tion. It is so. It is an accumulation of hours and deeds transmuted into life; an accumulation of habits and methods of doing things; an accumulation of noble or ignoble principles; an accumulation of the little things—daily acts, deeds, integrity, trustworthiness, reliability, sympathy, unselfishness, or their opposites, which go to make up that general estimate, a man’s “reputation” in the community, an accumulation of the rills and rivulets of life flowing down out of the hours of school life, the evenings of social life, the days of business life, which gradually gather their forces into the mighty stream that flows on through the years—that is character.

The young boy, the young girl, faces the arena of life, faces the unbroken forest of life that stretches out before each one, and every day sends them into the arena, into the forest, and every evening they came back with some accumulation entering into that supreme thing—character.

Now, I say, noble character is the best property. The best accumulations of life are inside accumulations. Good blood and healthy organs are of more value than all the fine clothes one can put on the back or in the wardrobe. The invalid would gladly exchange riches for health. Mental possessions are of more value than material possessions. I would rather take a dollar and purchase an instructive book and get the contents of it into my head, than put that dollar into my pocket or in the bank. But noble character is the best of all possessions. “Who steals my purse, steals trash,” said Shakespeare, “but he that fleches from me my good name, robs me of that which naught enriches him, and makes me poor indeed.” The philosopher Stelpho, having escaped from a conflagration in which he had lost his property, his books, his manuscripts—all that he had, was asked what he had lost. He replied: “I have lost everything but principle, but I never esteem anything as my proper good which can be taken away from me.” Said St. Bernard, “Nothing can work me damage but myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me; and I am never a real sufferer but by my own fault.” And Ruskin says, “There is no fault nor folly of my life that does not rise up against me, and take away my joy, and shorten my power of possession, of sight, of understanding. And every past effort of my life, every gleam of rightness or good in it, is with me now to help me in my grasp of this art and its vision.” So character, is accumulation. It is accumulation on the inside of life. It is accumulation of heart-qualities rather than brain-qualities. A young man may pass through the schools to polish his brain, and may come out a polished “take”, or a polished rogue; but cultivated heartqualities always make manhood, for, as George Herbert says, “A handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning.” He who acquires a noble character as his possession, acquires the title deed, in fee simple, to the respect and good will of every man and woman that knows him; while the rich rogue, gambling in stocks is poorer in the sight of God than the honest man that toils in the ditch for his daily bread.

II. My next thought is about Plan and Method in Character Building.

There is a best way of doing every-thing, but character is too often left to build itself—without plan, without method. If you have ever built a house for yourself to live in, you will remember that the most interesting feature of it was the deciding upon the plans. I have set up nights studying plans. For weeks, I fear that I spent more time on the plans of my house on the farther shore of the Lake than I did on the sermons I preached. I was going to put a few thousand dollars into a home, and I wanted it to be satisfactory when completed—therefore I devoted much time and study to the plans before the contractors struck a pick into the ground for foundation.

But what is the building of a home in comparison with the building of character? The one is the pitching of a tent, as it were, on the border of the lake or the fringe of the forest, to be vacated when the frosts fall, and the birds fly, and the leaf turns scarlet and yellow. The other is the building of the eternal home of the soul where you will abide while time takes its flight, and the stars grow old and fade away, and the judgment throne is set, and destiny is ushered in, and leaves you to dwell forever in that character home you have built for the soul. Can you afford to be careless about that? The plan, will you be indifferent about that? Will you let the years of your life glide away like water through the lips of the fountain and permit character blindly to build itself? Unworthy living that would be!

Your plan will be your “Credo.” What you mightly believe will be the mould for your life. The men of strong beliefs, with conscience backing up the belief, are the men of forceful lives; and if their beliefs are correct beliefs they make strong characters.

It is a tremendous mistake for any one to think it makes no difference what he believes. Your belief is your by live, the thing you live by: and if you have no convictions and no ideals up to which you are stretching your life, it will never rise very high. Ponder well, and get thoroughly grounded in your belief about God, and duty, and Jesus Christ, and judgment, and immortality, and then stand like rock. Your character building will depend upon what you believe about these supreme truths.

What shall be the plan? Large or small? Gothic, Corinthian, or Queen Ann? Odd, unique, expensive? The plan determines the cost—whether it be house or character.

Happily this difficult question is already decided for us. Foundation and plan are furnished by the Divine Architect of our lives.

