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The prices are right.
sota, Nebraska, and Kansas. Certainly not a more beautiful nor a more convenient site could have been selected for the school, as it is in one of the finest agricultural regions of the great West.

The board of trustees of this institution was incorporated in 1882, and in 1883 Rev. J. A. DeSpelder was inaugurated as principal. The first class, consisting of three, graduated in June, 1885. In 1886 the old skating-rink of the city was fitted up for recitation rooms and dormitories, and served for this purpose until 1894, when, under the supervision of Rev. Jas. F. Zwemer, the present $15,000 brick building was erected, of which the above cut is a likeness. This building stands as a monument of the untiring and self-denying efforts of Mr. Zwemer, who was principal for eight years and to whom, under God, the Academy owes a debt of gratitude.

The present building is located on a slight elevation at the head of Main street, in the southern part of the city. The campus consists of eight acres of ground and is gradually becoming more attractive by the beautiful shade-trees that have been planted, and are taken care of by the students. On Arbor day of each year it is customary to suspend the exercises of the school. The faculty and students—girls as well as boys—all turn out with rakes, forks, and spades, in groups of ten or twelve, and in a systematic and practical way clear the grounds of leaves and rubbish, dig up dead trees, replant new ones, and make such improvements as the needs of the ground may indicate.

The building consists of two stories and a basement, and its general dimensions are about fifty by sixty feet. It is supplied with a system of steam-heating and electric light. Since the basement is not yet needed for recitation rooms, it is at present occupied by the janitor as a dwelling. The main floor has four large recitation rooms, library, and a reading room. On the third floor is the chapel, which has a seating capacity of about two hundred and fifty, a drawing room, laboratory, faculty room, and society room. The chapel, drawing room and society room can be converted into one apartment if occasion should demand it.

The Rapalje library consists of some 4,000 volumes, including three sets of encyclopedias. The reading rooms, to which the students all have free access every day, is supplied with the leading American periodicals.

The faculty at present numbers five members. The Principal, Rev. M. Kolyw, meets his classes every day and has charge of Astronomy, Mathematics, Bible study and Dutch. Prof. Ph. Soudan has charge of Latin, Greek and Didactics. Prof. Wm. H. Gley- sten has English, Civics and Natural Philosophy, while History and German are taught by Miss Margaret Huijzenga, who now occupies the chair that was vacated last year by Miss Henrietta Zwemer. Since, in addition to the regular Classical course, a more complete Normal course has been introduced, Rev. H. Straké, the educational and financial agent, has been secured to aid in such additional instruction as may be required.

The curriculum of the Academy runs parallel to the academic department of most colleges. Five studies are carried every day and are recited in forty-five minute periods. The classes are also instructed in catechetics by the Principal and in vocal music by Prof. Soudan. Both of these branches are compulsory.

The Academy is a firm believer in co-education and offers equal privileges to both sexes, so that factions and strife among the students are unknown to this school. The boy in knee breeches, the girl in her early teens, stand on equal footing in all social life with their older brother and sister who have grown to manhood and womanhood. Special inducements are offered to "Five's painted pieces" to prepare for the profession of "Schoolman" or which they are rapidly gaining a monopoly in the West.

An essential auxiliary to the classroom course is the Philomathean Literary society which is open to all the students, regardless of age or sex. This society holds its meetings on Friday evening. It is here that the student makes his maiden effort at extemore speaking and in the height of his oratorical enthusiasm says: "Mr. President, Time rolls on, and where are we at?" It is here that our young orators discuss the questions all the way from the destructiveness of fire and water to the U. S. policy of expansion and territorial aggrandizement. It is here that they hit one another and are not hurt. Of all the pleasant memories of academy life, there are none that are more indelibly impressed upon the mind of the student, none that are more cherished for mutual and social enjoyment than those of society evenings, in which the care and burdens of the recitation room were superseded by original work such as the society dictates.

In addition to the society work, the students conduct a monthly publication, The Classic, which serves to keep the school in touch with the people as well as to encourage among writers who may be worthy of public notice.

