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Longwood University

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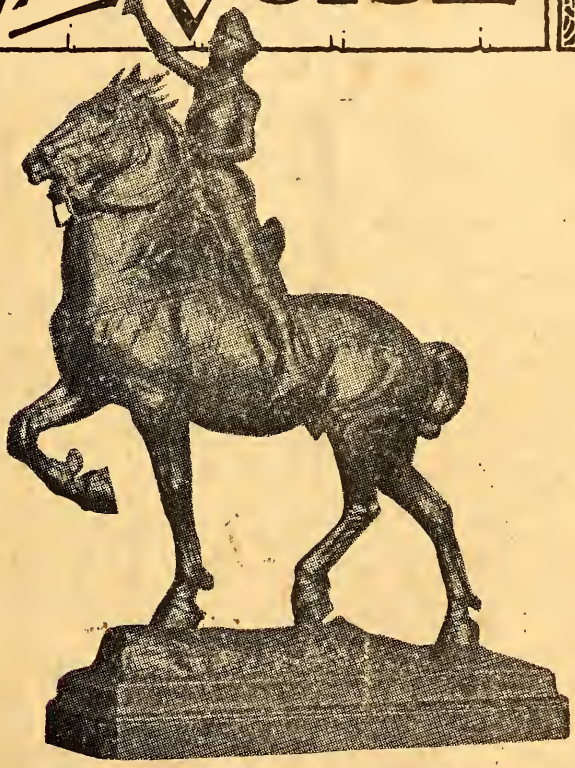
The VOICE



State Teachers College

Farmville, Virginia

April, 1930

Volume II. Number 3

The Voice

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THE STAFF

State Teachers College
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

APRIL, 1930

Contents

Dedication

To Miss Jennie Tabb, whose splendid energy ever gives voice to our finest ideals and highest ambitions, we lovingly dedicate this issue of ***The Voice.***

Joyce Randolph, Freshman

BITS FROM JOY'S DIARY

CHAPTER THREE

APRIL 17: Elly-Anna and I got up at six o'clock this morning and threaded our way to the tennis courts. It was so gray, cool, and misty—just the right kind of weather for tennis . . . .

I can't learn history unless I'm allowed to ask questions—not with Dr. Benson; he's exactly like a rambler-rose—without the rose.

April 23: Happiness is not what happens to one; it is what is inside of one. And the way it gets there is to give it to somebody else. You can give it to other people even if you don't have it yourself.

April 29: Today was beautiful, I thought, and so did everybody else. I love weather. I never call it a trite subject any more. I didn't feel very well today, so lay down a long time and thought and thought and thought, and watched the birds fly 'round and 'round in the blue sky. I wanted to write a poem,—but I didn't.

May 7: Miss Pem is one of the most intelligent women I know. She called on me to read because I wasn't paying attention, and then only let me read three words after I'd found the place.—(a very humbling experience.)

May 9: It was pouring rain when I woke up this morning—simply torrents. But I didn't mind very much 'cause I don't usually mind anything. Lots of things happened today; they always do.

Margaret brought me a bunch of roses.

May 10: Such a wonderful thing happened today—I found eighteen four-leaf clovers. I have tried to find them before but have always searched in vain. Today I wasn't looking for them, and there they were! It reminds

me of the old poem: "I know a place where the sun is like gold"—

May 14: Today I did the most terrible thing I have ever done in the whole course of my Freshman year; our class went on a biology walk, and I ran away. I just couldn't help it. I walked along the river bank all by myself and thought about things, and saw lots of interesting looking frogs. I didn't have anything to catch 'em with, and didn't want to—frogs are interesting only so long as they are alive and whole; they remind me of Moses in the Bulrushes, then;—but dissected ones are my chief abomination.

May 15: I carried a big wooden box up the street for Miss Taylor today. She said she was afraid it was too heavy for me. She always talks to me as if I were about so high. I asked her why she did, and she said I wasn't so very old. I like that! I'm sensitive!

