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No. 3

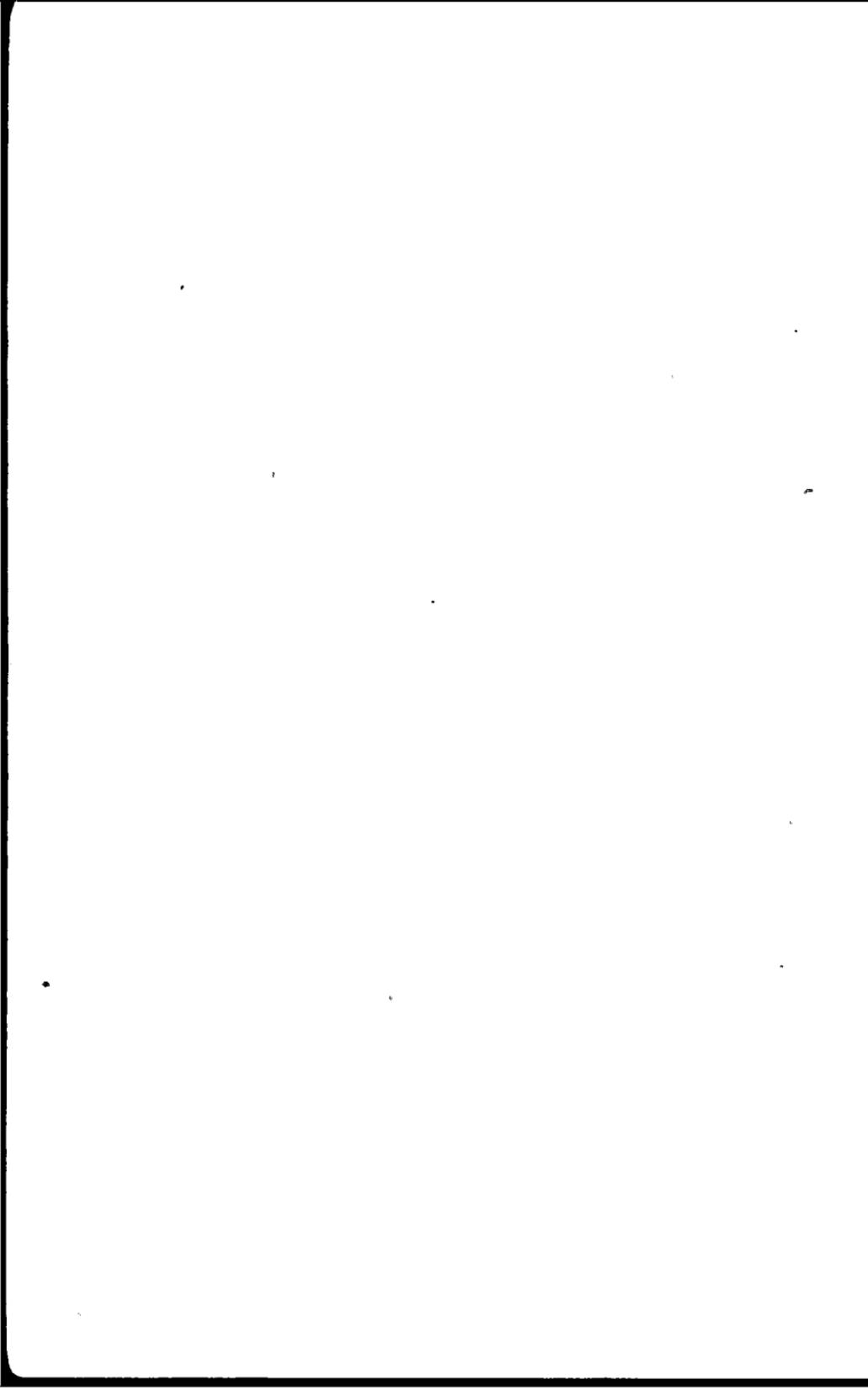
HOPE COLLEGE

BULLETIN

VOLUME 54
NUMBER 3



November, 1916



Addresses delivered at the celebration

of

The Fiftieth Anniversary

of the

Founding of Hope College

Carnegie Gymnasium
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

June 16, 1916

Program of Celebration Exercises

10 o'clock A. M.

- Presiding.....Rev. A. Vennema, D. D., Class of 1879
President of Hope College.
- Music—The Pilgrims' Chorus (Tannhauser).....*Wagner*
College Singing Societies
- Invocation.....Rev. Peter Moerdyke, D. D., Class of 1866
- Scripture.....Rev. Albert Van Den Berg, Class of 1885
President of the Council.
- Greeting and Welcome
.....Rev. Ame Vennema, D. D., Class of 1879
President of the College.
- Response.....Rev. Peter Moerdyke, D. D., Class of 1866
President of the General Synod.
- Music.....Psalm 89:1
- Poem—"Spera Tu In Deo"
.....Rev. Henry E. Dosker, D. D., Class of 1876
- Historical Sketch.....Rev. G. De Jonge, Class of 1882
- Music—The Bugle Song (Tennyson).....*Smith*
Knickerbocker Quartette
- Address for the Alumni
.....Rev. J. M. Vander Meulen, D. D., Class of 1891
- Presentation from the Missionaries on the Foreign Fields
.....Rev. Harry P. Boot, Class of 1900
- Financial Statement.....The President of Hope College
- Address for the Council
.....Hon. G. J. Diekema, LL. D., Class of 1881
- Prayer.....Rev. John W. Beardslee, D. D.
- Doxology
- Benediction.....Rev. Gerrit Dangremond, Class of 1866

Greeting and Welcome

Rev. A. Vennema, D. D., Class of 1879

President of Hope College

The General Synod paid the College a very delicate compliment in its selection of Dr. Moerdyke, a member of the class of 1866, the first class that graduated from the College, as its presiding officer. Never before in the history of our colony or of our college have we had the signal honor of having the Reformed Church in America, the oldest church in this country, represented by the General Synod, sojourn among us for a week, and we esteem it a very great privilege I assure you, Fathers and Brethren, to have so distinguished a body of men and women in our midst.

To the State of Michigan, the Wolverine State, the State of wolves, if you please, you have come. Yet you need feel no alarm at all because, while in the pioneer days wild beasts of the forest roamed in this region, the woods are quite clear of them now, and you may feel perfectly at ease. You find yourselves in the County of Ottawa, and again that Indian name may be rather unpleasantly suggestive of a savage tribe of aborigines. Fishing and hunting and trapping were the principal occupations of the primitive settlers of the Macatawa region. The pilgrim fathers of the West, however, were never in danger by reason of the red man. They found his attitude friendly and his dealings honorable. With the wild beast, the Indian too has receded before the inflowing tide of civilization, and your slumbers will not be disturbed by the war-whoop. If you fancy that you hear something like it, you may rest assured that it is nothing more alarming than a college yell or a student serenade.

You find yourselves housed where our beautiful bay pours its waters into one of the Great Lakes. Those of you from the East will probably be reminded by the swish of the waters, of the waves and the billows beating upon the Atlantic seaboard at Asbury Park, or Ocean Grove, or Atlantic City, or even at gay Coney Island, and those of you from the prairies of the West, as you look out upon the undulating expanse

towards the setting sun, may have a homesick feeling for the almost measureless fields that will soon be covered with the golden grain.

Historically, that bay and harbor and the big lake were an important factor with the intrepid leader of these colonists, Dr. Albertus C. Van Raalte in 1847, in determining the place of their habitation. His eye was upon the facilities of transportation by water to Milwaukee and Chicago and other towns that were springing up on the shores of the lake, and he wanted by all means to have these colonists brought into communication with the outside world and their produce to find a ready market.

You find yourselves in Holland,
"Not the land across the sea,
Of windmills, dykes, and gallantry;
Its western namesake, the retreat
Of its oppressed, the chosen seat
Where enterprise and piety so happily combined,
Free exercise and scope and fair reward have sought to find."

