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Greenville Woman's College

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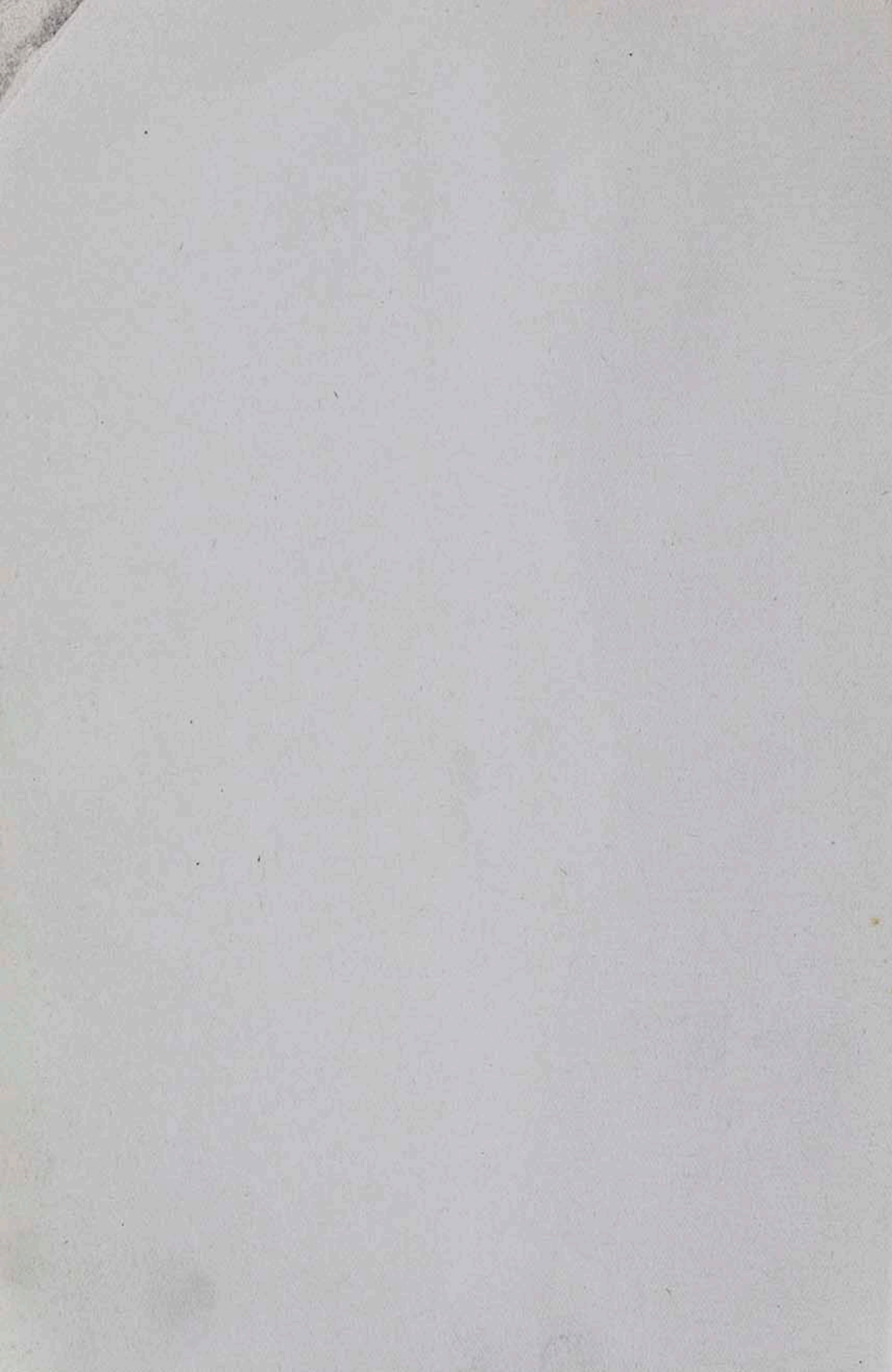
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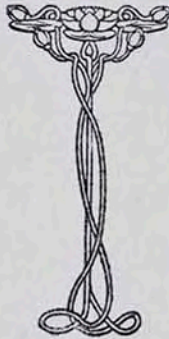
October, 1909



Isaqueena

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JESSIE BRYANT EMMA WRIGHT
Editors.

THE DREAMS WE DREAM

Oh, the dreams we dream in the sunset light—
The dreams which we weave from the rosy bright
Glow of the drowsy day, as it goes to rest
Adown t'ward the misty twilight West

The dreams we dream—did they ever come true?—
The brave, glad dreams of the deeds we'll do
In the golden future, when you and I
Shall no longer be hum-drum mortals, but hie
To the land of glory and fame and song
That we have been seeking so long—so long!

Oh, the dreams we dream, how they fade and die
In the cold gray light of the morning sky;
How they leave us all desolate, chilled and afraid,
With only the colorless heavens o'erhead.

Yet these dreams we dream—would we bid them cease?
These misty, swift glimpses of heaven and peace,
When the crass earth fades for a moment, and then,
While we grasp at our vision, 'tis gone again.

Nay, these dreams we dream, let us seek them still
At twilight away to the westering hill,
When our dull earth one moment glows fair and bright,
From the mystical, magic Dreamland height.

RETRIBUTION

The merry chatter of voices was ringing through the building. Happy youths and maidens thronged the spacious drawing room; never before had there been such a scene of merriment at Herring's Hall. Could there be aught of sorrow at such a joyous time? Yes, there was.

Retired in an obscure part of the room sat a young man. His countenance bore the expression of one who is undergoing great suffering. Constantly he was turning his glance towards the form of a fair girl, the hostess of the evening, his betrothed. She and Colonel Watkins seemed oblivious of all around. He was leaning over her chair scarcely raising his eyes lest he should lose some of the beauty of the face upturned to his. So enraptured with each other did they appear that more than once an observer said: "Look, how outrageously Helen is flirting with the Colonel! They seem to see no one but themselves. I wonder where Tom has gone! I guess he could not endure it longer and has gone out. It is a shame to treat him in any such way, Poor fellow!"

The "poor fellow" had endured it as long as he could but when he saw the beautiful face of Helen, his wife to be, hanging on every word and look of the Colonel, his heart sank within him. He tried to talk, but could not. Finally, he found this little corner in an obscure part of the room, where he hid himself from the crowd and nursed his misery.