May 18: Elizabeth and Nancy are real composers! They played and sang their own composition in chapel this morning. I wish I could compose, but I never made up but one "piece," and I can't tell anybody about that 'cause it's named, "His Satanic Majesty" and dedicated to the devil. I only play it when I feel very bad . . .

May 19: There were only eight of us at Little Christian Endeavor tonight including the piano, so we had a double quartet. They way we sang was perfectly marvelous!

May 21: Elly-Anna and I went to the Kappa Delta Pi reception tonight, and felt awfully "Freshmany."

May 22: This morning when I was out walking I heard someone call, "Miss Randolph! Miss Randolph!" I looked up and saw little Eunice Smith hanging over the honeysuckle fence. I had just mailed her a letter because she wasn't at Sunday school Sunday. We talked about fifteen minutes while she picked honeysuckle sprays. She has an awful cold; I wish she had somebody to take care of

her. She leaned over the fence to give me the honeysuckle and kiss me good-bye, and held me so tight, and wouldn't let go! She is such a love-hungry little girl.

Last Sunday Dibby brought me some flowers, but threw them out of the window when Sarah came in with prettier ones. I asked her why she did it, but she didn't know I did.

May 27: Today was the kind of day to be enjoyed, not to be imprisoned. However, I had a very good time this afternoon drawing a hydra in labaratory period. I drew him all curled up and standing on one end (probably indignant about the treatment he was receiving), and then I drew him all stretched out, (after he'd decided to sleep during the photographing process in order to keep a sweet expression of countenance, and have all his relatives say, "Isn't that a grand picture of him?")

June 1: There's nothing left for Freshmen to do now but play tennis, and read, and wonder what it feels like to be graduating. Elly-Anna and I have to stay through commencement because we're in Choral Club.

About 6:30 this evening the campus was so beautiful. The sun came and lay right down on his back on the green grass, and we walked all over him! I had just come from the tennis courts and was listening to the soft scraping of my tennis shoes on the street and "playing" my racquet to the little tune I was humming, when I saw Miss Taylor going over to the Methodist Church to practice her solo for Sunday. I went along, too. It was so still and quiet inside—and almost dark except for where the sun streamed goldenly through the window with the Christ on it—Christ and the tiny lamb. And the music was so beautiful,—a sung prayer instead of a spoken one. I guess God would rather have her sing her prayer always than talk them . . . .

June 1: If commencement day hurts a Freshman so

much it must be terribly hard on the Seniors. Today was just one big ache. I'm home tonight, and—happy, too,—but I'm so glad I'm going back next year!

(The End)

Your Moods

Dear Girl, what storm comes to wrinkle the smooth ivory of your tall brow?

What wind blows to rouse the placid waters of your eyes

And what thunder peals within the soft pink shells which harbor all your echoes?

How wildly dash the waves that wash the corners of those petal lips down like frail sand dunes?

Virginia P. Lowe, '32

Sunday Morning in Wild Cat Hollow

BEFORE the day of the "Tin Lizzie", some say there was perfect peace in American homes. "Who shall have the car today?" is a question that has caused more family quarrels than any other one thing, so they say. The speedy younsters and the automobiles cause some of the older people to say with disgust that "the world is going to the dogs", a hackneyed old saying that has been used for ages to express the sentiment of the older generation in regard to youthful life.

Let us, in our imagination take a little Sunday morning visit out to Wild Cat Hollow, the place where the noises of civilization have scarcely penetrated, and where the traditions and customs of the "good old days" still exist. As we approach the one-room log cabin of Farmer Johnson, let us for once go against our principles—or do we strictly have to keep our principles in an imaginary adventure? Anyway just this time let's eavesdrop so as to catch the trend of the family conversation as it goes on under ordinary conditions.

Peeping ever so slyly in at the window we see—well, the Johnson family which numbers fourteen, including Pa and Ma. The twelve children range in age from the six-foot William Riley to the tiny baby, Mary Anne Elizabeth. The most dominant figure, however is Pa Johnson as he proceeds in his authoritative voice.