Some houses are set on posts: others have a foundation of solid rock. No matter how many frills and grills, how much putty and paint and paper and frescoing, the house is no stronger than its foundation. So with character. Foundation is all important. It map be rubbish: it may be solid rock. See the foundations on which many mansions are building:

On the dull slime stone of sensual lust:
On the frail guilt-stone of ambition’s hope;
On the murky stone of revenge and hate;
On the pale white stone of hypocrisy.

Some build on wood, hay, stubble,
until they get above ground where their work may be seen, and then they begin to lay fancy brick and stone,—false within and fancy without, an unstable foundation,—and the day of fire comes on to try it!

If you will believe it, I will tell you the foundation is already laid. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. 3:11) The Almighty has laid it. We are to build on Christ. Lay our lives alongside of his; blend our life with his; conform to his word; anchor our lives by faith in him, as the ships cast anchor in the harbor, and the tides swing them this way and that, but they are anchored. Building on Christ, or not,—it is like this:—

Two neighbors with their families and flocks and household possessions emigrated into new territory. They came to rich lands and abundant pasture. They chose their dwelling places. One, beside the river, had soon built his house and was tilling his lands and pasturing his flocks. The other chose for his dwelling place the rocky crag. It was difficult of approach. He must cut a winding pathway to reach it. Laboriously, through long months, he carried and dragged the materials for his house. Back and forth, climbing and descending the steep, he led his flocks and went to till his lands. His labors seemed like folly. Then the season changed. For many days the clouds hung low and emptied themselves upon the earth. The winds and the floods came sweeping down the vale, and the river overflowed its banks; and then the man on the crag sorrowfully saw the neighbor’s house on the sands wrenching and crashing and sweeping onward with the flood, while his own fell not.

Said Jesus, "The man who heareth these sayings of mine, and keepeth them is like the man who built his house upon the rock. But the man who heareth these sayings of mine and keepeth them not is like the man who built his house on the sand." (Matt. 7:26-27)

III. Next I wish to say something about the Materials that should be built into character.

1.—Self Respect. Observe, I do not say winning the respect of others, that is a very different thing from self-respect. As I look at the beautifully constructed mansion, or pass through its halls and parlors, brilliant in their decoration and ornamentation, I do not see or perhaps even think of the skeleton in the closet, the secret misery that dwells within. So as I look at you from the outside, or as I become so intimate with you as to be permitted to sit in the halls and parlors of your soul and enjoy familiar converse, I may respect all that I see, but there are closets and secret chambers within, which you do not open to me. Self-respect must enter these, must enter every closet and corner of the soul and see that everything is noble and worthy. The inner self, you alone know that. Is it such that you can respect it?

Self-respect as you know yourself, not as the world knows you, requires utter and absolute worthiness within.

2.—Another principle I would have you build into character is Self-Denial. The old Stoic philosophers considered themselves better off than the Epicureans because by self-denial their wants were reduced to the minimum. As your necessities increase larger demands are made of your income to meet them. The one who would succeed must deny himself in morning maps, pleasure trips and needless luxuries.

Self-denial. There is magnanimity in it—great heartedness. We must hold many of our opinions and judgments in abeyance. However much we may know, we do not know all. The opinion of some one else may be equally good as our own. It bespeaks narrow-mindedness to quarrel with everyone who disagrees with us. The Scotchman who never gives in, who grants "nothing" and is willing even to "argue" the proposition that two and two make four, does not thereby raise himself in our estimation. Some men have such an overweening self-conceit, that others feel relieved of the duty of respecting them at all. But he who forgets himself in acts of self-denial and kindness toward others is the very man whom others will not forget. "He that loseth his life shall find it."

3.—Self Control. This is the masterly virtue in character and life. The steam engine is a wonderful piece of machinery, but its mechanism gathers its boiling powers, its terrific energies, its frightful swiftness up into the throttle and lever and air-brake that may be grasped with the hand, and only needs the management of the skilful and careful engineer to make it move softly as a child's cradle. Human life is a wonderful piece of machinery; but its boiling passions, its force appetites, its bounding energies ought all to be gathered up and brought under the leverage of a masterly self-control. The uncontrolled man is the weak man. The man who is "touchy" and flies all to pieces in a second, and can't get himself gathered together again in the next two hours is a pitiable caricature on that noble ideal of what a man ought to be. The man who cannot rein in his impulses and passions, who cannot control himself, has lost his freedom and is carried along the current of life: the slave of his strongest desire. By vigilance, by discipline, by restraint, we ought to bring every instinct, impulse, faculty, of our nature under the masterly touch of self-control. The Bible gives praise, not to the man who conquers nations, but to the man who "ruleth his own spirit,"—and a man is not the ruler of his own spirit if he cannot smile in the face of the man who insults and injures him, and keep his passions from boiling over until next week!