It may interest you to know that the names of the provinces of the Netherlands were given to the communities that lie adjacent to this city, North Holland, Vriesland, Zeeland, Groningen, Drenthe and Overisel. Brave little Holland, as it were, bodily transplanted into the heart of America, and yet among its citizens here, no hyphen between the Yankee and the Dutch, to indicate a divided allegiance.

You find yourselves at Hope College, upon these grounds which are not our domain, but yours. The title to this campus of sixteen acres extending from Tenth to Twelfth streets and from Columbia to College avenues, with its nine buildings, not all of them imposing, and the title to the campus of the Western Theological Seminary directly south, with its three well appointed buildings, is vested in the Board of Direction, the holding company of the Reformed Church in America. I want to congratulate you that the lines have fallen unto you in such pleasant places and that you have so goodly a heritage. You are here, not by courtesy, but by right.

To this State of Michigan with its varied and abundant resources, with its furniture and Fords, with its celery and salt, with its timber and ores, with its grains and fruits, we bid you welcome; to the City of Holland, beautiful for situation, with its modest homes, its shaded streets, its miles of level concrete walk, its 12,000 peaceable, industrious and contented people, its orderly government, its splendid schools, its five flourishing Reformed Churches, not to speak of other churches of separate faith and order, we bid you cordial welcome; to this college of your planting, fostered by your prayers and sustained by your generous gifts, the hope of the colonists in their early hardships and struggles and no less the hope of the Reformed Church in these Middle and farther West States to-day, we bid you thrice welcome. We have endeavored during the past fifty years to maintain and develop the high ideals of Christian education for which the Reformed Church has always stood. God has blessed your gifts and our labors, and heard our united prayers, so that this college has risen to a proud and enviable position among the denominational colleges of this State and other States.

It is known to you that on this joyous occasion a note of sadness intermingles with our anthems of praise and jubilation, for only day before yesterday we bore to its last resting place the body of our beloved Vice President, Prof. John Henry Kleinheksel, and only last September we carried to the grave our lamented and honored President Emeritus, Doctor Gerrit J. Kollen. Since you were kind enough, just five years ago, to confirm my appointment to the position which I occupy, four of our Professors have passed out of this world, and one has resigned, and these five men together, James G. Sutphen, Henry Boers, Gerrit J. Kollen, John H. Kleinheksel and Prof. D. Yntema have given the college 162 years of splendid service. These men did not outlive their usefulness, but thought it worth while to give their whole lives to this Christian educational work; these, and those who were associated with them—for we have men on the faculty now who are just as loyal and devoted—have wrought themselves into the very framework of the educational system which we have here.

When we speak, not in a spirit of self laudation, but for mutual encouragement and to the praise of God's goodness, we need make no apology for calling attention to a few facts relative to our position. I want to say first of all that Hope College has outgrown its provincialism. We are not ministering only to the young men and women of this immediate vicinity. Among our student body are represented 15 different States of the Union, from Vermont and New York and New Jersey on the East, to Montana and the Dakotas and Nebraska on the West, besides Japan, the Netherlands and Canada. We have enrolled this year a larger number than ever, in all departments including the Theological Seminary, 478, and we are well able to take care of them all.

As for the quality of the work done, suffice to say that eleven of our recent graduates are now doing post-graduate work in seven different universities of the United States and in Oxford, England, on scholarships which they have won, and that of all the young men of the State of Michigan from all the institutions of learning, denominational and State, who have successfully passed the qualifying examinations for the Rhodes Scholarship, fifty per cent are Hope College graduates. Our graduating class this year, numbering 46, is the largest in the history of the institution, and one of its members only a few weeks ago won first place in oratory in a State contest, then in a contest of a group of States, and finally in the National contest, carrying away a prize of a hundred dollars. That young man is a member of Dr. Fagg's church in New York City, who has taken his college course here. A graduate of 1914, now a member of the middle class in the Western Theological Seminary, recently won the first prize in an essay contest, that was open to the young men of all the Theological Seminaries of this country. The prize was \$500.

As to the fruits of Hope College during the half century, let me say that of our graduates who will number 607 when we have graduated this class, 248 have become Ministers of the Gospel, and are holding up the banner of the cross, north and south and east and west, in our own denomination and

in others, while 52 have gone to foreign mission fields as preachers or teachers or doctors.

With regard to our material equipment—buildings and appliances—they are all pressed to the very top notch of service and efficiency. We might do a still larger and better work if we had more and better equipment. What a splendid opportunity for the exercise of Christian munificence this campus presents to those who would like to raise a memorial to their loved ones or to themselves. Who among those who have enjoyed God's favor would not like to have *his* name or *her* name coupled with that of Van Raalte and Graves and Winants and Voorhees and Carnegie and the others who have so liberally contributed to our endowment, as benefactors of this institution of learning?

Fathers and Brethren of the Synod, Alumni, Visitors to the City of Holland, Friends, we bid you all this morning a thrice cordial welcome to the doings of this day.

Response to Address of Welcome

Rev. Peter Moerdyke, D. D., Class of 1866

I have been profoundly impressed with the great and glorious showing you have made for this institution. As a Denomination we are proud of it. We are thankful that such a record as this could be now here related on this occasion. We look back to its first beginnings. It was very feeble in its infancy. The motto which I desired to inscribe upon the banner of our first class, "Tandem Fit Surculus Arbor" which gives many of you a fit to translate, was the motto of Prince Maurice of Nassau, who at the age of 17 years succeeded his father, William the Silent of Orange, as stadholder when he was assassinated, and this young man, who became the greatest general of his age, knew that the Dutch Republic from being a little twig should become a great and mighty tree, and that has been the history of Hope College. It was my fortune and it was my privilege to be identified with it when it was a very little twig. A man who was about to be hanged was asked on what tree he preferred to be hanged. He said a Gooseberry tree.

They told him that it was too small, whereupon, he said, "I can afford to wait for it to grow." Well, we have waited and we have seen this tree grow, and what wonderful fruit! Haven't your hearts been stirred by the recital of these facts that Doctor Vennema, the President, has presented to us this morning?

When arrangements were to be made at the Ottawa Beach hotel for the entertainment of the men from the East, particularly, I don't wish to cast any reflection on the rest, the proprietor asked whether the bar should be opened. Evidently we don't need that kind of an inspiration. We have something that is infinitely better. Our hearts are stirred and will be stirred by what we hear still further today. But I have thought during these days, if all fine comments and all fine, heartfelt, sincere and simple and unsophisticated tributes that shall be paid to Hope College by all of you, young and old, and every one of you, and all in the city and roundabout, were known, there would be a volume of eloquence, such as God only can hear, and that would be an expression far surpassing that which we shall hear today. For down deep in the hearts of all of you there are emotions, there are convictions, there are praises to God, which shall perhaps not be voiced, but God shall hear them, and let him be the recipient of all honor and all glory.