"Now look a-here, William Riley if I let you have the buggy to take your gal to meetin' in you gotta promise me you won't' be a-runnin' of the mule. If that gal o' yourn ain't satisfied to go at a moderate rate you jest let 'er git 'erself another fellow. But I betcha she'll be glad enough to be gwine with a Johnson. Why, when I was a-gwine with the gals we had to go to meetin' on foot, an' I never

had no trouble a-gittin' the pick o' the neighborhood to go with me neither, but nowadays you young uns think you too good to walk no whar. You gotta have the buggy an' be gwine up in style as hard as you can stave. Style—that's all you think about these days. Don't know what the world's comin' to—gwine to the dogs jest as hard as it can I reckon. Now, I'm tellin' you agin if I find out you been a-runnin' that mule you gwine to git it, an' listen here, you mind what ye doin' today. That mule is skittish an' you know it, so don't you be a-takin' no chances—settin' thar a making love or a dreamin,—what in thunder ye gwine to say or some sich fool thing, if you do the fust thing you know that mule will get skeered an' light out an' you can't stop 'er an' everything will be tarred all to pieces. Now do you hear men, young man?"

Here for the first time he pauses long enough for the reckless young man to defend himself.

"Well, I ain't never tarred up nothin' have I? An' I been a-drivin' of a team sommers about nineteen years now."

"Well, you ain't allus had courtin' in yer head," continues Pa Johnson, "since you been gwine with the Smith gal you act as if you was half crazy. You ain't never had the nerve to come right out an' ask me fer the buggy an' mule to cavort aroun' in on pleasure trips of a Sunday befo'. Ye allus used to be willin' to let yo' po' ole pa an' ma have the buggy, an' walk yo' self, but now we have to set at home, an' let you young uns ride. What you keep on standin' thar fer? You want me to go hitch up an' drive the buggy up to the door fer you so's you won't soil the bottoms of yo' shoes? Go on if you got to go an' don't you fergit what I tell you."

Thus William Riley gets what he wants in the end and Pa Johnson has greatly relieved his nervous energy by this outburst.

Eva Hudnall

Gold Spurs

"Shall we bury him in his spurs, ma'am?"
She glanced from the gold spurs to the gray eyes,
Steady eyes, filled with a sort of dumb despair—
His men adored him so!
Her small daughter crept near, bewildered
By the strang quiet of the house and the terrible
Sorrow in her mother's face.
Clasping her arms about her mother's knees
She gazed up at the man in tattered gray.
At the touch of the little arms the mother smiled.
"Yes," she whispered, "it is the soldier who lies there—
The man can never die."

Alice Ribble

Yo Te Amo

What strange utterings flow from your rose waxen lips, my beautiful Senorita?
My hearing is strained to catch even the faintest glimmer of the light of comprehension
Beneath your fluent flow of airy melody,
Your words run like sparkling brooks which chase sunbeams over crystal pebbles,
And gurgle with jocund laughter when they've freed themselves from the clenching grip of time worn boulders protruding deep from out their sandy hold.
Your eyes flash in accompaniment like moon-beams
Caught within a black diamond's web of prisms sharp
And all but cry to me with love of life!

Virginia P. Lowe, '32

Lord Byron as Revealed in "Childe Harold"

THE poem ***Childe Harold*** reveals many facts and characteristics of Lord Byron's life. Like most poets, his poetry typifies the life of the man. Unconsciously or consciously he expresses his life in his poetry. Whether sad or happy the changing mood appears in nearly all of his works. In ***Childe Harold*** he reached the heights of ethereal beauty.

Byron's poetry, like his life, lacked restraint. This one factor more than any other kept his poetry from being truly great. In almost everything, he let himself go. When he ceased to restrain himself he was banished from England. In ***Childe Harold*** he says that if he could breathe his entire spirit, life, soul, everything, into one word—that word would be "lightning." Lightning, the untamed, the unguided beauty, seems to be typical of Byron's life.