Although the Academy has not yet been able to erect a gymnasium, athletics are by no means put into the background. In fact, they are strongly encouraged by the faculty. A tennis court has been arranged, and the campus has a fine baseball ground. The students have a team of which they may well feel proud. Bats are crossed with High school and city teams from neighboring towns and on such occasions the true college spirit among the boys and girls is never found wanting. From private correspondence we learn that at present football and golf are the most prominent at Orange City.

The Academy has as yet no organized Y. M. C. A., or Y. W. C. A. There has been little occasion for them. In religious work, students and the young people of the city are one body. The student boards and lodges in a private family and is immediately taken up in the social circles. The Young People's societies are on the lookout for any stranger that may come within their reach, and spare no effort to bring him into their meetings and make him feel at home. He soon learns that the Y. P. C. A. is active work for him to do in Sunday school and En-
deavor society, and before he finishes his course he is as firmly attached to this church as to the church from which he came.

There is no distant feeling between students and city people as is likely to be the case in larger institutions and in larger cities. The best of harmony has always prevailed. In vacation days special entertainments are given at the homes of the members of the faculty to those, who, on account of long distances could not avail themselves of the pleasures of going to their own homes. Endeavor societies are frequently held in the Academy chapel so as to strengthen and maintain the good feeling between the Academy and the city people.

The Academy, as all other Christian institutions of learning, has had its difficulties. Financial embarrassment has often stared it in the face, because it is sustained by gratuitous contributions. But it is rapidly emerging from this overwhelming difficulty. As it looks back upon the shoals that it has narrowly escaped, while it is now being launched on calmer waters, it also looks forward to a more propitious journey. The people of the West are realizing more and more in this educational age of the world, the importance of a liberal education that is guided by pure religion. It is from the ranks of such people that it has gained permanent friends who contribute their $50 or $100 per annum as regularly as they contribute to the support of their own church. The very fact that the institution depends upon the free will offerings of its constituency, serves to enlist interest for itself among the different Western colonies.

But space forbids to dwell upon the subject at greater length. We have endeavored to present the different phases of Academy life as we experienced it, and have attempted to do this in a fair way. I can say that only he who has been at the Academy three or four years, who has found close friendships with the people of the town as well as with his fellow students and teachers, knows what it means, when the beautiful days of June bring with them a last and soul en face well.

L. Bovey, 03.

The Struggle of the Boers.

A noble love of freedom has urged on Our race to battle on the hard-bought field; And still the past has ever been revealed That they who fought for freedom always won.

Whoever history's record we enroll As written by wise Time's unerring hand, We see that Freedom breaks each cruel bond, Unearthed and even unarranged rule man's soul.

So Afric's brave, his in number few And struggling 'gainst by far a neighbor power, Most triumph, and the mighty clouds which lower Upon Transvaal bring brighter skies to view.

For light not might will triumph in the end; At last the cruel tyrant's power will fail, He arms, his boasted strength shall not stand, When Truth and Justice Freedom's bome defend.

For Freedom is man's habitual atmosphere; Freedom from ignorance, from sin and wrong; Freedom in thought and deed, and not in song, For freedom marks in man God's form appear.

Then upwards, steady workers, for the night Will vanish, as your foot has ever shown, That they shall never have need to fight alone Who fight for freedom and upheld the right.

Owen, 05.

The Peace Conference, by an Eyewitness.

John Verney, 06.

The place where this conference was held is very much sought after and visited by tourists. The Palace in the Woods, "Het Huys ten Bosch," is in reality the "Queen's Palace." It is some distance from The Hague, and the road towards it is most beautiful. On entering the woods of The Hague, "Het Haagse Bosch," from the "Koninginne Gracht" and going alongside of the "Malic Veld," one passes through many rows of beech trees covered with moss and showing the marks of ages. At the end of this beautiful lane, or rather trio boulevard, the highway branches into different directions. The main branch, the "Straatweg," is the road to Leyden which passes very near the palace. On both sides of this road are dense forests and some rude villages. Sunshine is almost unknown within the woods. They are always damp and cold to the feelings of any one but a Hollander.

The palace is very important. All true Hollanders love and honor it for the part it has played in history. During the thirteenth century William II built a hunting lodge very near the place where the palace now stands. A better building soon took the place of the hunting lodge, which still is there and is known as the "Hall of the Knights." The palace itself was erected by Amelia von Solmo, Princess of Orange, during the middle of the 17th century. The palace is open to tourists and they are always welcome.