Helen was not blind to all of this. How her heart thrilled with joy when she saw how Tom was suffering! She really loved Tom—loved him more than life itself, but, she wanted to tease him just for tonight, to see how much he really cared. The more he seemed to care, the more she turned her attentions to the Colonel; the more gaily she talked and the more she tried to make herself charming in the Colonel's eyes. The evening wore on and finally came the time to leave. Poor Tom came from his corner determined to have some word of explanation from Helen. He must know why she had treated him so badly. He came toward her and tremblingly held out his hand:

"O, Helen," he said, "may I speak to you for a moment? Why have you treated me so badly tonight? Tell me, Helen, won't you?"

Haughtily drawing herself up she said:

"No, Mr. Watson, what you ask is impossible; the hour is late and I can not see you. Please consider whatever may have once been between us as over and forget me as I have forgotten you."

"Oh, Helen," he cried "at least tell me why you treat me so cruelly? What have I done—"

"No matter what you have done, I have told you, so good-night" she said coldly, turning away

Poor Tom! Could it be true? She no longer cared for him! Slowly he walked away, leaving the beautiful mansion behind. He was going—he knew not where—he cared not where—life no longer was dear to him. The brightness of the stars, the holy calm of the night seemed to mock in fiendish glee. On he went until he reached home—on up to his room, and in the stillness of the night, he wildly cried: "Oh, Helen, are you lost, forever lost to me?" Meanwhile Helen, in the quiet of her room, was tingling with delight over how she had teased Tom. "Poor fellow," she thought, "it was cruel in me to do him so, but I wanted to see how much he cared. He will come around tomorrow and we will "make up"—Poor boy, he doesn't dream how much he

is to me!" and with thoughts of the happy reconciliation, she soon fell fast asleep.

The morrow dawned; the fatigue of the night before caused Helen to sleep more soundly and longer than usual, and the sun was far up in the sky before she was awakened. Hurriedly dressing she made her way down to the dining-hall where she found the family group together. With a cheery "good-morning" she soon prepared to do justice to the dainty meal before her. Presently her father exclaimed,

"By the way, Helen what IS this I read? What have you done with Tom? I thought it was all settled between you, my child, but just listen here!"

In an instant Helen was by her father's side reading over his shoulder. Oh, the terrible truth! There it was staring her in the face: "Tom Watson sails today for Europe—The engagement with the Lieutenant's daughter, Miss Helen, is broken off. This will cause much stir in the society circle, in which they both moved—" She read no more. Her hand went to her head, as if to steady her brain—all was confusion. She fainted away in her father's arms.

.....
A month passed by. We no longer see our radiant, happy Helen of a month ago. The light has left her eye; her form is not so straight. There is a sad, pitiful expression about her face, which would have touched the hardest heart. It was Sunday morning and all was calm and peaceful, but there was no peace in Helen's heart. How she had prayed to die in those first days of her grief! How she had cried to Heaven to take her away from earth! Remorse was eating her life away. As she went to church that morning, so many things brought back memories of Tom. Here and there they had been together, but no more was it to be! Oh memories that sting and torment, why will you always stay!

Again the voice of the little preacher—again the sound of the organ and the choir in front; no longer Helen sat erect in her pew, studying the new gown and hat of this one and that one as she was wont to do. What cared she for

such things now? Had she not flung away her dream of happiness in one single night? Oh thoughts of what might have been, how they torment and fill one with despair!

The choir was singing the words, "Let sorrow do its work, send grief and pain: Sweet are thy messengers, sweet their refrain". They sounded differently to her this morning than they had ever done before. They seemed to respond to her feelings of sorrow. Something in them seemed to rest her weary heart. O, for peace! Where was she to go to get it? Was there any way to conquer this weight upon her heart? She bowed her head and covered her face with her hands. Just then the words of the minister fell upon her fainting heart like raindrops on a dying plant:—

"The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee: The Lord lift up His Countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

She did not hear the rest of the sermon that morning. Her weary heart was feeding on those words which she had heard. "The indescribable peace which surpasseth all understanding—had filled her aching heart. The one, who is ever a friend to the weary and distressed, had taken her heart and given it peace and rest.

^

In a boarding school far out West we may find our Helen of long ago, as principal. Her sympathy and patience has won for her the heart of every girl. She was happiest when she could direct some one to Him, who had given her peace and whom she lived to serve. Over and over again, she told the same sweet story. Never wearying when she could brighten some despairing heart or put some wanderer in the path of life; never failing to warn against the sin which had shadowed her youth and never failing to show all who came to her that "Earth has no sorrow which Heaven can't heal."

THE CASKET STORY

(From the Merchant of Venice)

As early as the year 800, a story similar to the casket story in the Merchant of Venice was written in Greek by a Syrian monk. By 1200 it was translated into Latin and soon appeared in stories of the various languages.

Portia's father was very wise in selecting this method of choosing a husband for his daughter, for this would prove the right character of the suitor as few other ways could. According to the command, there were to be three caskets, one of gold, one of silver, and one of lead. A picture of Portia was to be in one of them and he who chose this one would be the successful suitor. Before making his choice each suitor must swear that he will depart immediately, never tell anyone which casket he chose, and never speak to any other woman with regard to marriage.

Many unworthy suitors came to woo fair Portia, but departed as soon as they heard the conditions. However, there were a few who were willing to try. The first of these was the Prince of Morocco, who came from a country in which the rulers were almost deified. That naturally gave him a rather exalted opinion of himself. His comments on the various caskets reveal to us the real character of this prince. He was not willing to "give and hazard" all he had for nothing but lead. He thought the inscription "shall get as much as he deserves," meant Portia and he certainly deserved Portia. He had almost decided to choose this when he read again the inscription on the golden casket. Surely gold would be the only fit setting for the portrait of so fair a one, and everyone desired Portia. His disappointment was great when he found not the picture of Portia, but a death's head.

Scarcely had he departed when the Prince of Arragon was announced. His chief boast was not of his blood, nor of his ancestors, but of his achievements. He was not influenced by external appearances. He would not choose what "many men desire," but would take the silver casket,

thinking the inscription referred to Portia. The casket contained the picture of a blinking idiot.

Bassanio came soon after the departure of the Prince of Arragon and wanted to make his choice at once, but Portia, afraid of losing his society, urged him in vain to wait a little while. She conducted him to the caskets, then ordered the musicians to play their best pieces. This was done in order that he might not be ruled by reason and that true love might prompt him to choose the right casket. Bassanio did not boast of blood, nor of achievements, but his pride seems to have been that of a soldier. The inscription of the leaden casket held a challenge for him, which he accepted. Portia loved him before he came to woo her, and it was very hard for her to keep from showing her great joy at his success.