Parallel with his lack of restraint ran the love of freedom which tinged Byron's entire life. He hated passionately all tyranny, and the dominance of a tyrant. He gave his life to further the cause of freedom and liberty in Greece. He would have considered such men as Napoleon, and the Kaiser as tyrants unfit for this world. Of such as Morfat and Marthon, he said,

> "They were true Glories stainless victories,
> Won by the unambitious heart and hand."

By public opinion, Byron was banished from England. Through all of his poetry runs a note of longing for his native land. His life seemed to be one of melancholy yearning for that which was not and could not be.

> "His life was on long war with self sought foes, or friends by him self-banished."

As he stated his case in ***Childe Harold*** so seems to have

been Byron's life,

"Whose desire was to be glorious; . . . which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all the rest."

His banishment seems to have cut down deeply and left an everlasting scar, for he asked,

"What deep wounds ever close without a scar?"

During his banishment he went to Rome, he described himself as an orphan of the heart in these lines,

"The orphans of the heart must turn to thee, lone mother of dead empires."

The real cause of Byron's banishment from England was his wife. She divorced him, and as a result he was a social outcast. This fact tinged his outlook on life with a touch of mockery. He said that nature so outdid man's life that it was simply mockery. There is one quotation in ***Childe Harold*** which describes Byron's wild, impetuous life,

"There in a moment we may plunge our years in fatal penitence, and in the blight of our own soul turn all our blood to tears, and color things to come with hues of Night; the race of life becomes a hopeless flight to choose who walk in darkness."

Byron believed that he had never loved the world and that it had never loved him. He had this feeling possibly because he was divorced by his wife. Byron with his delicate, sensitive nature felt that his wife did not love him. Too late he realized that he loved his wife and she loved him. He seems to have described their romance in this passage,

" . . . As lovers who have parted in hate, . . . that they can meet no more though broken hearted, though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted, love was the very root of the fond rage which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed itself expired, but leaving them an age of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage."

Byron loved solitude, he never liked to mix with the

"common herd". He felt that most people were not in sympathy mith him, and that he was purely an outsider. He even felt that he could not enjoy the real beauty of nature if man was present.

"There is too much man here to look through with a fit mind the light I behold."

Byron was a great lover of nature, the "wild but not the rude" nature. He loved all external nature. Nature seemed to woo Byron for he said,

"Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face."

Nature was a lesson to Byron, better than any learned of school or books.

"It was here, where Nature, nor too somber nor too gay, wild but not rude, awful yet not austere, is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the Year."

Like Wordsworth nature lived always in Byron's imagination, it was a storehouse of future thought and enjoyment.

"There can be no farewell to a scene like thine."

Byron loved especially the wild rugged aspect of nature shunned by most people. Most people are afraid of thunder and lightning. This was a constant source of delight to Byron. Lightning and thunder to him was just another wonderful game of the elements. These external elements seemed to express and give an outlet to his restless nature.

"Sky, mountains, rivers, winds, lake, lightning! . . . . is the knoll of what in me is sleepless."

They breathed to him the breath of a living fragrance. All nature to him was the poetry of heaven. He wanted to be a sharer in their firce delights.

"Let me a sharer be in their fierce and far delights—a portion of the tempest."

Jane Grey Irby, '31

Spring Fever

The first touch of spring came,
Lingered long enough to tease
Us into dreaming.
Then left a vacancy
That could never be filled,
And a longing
That was to endure always.
Why must we be tortured
By the beauties of life for a moment,
And then be left,
To live in the memories of the past?

Virginia Bledsoe, '32

Just for a Day

I feel you slipping softly
From my grasp
Oh, strain of happiness
Divine
I dreampt of you for years—
I cried—
And God on high
Let one smiling hour go by
And then he turned his head
Away . . .
And left to me the
Dawn of a sullen day.
And now, dear Lord—
I pray—and pray
You'll give me
Love—
For one whole
Day!

Kay Schroeder, '31

The Refused Bid

"WELL, it's all over now," said Bob as he entered his room, slammed the door and threw his books and papers on his bed.