The General Synod which I have the honor to represent has been a fostering mother to this institution. The General Synod remembers the time when the delegates from the West came to the East where we always assembled with great anxiety written upon their faces as to what General Synod would do for this institution; that was the great question year after year out West; it was the great concern of all who were interested in the promotion, the development, the expansion of our church in the West, especially centering here in this institution. There was an earnest desire that General Synod should do some great thing that should give a new impulse, new impetus to the development of the institution. It took earnestness those days to bring facts before men and produce strong convictions. But the brethren in the East, I remember

some of those grand names, the Taylors' and the Huttons' and men like that, how they did fall in and respond! And in their generations, among their successors, names are today in this Synod that remind me of some of these fathers and grandfathers. They entered into sympathy with the institution, and they gradually and more and more rapidly and mightily and enthusiastically developed this institution. Under God the denomination has done a great deal for this institution. And the denomination feels amply repaid today. I am sure that I voice the sentiment of our entire denomination when I say we thank God for what we did; we thank God that we builded better than we knew, and that here is this mighty monument that has been reared in these 50 years. Only a few days ago comparatively the Particular Synod of Chicago met in Orange City, and when we were looking over that Academy from which we have drawn very largely as a feeder, I had great thoughts, and I uttered them on the way to Chicago to one of my fellow travelers or several of them in a little group. I said, Brethren, I envy the young people of today with their wonderful privileges. Oh, how great they are compared with what I enjoyed! I said, I want to say to you one thing, I thank God that I am not beginning life today, that my lot was cast in those early and pioneer days, in the struggle, in the battle, in the development process, in the evolution of this institution, and that I had the privilege of being indented with it in its infancy. And I thank God that that life of mine has been thus spent in this history that we are reciting today. But there is a wonderful responsibility upon the present generation, Mr. President, and you will impress it, I am sure, with your spirit and your ability and your example upon these young people that are entrusted to your charge. There is a wonderful responsibility resting upon them to take up this work in the same spirit and with the same holy ideals and to carry it on to completion, and we know that under God and the blessing of our denomination, and the prayers and intercessions of us all you will have a still more glorious future. We congratulate you, Mr. President.

Poem

Rev. Henry E. Dosker, D. D., Class of 1876

"Spera Tu in Deo"

Our voices we raise in a Jubilee song.

Our feet are treading the lofty height

Of the mountain-top of pure delight,

Where the curtain of time is rolled away,

Where the mist-wrapped past and the bright today

Before our vision are swept along.

The past is the present, the present the past;

They are linked together by bands of steel,

They bear the mark of the selfsame seal,

A motto, which long as the ages will last—

"Spera tu in Deo."

A turmoil I see and a menace of blood.

Our fathers are treading the gory way,

That leads to the light of liberty's day.

They're struggling and dying as they fall,

Man, matron and maid, death grips them all.

But living or dying, they're breasting the flood.

They're gaining, they conquer, their warfare is o'er,

The struggle is ended, the victory won,

The life of a Church-born State has begun.

And angels are hymning, as upward they soar—

"Spera tu in Deo."

A nation dishonored and broken I see.

The faith of the fathers is burning low;

The Church is crushed by blow upon blow:

And, shame of shames, the faithful few,

Who're struggling to build God's house anew,

Are outraged and outlawed by royal decree.

The past in the present is living again.

But, buoyed by their faith, they are able to spy

A motto of hope on so lowering a sky,

Whose bright, golden letters will ever remain—

"Spera tu in Deo."

From the thrall of man and the guiled rod,
They sought surcease on the boundless sea.
They're free at last, forever free!

Blow fair, ye winds, lie low, ye storms,
The ark of Hope rests in your arms,
You're carrying out the plans of God.

And the surging sea and the soughing breeze
Are steadily bearing the pilgrims West.
A new world clasps them to its breast;
A new life bids their sorrows cease.

"Spera tu in Deo."

A wilderness grim, untouched by man;
A forest primeval, forbidding, still;
An army of giants to work their will
On the pigmies, who dared them in their might,
Whose blows fall weakly as they smite,
When rashly into the fray they ran.

What courage rare inspires such zeal,
Such will to dare, such power to do?
What fires their hearts, as on they go?
'Tis the voice of old, their battle peal—

"Spera tu in Deo."

And slowly the army is pressing along,
And singly the giants topple and fall,
As cheerily rings the woodsman's call.
The brawl has taken its toll of life,
A harvest of death has followed the strife,
But the remnant are raising the victor's song.
Lo, temples of God are dotting the plain!
And true to the heritage of the past,
They think of their children first, not last;
And Church and school send out the refrain—

"Spera tu in Deo."

All hail to the chief, whose eagle eye
 Could scan in the thick and the murk of the strife,
 A distant horizon, a bigness of life,
 With omens for good or for evil filled.
 His heart with the dread of danger chilled,
 And *his* was the thought of the remedy.
 A beacon of light must be lifted on high.
 A hunger to know and to see and to serve
 Must fill every bosom and thrill every nerve,
 And every soul must re-echo the cry—
"Spera tu in Deo."

A forest-girt college sprang up in the wood,
 A weakly, preposterous, poor affair.
 Nor were the Sanballats lacking there,
 Who scoffed, derided, blustered and sneered,
 As slowly the building of Hope was reared,
 Whilst far apart from the builders they stood.
 But trusting in God, their hands were not stayed,
 And tier upon tier the walls arose.
 Unshaken, their faith and their calm repose,
 Their motto still ringing, as ever they prayed,
"Spera tu in Deo."

All hail to the shades of the leaders of yore!
 Our Taylor, Van Vleck, Van Raalte's right hand.
 Our Phelps, prophet, dreamer and gentleman grand,
 Invincible optimist, weakness made strong,
 Whose note of acclaim we accent and prolong.
 And those, who with him the unbearable bore—
 Our Scott and our Mandeville, trying in vain
 To pilot the waterlogged, wallowing ship
 Which daily seemed nearer the fatal dip;
 Yet striving and shouting with might and main—
"Spera tu in Deo."

All hail to our Moses, our savior, our friend,
Scarce used to his grave 'mid the vernal green,
Whose spirit looks down on this festive scene
Our Kollen, whose fertile and restless brain
Refounded our Hope and lifted amain
The burden, 'neath which her shoulders were bent.
A garland of roses we place on thy grave;
Hope ne'er can repay thee the debt she owes;
The motto grand, which the fathers chose,
Thou'st deeply cut in our architrave—
"Spera tu in Deo."

The beacon-light threw its beams afar
And hundreds by its rays were drawn.
It spelled brain's victory over brawn.
A holy fire began to blaze,
And many a youth, with ardent gaze,
Beheld the twinkling of this star.
It spread its blessing far and near.
Its name was known in every clime,
Its power grew with passing time,
And yet it holds its motto dear—
"Spera tu in Deo."

All eyes were turned to the forest shrine
And willing hearts their tribute paid,
As loving sacrifice was made.
New halls arose, like flowers full blown,
Where direst poverty once was known.
A brighter sun had begun to shine.
An end had come to our tears and pain,
Prayers had been answered, cries were heard,
And deeper and deeper our hearts were stirred,
As we listened to the sweet refrain—
"Spera tu in Deo."

All hail to our prex, the man of today,
 The heir of a rich and varied past,
 On whom Elijah's mantle was cast.
 Alumni, stand by him in the fight,
 We're struggling upwards to the light,
 And he is our leader in the way.
 Alluring ideals are gleaming before,
 A broad'ning horizon looms ahead.
 We'll fight and follow as we're led,
 Still pealing out the cry of yore—
"Spera tu in Deo."

Then raise your voice in a festive lay.
 Now stand upon the lofty height
 Of the mountain top of pure delight.
 "Excelsior," let your motto be,
 On this our day of Jubilee.
 "Not yet attained" we cry today.
 "Ad astra," but "per aspera."
 We'll strive as if we never strove,
 We'll lift the name of Hope above;
 True to the light our fathers saw—
"Spera tu in Deo."

Our oath we renew 'on this festal day,
 To be true to the plans our fathers made,
 In the gloomy light of the forest-shade;
 To keep ever before us their noble aim
 And ne'er on our altar, strange gods to acclaim
 Or e'er bow the knee to idols of clay.
 Our future and present must find in the past
 The mighty dynamic of every move;
 Then long as our school, the motto we love,
 Sweet motto of hope and strength, will last—
"Spera tu in Deo."

