

THE HILLTOP


A Gem in the Emerald Ring of the Hills.—Battle.

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APOLOGY

An explanation or apology is due the patrons of The Hilltop because of the rather tardy appearance of this issue. It was only this week that the responsibility of issuance was assumed by the temporary editor, who now feels that there was a misunderstanding on the part of several parties, and that no one in particular is to blame. Having quite recently seen the editor, who is not here during the summer, I have found that he is not responsible for the delay, and I am now inclined to accept for myself all the censure which I formerly willed to others. This is for all concerned.

D. L. S.

A STUDENT'S TESTIMONY

Boost your home town? Why, certainly. Boost it for all it's worth—but better be careful any further than that!

Then, why not boost your school? Boost it for all it's worth—but stop there; and be prepared moreover to substantiate all your claims up to that point. Never let your enthusiasm carry you beyond what you actually believe and can reasonably prove.

It is a rare thing for a student to recognize, while in the midst of books and perplexities and the vexing restraints of school discipline, the sound and permanent advantages that are his for the grasping. Even the somewhat settled student is likely to overlook these more fundamental advantages in the midst of piles of text-books; and looking forward to the ambitious future, he forgets to live in the present.

We wish to express our conviction very briefly about Mars Hill College, while yet a student in her halls. We feel that it is more worthy to do so now than "out yonder," years from now, when, in the revelation of the years, we shall be able to see clearly what is now obscure, and is now only felt rather than seen.

When we review the years spent here, and call to remembrance the manifold experience into which those years would manifestly plunge a student, there are just a few impressions which stand out conspicuously above others. *These are impressions of personalities.* Books and their contents fade into the background, while personalities stand forth in living relief; and these personalities have been in the ranks both of teachers and students. This leads to this conclusion: that education is not primarily intellectual, but social.

This is not to minimize the value of study, by any means. The "student" is not a student who does not study his books. Nevertheless we believe this to be of secondary importance, and believe more securely in the power of personal contacts as an educational force. To shut oneself within the covers of books and shut out living associations is intellectual monasticism; it may be well for a while, but as a habit it may result in social paralysis.

At Mars Hill, formalism is out of fashion. Every one knows every one else—or is expected to. Common sense and courtesy are sufficient guides—not only here but anywhere else; though here it is urged as policy and practice.

The president of this college has lived such a quiet life that he seldom has his name in public print. He has drawn around him in the third of a century as president a group of personalities dedicated to the proposition that Christian principles are fundamental to a sound education; and these men and women—those who have held their places—are teachers in the true sense of the word, having to a remarkable degree that devotion to unselfish principles which distinguishes their leader. The president has persistently declined to accept a salary which would set him above his fellow workers, and prefers to stay on a plane with them, socially and economically. They in turn extend this freedom to the individual students; and thus is being perpetuated a democracy of education that reaches not, primarily, the intellect but the character. And upon character and Christ must civilization build, if civilization stands.

We believe in Mars Hill College.
D. S.

SUMMER SCHOOL

To all of the new students coming to Mars Hill for the first time, The Hilltop extends a hearty welcome, and hopes that your summer may be spent with pleasure and profit.

We feel that there is not a place in the South that is better situated to spend the summer in school than our own college.

You are in reach of every mountain attraction possible, and we are sure that those outings that will be arranged to break the monotony of daily study will prove interesting and helpful, and that you will leave Mars Hill determined to return next fall.

S. M. J.



MRS. ANNIE McCALL (Mother Milstead)

For two years beloved housemother in Melrose and Brown Dormitories, called to her reward June 8th.

IN MEMORIAM

(Printed only in part)

O Father-God, forgive me if I say
From stricken heart ungrateful words to Thee:
The springs of sorrow choke me while I pray;
I doubt not reason can not clearly see.

* * * *

But Lord (if Thou art willing), tell me why
Thou shouldst permit the grim death-reaper's
blade
To leave untouched such worthless sheaves as I,
And take the sweetest flower in the glade?

The swift, unlooked-for stroke that fell apace
Has snatched a rose full-fragrant in its prime,
Has left against the sky a lonely space
That only grace can fill, and healing time.

* * * *

But who am I, that I should question thee?
Forgive the creature, that he dares complain;
A speck of dust, charged with eternity,
Am I, a man; and mortal man is vain.

* * * *

And when my eye looks down that endless sea
Wherein unnumbered worlds but lights appear,
This world's a pale light of infinity,—
And I, but one pale flicker on this sphere.

So are we flickers of that stream of light
Which lights our world, and quickens mortal
clay;
We for a moment flicker in the night
Then pass like twinklings in the night away.

And yet that stream, forever moving on,
Flows by this transient orb, an endless sea
That reaches backward to the dim unknown
And forward to the vague eternity.