4.—Integrity. This ought to be built into character. Integrity means wholeness; soundness to the core. Let a man lose his reputation for honor, purity, truthfulness, reliability, integrity, and the world is done with him. It will require all the more watch and care for youth to build integrity into character because haste and recklessness and thoughtlessness are natural to youth. How easy it was for Esau to sell his birthright; how easy for Jacob to deceive; how easy for Peter to swear! The world will excuse a young man for much on the ground that he is young and inexperienced, but that finally wears out. He cannot excuse himself on that ground. He is building character.

Be careful of your promise; once given, let it be as binding as your
judgment note. Be careful of your speech; men will judge you by it. Be careful of your thoughts; they are the eggs that with much brooding hatch out into action. No matter what your work, hold fast your integrity.

5.—Industry. Sir Walter Scott's motto was, "Never be doing nothing." Mr. Garnet asked a man who had travelled over most of the world whether there was any one thing that characterized the whole race of man. In broken English he made reply: "Me tink dat all men love lay." Well, then, we must learn to love industriousness. Fling idleness to the wind. Don't lose any hours in play. Buckle yourself down to work. Put pride in the trash basket or the ash-plot. Hold on to the work you've got, or take the first that comes to hand, and work, work like a Trojan, and your builder will go up round after round till you get to the top.

6.—Religion. You may build into your life self-respect, self-denial, self-control, integrity, and industry, but your character will be incomplete without religion. Nay, you will not be able to build these supreme qualities into character without religion. It must be the source, the inspiration of all noble life and conduct.

In speaking of religion I am not trying to force something upon you. It is a part of your nature. Religion boils up from your own soul's depths as the waters of an artesian well boil up out of the depths of the earth. In your own nature God has made room for himself, which his Spirit alone can fill. God has implanted in man the moral sense—conscience, the religious instinct, the flash of duty, the very germs of religion; and there is no more reason for being ashamed of believing religions than there is of having a mind with which to think, or a heart with which to love. Man is stuffed with repressed his religious nature.

Young friend, do not think religion will make you squasy and sentimental and weak. There's nothing else will make you so strong, or give you such moral back bone, or make you say "No" with such force when it ought to be said, or make you say "I will" with such determination when a thing ought to be done! I can tell you the fellows who are squasy and weak and fast, and lying and drinking and going to the devil today are the fellows without religion. You know that as well as I do. A newly appointed chaplain at Sing Sing prison blunderingly began his work by laying his hand on a prisoner's shoulder, and asking him, "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" The culprit looked him in the face and replied quickly, "What do you take me for? I shouldn't be here if I did.

There's nothing like religion for keeping a person right with God and men.

Consciously or unconsciously, everyone is building character. Every day we are building it. We are building a house for the deathless habitation of the soul. Silently it rises out of the months and the years. For some it is a little thatched cottage on the sea-sands, lacking in stability. For some it is like the leaning tower of Pisa—lofty, threatening, frightful. For others it is a beautiful temple on Zion's hills, eternal as the right and throne and the grace of God. Ever deed is the placing of a beam. Every word is the driving of a nail.
The Greylings

John and George Greyling were half-brothers. George had two or three brothers, but they have no place in this narrative.

John was honest, kind-hearted, and generous. He never willfully deceived or robbed any man and if, in his business transactions, he had unintentionally "got the better of" any man, his kindness of heart prompted him to make twofold restitution. If any one wronged him, he generously forgave the injury even before pardon was asked. He was of a different stamp. He was shrewd even to the verge of dishonesty; so that, naturally, some of his dealings, while legal, could scarcely bear close scrutiny. Though not naturally hard hearted, yet his shrewd dealings made him somewhat callous. His better nature was blunted.

He was not generous, but vindictively treated up an injury.

John had inherited considerable property from his mother, and his father had bequeathed him an equal share with the other sons. This was, of course, entirely right. But George was envious of John's greater wealth and determined to get as much of it as ever he could.