A Historical Sketch of Hope College

Rev. G. De Jonge, Class of 1882

In 1859 the Board of Education R. C. A., in conjunction with the Board of Domestic Missions, appointed the Reverend Philip Phelps, Jr., of Hastings on Hudson as Principal of the Holland Academy, an institution of the Reformed Church founded in the wilds of Western Michigan in 1851, at the earnest request of Dutch immigrants, who under their able, enthusiastic and clear-sighted leader, the Reverend Albertus C. Van Raalte, had founded a colony in these wilds in 1847.

This man was destined to realize the hopes of the colony in raising the Academy to the grade of a College and further to complete the system of education by opening a Theological Seminary in connection with it.

Men had looked upon the venture as a forlorn hope—this founding of an academy in the heart of a foreign colony, lacking the very rudiments of Americanization. So it might seem, especially when one man after another had been driven from the field by overwork, worry and sickness. Little did they know the character of the founder of the colony or realize what can be accomplished with a firm determination to attain a purpose, coupled with faith in God. These the pioneers had.

Doctor Phelps came, feeling it his duty to accept the call that came to him. Of himself he wrote at a later day: "I set out with the simple idea that, as a College at the West was indispensable to Church extension, such a College should by the grace of God, be planted." For that purpose he was officially sent and, for that purpose, he expressly and openly went. The idea has never been lost sight of, and all things were made to bend to it. In no other way could the relation of the academy to the Church be justified, or the expression of the General Synod, in 1858, be realized as to the commanding importance of this Institution to the growth of our Church in the West.

At last, after years of discussion and agitation in the East, beginning in 1836, and of hope and faith and prayer and patience in the West, a man had appeared on the scene who

had confidence in the venture upon which he was to enter and faith in God that He would crown his efforts with success. *A man of one idea*, an efficient co-laborer with Dr. Van Raalte, for one great cause.

Doctor Phelps began his labors as Principal of the Academy in 1859, but we shall silently pass the first three years of his labor except for this one remark that he made a rigid classification of the students, a matter but partially accomplished before this, established more fixed courses of study, gradually eliminating advanced work, in preparation for entering advanced classes in Rutgers College, so that the Academy might be a preparatory school and no more. But all this was preparatory to the realization of his great aim.

Thus we come to the opening of the school in 1862, and ten of the thirteen graduates of the Academy for that year were enrolled as a regular Freshman class. Hope College had been begun. Ask me not for an official warrant for this step, there was none except the following action of the General Synod: "It is to be fondly hoped that the curriculum of the classroom in this Institution will, at no distant day, be of such an elevated grade, as to afford the advantages of a finished Collegiate education, and thus obviate the expensive necessity of entering other institutions for this purpose." Yet there was a warrant for all this in the purpose for which Doctor Phelps came, in the compelling needs of the West, in the desire of ten young men to be trained in the West, for Western work. Indeed these men, and only to a lesser degree, the classes that entered the nascent college in the succeeding three years, had much to do with the organization of Hope College. They created the demand. Nor should it be forgotten that they sacrificed all the superior advantages that older and well-equipped institutions might offer, when they became the pioneer class in a yet nameless school.

What was there to attract them? A beautiful campus, it is true, and on it, Van Vleck Hall, then the most imposing structure in Holland, and a gymnasium which they had helped to build; and that was all of physical equipment. A faculty of one professor, with no prospect of a speedy and material increase.

Well might the Principal say of them in later years: "Providentially, those most interested, at this juncture, were not mere lads, but young men of character. From their correspondence with those who had preceded them, they were well aware of the superiority of outward advantages presented at the Eastern University; but that was after all, only one element in the whole inquiry. Their whole life was to be one of consecration. Would they be better fitted for it, by steeling themselves against attractions naturally inviting and by helping to build themselves in the foundation of a great essential enterprise; and had they reason to believe that the Lord would accept and reward their sacrifice? By faith they were enabled to make a wise decision."

A step forward had been taken, but this necessitated others: these came in quick succession. In 1863 the General Synod appointed a Board of Superintendents representative of the four Classes of the Particular Synod of Chicago, and authorized an endowment of thirty thousand dollars, to be raised by this Board. In 1864 the Synod took the following action by which the College was authorized:

"Resolved, that the project of a denominational College for the West be cordially endorsed by this Synod, and that all necessary arrangements for the establishment of the same be entrusted to the Board of Superintendents for the Holland Academy, and to the Synod of Chicago.

"Resolved, that Rev. Philip Phelps be recommended to the classes and the churches in his efforts to raise eighty-five thousand dollars for the said College and that the money so raised be paid to the Board of Direction, subject to the action of General Synod."

This whole procedure was based upon action of the Particular Synod of Chicago, which at its session of that year, had outlined and recommended an educational program so complete that, after fifty years, with all the development along these lines, it has not yet been realized.

Meanwhile, in 1863, Rev. T. Romeyn Beck had been appointed as instructor in Latin and Greek, Rev. P. J. Oggel, as instructor in Bible and Dutch, and the following year Rev.

J. Mason Ferris was added to the faculty to teach Mental and Moral Philosophy. The latter, however, retained charge of his church at Grand Rapids and could give but part of his time to the work. On the other hand, Principal Phelps had to give much of his time to endowment work in which he was so successful that, at the Synod of 1865, he could report \$40,000 subscribed, and the following year over \$21,000 was paid in, and the way was open to incorporate the College under State law, which was finally completed on May 14, 1866.

Under express synodical stipulation, the Board of Education retained the right to appoint the President and Professors as long as the Institution should depend on it for aid. In accordance with this provision, the Board appointed Rev. Philip Phelps D. D., President of the College and the following members on the faculty: Rev. T. Romeyn Beck, Rev. P. J. Oggel, Rev. Charles Scott, Rev. Albertus B. Veenhuizen and shortly afterwards Rev. Cornelius E. Crispell. Mr. Veenhuizen declined the appointment, and the Council filled the vacancy by the appointment of Cornelius Doesburg as tutor. He was the Council's first appointee.

On July 12, 1866, President Phelps was duly inaugurated by a committee composed of Rev. Mansius S. Hutton D. D., Rev. John L. See D. D., and Rev. William H. Ten Eyck D. D.; Rev. Isaac N. Wyckoff, the friend of the Dutch immigrants, and Rev. Cornelius Van Der Meulen, one of the founders of the colony and prime movers for higher Christian education in the West, participated in the service. Rev. A. C. Van Raalte, the leader of the immigration and actual founder of Hope College was not present, because failing health had compelled him to seek recuperation in the Netherlands.

Two days later the first commencement was held and eight graduates received the degree of A. B.

The College was now an accomplished fact, but the whole object had not been attained as yet. With an eye to the future, the Articles of Incorporation provided for a Theological Department, and the young men who were about to graduate had overtured the General Synod of 1866 for permission to continue their further preparation for the ministry in the West.

What could the Synod do? They well knew that this had been the aim of the Western Classes, they were fully convinced that this would be the outcome. They granted the request tentatively, and the pioneer class of the College became the pioneer class of the Seminary. Temporarily the Council was permitted to make the necessary arrangements, on condition that no extra expense should be incurred. The following year Professor Crispell of the College was elected Synod's professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology, and the ministerial professors of the College faculty became lecturers of theology in the Theological Department.

Great difficulties had been overcome, but greater difficulties awaited the Institution in future days. A great work had been accomplished, but a greater task still lay before the authorities. I pass over the next decade with the brief mention of a few salient points. As should be the case, each professor had his own department, but was in charge of many others; thus Professor Beck was professor of Latin and Greek Literature, he was in charge of Evidences of Christianity, and Lecturer in Biblical Criticism and Hebrew and Greek in the Theological department. Prof. Scott was professor of Natural History and Chemistry, in charge of History in the College, and Lecturer in Sacred History, Church History and Church Government in the School of Theology. Prof. Crispell had the chair of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. Besides all this, he was professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology and, that his time might be fully occupied he was in charge of Practical Theology.