* * * *

Teach us to trust Thee, God who made us all!
We are so faithless, we who are but clay.
What Thou hast sent, Thy right 'tis to recall;
What Thou hast given, 'tis Thine to take away.

* * * *

Take back Thy gem, Thy pearl of purest mold,
If earth's short lease has had such early flight;
A purer setting are thy streets of gold
Than earth's dull luster, for a gem so bright.

* * * *

Farewell, sweet life—and 'tis to live, not die,
Thy flaming soul is called so soon to go:
Like as a meteor shooting through the sky
Burns out itself, and leaves an afterglow.

—(By one who loved her.)

MOTHER MILSTEAD

Again, the mysterious hand of God enfolds another of our dearest loved ones. With the passing of Mother Biggers, and now Mother Milstead, we wonder why we must be deprived of the best. But while Mother was living, she was a monument of true Christianity and service. Now her memory is an indelible challenge for higher and nobler aspirations.

The first friend that the boys found when they first came to Mars Hill, was Mother. When other friends were too busy or too self-occupied to pause and offer an encouraging word during stress or trouble, Mother would always find out somehow and her kind understanding heart would share in whatever need she would find.

Her room will ever remain a sacred spot to all those who ever crossed its threshold. For it was there that the boys frequently dropped in to pass on some bit of happiness that had come their way, or to receive sympathy and encouragement. Never has a person come away from her presence without a feeling of reverence and appreciation for her.

Mother wasn't satisfied with just doing a kind deed or a requested favor, but always tried to go a little further than was expected, in order that she might bring another ray of sunshine in to brighten the dark corners of life.

Without her some of the boys could not have remained in school; without her some would not be the boys that they are; and we realize with infinite sorrow, that no one can ever fill her place as she did; but we are reconciled to her death, by trusting that her memory may mean more by helping us to realize and live the noble ideals, that she stood for, and tried to instill within us.

S. M. J.

A LAST TRIUMPH

By H. M. Nicholas

The passing of Mother Milstead was a source of real sorrow to a circle of friends and acquaintances and to none more than the students of Mars Hill College whom she was associated with since her death on June 8.

Mother Milstead came to Mars Hill College two years ago as a house mother to the boys in the Melrose and Brown Dormitories. She found her place in the Faculty and the heart and life of every student. She was the first assembly of the boys, and she appealed to them to think of "other" mother, and to live with their joys and sorrows, always glad to have them and to offer a mother's love to the boys did and in doing so she found a willing ear but a sympathetic heart and a capable mind. She advised them in all phases of their life, blended with a sincere mother's love, prompted by a Christian life. She was one who could sympathize with them in their triumphs and with them in their sorrows.

A boy never entered her room for an hour and came out there he saw so preeminent characteristics: beauty and youth. But it was the beauty of a dedicated Christian life dedicated to Christ and the promotion of Christianity among the boys, and a sympathy, and kindness for all ones. These characteristics were as a lamp in an atmosphere glowing with fragrant odors, and noble ideals of this great substitution, with so rare and a setting; but shining only the purest vessel as a beacon of hope, leading to some wandering come and join with her in the of the true and living God.

How dear to so many of the boys she was, and how often we have spent our hours in prayer! She was always for the lost, and as often joined with them in their prayer-meetings, bringing someone that was unsaved that he be remembered. Many are the ones she met personally with a never-fading memory until she persuaded the boys anew a delectable life of the Master.

On the campus and dormitories the boys she was both physically and mentally always alert. She was to recognize the dangers of the world and worked to have such obstacles removed or conditions improved, giving them better recreational entertainment, and just as she did she see the good of the student and the student body, and tirelessly dealt with the problems and develop their personalities. The tireless and capacious in which she worked and with the boys in their work and socials not only won their admiration but stimulated them the desire to grasp and the things worth while in life. Her creed was "the harder you work the higher you bounce," and to this idea she gave herself without reservation to sacrificial service. Sometimes at a very late hour of the night you would see her in the message of cheer, or a poem under the door of some dormitory boy, with the hope that when in the morning it would help him face the vicissitudes of the world with a new determination to carry on.

Boys, on this earth we have lived with her no more; but she has left us alone. Her spirit lives on, we cannot forget the days she spent at Mars Hill College. She was here, nor the beautiful life she lived before us, so we see that enriches the lives of those whom she came in contact with. She sown deep in the hearts and the students of Mars Hill College seed of flowers that will grow in years to come, to send their fragrance to bless the earth. She has gone to awake in the presence of her Lord; but we remember her while with us on earth as a lamp sending forth the beautiful light of consecration, fidelity, and love.

"Clothes do not make the man. Observe the dandy's— If further proof's required Just gaze at Gandhi's."

—Boston Transcript