THE ROMANCE OF A LOST LETTER

Two boxes of paper were manufactured by the same company and at the same time. One, which was creamy white with velvety texture like a young girl's cheek, was inclosed in a lovely box decorated with flowers, humming-birds, butterflies and cupids. The other was lined paper, in color a sickly blue, wizened like an old woman's face. The young-lass-paper said to the old-woman paper. "I presume you are made to carry bills, and spiteful messages, while I shall take messages of love, bear good news, and perhaps carry communications between some prince and princess."

The two boxes were put in the show-case side by side at the stationer's.

One day an intelligent but weary looking man, neat in his appearance, entered the store, one could see at a glance that he was a poor and hard working man. Walking up to the show case, he looked with longing eyes at the beautifully decorated paper, which would have been so appropriate to convey the message of love which he meant to write to his sweetheart, far away. But realizing his financial condition, he bought the lined paper in the plain white box. Before

he finished his purchase, a lady dressed in satins and furs, her diamonds flashing, bought the beautiful box of creamy linen.

He wrote his letter and took it personally to mail with many others. In his hurry he dropped it, but mailed the others, thinking his love-token was among them.

My lady of satins and furs wrote her letter full of venom and spite that would break the heart of a loved one. She handed it to her maid to post. It, too, was dropped on the way. Both of these unfortunate missives were picked up and posted, but by some mischance they found themselves face to face in the dead letter office.

The love letter said to the spiteful letter: "I thought you were to be the bearer of love and good wishes; what are you doing here?" The spiteful one replied, "I am lost; I fear I shall never reach my destination, and I am very unhappy."

In the meantime these letters had been advertised, a bright and pretty girl recognized her name on the list; and her heart was made happy by the long awaited letter. The other missive ever remained unclaimed. Her creamy cheek was never kissed by love messages.

A PLEA FOR THE STUDY OF POETRY

How many people have any higher conception of poetry than that of its being a sentimental sort of thing, appealing only to love-lorn lads and lasses? How many have ever read one of the masterpieces of our greatest poets or would understand and appreciate it if read? They can understand newspapers, but would not the best thought of our great poets be almost meaningless to them? And yet, is it not worth while to try to understand them, and to profit by them? Let us learn what some of the world's great thinkers have said about poetry, and we shall see that it IS worth while to cultivate a familiarity with it that will enable us to appreciate it, to be able to judge of it, to distinguish the good and the poor, to enjoy it, and to profit by it.

The question, What is poetry? is not easily answered. What constitutes the true charm of the best poetry can no more be explained than we can explain what constitutes the charm of fine architecture, or a fine statue, or a fine painting. They all appeal to a part of our nature that we feel is not its material part. One writer, in discussing the subject, says, "The highest poetry appeals to that which is highest and best within us—to our deepest and purest feelings and emotions. It uplifts and inspires us. It makes us feel that there is something nobler and better in life than the pursuit of mere worldly good, and the gratification of our earthly passions and desires; and it makes us love and appreciate it, and desire to attain unto it, to make our own lives conform to it." The highest poetry, then, deals with that part of our being which is eternal and imperishable.

"Poetry," says another, "if it does not lift us out of the low, the common, the sordid, and the selfish, has failed of its mission, and is not true poetry."

Wordsworth, in one of his finest poems, says of the results of his studies in poetry:

"I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity.
 * * * * * And I have felt
 A pressure that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 Anr rolls through all things."

Bailey says in his "Festus":

"Poetry is itself a thing of God.
 He made his prophets poets, and the more

We feel of poetry do we become like God
In love and power."

Such statements can be greatly multiplied. If true, and who that has felt his soul thrill and expand under the influence of a great poem will deny their truth, is it not worth while to make the great masterpieces of poetry our study?

In an age when we hear and read so much of commercialism and of materialism, of stocks and bonds, of greed and graft, that it seems at times that the whole world, as it rushes on in its mad pursuit of wealth, has forgotten that humanity has any higher needs than those which pertain to this life, and to our physical existence, is it not worth while to pause at times and listen to those voices that are ever calling us to nobler and better things? In our eager grasping of the things that are perishable, are we not in danger of neglecting and forgetting those that are imperishable? In our pursuit of earth's tangible goods, is there not danger of losing all high ideals—of forgetting those things that make for peace and righteousness?

Caliban says to Prospero, "You taught me language, and the result is I know how to curse." The Indian says to the white man, "In teaching me your civilization, you have given me your fire-fire-drink which drives me mad." And may we not ask ourselves if, in our boasted civilization, we have not gained many things that we were better without, and lost much that we should have retained? Have we not lost much of the "sweetness and light that belong to a simpler life, to simpler manners, simpler pleasures, simpler tastes, simpler desires? Has not the love of gold and of what it can give us become stronger than the love of truth, of honor, of justice, of love for humanity? A poet already quoted says:

"Getting and spending we lay waste our power;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon."

The sordid heart has in truth, no sympathy, even with nature. It is a blot upon its beauty, a discord in its music; it is out of harmony with nature, and nature cannot appeal to

it. To the eye of one whose only worship is given to the God of this world, nothing high or noble can appeal. The glitter of a dollar is more beautiful to him than the sparkling of the stars; the whirr and machinery is sweeter than all of nature's music; the record of stocks and bonds more appreciable literature than the finest poems.

It is true that, so long as we are denizens of this world, we must be comfortably fed, comfortably clad, and comfortably housed; but it does not take millions to do this. We can gain enough to supply all necessary needs, and have much to spare for other's needs, without crushing out from our hearts all the juices of life and leaving them dry and withered.

"The problem of life," one has said, "is rightly to adjust the prose of life to the poetry, the sordid to the spiritual, the common and selfish to the high and beneficent, forgetting not that these last are incomparably the more precious."

It is the mission of the true poet to help us to solve this problem. To lift us out of the low, the common, the sordid, the selfish, and to attune our hearts with all that is beautiful and noble, all that is true and pure and good; to make us not only see and love the beauty of the natural world—to see the splendor in the grass, the glory in the flower, but to feel the spiritual significance of it all; to help us.

"To see the glory of the infinite,
To feel the breath of the Almighty,
To hear the voice of the I am."

The poets hold constantly before us the purest, the loftiest ideals, and inspire us with a desire to make them our own. In communing with them, our hearts will to higher levels rise. Let us, then, make them our friends, our companions.

Let us turn aside sometimes, from the care, the weariness, the unrest that follow the pursuit of mere earthly good, that we may catch from them that inspiration that will keep alive in us the sense of spiritual things—that will lift us heavenward—that will lift us nearer to the Divine.