It is, however, the "Orange Saloon" that attracts our attention, as it is there that the peace conference was held. The walls of this room are covered with celebrated paintings. The battle of Nieuwpoort, July 1, 1600, is one of the most beautiful, representing the hardest fought part of the battle, and Prince Frederic receiving his "baptism of fire." The portrait of John L. Motley, in another room, is always dear to Americans, as it recalls to them the great historian of world-wide fame and the splendid relation that exists between Holland and America. The Chinese and India rooms are also very beautiful.

The palace is "swallowed up, literally embarrassed in beech trees." The primeval forest has been left undisturbed although the underbrush has been cleared away by the hand of man. The palace has become even more historic this year, for the eyes of the world were turned upon it with great expectation during the time of the conference.

As the writer was in The Hague the greater part of the conference he had a good opportunity to become acquainted with the workings of the conference, the results reached, and the idea that the Hollanders had of it.

The good people of the land of "dykes and mills" looked upon this conference as the greatest comedy the world has ever witnessed. The Dutch were happy that it was held in The Hague for it brought money and honor to the Netherlands. The foremost men of Holland smiled whenever they spoke about the conference. They were amused with its workings and the results obtained. Great, indeed,
was the enthusiasm at the opening day, but it was because so many men of noble birth and high standing had come to be with the Dutch for some time.

The first few days of the conference were spent in feasting and seeing the time-honored country, where the greatest battles for freedom and liberty had been fought, and where now "Peace" was to be placed upon the throne of honor and glory.

The conference has made the existing conditions neither worse nor better: the future looks no darker than some months ago, and this must be admitted with thanks if we consider that a number of revengeful and ambitious men came together to plan how in the future moderation, indulgence and forbearance could be imposed among one another. As a matter of fact, the men from the smaller States had nothing to say, inasmuch as they were only figure-heads who were counted for naught.

We would have no sense of the comical if not first and foremost we should notice and recognize the laughable side of the conference. The civilized world, in so far as it did not take offence at this hypocritical show, has made fun of this international game of peace. It was a game of chess in which sometimes the goddess of liberty and peace conquers, but ot­­ten the king of war and power and might.

The object was a conference to decide upon the best means to alleviate the burden of the people and to improve the general welfare of the nations and the world at large, by reducing the taxes paid for the mainte­­nance of the armies. To lessen the armaments of the great nations for the smaller states was out of consideration. But as it was the desire of the great Powers of Europe to increase their armaments, to use more deadly and horrible material for killing, to build more and stronger warships, they changed the name and called it a peace conference, and thereby set aside the real object and in that manner deceived and cheated themselves and all the world with them.

After the conference had started it was even more comical. What a ridicu­­lous spectacle to see those six large and strong nations, represented according to strength and love for gain; with all the small countries round about them, as so many satellites reflecting with splendor the brilliancy of the central sunaries. Russia, England and Germany know well that, when it comes to the real object, when there is something to grab, there is but one argument: the will of the strongest." Even China was represented at this peace conference of the six European nations, China, which the nations are rapidly dividing so that each may have a part: for which the "Bear" and "Lion" will give blood till the bitterness of death shall cover it, was represented and, best of all, had something to say.

Why was it that the small nations were present at the peace conference together with the powerful states? Was it not to blindfold the eyes of the world? To gain there was nothing for them. To lose there was much. They exist by the grace of Russia, England, France, Germany, Italy and Austria Hungary. They remain

**THE ANCHOR.**

**contract because the balance of power keeps them in their places. See what England, the most civilized nation, does with Transvaal, or Russia, the most uncivilized, with Finland. As comical as was the object and the working of the peace conference, so laughable was also the result which has been gathered from this tree of peace—"The Arbitration Contract."**

A beautiful contract, indeed, but too good for our time: for, as yet, the will of the strongest rules. It is unnecessary, yea, even harmful to the smaller states of Europe. The un­­important nations of western Europe will ever, even without this contract, use arbitration among themselves. But between them and the great powers, arbitration will only be used and resorted to whenever the great powers can gain nothing by war. To the Eastern European states, which have the same desires as the powerful nations, this arbitration contract will and must be harmful. They can obtain or gain development only through the means of war. Development in the eyes of a European means at the same time enlargement, more territory, more power and greater influence.