"What kind of a complex has hit you now," asked Ned, his roommate? "One would think you were about ready to pass out of existence. Not going to leave us, are you?"

"That's exactly it, Ned. I'm about through with this place and I am going to pack my duds and hit the trail for home."

"The deuce you are", exclaimed Ned. "You have been raving about this nonsense for a week."

Bob Spenser and Ned Halloway are sophomores at California Engineering College, Jackson, California. Since entering as freshmen, they have been roommates, classmates and the best of friends. Now examinations are over at the end of the first semester and Bob has about decided to leave college and return to his home in Virginia.

"What about Irene?" asked Ned. "I thought surely she would keep you here if nothing else would. In fact, I thought you two had about decided to 'jump the broomstick" together."

Irene Preston is a very atractive little brunette who is a junior at the State Teachers College in the same town. She is preparing to be a mathematics teacher.

"Well, it's about equal to that, Ned. But Irene is a sensible girl. She will understand and I feel sure she will advise me to leave when once she hears my plans."

"Oh! so you haven't talked it over with her yet. Well, I see it all settled now. You stay here.—By the way, Bob, there's some sort of a letter over there on the table for you now. Maybe it's a little love note from Irene."

Bob walks over to the table, picks up the letter and examines it. He immediately recognizes it as not being

a note from Irene. His Scotch-Irish curiosity is about to get the best of him. Hasitly he tears the envelope to pieces and discovers a bid to Eta Kappa Nu. "Well, of all things to come at a time like this!" exclaimed Bob as he stamped his foot.

"Uh huh," says Ned, "Now I guess the second reason has turned up why you won't leave us. I will run down and take a shower while you make your usual Wednesday night date with Irene."

Instead of calling Irene, Bob sits down on the side of the bed and lets his thoughts go in a million directions. He didn't know what to do. Finally, with the deliberation of a hero, Bob walks to his table, sits down and on the back of the Eta Kappa Nu bid, he writes declining the invitation to become a member. Just as deliberately he goes to the fraternity president's room and leaves his reply.

While he is out Ned returns with Jack Carter, a fellow student. "You know, Jack, it worries me to have Bob talk about leaving school. He's a good student and this old place couldn't get along without him."

"Ah, don't worry about Bob", said Jack. He won't leave now after getting a bid to Eta Kappa Nu. I know several boys who would give most anything to be members."

Just then Bob enters the room.

"Well, old scout", asked Ned, "did you have to persuade her to give up a date with someone else?"

"Stop your fooling, Ned. This is serious with me. I haven't been to call Irene but I went to decline the invitation to become a member of Eta Kappa Nu."

"Like —— you did. Are you crazy?"

"No, I'm not crazy but I have used my good sense. That's all. I am wasting time and money here. Then if I can't get out on my own hook and work without being handicapped by the undemocratic conventions of a fra-

ternity, I'll just give up. You boys forget that I am not a 'spoon fed' infant like the rest of you here. I have had my law training and now I am going to work and use it."

"Say, Bob, how did you happen to come out here and take up engineering anyway?" asked Jack.

"That's just another family secret, Jack", answered Bob.

"Well, it looks as if I am not needed around here so—so long."

Jack leaves Bob and Ned together in their room.

"Well," said Bob, "I guess I shall go over and call Irene."

He leaves the room. Soon he returns and gets dressed. Then Ned walks out to the street with him where Bob bums a ride with a friend.

Bob reaches the Teachers College in a few minutes. He does not have to wait long for Irene. Then they go to a favorite tea room for dinner. On the way to dinner, Irene notices that Bob is very serious and as soon as they reach the tea room she begin questioning him.

"Why the long face, Bob? I know you haven't flunked out yet but I can think of nothing that would cause such a depressed expression."

Bob explained to her exactly what he has done and what he expects to do.

"You know, Irene, I have told you before about my law course at the University of Virginia. I want to use that training now because I will never he a civil engineer or any other kind. Don't you understand?"