"Blessings be on them—and eternal praise,
 Who gave us noble loves, and noble cares
 The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

VASHTI

In the reign of Ahasueras,
 When his power had full sway,
 He who worshipped fame and honor,
 Longed this power to display.

So he bade his nobles all,
 Of his realm the strength and pride,
 That ere a certain day and hour
 They should to Shusan ride.

When the guests had all assembled,
 And the shouts of feasting rang,
 Of his glory then he boasted,
 While they praises of him sang.

Then when they with wine were swaying
 Said the king with voice so gay
 "Bring forth Vashti; be not staying!
 I her beauty would display."

But the servants thus commanded,
 From the queen this answer made;
 Tell my lord this thing demanded
 Cannot by me be obeyed.

"The good God made me thus lovely,
 That so I Him might praise,
 Thus how vile to vaunt my beauty,
 That I might my own fame raise.

"Though 'tis death to thus reply,
Yet such death is life begun;
'Tis a joy for me to die,
With a sense of duty done."

Would that all men thus had striven
To keep their gifts from being vain,
"O God, to us may grace be giv'n
To follow in her train."

J. B.

THE SHANNON HOUSE-PARTY

On a hill several hundred yards from the road leading from Columbia to Augusta, stood the Shannon mansion. An iron fence extending from the road on the front to the meadow on the back, surrounded the place. From the road a splendid drive-way led up to a smaller fence, enclosing the lawn of lovely trees. The drive was hedged with beeches growing close together, so that the branches met in each side and formed a complete arch overhead. This lovers' lane as it was called, led through the center of Magnolia Park.

The mansion on the inside was in perfect harmony with the beauty outside, and the whole place was a beauty-spot in Carolina. Mr. and Mrs. Shannon were very wealthy and had only two children, Rupert, and Annie, five years his junior. These children had been rocked and reared in the cradle of luxury, and now Annie, sixteen years old, was spending her vacation at home, after completing her first year at College. Rupert also was there, having won in June the degree of A. B. at the South Carolina College. His parents were very proud of their son, and offered him a musical education abroad. As he was only twenty years old he decided to go to Germany to study several years; and now he was spending a short but very pleasant summer at home before he should leave.

In August Mr. and Mrs. Shannon gave a houseparty in

honor of their son. Before the arrival of the guests the whole place was astir with preparation and at the time appointed the house was filled with young people. Annie was only a girl but she went about laughing and talking to every one, unconscious of the favor she met with everywhere. Always thoughtful of the pleasure of her guests, she was soon loved by every member of the party.

As the days went by Annie noticed a great change in her brother—what could her keen eye not detect?—but she said nothing about it. In a few days, however, Mr. Shannon remarked about the sad appearance of his son; but Rupert only smiled and said he was sad over the thought of leaving home. However, clear-sighted Annie saw that there was some other cause for his sadness.

Rupert was considered the handsomest boy in the crowd. He was tall and possessed a commanding appearance. His hair and eyes were a lovely black, and his complexion and features could not have been better suited to them. Besides being handsome, he was courteous and genteel.

Ella Matthews brought with her a friend, Elise Manning, better known as "Elsie." Rupert had never met this young lady before, but had often heard of her rare beauty. She was a lovely blond, with piercing blue eyes, wavy, golden hair, and pink cheeks, and Rupert became fascinated by her charms almost at first sight. Elsie also had heard some very flattering things about the young man, and very soon became his friend.

They were accustomed to stroll on the lawn together, and together to spend hours in the park and on the lake rowing. A week passed before he ventured to tell her of his love. One afternoon they were drifting around on the lake in a boat. No one was near, but all over the park guests were having a gay time. For several minutes they had been silent and Elsie sat looking out on the water apparently in deep study. Presently Rupert broke the silence with his calm clear voice, "Miss Manning, no doubt you think me the most selfish man in the WORLD." Elsie looked up with surprise,

never dreaming what he meant; but before she had time to reply he continued, "I never give any one else a chance to be with you, and you have been so kind not to refuse my repeated requests to be in your company. I hate to appear so selfish, but really I can't help it—I just can't!" At this Elsie looked up, her blue eyes full of meaning, then blushing red, looked down again. After a moment's pause she said rather contemptuously, "I'm very sorry, Mr. Shannon, but it seems that I've put some kind of a spell over you. I can't understand it; I've never been accused of being a witch before." Then it was Rupert's turn to be surprised, and Elsie smiled at the look upon his face. "I'm sure you misconstrue my meaning, Miss Manning; I did not say that at all. I only meant that I had become greatly attached to you. I am never happy save when in your presence."

"You pay me a great compliment, I assure you, considering the girls there are here," was Elsie's hasty reply. "I also enjoy being with you. I have heard of you so often that I feel as if I had known you much longer than two weeks."

The lover seemed not to know just how to proceed, when suddenly Albert Rivers and Inez Brown strolled up noiselessly from behind. By this time the boat had drifted near the shore, and when Albert threw a pebble into the water Rupert looked up. "Pardon this intrusion," Mr. Rivers began, "but we came to see if you would like to join the boat-race on the other side of the lake."

"Thank you, Mr. Rivers" said Rupert, and the intrusive couple strolled away.

Elsie, eager for the young man to start on another subject said, "Mr. Shannon, some one tells me that you are going to study abroad next year; is it true that you are going to leave us?"

"It is sad, but true, Miss Manning."

"O, Mr. Shannon!" suddenly exclaimed Elsie. "We forget our promise about the boat-race, they will be furious with us!"

"I will make it all right with them. They'll enjoy it with-

out us, to say nothing of our pleasure." was Rupert's answer.

"I expect we'd better go and see about it," said Elsie.

"Oh, no," insisted Rupert, "Suppose we go sit on the lawn awhile. They have gone for the race now," and taking her hand he gently lifted her from the boat, and together they strolled across the park.

Two weeks after this, on Sunday morning, we see them seated on the ground near the banks of the lake, Elsie with a volume of poems in her hand, and Rupert looking into her deep blue eyes. They had been reading, but now Rupert was talking and Elsie listening.

"Miss Manning, I have told you so often that I love you, and can you, can you doubt my word? Once again I tell you, you are the only girl I have ever loved and the only one I could ever marry; yet you seem to make sport of me when I tell you. Before long our party will break, and then I'll go off and leave you. Can't you tell me before I go that some day I may hope to lead you to the altar?" Elsie was silent while he repeated the little verse:

"The plaything of your summer sport,
The spell you weave around me
You cannot at your will undo
Nor leave me as you found me."