He sought to obtain his end by various means. Whene'er John Needled his assistance George charged him handsomely for his services. If John needed legal advice, George could always recommend a very able lawyer. And able he ever proved to be—to charge fees. And, somehow, a not inconsiderable portion of these fees was sure to find entrance into George's pockets.

But these methods were too slow to suit George. He accordingly sought to devise a scheme by which he might entrap John in a snare, from which he could not escape except he pay a large sum of money; and George would see to it that he came in for his share.

They together owned and operated a tub factory. For years they had done a very paying business and each year had made a snug fortune at it. But of late, owing to the invention of a new material that cheapened the cost of tubs, they had barely made running expenses. At last they shut down.

About this time John was persuaded to endorse a note for five thousand dollars, which, George claimed, he wanted to invest in timber land, from which he could, in a very few years, realize more than twice the amount invested. But instead of investing the money as proposed he purchased bonds, which, by the terms of purchase, were not negotiable and could not be redeemed until ten years after. Thus John was compelled to pay the note he had endorsed.

This he found extremely difficult, as he had all his capital invested in different enterprises from which he could not readily withdraw it.

Then George appeared in a new role, that of tempter. But so insidiously did he accomplish his purpose, that John could not say he had been tempted except by the promptings of his own mind.

Their factory was heavily insured. The policy must soon expire, and, to renew it required the payment of a large premium. This was money wasted, George suggested, since it brought no returns.

"If only," he said—and then stopped: it was enough; the tempter was at work.

For the first time in his life John was tempted to do a great wrong. He cast aside the evil prompting. And yet it kept recurring to his mind and the oftener it returned the less repulsive it became. Soon he entertained it. And ere he was aware of it he determined to carry it out.

Of a night the factory burned. And with the factory John's conscience began to burn.

How it tortured him. What had he been to John Greyling, honest, kind-hearted, generous, respected of all men for his uprightness? What was he? John Greyling, an incendiary.
ary, broken-hearted, self-condemned, suspected of all men because of his agitation. He was not sufficiently schooled in crime to hide the scourgings of his conscience.

His evident nervousness, coupled with the fact that, the day before the fire, he had caused a large quantity of lumber to be removed from the immediate vicinity of the factory, made him the immediate object of suspicion. And he had not the foresight to deny the crime when accused of it. He confessed at once. Of course, they could not collect the insurance.

George was angry. He threatened to prosecute his half-brother whom he could easily find in the penitentiary, as he said. John offered him a sum of money equal to the value of the factory according to their last invoice. But George was obdurate. He was playing his card better than he had dared hope. He was now intent not upon a part but upon the whole of John's fortune.

And oh the agony the latter was enduring! He could barely recall the night of the fire and the day or two before. He had not seemed his own master. Some external force had seemed to urge him on. Some stronger will had held his own enslaved. From the moment the wicked purpose had been suggested to him he had no longer been his own master. Had he only spurned the tempter!

Ten years later. In an obscure village John Grevling is passing peaceful days. He enjoys the remnants of his fortune. The poor and unfortunate owe his generosity many a debt of gratitude. But he is living as in the shadow of death. For a diseased heart may at any moment subscribe "finis" to the memory of the days of agony when his honest soul was tortured by an imaginary crime.

The penitentiary's gloomy portals swing wide. A plain coffin is carried out containing all that is mortal of convict 404. The prison records show that cell 403 was last occupied by George Grevling, committed for fifteen years for the criminal practice of hypnotism.

Notes and Comments.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM THE ANCHOR TO ALL ITS READERS.

May the year be new, not only in name, but new in its aspirations and ideals, new in its attainments.

This New Year our country enters a new era; new duties rest upon us; new needs are crying out to us; we enter upon an untried field; no precedent binds us, but we are to establish a new standard, that will be the precedent to all who follow us.

THE ANCHOR.

THE ANCHOR.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR BY THE ANCHOR ASSOCIATION, AT HOPE COLLEGE, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN.

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and has been compelled to spend some definite amount of time at his desk. But here, as he enters college, he finds different conditions. He is left to decide for himself when and how long his hours of study shall be. If he has been well trained, that is easy; he has formed good habits of study and he does not find it a hard task, if he is in earnest, to continue in the way he has been taught. But there are some who are less fortunate; who, although prepared for college, have never been led to form regular habits of study; who even have not much idea of what study really means. The natural idea in such a case is to take up a lesson and simply read it over, without much attention, until a somewhat vague and indefinite notion of the subject has been impressed upon the mind. In the pursuit of such a plan, a student will often sit at his books till far into the night, lose his sleep, and take no exercise whatever, so forming one of the worst habits the conscientious student is liable to fall into.