**An arbitration contract for the large states of Europe, and even for America, which are ever ready to conquer anything and everything, which their fancy may lust after,—what a lampoon! They are ever willing and ready to take, whether it be right or wrong, as long as there remains anything which is not in actual possession of one of the powerful names. But between them there is no necessity for a so-called arbitration contract for causes of minor importance. An arbitration contract for Russia, England and Germany, what does it do? Nothing! Absolutely nothing. But did the Hague conference give no fruit whatever? It may possibly improve the conditions of the wounded and prisoners who fall into the enemy's hands; but for the rest it gave no more fruit than the Berlin conference did in regard to socialism.

William of Germany hates socialism and would do anything to have it removed from his country. The Russian Czar would also do away with war, but only on the condition that there be as much to steal and rob as before.

**Take! Take! Take! Be it silver or gold, rights, liberties or lives, is the watchword and noble emblem of England. Wars will not cease as long as the civilization of the world has not reached that state of perfection when man will no longer kill his fellow-being. But from this period we are as yet far away.

The voice has come from the Church of God that wars are sinful and ungodly. Yet war is carried forward to many parts of heathen darkness, accompanied by the Bible or the cross, to plant Christian civilization.

In all of England's wars the Church is her right arm. But not the sword of the Spirit but of Satan is fighting for her, and of much she will be asked to give an account when the day of reckoning comes.

This shows the condition of civilization, and makes it clear and plain that peace conferences in our time are
as yet nothing but delusive apparitions.
Let the true Christians oppose this
ingning of men. Let the Church of
God as a body arise and do her duty.

The Crimson and the Black.

CHAP. I.

"Villains! Robes and Vandals!" exclaimed Austin Craig as he stum-
bled over the refv in his apartments.

"Sophomores at work again I see" said Gordon Dwight passing on to his
own door where a like confusion preva-
ied.

Chaos was universal throughout
Atterbury Hall that evening. It was a
fitting sequel to a day of lamentation
among the occupants of the build-
ing. During recitation hours in the
morning they had found their hats and
spare books which they had left in the
hall, scattered promiscuously over the
entire basement. Later in the
day, they found the three rooms filled
with stiling cases and now to com-
plete the climax they were visited
with this total devastation, when they
returned from a reception tendered
them by one of the professors. Ev-
ery Freshman felt that the vials of
righteous indignation could contain
no more. Retaliation was the voiced
sentiment of all.

"How are you for light? I believe
my wire is cut", shouted Craig across
the hall.

"Same thing here, and elsewhere,
too, I guess. Call the fellows in here
while I unfasten this bicycle lamp.

It's about time we formulated plans
for our better comfort here, replied
Dwight, vigorously plying his wrench
to the lamp.

Craig strode down the passage,
shouting, "House vs Romans. Bart-
lett! Rodstein! Van Diesel! All of
you."

"Hello?"

"Well?"

"Yes! What is it?"

These eager responses rang out one
after another as the respective indi-
viduals appeared in their doorways.

"What else is amiss?"

"Nothing more possible; but a
council of war is decided upon.
Meet in Dwight's room while I call
those in the west wing", said Craig
passing on.

The upper floor of Atterbury Hall
was used as a dormitory for Fresh-
men. A row of rooms extended along
the South and West sides. In the
angle was a large assembly hall. On
his way to the west side, Craig, de-
claiming the most rousing passage of
"Rienzi's Address to the Romans",as
he went, met McDowell a Fresh-
man from that quarter, in trouble.

"Practicing elevation, are you?
Well, so will the first Sophomore
whom I come upon, I suppose you
fellows over there are as serene as a
prayer-meeting, said he lightly.

"My theme suits the occasion doesn't
it? And it expresses the feeling of the
South wing too. I summon you
and your neighbors to a council of
war. Meet at once in Dwight's room.
Number 28. I'll go and lock the
outer door to keep out spies", rejoined
Craig disappearing.

In about ten minutes some twenty
enthusiastic Freshmen collected in
Dwight's apartments, seating them-
sehems on the chairs, sofa, bed, and
on the floor in Oriental style. Dwight
briefly stated the import of the meet-
ing. As a preliminary to arouse en-
thusiasm he rehearsed their grievan-
ces. Striking his fist violently on the
table he asked ironically whether
they were content to remain passive
any longer. The general outburst of
no's and 'mits' showed that all agreed.