President Phelps taught as occasion required, which means that he was in charge of every thing not otherwise provided for. In 1867, William A. Shields of the pioneer class was added to the faculty as a general tutor. Four years later he became assistant professor of English Language and Literature and of Rhetoric. That same year Gerrit J. Kollen became assistant professor of Mathematics, and Rev. P. Moerdyke assistant Professor of Greek and Latin.

Besides all these, several local ministers rendered more or less service; among them Revs. Abel T. Steward, R. Pieters,

Henry Utterwick, and Chr. Van Der Veen, in the several departments.

In the Preparatory Department, much of the work was done by student-tutors. During the decade no less than twenty-eight were thus engaged.

Should one ask, why this condition? Why not enlarge the Faculty to meet the requirements? The simple answer must be that the income of the institution did not warrant a step forward in this direction, indeed the Board of Education never saw its way clear to make a new appointment after 1866, and even failed to appoint a successor to Rev. Veenhuizen, who never entered upon his duties. Meanwhile the Council had appointed four men on their own authority and at their own expense on the meagre income at their command, almost wholly derived from fees and voluntary contributions. On the other hand, the Endowment work did not continue as well as it began, and throughout the period the Institution presented the sad spectacle of a family living beyond its means; the result being an ever increasing indebtedness until it threatened the very existence of the Institution.

In 1872 came the Quarter-Centennial of the colony, and the Ebenezer Endowment was begun as a fitting memorial. This increased the endowment by \$15,000, but the additional income derived therefrom could not save the day. The crisis came in 1877 when the debt had increased to \$29,000. The Theological Department was suspended, never to be reopened again. The next year General Synod ordered a re-organization of the College. For this purpose a committee, composed of Rev. E. W. Bentley, Elder Peter S. Danforth and G. Van Nostrand, was authorized to accept the resignations of the President and the Faculty, and arrange with the Council for the settlement of the debt and the continuation of the work.

From this time the official connection of President Phelps with the Institution was severed, but his name will always be mentioned honorably in connection with the College, his fidelity and self-sacrificing devotion to its interests deserve grateful recognition, he made an impression which, until this day remains a molding factor in the College. He instilled in the

minds of the student body the following principles: The religious life is the basis of an intellectual life, a high sense of personal honor, and the Gospel ministry is the highest vocation for service.

In the re-organization of the institution, Dr. Giles H. Mandeville became provisional president, in charge of the finances, Prof. Scott became vice president, in charge of the administration, Professors Cornelius Doesburg, T. Romeyn Beck, William A. Shields and G. J. Kollen were re-appointed and John H. Kleinheksel and Henry Boers were added to the faculty. But re-organization could not remedy the evil. In 1881 definite steps were taken to liquidate the debt and to prevent the recurrence of it in the future. If such energetic measures had been adopted before and maintained thereafter, perhaps many of the difficulties might have been prevented.

Yet this crisis was not all a loss, or an unmitigated evil. From this time dates—first, the abolition of student-teaching as a policy; secondly, the enrollment of lady students in the regular classes of the Institution. Co-education became a policy, thus realizing one of the earliest ideas of the colonists, the income became sufficient to meet the expenses.

Dr. Mandeville was succeeded by Dr. Scott in 1880, as provisional President, but continued financial agent until the task of liquidating the debt was completed in 1882.

Dr. Scott was elected constitutional President in 1885 and continued in office until his resignation in 1893, when failing health compelled him to relinquish the work to which he had dedicated his life. At the time of the re-organization the administration really passed into his hands, and, while still continuing his work as a professor, which was both arduous and varied, it became his duty to care for a growing institution, whose faculty increased from seven to nine, and whose student body increased from 78 to 203, but whose income never reached \$12,000 in all these years. Meanwhile new conditions demanded an increase of courses and, consequently, of teaching force, and an increase of salaries also, for the day of small things was passing, the day of larger means had not yet come. These few remarks must suffice to describe the difficulties of

Doctor Scott's presidency. In the last catalogue issued by Doctor Scott, after speaking of the progress that had been made, he enumerated the needs of the College in equipment and endowment, and then adds: "The retiring President has all this in hope, sees it as a vision, not a dream, and feels that his successor will witness the accomplishment, and yet more in prospect, but dependent upon the divine injunction, 'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' " These words of Doctor Scott were, indeed, prophetic.

Professor Gerrit J. Kollen LL. D., a graduate of the College of the class of 1868 and connected with the institution as a professor since 1871, at one time its financial agent, was elected to succeed President Scott and immediately entered upon the duties of his office. It became his privilege to realize many of the hopes and expectations of those who had gone before. He brought to his task an intimate acquaintance with the character, aims and needs of the Institution, a rich and varied experience along financial lines, and an enthusiasm and unconquerable optimism that simply refused to be overcome by obstacles. A man of commanding appearance, he inspired confidence with the people. A man with a wonderful tact to gain his object.

Three things had become absolutely necessary. There must be more buildings larger lecture rooms, Laboratories, which until now had existed in name only, must become realities. The teaching force must be enlarged so that the number of courses offered might be increased. Though a literary institution, offering a liberal education, its Christian character must be retained and appear in its curriculum. This last requirement was the first to be met, when the Chair of Bible was established in 1895.

But fundamental to all this was the increase of resources, there must be a larger endowment, also the means to obtain more complete equipment. With the money secured, all the rest might be obtained.

The first efforts were begun during President Scott's administration. The pressing need of a larger income had led to the appointment of Rev. Jas. F. Zwemer for the purpose

of raising one hundred thousand dollars for the endowment of the Western Institutions, one half of which amount was to go to Hope College. This work was nearing its completion in 1893. Besides this, Professor Kollen was commissioned to secure funds for the erection of a library building in which he succeeded so well that Graves Library and Winants Chapel were in course of erection when he was elected President, the dedication of the building preceding his inauguration by one day, during the commencement season of 1894.

The next building to be erected was Van Raalte Memorial Hall, a fitting tribute to the great leader of the immigration, the father of Hope College. This building, so well planned in all its appointments, marked a great advance in the physical equipment of the Institution. Three years later Carnegie Gymnasium replaced the building that student hands had erected in old Academy days; and the following year Elizabeth Voorhees Girls' Residence was erected.

To this period belongs the equipment of the chemical, physical, and biological laboratories and also the erection of the Mary L. Ackerman Hoyt Observatory.

We must next glance at the teaching force. When Dr. Kollen began his labors as president there was a faculty of nine, at the time of his resignation it was composed of twenty-one members. During the same period the number of students increased from 203 to 357. During the first twenty-seven years the College graduated 185 students, during the eighteen years of Dr. Kollen's administration 334 students received their degrees. So much for the development of the Institution. Meanwhile the expenditures increased from \$11,614 to \$38,199 and the permanent funds increased from \$113,000, nearly, to almost \$400,000.

After forty years of service, years of incessant toil and worry, but also of large success, the President felt constrained to resign his office in 1911, and the Council elected Rev. Ame Vennema D. D. of the class of 1879 his successor.

Of these last five years it will be unnecessary to speak at length. The era of growth and development has not ended. All along the line advances have been made. The Faculty

was increased to twenty-three, the enrollment of students has the number of 424.

The permanent funds have passed the half million mark.

Just a brief glance at results.

In the minds of the founders, Hope College had a special purpose to serve and the question still remains whether the Institution has, and does answer that purpose. It is a well known fact that Hope College is a denominational school and in some way must serve the church under whose patronage it was founded. It is also a well known fact that, while it was intended to be a literary institution, yet as a part of the whole educational scheme in the West, while furnishing a liberal education, preparatory for all stations of usefulness and service, it was expected to furnish ministers of the Gospel at home and abroad.