At last Elsie slowly and calmly began, her cheeks aglow, her eyes sparkling, "I must confess I have grown to be very fond of you since we've met, and I care for you—of course I do, as I care for everyone, but—she paused a moment while Rupert listened anxiously, "but," she continued, "we have known each other only one month and I think it takes years, not months merely, for people to learn and know each other as they should."

"But, dearest, can I not read your open character? Do I not know you are the noblest, purest girl God ever made? And when I have vowed to you can you not believe me? My word has never been doubted by anyone, and God helping me, it never shall."

"I do not doubt your veracity in the least, Mr. Shannon, but I do think you are a little too hasty."

"No, dear, I could not be hasty enough. Now tell me, Elsie, that my love has not, and shall not be in vain or I shall die! I called you 'Elsie' I believe; may I say that always?"

"Yes, and may I call you Rupert? You are so much like a brother."

"I am delighted, but can't you love me not as a brother merely?"

"I do love you, Rupert, but our love may prove a mere childish fancy in a few years; we are so young, and you are going so far you know."

"No, never; I shall always love you better each day, and only pray that you will love me half as well! Now, Elsie, since you have told me that you love me I can go so much easier. But Elsie, will you not let me engage myself to you before I leave?"

Elsie blushed deeply, but smiling, only shook her head. Rupert begged but she would not consent, saying, "There'll come a time some day."

"With that promise I can rest easy," and lifting her hand to his lips, he kissed it.

.....
The house-party was over and all the guests had returned to their homes. Great preparations were being made for Rupert's trip. He had told his parents of his love for Elsie and they were pleased.

He set sail on September the eighteenth, leaving behind him a host of loved ones. He reached Germany with a heavy heart. However, his undaunted courage forbade his grieving over the past; so he began to think of the bright future when he should finish and be at home.

He progressed rapidly and time passed swiftly, each mail bringing him a letter from Elsie. On Christmas day he received a beautiful picture of his sweetheart. He gazed for a long time upon the beautiful face, then kissed it fondly.

Having by chance, turned the picture over he found written on the back these words! "What more can one give than one's self?"

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "the woman I love better than life has at last consented to be my wife! O, how happy I am! I will strive to make myself worthy of her, my own jewel!"

Inspired by the future hope, he worked harder than ever, and when on the night of his graduation, he was awarded first prize, Elsie was there to fulfill her promise.

—R. L.

GOD'S HATRED OF SIN

(Theme-Work in Ethics)

In a reaction from a wrong principle or idea the almost invariable tendency is to carry the reaction too far, and to err on the opposite side. This, without doubt, has been the case in the prevalent idea of God among His people in the past and at present. Far uppermost in the minds of God's people before the coming of Christ were His sterner and, reverently speaking, harsher characteristics. Though they did recognize his love for them, yet their minds dwelt rather on God, the Avenger and the stern Administrator of Justice. When the Ten Commandments were given on Mt. Sinai, the entreaty of the people to Moses was, "Speak thou with us and we will hear; but let not God speak with us lest we die." When Christ came to earth, however, a great reaction took place in the minds of the people. God's love was so emphasized by the sacrifice of His son that His sterner attributes came less and less to be thought of and His love to be more and more dwelt upon. This reaction has so continued that in the minds of the people at the present day God's love stands out in striking prominence, while His hatred of sin and sterner attributes are far in the background. There has undoubtedly been a serious error in carrying the reaction too far.

That God does hate sin with an intensity inconceivable

may be best ascertained, perhaps, by following his dealings with the sin of man throughout the ages. After creating man and endowing him with a perfectly free will, God placed him in the Garden of Eden to inherit the blessings and happiness prepared for him. There was one thing, however, that God told him explicitly he must not do: he must not eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Despite God's explicit command and awful warning, man disobeyed positively and directly. In consequence came death—death not only to the body, but infinitely more awful, of the soul. How utterly inconceivable the true, deep significance of this punishment!

Cain, having been begotten in sin, naturally followed the sinful example of his parents. Every jealousy and hatred became the ruling passion of his heart. It was with this sinful heart that he saw his brother's offering to the Lord lovingly received and his, as he thought, unjustly rejected. Overcome with jealousy and hatred for Abel, Cain slew his innocent brother. Note the awful consequence: "And now art thou cursed from the earth, a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth."

Nor did sin cease with Cain; on the other hand it multiplied until its dominion over the world was almost complete. God seeing sin in its deadly victory, "it repented the Lord that He had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at His heart." What hatred of sin must have existed in this Divine Being if it caused the actual regret of His having created man! In the face of God's repeated warnings man continued in his evil way, and only mocked at the prophecy of a flood. Yet, destroying in all its terror the mockers and unbelievers, the flood came. To Noah, the only man just and without sin, was given the honor of preserving from the flood the seed of man. If sin was the occasion of God's destroying man, for whom His love knows no bound, then naturally follows the conclusion that His hatred of sin also knows no bound.

Ham because of sin was made "a servant of servants unto

his brethren," and the curse has never been lifted from his posterity. God's punishment extends not only to the author of the sin, but to his descendants for ages.

Esau, as a consequence of his lack of self-control, forfeited the greatest honor possible to be bestowed upon man. Had he not simply yielded to his weak will, the honor would have been his to have counted in his line of descendants the divine Savior.

The next great punishments sent by God upon His children were in the wilderness on their journey to the Promised Land. Despite all efforts of Moses, as an agent of God, to make the Israelites what they should be, just as surely as he left them alone that surely they strayed from God. During his absence from them in receiving the law from God they not only turned from God, but actually made an idol to worship in his stead. This act, in direct disobedience to one of the ten commandments lately given, was punished by the slaughter of three-thousand of the Israelites.

Not only did the Children of Israel turn from God, but even while they pretended to be loyal to Him they were continually complaining against His dealings with them. They at one time complained against Moses and Aaron, God's chosen leaders, that "ye take too much upon you." This being, in fact, a criticism upon God's own choice. He smote down the two hundred fifty complainers. Straightway whereupon the people began to accuse Moses of the calamity, whereupon God consumed with fire the fourteen thousand seven hundred.

This "stiff-necked" people continued to complain against God and turn from Him until finally He permitted only Joshua and Caleb, of all those who had set out from Egypt, to enter the promised land. Even Moses, pathetic as it may seem, who with the others had sinned, was not granted the privilege.

God overcame for His people all the barbarous tribes of Canaan and, according to his promise, allowed them to inherit the land. Yet even after He had done this for them,

they continued to sin. As often, however, as they sinned God allowed the enemy to conquer. How often is it recorded, "And the Children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord; and the Lord delivered them into the hand of the enemy."

