

islature to come up to what we had expected. We believe the committee turned down our request on account of the lack of proper information as to our purposes and intents.

At least we still hope, and with renewed and redoubled energies we are going to make another fight for it this year.

Prospects are favorable. We expect to do as we did last year. First, we are going to canvass the student-body thoroughly. Then we will ask the faculty for a contribution. Having gotten the largest amount possible in this way, we will then ask the Legislature to do their part, and we believe they will do it.

It was a goodly sight on the first Sunday after our return to the campus to see such a large number of both old and new men gather in the Association's Hall to hear Governor Ansel speak some words of advice, directed especially to the new men.

The Governor made a simple yet intensely interesting and practical talk to the young men. We are always glad to have the Governor. He always brings us a kindly, father-like message.

On last Sunday Rev. B. R. Turnipseed gave the boys a timely talk on the value of Bible study. The committee will endeavor to have some able man to speak to the Association every Sunday afternoon. These addresses are always worth your while, and the young men of the University are urged to come out and hear them.

Quite a number of new men have handed in their names for membership in the Association; others are expected. Young men, you who have come away from the endearing and ennobling influences of a Christian home and a Christian community, you cannot do a better thing than put yourselves in care of this organization and lend it your best efforts. The classroom is for the culture of the intellect, the Y. M. C. A. is to foster and develop the religious life. Which is the more important? A whole man is what the world needs. One of the best features of Y. M. C. A. work is its method of systematic Bible study. This is being arranged for. There will be three courses offered, "Life of Christ," "Men of the Old Testament," and "Acts of the Apostles," besides a

course in mission study. This last was conducted last year by Prof. A. C. Moore with gratifying success. Other professors were also kind enough to teach some of the Bible classes, and it is hoped that they may be prevailed upon to help us again this year. All men, both new and old, are encouraged to join these classes. No one can do better than ally himself with this work. It is a world-wide movement. Our Association here is sadly behind. Our watchword is hope. In work lies our redemption. Nothing ever became great without a struggle.

If we wish men to speak to us we must come out to hear them. If we wish to get anything out of Bible study we must put something into it. If we wish a student secretary we must work. God helps them who help themselves, so will the Legislature.

CAROLINA

S. Archibald Linley in The Southern Home.

"The despot treads thy sacred sands,
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,
Carolina!"

He comes not now as in the times
When Timrod sang his warlike
rhymes;
He comes not now from foreign
climes,
Carolina!

He is no longer clothed in mail,
Nor volleys forth a leaden hail,
From cannon's mouth, o'er hill and
dale,
Carolina!

But look within thy busy marts,
Where men in commerce play their
parts,
And feed on blood from human hearts,
Carolina!

O, shake the blindness from thine eye,
Let not thy quickened feelings die,
'Till thou dost heed that anguished
cry,
Carolina!

Great curses now on thee shall fall,

If thou neglect the solemn call
Which comes from hut and homestead
hall,
Carolina!

Thy sacred law no more revered,
Thine arm of steel no longer feared,
Through threat'ning seas thy ship is
steered,
Carolina!

With blackened heart and stained hand
Gaunt murder stalks throughout the
land;
Thy feet in loathsome blood do stand,
Carolina!

A voice of thunder peals on high,
God's serried lightnings cleave thy
sky,
O, swear to cleanse thy land, or die,
Carolina!

But hark! I hear—the sound de-
ceives—
'Tis as the sound of sighing leaves,
It is thy spirit now that grieves,
Carolina!

Methinks I see thy beauteous frame
Turn back unto thine ancient fame,
And seek to flee thy present shame,
Carolina!

Well mayst thou gaze into thy past
And hear the echoed trumpet blast
Which called thee once to deeds so
vast,
Carolina!

In humbleness bow down thy face,
Pluck off thy jewels and thy lace,
Let ashes, sack-cloth take their place,
Carolina!

Let thy fair face be wet with tears,
Thy soul be fraught with holy fears,
God's heavens ring with fervent
prayers,
Carolina!

Then shall our hearts rejoice again,
Our anthems rise o'er hill and plain,
Our praise to God be not in vain,
Carolina!

Salesman in B. C. Electric Co.—
"Mr. Manning, this is the light you
are looking for."

Senior Manning—"Yes, that's it,
'Kiddo.' What's the horse-power?"