What is the result of a year or two of such treatment? A pale, hollow-cheeked, round-shouldered specimen of humanity such as we often see in college towns. The student has made the mistake of supposing that his studies were of the first importance, his health, the second. Foolish man! What use will all his fine learning be to him in that weakened, unhealthy body? Can it be possible that the brain has attained a robust and perfect development with such insufficient care? For the brain is a part of the physical being, and, as such, suffers with every injury the body sustains.

It used to be a rule that what a student could not get before midnight must be got after, but, happily, this mediaval notion has given way under the pressure of common sense, and instead is substituted, as a guide to the student, "Be healthy first, learn second." Far better be a plain tiller of the soil, with health of body and vigor of mind, than to have conned all the treasures of science, literature, and philosophy, and be, at the end, a physical, and what naturally follows, a mental wreck.

De Alumnis.

EDITED BY HENDRIK A. ZWEMER, '79.

Of the boys of Hope, Messrs. Ger-
mer Kuiper, '83, Gerrit H. Albers, '91,
and James F. Zwemer, '79, are mem-
bers of the Knickerbocker society at

Grand Rapids.

Frederic Lubbers, '96, who gradu-
WINTER THOUGHTS.

When chilly winter comes with icy frost,
When snowflakes flutter down to cover earth
With her pure and spotless robe, then are we oft
Reminded of our childhood’s home and hearth.
When winter’s early eve began to close,
We drew our chairs around the pleasant fire.
Our weary mother gave herself repose.
Whilst we were listening to our aged sire,
Who told the tale that happened years ago.
When shepherds, watching o’er their flocks by night,
Had seen the angel, who had come from heaven.
To herald peace, goodwill toward men below.
Glory to God, for he had sent the Light
Through whom salvation to the world was given.

AMONG THE SOCIETIES.

Altho’ we have not been heard from the last two issues, let no one think we are no more. The Ulihas is still here and steadily advancing on the way to success. What we need is more members, and more enthusiasm for the work. We would earnestly invite those who are able, in any way, to understand the Dutch to assist us. We feel confident in saying you will be abundantly repaid. Why can we not swell our membership at least to thirty among as many as a hundred students who occasionally use the language?

Prof. Doesburg has voluntarily taken himself to give instruction in the syntax of the language for fifteen minutes before every program. This certainly is a very helpful feature which should be taken advantage of by as many as possible. Even in our study of other languages this will give us assistance.

PHILOSOPHIC SOCIETY.

The Philomatheans have enjoyed a very encouraging and prosperous term of work. The interest of the individual members has been keen and the endeavors earnest. Great satisfaction prevails. When society work ceases to be regarded as an irksome duty, it becomes a real pleasure, then we can hope for desired results. This has been a notable feature among us. The good work of the past term promises us much for the weeks that are to come.

ALPHA SECTION.

As the year advances, so our interest in society work increases. We have become more intimately acquainted with one another, have discovered each other’s qualities, and thus a sort of mutual and friendly rivalry has been aroused, causing each member to strive to excel. And then, too, the more earnest and conscientious our endeavors have been, the more have we felt repaid by their success, and it is this feature, we believe, which has characterized the work of our Alpha Section. May the spirit grow, for it surely gives evidence of a healthy life.

V. M. C. A.

Again we are within a few steps of the goal to which eighteen hundred ninety-eight has brought us. A few more days and the college doors shall once more close behind us for the Christmas vacation. As a V. M. C. A. we look back with gratitude on the journey we have now almost finished. Those Thursday evening meetings, those earnest addresses delivered there, those prayers that from thence ascended to the throne of God—ah, who counts their real worth in student life? The merchant sits down and strikes a balance of the dollars and cents gained during the year’s transactions; the merely intellectual student passes an examination, and rests satisfied that he has stored his mind with a certain amount of useful knowledge; but the Christian student with his religious meetings and Y. M. C. A. membership has acquired a wealth and a development of mind and soul, a power and firmness of character which shall influence his life and activity for the better as long as he lives in this earthly abode.