"No, I don't. I think you are foolish. Just think what a splendid opportunity you are throwing away. Do try to be reasonable, Bob."

"That's exactly what I am trying to be, Irene. My mind is made up to leave. If you do not agree, I am sorry."

Very little was said during the rest of the meal, certain-

ly nothing pertaining to this matter.

On the way back to Irene's dormitory, Bob talks about other things. Finally, Irene approached the subject again.

"Bob, if you really are going to leave I er—I think we had better break our engagement. Don't you?"

"Irene, can't you be sensible? I believe you are kidding me anyway."

"No, I'm not, Bob. I am serious."

Just then they arrive at Irene's dormitory. As they reach the entrance Irene runs up the steps saying, "Good by. That's final." She runs inside and slams the door.

Bob is hurt, of course, but he is a man of determination so he leaves, goes back to his room, and goes to bed.

The next morning Bob tells Ned about the night before.

'Too bad, old man," said Ned, "but I think you had better decide to stay too."

"No," said Bob, "I am leaving tonight. Want to help me pack?"

Bob makes all necessary arrangements and leaves Jackson at 8:45 P. M., Thursday. Several boys including Ned go to the station with him. As he is saying good by he looks around for Irene, thinking she might come but not until the train is leaving does she drive up in her little blue roadster. It is too late to talk to her now.

While on the train, Bob thinks more seriously than he has for some time. He begins to think about home, his father, and just why he had been persuaded to enter California Engineering College.

Bob's mother died just as he was preparing for the State Bar examinations. Although passing successfully, Bob had little courage left to do anything. Bob's father, Mr. Spenser, a well-known lawyer, felt depressed. He felt that Bob needed help that he could not give him. As Mr. Spenser often said, "All young lawyers need boosting in order to make a success of things." So Bob was persuaded

to enter college in California while his father went to Florida.

Mr. Spenser has returned now, reopened his law office and has begun work with his old vigor.

Bob stops in several places to see old friends so he does not arrive at home until next Wednesday night. Mr. Spenser is certainly surprised and at first a little angry but by the next morning his face is beaming because of new plans he has made for Bob.

"You know, Bob, there is to be a county election in November. No one has been announced as a candidate for commonwealth attorney. Why don't you try it? You stand a good chance of winning and we need some young blood around this place."

"Well, Father, I hadn't thought of anything like that. I had just planned to begin as a young lawyer because after all that's all I'm good for. But since you mentioned running for commonwealth attorney, I believe I shall try it. Somehow it seems like a good start."

From then on Bob has little time for anything but electioneering. He works hard all during the summer and the November election resulted in his election as commonwealth attorney.

During the next winter and spring Bob takes occasional trips to the University of Virginia to renew old acquaintances. These trips and his new work give him little time to think much about his chums in California although he does write to Ned once in a while.

In May, a letter from Ned arrives just begging Bob to come back for commencement. Ned writes, "You know we can have a jolly good time together and then Irene graduates this time. Please come."

After all there is no reason why Bob should not go. Then too something just calls him back.

He arrives the night of the class banquet. Ned is there and has invited Irene. Somehow he seems to have Irene there for most occasions. Then Bob automatically appears at all times during commencement at the Teachers College.

When commencement is over Bob is talking to Irene one night.

"Well, Irene, I must leave day after tomorrow and look—"

"Silly, why the two tickets to Virginia?"

"You know, Irene, as well as I do. Won't you go?"

They leave the day after tomorrow as planned. They reach Richmond and from there they go to Bob's home in his car. As they are nearing Williamsburg Irene asks about a large building in the distance.

"That's the schoolhouse, dear, where you may test your ability as a schoolmarm."

"Oh yeah?" questioned Irene.

L. E. W., '30

Love

Love—the curse
Love—the blessing
Love—the very essence of our existence
How we cling to it—
Long for it—even after all
Its truth is revealed
Then pain—the grief
The joy—the undying
Bliss—brought by love
Love—everchanging—
Ever elusive—ah—tender
Love!

