designed by God when man was first created upon the earth, has been recording colors perfectly since man first beheld the beauties the Lord had provided for his delight.

We have musical instruments which emit tones delightful to the ear, but none affect me as do the songs of birds, the whisper of the wind in the trees, or the sound of moving water. These sounds, provided by our Lord for our delight, stir within us the spirit of worship and praise that draws us closer to our Maker.

In our modern chemical laboratories precise analyses are made so that the exact amount is known of each element composing the substance under observation. Marvelous? Yes, but cast your eyes upon the products of our Maker, and you will see more marvelous things than that. A sheep, a hog, a cow, and a chicken may be feeding side by side in a pasture, all eating exactly the same foods, yet the chemical laboratories God has provided within those bodies will on the sheep produce wool, on the hog bristles, on the cow hair, and on the chicken feathers! Exact analysis? Yes, but look again. The cow may have both black and white hair with the line of demarcation between the patches of the two colors very sharply defined! That IS exact analysis, when within one body chemicals taken from food will produce colors so widely separated for light reflection, and in such proximity. Chemists can tell the exact chemical analysis of the human brain, but they cannot tell why that brain thinks, or why the messages transmitted from the receptive nerve centers to the muscles causes the muscles to move. Only One can tell that—our God who "formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

As I look around me and behold these wonderful works of God, my heart fills with thanksgiving and

praise to my Lord for the goodness and mercy he shows us daily and for these works which he has placed here for our benefit and pleasure. "There is none like unto thee among the gods, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works." Every sunrise is to me a revelation of the glory of God. Every flower, every tree swaying in the wind, every animal moving and full of LIFE that only God can give, every song of a bird, every star, the sunshine and the clouds, the rain, thunderstorms, every thing created, ALL these are reasons why I should worship my God and have faith in Him and His word. Praise His name!

## MY STUDY OF BIBLE HISTORY

By Max Gaulke

(Editor's Note: Professor Martin asked his students in Introductory Bible to write something of their reactions to the study of Old and New Testament History. This is one of the papers. It was not handed in with the thought of publication.)

When a person is asked to tell you his reaction from the reading of an article or book, or from hearing a sermon or speech of most any nature, he is inclined to pounce upon, or at least favor the more obvious and outer features which either caught his eye or found a place in his imagination. A student of history will recall the great battles of the world; a student of mathematics will think of the highest type of equation that he is able to reduce to lowest terms; in science of all kinds, the facts are in general more certain and unbiased; likewise in Bible study, a student picks out the highlights, those elements which made the greatest impression on him, and finally, those particulars that effected him in such a measure that he was impelled to look deeper into their nature.

In the study of any phase of the Bible, the student is dealing with facts that must be interpreted from a spiritual standpoint as well as the ethical side. When I first started the study of Bible History, I had acquired a gloomy outlook, in that I thought the study was not exactly a valuable one. Previously, the Bible had to me been just another book. God was, of course a real and supreme being, and a here-

(Continued on page 6, column 3)

# WITH THE ALUMNI

— Amy K. Lopez, Editor —

## Nineteen Hundred Thirty-Two

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson

It is true that this passage from In Memoriam like the rest of the poem reflects in a particular way the struggles of the Nineteenth Century, but it is equally true that much in it might well have been written of the year of our Lord nineteen hundred thirty-one which has but lately slipped from our grasp. For there have been in it as there were in 1850, want and care and sin, the bitter "feud of rich and poor," "the civic slander and the spite."

There was much in this year that has gone from us that we would fain forget; much that we wish had never been, and yet it did not contain only the altogether evil, for in the suffering that resulted from want, in the struggle to supply what inadequate incomes have failed to give there has been born a new realization that "man does not live by bread alone," that development in loyalty, in love, in service, is worth much more than the overflow of heaping coffers full of yellow gold. 1931 has gone and a new year is with us.

Yet there is a sense in which 1931 has not left us, in which it will never leave us. Strive as we may, we cannot entirely escape the past. In many ways it will forever be with us; actions we have performed, thoughts we have encouraged have

made their ineradicable impression upon us. We shall bear at least the marks of them upon us forever. What tremendous possibilities are here! We are often tempted to think with apprehension of this, but should we not rather be glad for the fact that we can each year lay foundation stones for future living? Thoughts of the past year need not all be sad, nor need there be one note of repining in our meditations even though there have been failures. Rather with Browning let us assume the attitude:

To dry one's eyes and laugh at  
a fall,  
And baffled, get up to begin  
again.