Not only was Israel punished as a nation for her sins, but the individuals of the nation were punished. The destruction of Eli's house was the result of sin. David was forbidden to build the great temple because of his bloody hands of warfare. Saul forfeited his throne for twice directly, disobeying God.

God, seeing that the punishments sent upon the Israelites, were of no avail, decided to send them into captivity. This he did, and of all the remedies which He sent, this one effected the final cure. Never again did God's chosen people turn from the worship of the one true Deity.

Thus, in following God's dealing with sin, we cannot but be convinced that His hatred of it not only did exist but was infinite. He loathed it with every atom of His Being; the intensity with which he hated sin is incomprehensible. And our God is "the same yesterday, today, and forever;" thus this same hatred of sin not only still exists, but is still infinite. There is an exhortation given by Dr. Chalmers which we sadly need to reflect upon: "Never couple faith in the atonement of Christ with a feeling of security in violating a single commandment."



G. F. C.

I.

We return with glad hearts to our dear G. F. C.
The place where our troubled minds often find rest,
No other school offers attractions so great
We love all the others, but love ours the best.

II.

Upon the dear college so great a spell lies
That each girl rejoices to call it her own
Though others might lead us in paths fair and bright,
Our hearts cling to this one, and to this alone.

III.

The teachers and students are all here to greet us,
The loving word, "Welcome" is heard with each sound,
This is a reunion of friends warm and faithful;
A sweeter reunion can nowhere be found.

IV.

Then let faithful service, let honor and love,
And loyalty firm to our college be shown
We love all the others, and wish them success
But we pray that each girl may be true to her own.





JOSIE McBRIDE

SUE CARPENTER

Editors.

Girls, what a jolly time we have had all summer. When in the mountains we met a G. VACATION.

F. C. girl or perhaps a Furman student, and how many happy hours we spent climbing the rocks together and talking over old times. While visiting in a small town or city, we went to parties, all-day picnics, or, perhaps, moonlight picnics, when the moon hid her face, and we were compelled to stumble about in the dark to look for the friend we wanted. Some of us have spent long hours wrestling with Algebra problems or attempting to master rhetoric or literature. Maybe we did not have as much pleasure as some others, but we certainly have something to show for our three months vacation. Whether at a house party, traveling, or at home, we had our fun, and rather dreaded the thought of returning to school, and with it those horrid tests and examinations. But now that we are here, it is very pleasant to be back among our old friends and new ones, too, for what a number of new girls we have with us! We are always glad to welcome them, and make them feel at home among us.

Yes, let us first welcome into our midst the new
WELCOME. girls that have come to be with us this year.

We extend to each one a hearty welcome and hope by now you are at home in the G. F. C.

We old girls know exactly how you feel, but do not forget that we get homesick just as easily as you do. We hated to bid farewell to our dear ones just as much as we did the first time we left. So you are not by yourselves but have every girl with you.

We wish the best kind of success and hope that this first year of college life will be one of the most prosperous and happy, you have ever known.

Of course we welcome back each familiar
TO THE face—how happy we are to be back together
OLD GIRLS. and talk over old times! Do not let us forget the new girls in our joy at seeing each other. Will not you always love that girl who was so kind to you when you first came to college?.

Let us join hands in our magazine work
ISAUQUEENA. this year. What can we do? Well, first let us give our support by subscribing to it. Some girls say, "I do not read it and what good will it do me? Only a dollar out of my pocket." If you will read it, we are sure that you will become interested, if for no other reason simply because it is your own college magazine. Then you can write something to make it better. Of course none of us are capable of composing a masterpiece of any kind, but let us do our very best and we feel sure success will come.

Last year the Judson Literary Society
OUR SOCIETIES. began its work under two independent divisions—known as the Alpha and Beta.

Naturally we are interested in our own division and ex-

pect to do all we can to make it the better. Have not we the same aims in both? If not we ought to have, for our leader has been faithful to us through all these years.

Have we not then at least one common aim? To make her feel that we appreciate her interest in us, and to prove to her that her work has not been in vain?

Our society bears the name of a great man, and we ought to make it worthy of the name of Judson.

Who has discovered the North Pole?

THE NORTH POLE. Doubtless this question has presented itself to many of us during the last month.

At first we all felt sure that Dr. Cook was the discoverer then in a few days the papers were giving thrilling accounts of another who claims to be as great as Dr. Cook. This one, Mr. Peary, gave then to the public his adventures as a discoverer.

It does not make so much difference to us which one did see the pole first—but we are sure that the discoverer is an American—and we feel proud of that.

We will leave this question of which one really reached the pole to the individual. Our papers and magazines are giving interesting accounts of the expeditions of both men, so our college magazines would scarcely dare to enter into the discussions.

We hope that the question will soon be settled, but no one can doubt that the long sought for pole was discovered by one of two Americans.

Fine Arts Department

JO GARRETTE

Editor.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils."

Mr. Orwin Allison Morse, who is Director of Music in the college is certainly no stranger in Greenville. He has won for himself great praise and admiration, both on account of his musical knowledge, and his excellency as a citizen of Greenville. He has been director of music in Stetson University, Florida, for the past five years, and resigned his position to come to G. F. C. Mr. Morse is an associate of the American Guild of Organists, an honor which few musicians of the South possess, and the college is fortunate in being able to secure such an able man to fill the position of Director. The fact that students have followed Mr. Morse from Florida speaks very highly of his ability as a teacher.

Naturally, under the supervision of such a qualified teacher much progress is expected in this department. Much interest is being shown on the part of the students. Mr. Morse reports a large class in History of Music, four large classes in first year Harmony, one class in second year Harmony, two students in Pipe Organ, and more vocal students now studying than altogether last year.

Mr. Schaefer has been connected with the department of music for four years and is already well known as a pianist of high rank, as well as a teacher of preeminent ability.

Miss Beulah Stamm, of Mason, Ohio, is assistant piano teacher and teacher of violin. Miss Stamm studied music in Texas under Mr. Pasquale De Bona and Mr. E. Thomas

and finished at the Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati, where she specialized in violin under the renowned Tirindelli.

On Tuesday evening, September 28th, the first musical recital was given by Prof. Schaefer and Miss Chappellear. The auditorium was filled to overflowing and the audience was highly entertained with the following program:

Greig Sonata op. 7.
Allegro Moderato, Andante Molto, Alla Menuetto, Molto Allegro

Mr. Schaefer.

Svendsen Romance.
Haesche Hungarian Dance.

Miss Chappellear.