It is with pride that the Reformed Church in America can point to its College as having sent into the ministry over 63% of its male alumni, and more than 55% of all its alumni, during a period of fifty years—a record held by no other similar institution in the land, or the world, perhaps. Nearly 205 of the graduates have entered the teaching profession as professors in seminaries, universities, colleges, academies, and high schools, the remainder are filling various stations of usefulness in various occupations, all reflecting honor on their Alma Mater.

The total of the graduates is 561, of which 71 are women. Of that number, 63 have gone to their reward. Of the living, 32 are in Asia, 2 in Africa, 1 in Europe, 2 in Canada and 461 are scattered in 31 states of the Union.

The Preparatory School, begun in 1851 and since the incorporation of Hope College, a part of it, has graduated 1,036 students of which 246 are women.

Looking back upon a history of sixty-five years, since the first four students began their studies under Principal Taylor in a wilderness, we wonder at the aspirations, faith and hope of the pioneers. We admire the courage of Taylor, Van Vleck and Phelps, who undertook a well nigh hopeless task. We reverently thank God, who raised up friends for the

cause in its darkest hours, for the measure of success that attended the efforts of bygone days, and who, amidst all the struggles of the past, enabled the Institution to become one of the streams that make glad the City of our God.

Alumni Address

Rev. J. M. Vander Meulen, D. D., Class of 1891

Mr. President, Fellow Alumni, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

I have been slated to make an address for the alumni, but could not ascertain what was the subject on which I was supposed to speak. There are of course many topics on which at such a reunion as this an alumnus might speak feelingly: for example the wives we have married or those we have failed to and vice versa, the husbands; the money we have made and some that we didn't, etc. But we are assembled to-day, I take it, to think not of ourselves but of our Alma Mater. And since we have already had the past described for us in a most accurate and illuminating way, I shall turn to the subject of the future, and I shall try to put more fully in prose for the understanding of the simple on the earth and in the valley what the poet in sublime thought and language in closing outline has pictured for those who can follow him in his climb up the mountains and his flights through the azure. The most attractive subject in all the world for a man ought always to be the future. Oh, yes, we honor those men of the past. We speak of them in all reverence. They in their day redeemed themselves from the common place. If I may dedicate a bit of quoted doggerel to them:

"I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might-Have-Been by far;
For a Might-Have-Been has never been,
But a Has was once an Are."

But as for us, we are also all glad to have the future before us, to win our spurs if we are at the threshold of our career, to make good the uncompleted tasks of our lives, if we have already been on the job, and to redeem whatever of mistakes there may have been in the past by the betterment

of what lies before. So to you I dedicate this further doggerel, also quoted:

"I'd rather be a Could-Be
If I could not be an Are;
For a Could-Be is a May-Be,
With a chance of touching par."

God, too, I feel, always wants a man to have his face forward. Jesus tried to set us so, when he taught us to pray daily, "Thy Kingdom come." And that it may be so with us, even when we think of our dear, departed dead, God, when he takes them from us, takes them from behind us and places them before us, so that the only way we can get to them again is to look forward and reach out to the future.

And, besides all that, if you ask what it was that made these men of the past themselves so great, then was it not precisely this same thing which made that list of heroes in the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews so great, that they had set their faces to the future?

There are a great many men in life who fail of greatness because their attitude to life is expressed by that Fourth of July orator who, on rising to speak, was suddenly afflicted with a fall of temperature in his physical fundamentals and a loss of coupling pins in his train of thought, and delivered himself about as follows: "Fellow-citizens: Washington was a great man, great patriot, great soldier, Father of his country; but—he's dead. And then there was Webster; he was a great statesman, greatest orator this land has seen. But—he's dead. And there is Abraham Lincoln. He was the emancipator of the slave, the savior of his country; but—he's dead. And—and—here am I. And I—well to tell the honest truth, I'm not feeling very well myself." Of course he didn't feel very well. No man who adopts that attitude to life, who goes through life facing backward and seeming to think that all that is worth while is either dead or pretty sick, is either going to feel very well or do very much. The very glory of these great men of the past, the glory of these men who founded

this colony, was that, "forgetting the things that are behind," they strove for the mark of "the high call" of the future.

And what is the thing they did that expressed that attitude more than all other things? What is the one best thing they did for the generations that were to come immediately after? Was it not the building of this institution? Try for a moment to think what this colony would have been if they had not done that. If they had been content to come here merely in the spirit in which some of the later immigrants did come here, if they had been content merely to make a living, where would have been, not only the unity of this colony, but where would have been its progress and what its idealism? It is not only that they would have lost all their identity as a people—and that in itself is always a bad thing whether for a person or for a community—but many and many a lad and lassie would never have received any education at all. It was the love of this institution and the idealism which it inspired that moved these poverty stricken men and women to make the sacrifices needed to send their sons and daughters here. And it was this that also begot in them always the thought and desire to consecrate their highest and best, the finest of the wheat, the firstling of the flock, to the highest ends for which it is possible to live. Without this institution they would have lost, not only their identity, but their message.

Now what is the one best thing that we, their successors, can do for the future to which we owe a responsibility? Is it not precisely the building of this institution, the further completion of their dream? There are some who, lost in the mere materialism of the present, seem to miss that. To them it seems almost as if the denominational and Christian college is a thing past or passing. The public schools have grown large and efficient. Secular universities, state universities, have grown and grown in size till like some huge octopus they have reached out extension arms to grasp everything educational. And even Christian parents and Christian children have been drawn into this all devouring maw.

What I want to say is that he is no prophet of the future, he is a mere creature of the present, who thinks that the future

of either God's world or Christ's Kingdom lies in that direction. Already even secular education is beginning to feel the need, for the future safety and progress of the world, of precisely that which the Christian college has had to give. Mr. James J. Hill was not a church member, but no man better understood the material progress of our country than he, and Mr. James J. Hill said shortly before his death: "The denominational colleges have their place and let me say that nothing in the world will ever take their place. . . . The small Christian college"—I am still quoting Mr. Hill—"is the hope of America. Character is essential to statesmanship and these colleges are vital factors in the development of sterling character." And Doctor Thompson, president of the Ohio State University, a secular institution, in a recent address dwelt on the necessity for the welfare of our country of maintaining and enlarging the denominational college. I talked not long ago with the secretary of education for the Presbyterian Church in the United States and he told me how the tide of opinion was beginning to set in again toward the denominational and Christian college. "More and more," he writes, "the leaders in education are demanding maturity in intellect and morals for those who enter the graduate schools. The atmosphere of the real university is not suited to the immature youth. His place is in the Christian college."

And meanwhile here and there in the land there are beginning to be movements fairly well launched and fairly well defined toward even the building of some one or more great Christian universities which shall be the equal in material equipment and intellectual brilliancy of anything the state can boast and which shall, in addition to that, place the emphasis where it belongs, on the moral and spiritual side of a man and be wholeheartedly loyal to Christ.

Now such was precisely the dream with which our founders faced the future. The greatness of the dream is that it may be dreamed over again in each new age and generation. It is through the partial realization of that dream that they blessed their generation, and the ones that came immediately after. Let it be our dream. Our business is not chiefly with what

Hope College has been or even is. It is with what she shall be ten, twenty-five, fifty years from now. It is in a changing order and a growing world to make her hold the relative position for the new generation, which she held for our fathers and for us.

Many of us have become fathers. So we are beginning to live life over again. In our hopes and ambitions we are projecting ourselves further into the future, into the years which are still to be lived by our sons and daughters. It is here, I am dreaming my boy shall some day be educated, if Hope College maintains relatively the same efficiency and remains true to the same moral idealism which is hers today. I want that for him, not merely for the safety of it. I want it for the power of him. For the leaders of the future of this country, the men who must solve its most perplexing problems and guide its destinies, will be, as they always have been, not men of mere intellect, but men of intellect plus the high idealism of the cross of Christ. And so this morning, with uplifted hand and facing forward, I want to pledge you, my fellow-alumni, to the Hope College of the future.