"Pardon my presumption, but to
facilitate matters, I suggest three
things for your consideration, first to
elect a chairman and recorder for this
meeting; second that we call a class
meeting tomorrow to arouse class
spirit which is so sadly lacking; and
third, to organize the occupants of
Atterbury Hall into some sort of mu-
tual protective order. Who will move
the first?"

These suggestions met with appro-
val and were acted upon. The Or-
der proposed was organized as the
"Shield. The officers of the Order
were an 'Imperator', a 'Standard
Bearer', a Keeper of Trophies, and a
Scribe to enroll on the page of
honor the exploits of the members.
The insignia of the Order were to be
a stick button with a gilded shield on

a sable field, bearing the inscription
'Battered but not pierced.'

It had been the custom for gen-
erations at Musefield University for
the Freshman class to organize some
such a body as described against a
similar one of the Sophomore class.
That class just now boasted of a band
no less formidable than the "Irrecon-
cilable." These organizations were
at word points the entire year. A
prime object was to get possession of
all the belongings possible of the
opposing class. These trophies were
returned to their rightful owners on
"Reunion Day", when a treaty of per-
petual peace was concluded with
much banqueting and smoking of the
peace pipes.

Monday morning beheld the Fresh-
men trooping into chapel, every man
of them flourishing the crimson and
black, their adopted colors. The
Sophomores eyed them with interest.
This demonstration of the Freshmen
was looked upon as an open declara-
tion of war. Every Sophomore felt
called upon to remove the obnoxious
crimson and black. The Freshmen
were the last to leave the chapel.
When they came to the high iron gate
they found further progress obstruct-
ed by the enemy drawn up in the gate
way three deep.

"Surrender your colors", demanded
a big Sophomore of the nearest Fresh-
man.

"That's my honor. I could not par-
part with it under any consideration", he
said.

"Then I'll have to take it", said the
big fellow reaching for it.

"If you can you may", rang out
the saucy Freshman, seizing the out-

THE ANCHOR.
stretched arm by the wrist, with one hand and with the other he snatched off his opponent’s hat, pitched it upon a picket in the gate and escaped the grasp of the enraged Sophomore, to the intense amusement of the upper class men who were gathering around. A few other ones had attacked wearers of the crimson and black. Van Duss, who was a host in himself, happened to be standing back of the swinging gate. With more than his wonted alacrity he pushed it shut forcing the Sophomores who were standing within reach of it to spring forward and those before it to fall back. Before the surprised ones had recovered their wits he had shut down the catch. McDowell, who took in the situation at a glance, snatched a stake from beside a young tree and began to rap the fingers of those trying to undo the catch from the other side.

The Sophomores were now in a sorry plight. Fully half their number were on the safe side of the guarded gate while the others were struggling heroically with superior numbers.

[To be continued]

Before Writing A Letter
Chilling winds around me blowing,
Russet leaves of Autumn falling,
Set my dreamy thoughts a-going.—
"Deep to deep" within me calling.
What the subject, what the story,
What the theme this time shall be,
Ask me not, ye sages hoary.
I shall write what comes to me,
All that comes? Ah, no, 'twere madness,—
Never quite the soul lets out
All the gladness, all the sadness,
All the stuff it dreams about,
In one's inmost heart there slumbers
Many a thought, and many a dream
Which no mortal mind e'er numbers,
Which no mortal eye hath seen.
But the hearts of friends are open,—
Bless me, this is sweet to know,
That we read the thoughts ne'er spoken
By the few that overflow. "Rusticus."

A Letter from India

RANIPETTAL, INDIA.
To the Anchor.—We have completed three years in India and according to my custom of the past two years I will again send my greetings to the fellow students and alumni of Hope College. My work has been as formerly the preaching of the Gospel, for a large part in places where it had never been preached before. From Oct. 1, '98 to Oct. 1, '99, we have been privileged thus to bring the Word of life to over 1000 places, and with my band of five workers to have preached an aggregate of over 3500 sermons to about 75000 hearers. If I should say, That is about all the good that it does, it would reflect the true idea that sometimes rises in my mind. But time and perhaps eternity alone will reveal the results of our work.