Schuman Carneval op. 9.
Preamble, Pierot, Arlequin, Valse Noble Eusebins, Florestan, Coquette, Replique, Papillions, Letters Dansantes, Charina Chopin, Estrella, Reconnaissance, Pantalon et Colombine, Valse Allemande, Paganni, Aveu Promenade. Pause, Marchides, Davidsbundler contro les Philistins.

Mr. Schaefer.

Back Aria (for G. string).
Saint Saens The Swan.
Bohm Perpetual Motion.

Miss Chappellear.

Chopin Impromptu op. 66, Ballad op. 47.
Mr. Schaefer.

Mr. Schaefer's selections were, as usual, admirably rendered. His power to combine his wonderful technique with the aim of the composer made his numbers strikingly interesting.

Miss Rose M. Chappellear's artistic rendition of the difficult numbers was keenly appreciated by the audience.

DEPARTMENT OF EXPRESSION.

"Blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessing."

We are glad that the Art of Expression is so rapidly increasing in popularity, not only in the world at large, but in our own college. Miss Ida Angeline Robbins is in charge of this department this year, and though she has been with us a very short time, already she has won the love and admiration, not only of her pupils, but of the entire school. She is an unusually charming and attractive young lady. A glance at her seems to suggest just what her vocation is, and in every look and movement the art of expression seems to be embodied.

Miss Robbins is a distinguished graduate of the Curry School of Expression, Boston, by which she is most highly recommended. She won honors at the mother school, which is evidence of her efficient ability as a teacher.

DEPARTMENT OF ART

Under the superintendence of Miss Sue W. Hall, the art studio has fine prospects of excellent work. The enrollment of students is unusually large, and all seem to be taking much interest in the work. Miss Hall has studied in the Art schools of New York and is most capably fitted as a teacher. She is assisted by Miss Rosella Talbert, an alumna of the college.

The art department thanks Mrs. Coleman most heartily for the medal offered for the most improved work. Though it may seem selfish, we wish very much that some one would be so generous as to offer another for the Normal students.



CARO TRULUCK
Editor.

This another year opens to the Y. W. C. A. with many bright possibilities.

We regret the loss of many old girls and among them some of our good workers, but we are thankful for the ones that are back and the new ones, to whom we can look for help.

The five vacancies on the Cabinet have been filled as follows: Recording Secretary, Kate Harris; Treasurer, Zelle Loadholt; Chairman of the Devotional Committee, Bess Minick; Chairman of the Missionary Committee, Florrie Lee Lawton; Chairman of the Social Committee, Helen Von Lehe. In arranging committees great care has been taken that each girl should be placed where she would be of most value to the Association and enjoy her work most.

The membership committee has been working faithfully and our membership now is 116, which is nearly 90 per cent. of the boarding girls.

The annual reception for the new girls was given Thursday evening, September 23rd. Some of the girls were kind enough to entertain us with readings and songs. The remainder of the evening was spent in getting acquainted with each other. Owing to the kindness of some thoughtful

maidens who thought of the reception before leaving home, lemonade and home-made cake were served.

Not only has our social life been very active, but also the spiritual. The morning watch is held regularly in both buildings with a very good attendance. It is so beautiful to come to Christ at the day's beginning for strength and guidance. In the evening from 9:15 to 9:30 there are prayer circles on some of the floors.

We have had three regular weekly meetings with an increasing attendance. At the first our president welcomed the new girls most heartily. Then Miss Ackerman and Miss Thomas gave short talks.

Miss Ackerman, for the new girl's benefit, told what the Y. W. C. A. is and something of its work and organization. She showed how the association had taken up one kind of work after another—city, mill village or extension, and student work. In the student work there is less need than in the city and extension association for mental training because the school has charge of that; but the social and spiritual phases are very important. Accordingly we have our receptions and other occasions for meeting each other and we carry on many of the different phases of religious work such as Bible Study, Mission Study, Morning Watch and other regular devotional meetings. Miss Thomas showed the relation of the individual girl to the Y. W. C. A. work. She declared that a young woman had no right to accept the wholesome influence of a Christian school without adding to it; that as in physical and mental life she must work to grow and to prevent retrogression, so she must work in her spiritual life. The Y. W. C. A. is the place for her to learn and to practice along Christian lines.

We always appreciate listening to Miss Ackerman and Miss Thomas; they help us so willingly and gladly and always tell us something by which we can profit, if we will.

Our second meeting was given to reports from the Student's Conference held in Asheville from the 12th to the 21st

of June. Miss Jessie Bryant told what the conference is and reported on the Mission Classes and the Volunteer Meetings. In talking she said, "O girls the conference was so good. I had thought it was wonderful, but it is so much greater than I had ever thought." Miss Annie Watson said that the social life was almost perfect. "Every one was just lovely. You felt that you were welcome with anyone you happened to meet. Miss Emma Wright said the Bible Study was interesting and helpful. The instructors were so lovely that the studies could not be otherwise. She also said that the Delegation and Vesper Meetings were sweet and uplifting. Miss Caro Truluck reported the Platform Meetings. They were attractive and simple and therefore spiritually helpful. She was much impressed by one of Dr. Kelley's sermons, in which he said that the life yielded to Christ can do what it wills.

During the second week of October we had the pleasure and benefit of a visit from Miss Burner, the Y. W. C. A. secretary for our district. She came at a most opportune time. We felt the need of her in the beginning because so many of our girls are new in the work. She certainly proved herself "a friend in need."

Miss Burner is a woman of such deep spiritual life and so simple and sweet in her bearing that "to know her is to love her." She met with all our Committees, the Volunteer Band, and the Cabinet. She spoke informally in chapel. She said that she had just been thinking of our growth. Today we may be weak but there is a possibility for us to become stronger. Perhaps we can do very little now but with that development, which we can all have, we may yet do great things. Today the little babe can walk only as helped by someone, or by holding to something but how soon he may go the height of a sky-scraper and walk a narrow board perfectly fearless. Let it be so in the spiritual life.

At our Y. W. C. A. meeting Miss Burner talked to us about the Abundant Life. She said that to be true Association girls, we must develop our physical, social, intellectual,

and spiritual beings. Develop your physical self that you may be able to withstand temptation and protect yourself. What would the social life be without the light of the Son? Make yourself pleasant with every girl and know them all. There is something about every girl worth knowing. Go after every one and find out that thing. Never judge a girl by the style of her hair or dress. She will learn later about these things. You will miss a great deal to narrow your friendship to a small circle. As an Association girl you must not neglect your intellectual life. You weaken and bring reproach upon your Association by so doing. Never try to make your teacher think that you know a thing when you do not. Know what is expected of you in class or be honest enough to fail. Then the spiritual life should be carefully developed. Too often our religion is a thing apart from our actual lives. After we have listened to a sermon or a talk we often go out and forget its spiritual help, thinking it unnecessary to our lives. Inspiration of this kind should bring us to a realization of our ideals.