Martha von Schilling, '32

To---

As suddenly
As a summer shower,
All unexpected,
You burst into my life.

As exhilirating
As a salt sea breeze
Was your presence.

But mattered not
The weather, dear,
As long as I had you.

But life
Lasts not
That way.

You went away and left me,
As softly
As white falling snow.
Ah! how cold!
What a void
You left behind
Sans an inkling
Of the future!

I wonder why———

Alma H. Garlick, '31

Was It Friendship

You were a friend—the kind of a friend
Anyone likes to keep;
You were sympathetic and understood;
You showed me the good to reap.

When you reached out and caught my hand
In your kind, good-fellow clasp
I though my search for a real friend done
I had found one true at last!

And then another came into our lives—
I didn't think it could be—
That life could be cruel enough to break
Friendship between you and me.

But that one died and now I'm alone—
I thought too much of one—
She was just like the rest in her fickle heart
But in my heart—she stands alone.

She is perhaps fickle—always untrue;
No one ever could understand—
Not even herself knows the chord she touched
When she gave me a helping hand.

Martha von Schilling, '32

Your Hair

What immortal hand could have spun the bronze and gold
of your long waving tresses?
Where the intangible spinning wheel which aided the Gods
in their creation of your crowning glory?
Operon whispered this much to me while, the moonbeams
played on the old yew tree,
"Venus brought sunbeams from ancient Greece
To mix with Apollo's rich rare metal dug from Olympia's
fiery depths,
While Pluto contributed flashing sparks which when ap-
plied to one transformed it into liquidated fire
That cooled by aid of Neptune's generous portion from off
the ocean's floor so calm and sear."
With that the whisper stopped
And I am left to wonder and to marvel at your hair!

Virginia P. Lowe, '32

Grant Me an Answer

The very sun—,the earth—, the sky—
That cold pale moon that floats on high
Cry—in a voice of poignant rage—;
The same—,the same—, always the same,
Tomorrow, now, and yesterday.

The same old drudge;
The same sad sigh;
When evening scatters stars in the sky;
And always the ever questioning why.

If only I could see a ray
Of light to lead me on my way
To service, happiness, and love—
Past blind despair and sacred want.

I'd question not my life and living
But now I am forever conceiving
The doubt—the sadness—and the rage—
I read on sky, and earth, and wave.

Kay Schroeder, '31

Septain

Your heart is larger than the sea
Is broad, and deep, and wide;
Your heart can hold infinity,
And earth, and me beside.
I am too small to count at all,
And so I call on God to bless
You, and your shining loveliness.

Alice St. Ables Harrison, '32

To the Prodigal Satyr

I know now
That you'll never understand
The moods and dreams
I live within.
You found your way
Into my heart—.
The fever love
Drove us to vow
We'd never part—.
Lips to lips,
And heart to heart—
We dreamed of
Castles charmingly dear.
Now as I softly sigh
I wonder, deeply, why
This fever love
Can blind us
To our paths
That lead cloud
Above cloud
Away from
The object of our love.

Kay Schroeder, '31

Thinking for One's Self

TO be able to think at all is the first rudiment in the self-realization and conviction of what one must find to be the Truth. But to be able to think constructively without outward manifestations of inward thought is a much higher step. Having reached this point we should proceed with a calmness which is possessed only by those who possess themselves. Self-possession comes after a thoughtful feeling for those intangible things we gather under the heading of Truth.

Thinking must never become detrimental to our own souls. We must think carefully, but truly. We must feel casually. We must be satisfied.

Thinking is one of the hardest things in the world to do. It is a brave thing to do. It will necessarily lead to meditation, if we have thought enough, and well.

Action sometimes follows constructive thinking; then something good ensues. But when action follows destructive thinking—disaster results. We must replace for ourselves something equally as good—better, if possible—as that which our minds removed. If we are not able to do this our thinking was for naught, and it were better that we had not thought at all.

Thinking must be sane, and then it will be safe.

—Julia Wilson