With this new year come to us new pages on which to write—unsullied whiteness. Will they be so throughout the twelve months that lie before us? They can be, for with the sense of challenge that the new year brings there comes too courage for the accomplishment of all that it dares us do; and it is good to start life afresh, to start on the untried pathway with a ringing cheer and a swinging gait.

It is safe to follow unflinchingly a Leader who has never failed.

### From our Vice-President Come News of His Work and a New Year's Message

Perhaps I can send you some news of my activities during 1931. During the past year I held revival campaigns in Exeter, Atwater, Fresno, Oakland, San Francisco, Pomona, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, California, and Eugene, and Salem, Oregon. In some of these places I conducted two revivals. I held 13 revivals in all, and I am now engaged in the 14th one at Watsonville, Calif. I served for six weeks as supply pastor in San Diego. This has been one of the busiest years of my ministry. During the year there have been at least 650 consecrations—and this in what is generally considered to be an exceedingly hard field. To God be all the praise!

May I take this opportunity to wish every member of the Alumni Association a happy new year. In

the coming year may we  
"Speak a shade more kindly than  
the year before,  
Pray a little oftener, love a little  
more;  
Cling a little closer to the Father's  
love;  
Thus life below shall liker grow  
to life above."

As we enter the untrodden path of a new year may the comforting, sustaining, guiding presence of God accompany us. God has said, "My presence shall go with thee." Under His competent leadership, and with the staff of His promises let us go forward to greater achievements.

Yours in Jesus,  
Edgar L. Busch

### A Letter From Rev. Luke L. Bennett, '23

Rev. J. A. Morrison  
A. C. & T. S.  
Anderson, Ind.

Dear Bro. Morrison:

That most wonderful and spiritual Jubilee quartet came to our place on Saturday eve. the 19th. We were very glad for the privilege of entertaining these fine young men in our home. Then on Sunday morning they gave an excellent service at the church. We were glad to give them the entire morning service and they surely did use the time given them in a way that the people here will remember their good singing and their Christian influence for years to come. We had well announced through the papers and in previous services the quartet's coming and we had a crowded house of interested people. Many tears of joy were shed while conviction fell on all of us for a closer walk with our blessed Christ. After the service was over I overheard a few remarks from the side. Some said, "I never in my life heard such sweet singing." Then some one replied and said, "Yes, and the wonderful spirit in which they sang." I then walked on down the aisle and I heard someone else say, "If that is a true representation of the Anderson Seminary I am sure it must be a glorious place for young people to be." As I overheard that statement I just had to

stop long enough to say to them that it *was* a true representation, and that the school carried that very spirit with it. I also said to them with a Christian faculty, Christian officers, Christian advisors and a Christian student body, it is no wonder that it is a spiritual school. They said to me, "Would it not be great if all our young people could attend such a school?" It surely would. Our offering to the boys' expenses was small. We would like to have given more but it seems that money is very hard to get hold of at the present time. We surely were glad to have the Jubilee quartet with us and we give them a standing invitation to visit us at any time.

To you Brother Morrison and your family and the school we wish a very happy new year.

Yours in Christian service,

Mr. and Mrs. Luke L. Bennett

P. S.—I wish you could see our boy now. He will be one year old tomorrow. He surely is a dandy. I hope he gets to come to the A. C. & T. S. some time.

One of the joys of this job of mine is the receiving of letters unsolicited, letters which tell of one of our number from whom we have not heard for a long time. Such a letter come to me the other day from a faraway farm at Turtle Lake, North Dakota. I know that you want to share with me the kindly spirit of friendliness which it breathes and the news it brings. Florence Patterson Hahn '25 writes of her new home.

"I enjoy reading the doings of the rest of the alumni but have never sent in a report about myself. While in Anderson I was busy teaching Sunday-school classes, helping in Young People's work and singing but since coming out here we have no congregation of the Church of God to attend so we have been going to the Methodist church occasionally. The pastor and his wife are good Christians and have been very nice to us. They invited us to sing in the services so perhaps we can be a blessing to them in song.

"We are way out here on a farm. We have horses, cows, pigs, chickens, geese and turkeys, and a dog. It is very cold here. The thermometer stays close to zero most of the time. I have already frosted my feet; so you see I am not used to this climate.

"Our thoughts often go back to Anderson, as we recall our many good times and our kind friends.

"Some of the graduating students ought to come out to this state and establish some congregations as there are very few here. The people as a whole are more religious than in some other places that I have been, but they need to be directed in the true way.