Exchange Department

SADIE GOODWIN

Editor.

As we return to take up our duties in college for another year a feeling somewhat akin to the home-going sensation taps at our breasts. Our pleasures of the vacation season have been many, but where duty calls there must we follow, so we are again at our posts. It means much to get back to college.

And surely none of us have forgotten the college magazine, even amid the picnics, the mountain parties, the boat rides, and all the joys of the summer. I fancy that we have been planning many ways in which we hope to better our own publication. Truly we are expecting great things from all of our exchanges for this session. Refreshed and invigorated in body and mind, let us wipe the cobwebs from our literary machinery and with renewed interest let us increase the value of our magazines, making this a record-breaking year in college journalism. Let each student support the magazine and let us not put upon the editors and upon the reliable few the whole burden of the work. Heretofore the magazine has not been really representative of the student body for the majority of students have never written an article. Let not this state of affairs continue. The late magazines of last year exhibit such marked improvement as can but encourage us and justify us in demanding even greater accomplishments of the college journalist for the ensuing year.

The purpose of our college journals is to promote college spirit and to encourage and develop literary talent. We are not reading the productions of masters in every instance

when we open a college magazine, but the productions are for the most part efforts, sincere and earnest, from the pens of youthful, inexperienced hands. Our work should as far as practicable, be original in meka-up and content in order that we may train our minds to work for themselves and let the exchange editors refrain from ridicule and sarcasm in their criticisms. We think that such aggressive attacks as have been made upon college literature in the past can bring us no good results. The function of this department is to criticise, and in giving our judgments let us practice patience and moderation. Let us not, from any personal motive or otherwise, thoughtlessly make unjust statements, but keep in mind the following quotation from Andrew Bonar. "A man is never safe in rebuking another if it does not cost him something to have to do it."





LEILA MAI MCKENZIE

Editor.

Our college opened on the twenty second of September with quite a large number of girls. Several more have come in since the opening and Dr. James always finds a place for them. I fear though if many more come in now we will have to start work on a new dormitory instead of waiting until later.

The new girls received as hearty a welcome as was possible for us to give them, and I am glad to say all of them seem to like G. F. C. finely. We have seen very few homesick ones this year. There is no use to say, all of the old girls were delighted to get back and have a hearty handshake(?) with all the old friends.

The opening exercises were held in the auditorium. Music was furnished by Director O. A. Morse. Then the exercises were opened with a prayer by Rev. R. J. Williams. After this the girls were welcomed by addresses made by Hon. J. B. Marshall, Hon. B. M. Shuman, Dr. Z. T. Cody, Mr. W. W. Keys, and our President, Dr. E. C. James..

After these exercises the work of matriculation began. This lasted for sometime, and we can't say it was quite so pleasant as the foregoing

Lots of our girls enjoyed the reception given in our honor

at the First Baptist Church the evening of the twenty-fifth. We appreciate this attention shown up by these friends.

The first Lyceum number for this season was heartily enjoyed by quite a large number of us on the evening of the fifteenth. We hope "Victor and His Royal Venetian Band" will give us another treat real soon.

On account of her health, Miss Nanette Campbell was compelled to return to her home at Belton, S. C. She says that she hopes to be back after Christmas. We certainly hope to have her.

One of our last year girls, Miss Bess Glenn, of Anderson, paid us a short visit some days ago. We were all very glad to see her and hope she will do this real often.

Misses Florrie Lee Lawton and Hilda Connor, of Spartanburg, spent the week end of last week at home.

Miss Rosella Talbert, one of our '09 graduates in art, is assisting Miss Hall in the art department this year.

Miss Rosa Harris, of Greer, was called home on account of sickness. We hope she will soon be able to return.

Misses Janie Hughes, Hortense Marchant, Virginia Hutchings, and Lillie Jones spent the week end at Greer.

Miss Lillian Russell, of Prosperity, one of our new girls' sisters, spent several days with us. We all enjoyed her visit very much and hope she will come to see us real often.

Will some body kindly inform Lr-L-d- that the Civil War was not during the Revolution.

Freshman M. H-d-, on seeing a cow walk across the campus exclaimed "Oh, I bet that is one of the show ponies." She sees cows and ponies very seldom up here evidently.

Rat H-l-a C-n-r asked Miss Bristow the other day if she could move the furniture in her room she was so tired of it the same way.

Ask Rat J-n-e R-s-el why she wants to go to the "Luther-an" church?

We have found that Fr. O-a-ie M-t-i- has a "Will" of her own.

A Rat heard the other day that the Ocean Wave was at

the Carnival, she said that she would go but she left her bathing suit at home.

Junior E-h-l B-a-k said the other day, when some one told her of the fine fortune teller down street, "I am going to ask Dr. James to let me go for he can tell you your name and I surely want to know mine." Isn't it pitiful!

The Beta Literary Society has begun to meet every Saturday evening at seven fifteen, instead of once in every two weeks. There has been quite a number of new girls taken in, and on last Saturday evening there was a great deal of enthusiasm and appreciation shown them by the old girls.

Promptly at seven fifteen all of the members of the society gathered in the Voice Hall, where the "Black and Old Gold" were tastily displayed. A short and very entertaining program was rendered, after which delicious hot chocolate and sandwiches were served by Misses McKenzie, Brannon, Janie and Minnie Hyde. Then ensued a short contest, in which Miss Leethard Lewis won as the prize a beautiful Beta pin. Miss Judson delivered the prize with a few appropriate words to the winner of the prize as well as to the other members of the society.

In the center of the room stood a huge vessel full of salted peanuts, which every one enjoyed.

Miss Judson is very much pleased with the progress of the society, and we sincerely hope each one will measure up to the standard.

ISAQUEENA

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Pianoforte

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Art Schools of New York
Art.

MISS ROSELLA TALBERT,
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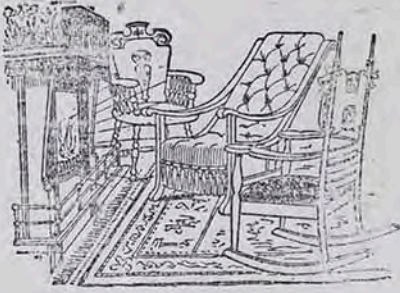
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