This may not be quite the place to discuss theories of mission work, but I may say that I see the sad defects of this deserted method of preaching. It has been an excellent introduction, but it needs now (let us emphasize the word now) to be carefully followed up by a stick-to-one place method, and by hand to hand endeavors with individual souls. There are three tables or counties with a population of over 500,000 lying right in the heart of the field occupied (?) by the Arcot Mission, for which we are doing almost nothing in the way of giving them the Gospel. The Board has just felt itself compelled to withdraw the only man who might do something there. Ten men could find work there, yet one man cannot be spared for it.

Plague has become a familiar word to us, and yet how terrible are the blows that it deals to the places where it comes. It seems to have come to stay in the land. Bombay and Poona are especially subject to its ravages.

At the beginning of the year it made its appearance among us and caused considerable anxiety. Ten deaths a day in Vellore or three a day in Ranipettal are as many in proportion as 200 in Bombay. But the Lord has mercifully turned it away and almost all of our Christian community have been spared.

And now, if we may believe the prophets of India, about the middle of November such a calamity will visit this land as has never been. For the 11th of that month will complete the Kalayuga age, a cycle of 5000 years. The gods will come down to earth, more especially One, a son of God, will come on a white horse.

Our native brethren have connected this prophecy with the one of our Lord’s second coming. I myself have found it impossible to speak of our Lord’s return without seeming, in the minds of my Hindu hearers, to refer to the end of the Kalayuga age.

Personally, I believe our Lord’s return is imminent, but the day or the hour no man knoweth. The time is short. We need more holy, consecrated, self-sacrificing workers, chosen of Christ, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. Those who cannot go must pray; all must pray. The growth of the kingdom of God does not depend upon money or methods, but upon workers, disciples of Christ, who keep his words, who abide in him.
In touching upon some features of our work here, I must make a brief closing reference to the Christian Endeavor Society. It is making its way, sometimes with rapid strides, sometimes more slowly, everywhere and in every direction. Not only in large towns, in boarding schools and colleges, but in the out-of-the-way village churches, the boys and girls are organizing and pledging for individual and combined efforts for their Savior. Children of ten years old, not only to sing and pray in a meeting, but to bear personal testimony for Christ, when they are out in the street with their heathen playmates, or in the fields together tending their flocks of sheep. Thus they recognize the law of the kingdom which is as leaven. How soon the Gospel will reach all ears by Christ’s method, “Let him that heareth say come.” The Gospel leaven is working: may it soon permeate all hearts in India.

Henry Heizenga, 93

Joshua Plunket’s Christmas.

He was a miser. Everybody was sure of that. Didn’t he draw the rent for one fourth the houses in Plunketville? And quite a pretentious village it was; for the last census gave it twenty thousand inhabitants. When he came here, twenty-five years ago, he carried all his possessions besides his clothes, in a blue bandana handkerchief, and in his inner waistcoat pocket. And that pocket, by the way, secured for him nearly the whole of Plunketville as it then was; viz., a general store and two or three houses. As Plunketville grew, Joshua’s pocket also grew; so that he continued to hold in his pocket a goodly fraction of the town. He built business blocks and let them for hire. He put up cottages and rented them to laborers. He erected larger houses and leased them to the more wealthy. And he himself lived in a mere hovel. Would any one but a miser live in a hovel when he owned palaces?

Never was he known to leave a single month’s rent uncollected. If a tenant was one day late, Joshua frowned. If two Joshua grumbled. If three he threatened. And on the fourth day the tenant was ordered to move. And move he had to.

But that fourth day very seldom dawned upon a worthy but unfortunate family. For, at the last moment, when things looked darkest, the exact amount of the rent would in some mysterious way be placed in the hand of the distressed tenant.

And Joshua had never married. ‘A wife is an expensive luxury,’ he said. The idea! A man with such an income cannot afford the luxury of a wife! But then there are wives and wives. And the choosing of them is but a lottery, with the chances against you. And then, if you have chosen the one woman in the world and she plays you false ——— But Joshua ran no chances; for he was a miser.