"We are both happy and well for which we are very thankful."

Another such letter is from Rev. L. Earl Slacum '26 from which the following is taken.

"This is our third winter with the church here at Ellwood City, Pa. We have seen the Sunday school grow from 91 to 225, and the congregation from 45 to 100. We have about 60 young people.

"The congregation have been very good to us recently in giving us a grocery and canned fruit shower. Also they gave us a purse of \$33.00 for Christmas. These remembrances bind pastor and congregation closer.

"We have had a visit from the College Ladies' and Male Quartets since being here. And in April we are expecting the Jubilee Male Quartet to be with us. Also we are happy that we had Dr. Morrison to dedicate our building two years ago Jan. 19, 1930.

"Our prayers and cooperation are with the Anderson College.

"L. E. and Mildred P. Slacum"

Miss Grace Rosenberger, '31, is located in Welland, Ontario, Canada.

Rev. Mack M. Caldwell, '23, pastor at Clinton, Iowa, writes that his church supports the Associated Budget regularly and that they are also doing what they can to help raise the five miles of dimes.

Miss Burd Barwick, '29, is now on her way to Cuba, West Indies. She is enjoying a most delightful trip by automobile to Keywest, Florida, where in company with Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Ten Brink and Mrs. Galbraith of Detroit, Michigan, she will take ship for Havana. The party will visit Miss E. Faith Stewart at her new mission station. They will return to the United States some time in February.

Miss Florence Nichols, '31, of Pen Yan, New York has been a recent visitor at her alma mater.

Miss Helen Hansen, '30, is still busy housekeeping for her father and brothers at North Bergen, New Jersey. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Rev. Virgil Moore '29 writes from Lamar, South Carolina, that he has been striving to build up the work in Lamar where there is a new church building. He also preaches in Darlington.

## MY STUDY OF BIBLE HISTORY

(Continued from page 4, column 3)

after was a certainty, but to my calculating, prejudiced mind, I could see not more than a moral value in reading the *Book of all books*, and that, I thought could be acquired from reading any good literature. Possibly the largest factor in changing my views on some of these things was the environment of the school itself, the spiritual atmosphere, and the general respect for religious values. Then, about the middle of the semester when I found this Christ myself, my entire attitude was changed, the necessity of the Bible became manifest to me. Heretofore, I had always looked at the New Testament as being the most important and inspiring. Possibly this was because I had never really looked into the Old. However this may be, my study of Bible History has shown me the value of the Old Testament.

The facts of the Bible, which I had always construed to be more or less dogmatic in principle, now become in a major way, a vital and wholesome philosophic code. The study of Old Testament History has given me a preliminary insight to the links in the chain connecting the events leading up to the life of Christ. I think that because of this fact, I have a greater appreciation for the Bible as a whole, especially for the New Testament. To summarize, my study of this course has shown me more than the mere incidents of the Bible, it has taught me to revere the book more than I had, the Old Testament is now of greater significance, and my appreciation of the Bible and of Christ is more profound.

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**STYLE 677**

*Material:* Flash Print—Fast Color.

*Style Features:* Bring a bit of cheer to your kitchen since bright colors are the vogue. This frock depends upon its color for its style and is really conservative as it carries a small design. The color scheme is emphasized by a clever applique on the side of the skirt just below the attractive scalloped hip line.

Colored binding edges the scalloped collar and sleeve.

Green binding is used on the peach and rose binding on the green. This adds greatly to the color scheme and makes a garment you will love to wear on a dreary day.

*Colors:* Green and Peach.

*Sizes:* 14 to 52.

You may select any frocks pictured in this paper in sizes up to 44, inclusive.

**3 for \$5.95**

**Sizes 46 to 52—3 for \$6.95**

**Single Dresses, Any Size,  
\$2.50**

**Order Blank**

Dear Friend:

I wish to take advantage of your splendid offer to get 100% value for my dollars and at the same time help some worthy boy or girl through school. I herewith inclose \$5.95 for which you will please send me style No. ...., color....., size .....; style No. ...., color ....., size .....; and style No. ...., color ....., size .....

I understand that if I am not thoroughly pleased with my purchase I may return it and have my money refunded.

Name .....

St. or R.F.D. No.....

City..... State.....

<i>Sizes</i>	14	16	18	38	40	42	44	46	48	50	52
<i>Lengths</i>	43	44	45	46	46	46	46	47	49	49	49