So facing I would like to take up the refrain with which our poet ended; I too would like to burst into song though it is but an adaptation.

Oh, Dutchmen, we have met to-day to clasp each others hands;
 We have made a noble clearing where our settlement now
 stands;
 Now let's view the consummation of our present hopes and
 fears,
 Let's see what lies before in these coming fifty years.

We have wandered in the moonlight, we have stayed till after
 ten,
 We have called successive evenings and then have called
 again;
 We have begged an angel's mercy; would she calm our doubts
 and fears,
 Would she promise to be ours these coming fifty years.

There's Keesje and there's Klaasien, there's Mietje and there's
Ko,

There's Gerrit Jan and Hendrik Jan and little Berend too,
How they have kept a-coming, the precious little dears,
And we'll grow some fine chrysanthemums these coming
fifty years.

Our Alma Mater standeth not as in the days gone by,
She has heaved this new gymnasium roof against the
glowing sky,

She has called her new professors in to stimulate their peers.
And it's no Van Winkle sleep she'll have these coming
fifty years.

She has made a noble effort in the space 'twixt now and there,
For Kollen's financiering was no castle in the air,
And our lads have won the championship and hold it by the
ears,
And they'll make a blazing record now these coming fifty
years.

Professors, some are still at work who ground us through
the mill,
And Vennema to furnish power to run it with-a will;
May pockets open to him and all hail to him who steers
The largest progeny to him these coming fifty years.

They will watch the microbe hunted down and slaughtered in
his lair;
They will chuck the automobile and go sailing through the
air;
They'll catch and photograph a spook and spite of Yankee sneers,
They'll colonize the North Pole these coming fifty years.

They will smash a score of precedents that now appear so bold;
They'll climb into the governor's chair, great pulpits they
will hold;

They cannot all be presidents, but in their several spheres,
They'll cut their eyeteeth handsomely, these coming fifty
years.

Here's a health to each alumnus whose cheerful greetings fail,
 We bless him if in congress and we'll bless him if in jail;
 And a tender thought for those, through rising mists of tears,
 Whom death will snatch too early these coming fifty years.

Let us bravely face the future now for church and native land
 To do whatever honest work God places in our hand;
 For country, friends, and College, let's give three rousing
 cheers,
 And serve our Christ through Hope these coming fifty years.

To Hope College, Our Beloved Alma Mater

Greetings from Her Sons and Daughters in Far-Away Lands

Dear Mother Hope:—

From Japan, China, India, Arabia and Egypt—from the great harvest fields of the world, we, your sons and daughters, greet you on the auspicious occasion of this, your fiftieth birthday, saying with united voice, Hail, dear Mother Hope.

You are dear to us for what you have been to us in the days of the far and nearer past. Dear for the nurture you gave us during our student days. Dear for the mental, moral and religious training we received at your hands. Dear for the countless blessed memories of those joyous days we spent within your walls and on your campus, in work and in play. But, dear also for what you have been and are to multitudes besides us, who have drunk at your fountain of lore and who now, like us, are living out, and giving out, the results of what you so unstintedly and so painstakingly imparted. Though still young in years, the seeds of your planting have sprung up in the human soil of many a land, and "Hope" is coming to gladsome fruition to bless the sons and daughters of men. Not only your children, but already many of your children's children, rise up and call you blessed.

The heart-wish and prayer of all of us in these far away lands is that your Golden Anniversary Day may be a day of unalloyed joy as you see your children gathered about you in great numbers to bring their congratulations. In spirit we

are all with you, and through our representative we lay our small tribute of good wishes and of offering at your feet.

May your future be even far brighter than has been your past, and your good seed be scattered still more widely throughout the earth.

Hope, dear Hope, thou art facing the morning,
 Roseate hues of the East on thee shine;
 Fame of the fairest thy brow is adorning,
 "Hope" with our love in our hearts well enshrine.
 Dear in the past, yet today thou art dearer,
 Dearest of all in the days still to be;
 Clear as a bell, let it ring clearer and clearer,
 The Hip, Hip, Hurrah, for old H-O-P-E.

Written by Dr. A. Oltmans, Your loving "Boys" and "Girls"
 Tokyo, Japan. from across the Seas.

ALBERT OLTMANS

BATA BEMIS WEERSING

D. C. RUIGH

NELLIE ZWEMER, Prep.

C. JANET OLTMANS

MRS. J. A. OTTE

DAVID VAN STRIEN

HENRY HUIZINGA

T. EVELYN OLTMANS

G. J. HUIZINGA

JAS. E. MOERDYK

G. J. PENNING

J. H. WARNSHUIS

JOHN J. BANNINGA

J. D. MUYSKENS

GARRET HONDELINK

J. L. WARNSHUIS

GRACE H. HONDELINK

HERMAN RENSKERS

E. J. STRICK

H. P. DEPREE

WILLIS G. HOEKJE

F. J. WEERSING

B. ROTTSCHAFFER

H. P. BOOT

Address for the Council

Hon. G. J. Diekema, LL. D., Class of 1881

Mr. President, survivors of that matchless audience, which gathered here some hours ago:

After having listened to the dreamy, beautiful poetry of Hope's great poet, Dr. Dosker, to the historical sketch, so vivid with life and animation, and to that oratorical hurricane, John M. Vander Meulen, but little remains to be said, and if during the few minutes that I shall occupy, anyone of you wants to retire, be perfectly free to do so, for I have behind me an audience that cannot get away.

When in the beginning the world was shrouded in a mantle of clouds and mists and was revolving in darkness, there came a voice that said, "Let there be light," and the sun, the moon, and the stars appeared, and then the sun-kissed earth responded with flowers and fruits. When, after the lapse of centuries, poetry, philosophy, science and the worship of innumerable gods had played their parts, and had failed to solve the mysteries of life and death, there came one who said: "I am the light of the world," and in that light all the mysterious problems of life and death can be solved.

When the heroic defenders of Leyden, after a struggle and sacrifice, had finally won the victory through the help of the sea, and Spain had been driven back, a generous government said to them "what tribute of respect do you want?" They said, "Give us an institution of learning," and Leyden became the lighthouse of the world.

When Doctor Van Raalte and his heroic band of pilgrim fathers settled here amid the dark forests and the dismal swamps of Michigan he said, "Let there be light" and he laid the foundations of Hope Academy and Hope College in order that posterity might wield the power which knowledge gives.

Little did those men dream that within half a century we should meet here and that we should see this star of Hope shedding its beams all over the earth; little did they dream that the sons of Hope would lead the procession in the captur-

ing of the Rhodes scholarships; little did they dream that the sons of Hope would take the prizes in all the great universities of the land; little did they dream that the sons of Hope would take the prizes for eloquence in national contests; little did they dream that within half a century from Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand, from Africa's sunny fountains, from the wide-out-stretched plains of China, from Arabia's desert sands and from the beautiful isle of cherry blossoms there would come the messages which have come to us to-day from the missionaries of Hope, scattering the light of love the world over; little did the poet soul of the Reverend Adrian Zwemer dream that within half a century, his son, and our son, the Reverend Samuel Zwemer, D. D., would be the commander in chief of the armies of the cross against the hosts of the Crescent in the great impending world contest. These dreams, my friends, have been fulfilled. Our fondest hopes have been realized. There are, however, greater things in store for us in the future.

Who were the lighthouse keepers of this great lighthouse of the West? The saintly, scholarly, polished, ideal American Christian gentleman, the Reverend Philip Phelps, D. D.; the powerful, virile Giles Mandeville; the loving, kind, gentle, eloquent Charles Scott; the masterful, the irresistible, the all-conquering, the lion-hearted Doctor Kollen. Silently they sleep under the clods of the valley, but their works live after them. Two immortalities those great souls have—one somewhere in the blue sky, among the stars, and another in the lives and characters of those that remain behind. Beautifully this thought was once uttered by another eloquent son of Hope—the uncle of this silver-tongued Vander Meulen upon whom his mantle has fallen—the Reverend Jacob Vander Meulen. Said he, "When the beautiful white snow of spring time disappears it comes again in the green grass and leaf, in the pearly dewdrop, in the blood-red rose, in the pure white lily and in the seven-colored rainbow." And so the spotless lives of these great ones live on in their posterity. Such were the lighthouse keepers.