We thank all the friends who have so willingly assisted us with word and deed during the past year. Although weeds, sometimes spring up where the wheat might be expected, we nevertheless feel assured they have not sown in vain. The students highly appreciate those earnest and instructive addresses.

Since the last issue, the Y. M. C. A. has had two meetings. Dec. 8, the Rev. Mr. Birchley delivered an interesting address on the subject, “Baptism.” Dec. 15, the Rev. J. F. Zweumer spoke on “Abraham.” This was certainly enjoyed by all who heard it.

The helpful and timely lessons drawn from the life of this “hero of the Faith” shall long remain with us as a power for noble aspirations.

WILLIAM A. MCINELY.

THE ANCHOR.

Rev. E. W. Stapelkamp, ’83, of Kalamazoo, has been called to the Reformed church at Cedar Grove, Wis.

Rev. A. M. Van Duinen, ’84, of Holland, Neb., has received the call to the pastorate of the Reformed church at Maurice, la.
yet their influence continues to live
and exert itself into countless ages.
The Greeks had their Demosthenes:
the Latins their Caesar; the Dutch
their William of Orange; the Ger-
man their Bismark; the English their
Gladstone; the Americans their Wash-
ington. And thus one could continue
to count and enumerate hosts of oth-
ers; but suffice it to say that their
names and deeds still linger in the minds and hearts of grateful peoples.
Who will say that the influence of
that great defender of the independ-
ence and patriotism of Greece is at an
end? Where are the boundaries which
limit the statesmanship of that great-
est general of his age, Caesar? Who
can estimate the value of that noble,
heroic character, William of Orange?
Have the Germans forgotten their
Bismarck or the world its Gladstone?
And where is the land or the island so
remote which has not heard of our
Washington?
But is it necessary to recall charac-
ters from the past in order to hold
them up as worthy of imitation? Have
we not some among our own number in
the living present worthy of consider-
ation? A Conwell, a Moody, a
DeWitt Miller, are suggested to my
mind; but is there not one in whom
are blended the virtues of the politi-
cian, the statesman, and the Christian,
whose influence and power is univer-
sally known? And our attention is at
once directed to our own William Mc-
Kinley.
He was born from a sturdy stock.
Through his veins courses the blood of
the Covenanter and the Puritan, to-
gether with an element of the studi-
ous and thoughtful blood of the Ger-
man. His early life was characterized
by a studious disposition. Although
not entirely void of the elements of a
recluse, yet his society was courted.
He was kind and considerate—virtues
which neither time nor ambition have
eroded.
It was while working as clerk in a
store, preparing to re-engage in col-
lege work of which he had been de-
prived for some time on account of
ill health, that he heard his country's
call for defenders,—a call which he
accepted, and in which capacity he
has served more or less since. A pri-
atve at eighteen, a commander-in-
chief at fifty three, he is today the
greatest statesman that America has.
What is the secret of his success?
Let his own record answer. His is
the power to distill honest out of gall
and out of an open friend to create a
secret friend. He is upright in his
dealings, sincere in his purpose and
not careless of his friendship. These
characteristics crop out in every
phase as little by little we examine the
fibre out of which his life is wo-
ven. Follow him and read his char-
acter as step by step he is climbing in
the scale of military honor. See him
when as a private he shoulders his
gun! See him in the commissary de-
partment where temptations to enrich
one's self are rife, how out of all it he
comes with an unblemished character.
See him as he exposes himself to shot
and shell at the battle of Antietam,
dealing out coffee and buns to the al-
most famished soldiers! See him as
he is called into confidence by such
generals as Crook, Haynes, and Sheri-
dan, what confidence they place in his
judgment! A private in '61, he goes
home in '63 a major, loved and re-
spected by superiors and privates.

War is over. And now he comes
to face with the problem which
every individual must sooner or later
solve—What shall my life work be? He
chooses law as his profession. With
the same earnestness, the same zeal
that he characterized his previous
attainments, he enters upon this. A
few years elapse. His prescribed
course is finished, and the future,
aglow with promise, stretches out be-
fore him. In a comparatively short
time his good behavior and many
character win for him the confidence
of his fellow citizens. He is succes-
sively elected from one office of trust
to another. In 1871, while serving
his county as prosecuting attorney,
he loves and weds. And after a few
years of blessed union his wife be-
comes an invalid. And here again
crops out the fact that he possesses
one of the finest of fine arts, a beauti-
ful behavior. Instead of receiving
less attention she receives more. His
self-denial is enviable. He is willing
to sacrifice all his fondest hopes and
dreams that she may receive all his
attention; but, noble woman that she
is, she believes and is convinced that
it is his duty to devote his talents and
integrity to the people.

