

THE GAMECOCK

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 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 helps 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 hands, 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 threatening 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 deceives—
'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?"