But where did the current come from? Two great dynamos

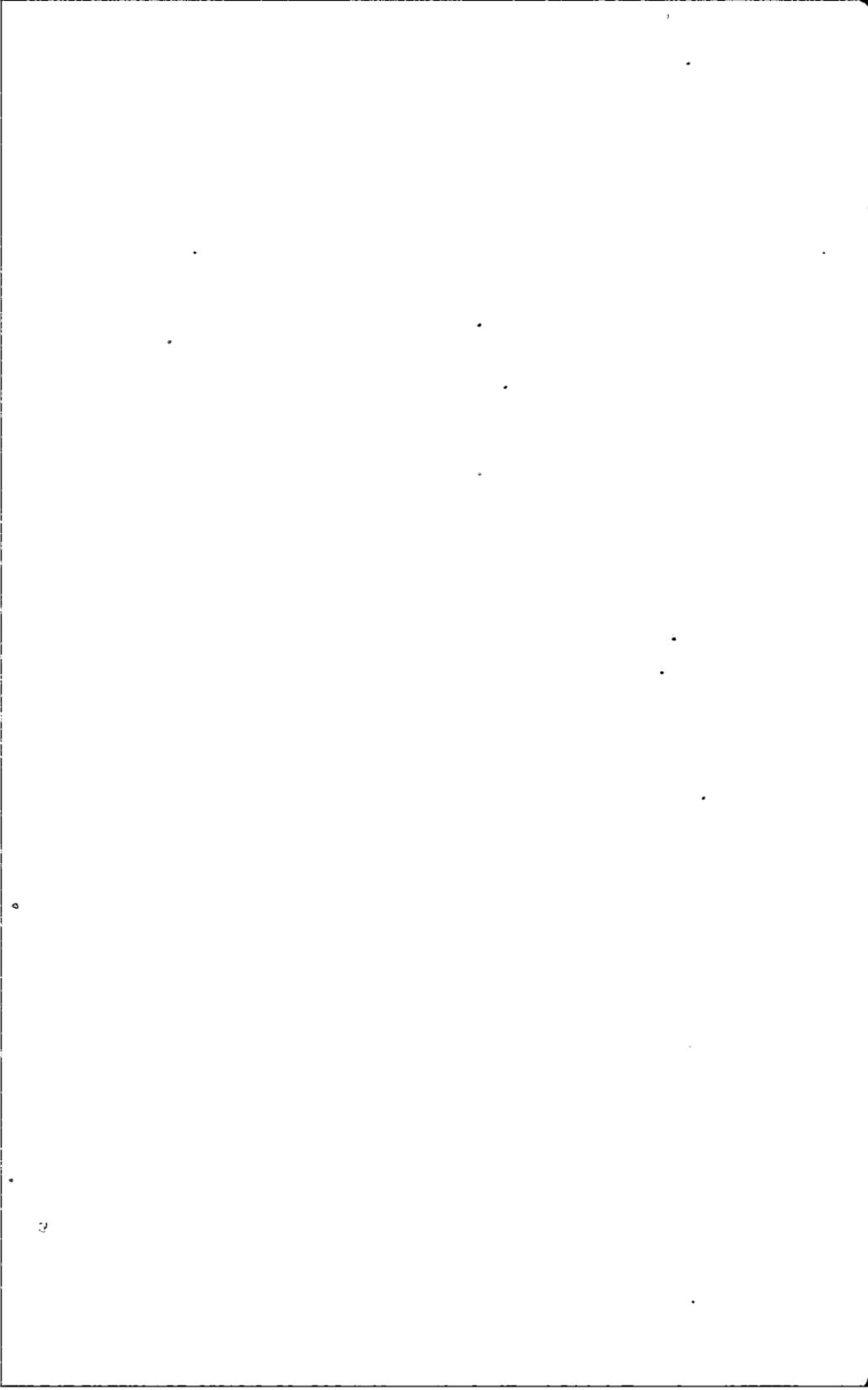
there were, one strong, powerful, inexhaustible, located in the East, and another helper in the West, smaller, but ever growing in power and in efficiency, and, my friends, as there always will be more water in this world than thirst, so let us hope, and by faith believe, that there always will be for the growing needs of this great institution, which has borne a harvest of more than a hundred-fold, generous hands and loving hearts to supply her needs, both in the East and in the West.

There are so many kinds of light. There is the flash light, the rotary light of different colors and hues, ever changing, there is the light of pure reason, there is the scientific light, the classic light, and then there is the pure, warm, steady white light, building character, stimulating the mind and nourishing the soul, the light of hope, the light of Him who said, "I am the light of the world." Many colleges and universities in this age, when they seek for men to fill their professorial chairs, look for men who have many letters behind their names, instead of looking for men with deep-rooted principles, with convictions, with character, and with the courage to stand by their convictions, men whose personality will be strong upon the lives and the minds of the students that come in contact with them. Too many colleges and universities look more after the appendix than they do after the heart and mind. My friends, before a college professor can fill a professorial chair in Hope College the College Council sees to it not only that he can pass an examination in the Heidelberg catechism, not only that he has all of the necessary mental equipment, but that in character and personality he will be an example as well as a precept for the student body; and believing in this as we do, Hope College has flourished and has given to the world, not only men of intelligence, but men of character. Hope College is a workshop. We can the drones. Oh, what a blessing it is that when the angel was placed with a flaming sword at the gates of the Garden of Eden preventing men from returning, that there was left to men the ability to work, for through work the Garden of Eden can bloom again, through work there can again be green fields, flowers, vineyards and orchards, and so Hope College is a great work-

shop. How the boys of Hope dig for the Greek roots; how they solve difficult mathematical problems; how they plunge into scientific research; how they revel in ancient and modern lore!

At one time Chauncey Depew told me that when he graduated from College his father said to him, "Now, Chauncey, what are you going to do?" He answered, "Father, I will travel. I will take about two years' travel all over the world and see with my own eyes the great things the professors have taught me." His father said, "Chauncey, who is going to pay the bill?" "Well, father, you have been generous with me, I think you will pay the bill." "Not a cent, Chauncey, except in my will" and, Mr. Depew said, "I owe it to the good old Dutch head of my father that I have made a success in life, through being compelled to work." And so the boys at Hope are busy bees, ever working.

Now, my friends, in conclusion I say, by memory of the pilgrim fathers, who made the sacrifice of bringing the first fruits of their fields and flocks here to sustain professors and students; by the memory of the great lighthouse keepers of the past (and let me say here that if it were not for the fact that the new President is upon this platform and that good taste prevents me from speaking of his many merits, I would proclaim them, but thank God, his works are already more eloquent in his own behalf than I could be); by the memory of our heroes who lie buried in China, India, and Arabia, in distant climes and under strange skies; by all the golden glory of a half century of achievement; by all the promise of the present and all the hope for the future; by the memory of such men as Sutphen, Boers, and Kleinheksel, who sacrificed their very life blood for this institution, let us to-day with loyal hearts and with absolute devotion kindle anew upon the altars of Hope the flame of love; for thank God, there is one all-conquering power left upon earth; it is not the power of the battle-ship or the cruiser, it is not the power of the Krupp gun, it is not the power of the submarine or the sword, it is not the power of powder or of dynamite; all of these are destructive powers; there is one all-conquering constructive power left upon this earth, it is the power of love, and by the power of love devoted to this institution I bring to you today the message of the Council of Hope.



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