Fallen

Lost, when others were sleeping.
Lost, when the clock struck one.
Kneel on the street and weeping.
A mother's only son.

Far from home he had wandered,
Far from parental care,
In a city, where, everything squandered,
He was left alone in despair.
Thoughts of adventure allured him,
Thoughts of wealth and of fame;
But all, temptation smothered him
And left him alone in his shame.

This is a tale of a city,
This is the lay of the night,
Told in accents of pity,
For he is a brave but far from the right.
Pity, but do not despise him;
Pity, but turn not away.
For he is a patriots, and his heart
And help him again on his way.
Fraternal Reception

The Fraternal Society entertained the Ladies Literary League at the rooms of the Hope College Boarding Club on Friday evening, Dec. 9. Several times have these societies met together in the past, and each time with increasing pleasure and profit. In truth, this last meeting was one of the most enjoyable yet held.

The Fraters responded to the call of the roll by quotations on Co education. Then a literary program was carried out, which consisted mainly of a study of poems and poetry. Lowell, Wordsworth and Coleridge were especially considered. Music and humorous recitations were interesting features of the program.

Games and refreshments followed the literary exercises and a pleasant social time was passed. In due time the gathering broke up and all went to their homes with a merry heart and with a verdict upon their lips of an evening well spent.

College Jottings.

Venerunt, videtur, vicenum.
Oratorical Contest, Feb. 22nd.
No more darkness on the campus. Electric lights in every nook.
Nonsense: Nonsense: Bosh with your conscience.
Fussibility, Ductibility, Unearnsability, Malfeasibility. Any other color, red.
"Hoboes come from Hoboken," says Prof. Bergen.

The intimacy between Ruisaandt Kleinheksel is becoming rather conspicuous.

The following silly notice appeared on the bulletin board last Thursday: "The Seniors will hold their annual hop tonight. Dr. Kollen and Mrs. Gilmore will lead the cake-walk. Freshmen keep away." Humbug.

A great relief. No more mention of the F. F. C. "Sum pius Aeneas—I am Rev. Aneas," He must have been the first Domine mentioned in history.

Schooler admits that he could not hold him.

After the recitations in Chemistry, he intended, Winnie, no more confidential talks with Loggers.
Koets is competing with Prof. Veghte in teaching French. Every day he teaches a few "A" class boys.

The "B's" say that it is a common thing for the Latin Professor to lecture Gielch Monday mornings for being out late Sunday nights.
Leland T. Powers impersonates David Garrick on Jan. 23.

The trip to Vallery all in vain.
No response on Tenth street. Brink enters at 8:30. Did you ever see the kaff?

The ill-fated Grammar School building is now nearly repaired. Students desiring first-class seats for the lecture course are urged to buy their tickets as soon as possible. Pedde has again been tampering with the Council in obtaining a contract for repairing the Grammar School building, for a certain well known carpenter of this city.

Klerk is halting between two opinions concerning his vacation work. The one: to go to one of the suburbs of Chicago and visit a maid of sweet sixteen. The other, to serve as preacher in Maryland.

Professor in Greek was much shocked the other day when two little fellows, drawing a sled accosted him with "Say, kid, d'ye want a ride?"

Wm. H. Cooper rendered an electionary program at Zeeland on Dec. 20. The Zeeland paper states that he was highly recommended by the college authorities.

The F. S. held a joint meeting with the L. L. I. in the boarding club rooms on Tenth street. After a literary program was rendered by the F. S., proceedings common to such occasions followed. In order to facilitate matters, Hondelink thought it well to search for his rubbers in due time.

The various Sunday Schools are preparing for their annual Christmas entertainments.

"Hennery" Arends expects to spend the winter in German Valley, III.

The Misses Klopammers and Van Houte visited their former class mates, the Freshmen, a few days ago. For details apply to Yttena.

Prof. Boers, whom we had wished to have with us again after Thanksgiving, expects to resume his work after the holidays.

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During these times of slippery walks it is quite hard to keep on one's feet. So thought the lady matron when she slipped and fell at the feet of Prof. Kleinheksel.

Well nigh convinced—Miss Kooke.

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