Nor was he known to have ever donated a cent to charities. When the poor hospital was founded, Joshua was appealed to for aid. He inquired very minutely into the management of the institution: how the money was to be spent, how much was still needed to complete the work; and by similar questions raised strong hopes in the breast of the solicitor only to dash them down with transparent, “I can’t afford it.” Though it didn’t matter much in this particular instance; for that same evening some unknown philanthropist donated double the necessary amount. Thus his avariciousness lost Joshua a golden opportunity to acquire enduring fame.

There was another occurrence that offered convincing proof of Joshua Plunket’s avariciousness. Through Plunketville runs a stream that becomes a roaring torrent during pretracted showers. Along this stream Joshua had much property. One day, late in the fall, he was so intent upon securing one of his small houses, which was threatened by the rushing tide, that he did not notice the water rising about him, until escape was cut off, and in a moment the house was torn from its foundation and carried swiftly down stream. Joshua managed to scramble upon the roof and there clung helpless, while his crazy craft was slowly but surely breaking up.

John Smalley saw the miser and determined to save him. A flat bottomed boat was at hand, and, after a great deal of exhausting rowing, Smalley succeeded in pulling alongside the now fast crumbling shanty. Tremblingly Joshua slipped into the boat and they headed for the shore.

Joshua Plunket fully realized how deeply he was indebted to John Smalley, and he forthwith proceeded to settle the debt.

“John,” he said, “you have saved my life. Money cannot repay you for the service rendered. Therefore I shall not insult you by offering any; but I thank you from the bottom of my heart.”

Whether John Smalley had been better satisfied if Joshua had thanked him from the bottom of his pocket, is not for me to say. But Smalley was a poor man.

Everybody was certain that Plunket was a miser, and, he, in turn, was excessively reserved. So that it is no wonder that the people did not associate with him. He never seemed to stir abroad except to collect his rent. For this reason the people never connected with him certain strange doings that every year at Christmas-tide filled the town with wonder.

It began about ten years before the closing scene of this history. On the day before Christmas a stranger placed liberal orders with the merchants to supply all the poor families of the town with Christmas cheer. He showed remarkably accurate knowledge of their circumstances. If, through special misfortunes, they had run in debt, their debt was paid. If because of slovenliness and improvidence they were destitute, a meager sum was doled out to them with the admonition that economy and thrift would be rewarded.

The next year another stranger appeared who did the same thing. And next year another came to perform that labor of love. One and all showed wonderful judgment in distributing
the gifts. Those that, relying upon this generosity, became spendthrifts were sadly disappointed by being meagerly remembered or utterly neglected. No worthy charity failed to receive a liberal share. And every year there were abundant rejoicings and thanksgivings and earnest reflections.

When Joshua Plunket awoke the morning after his narrow escape from drowning, he could not rise. The exposure had brought on an attack of pneumonia. His self-imposed privations had greatly weakened him; and now that the fever seized him he could not endure its ravages. For weeks he tossed about in pain and rapidly wasted away.

As Christmas approached he seemed to become exceedingly ill at ease. Something preyed on his mind that allowed him no rest. The day before Christmas he seemed to make a sudden resolve. He sent for John Smalley.

"John," he said, "I believe you are an honest man. Take this package and do as the enclosed paper directs."

John took the package home and found a large sum of money with directions for its use.

The mystery of the Christmas stranger was explained to me.

The merry Christmas chimes heralded home the soul of Joshua Plunket.

Chanson

Notes and Comments

"'Tis the season when our friends call us by name and say 'Merry Christmas.'"

And with it THE ANCHOR wishes its readers a Happy New Year. The old year sinks into oblivion, never to be recalled: the new rises above the horizon with all its possibilities, with its hopes and its fears, its joys and its sorrows. A new year dawns, but more, a new century? opens upon the eyes of the world. What this year or this century is to bring, it is improbable to predict, except probably,

"That the path of glory leads but to the grave."

Yet would THE ANCHOR wish its readers a happy new year, for the simple reason that life generally has enough of the opposite and life devoid of it is unreal.

If English generals could fight as well as in rhetorical language express a complete defeat, they would command more respect from the civilized world. They all ways withdraw with their wounded and dead for strategic reasons. They rival our Minister Choate at the Court of St. James; when he for diplomatic reasons withdraws from the presence of Her August Majesty, Gen. Buller has finally decided not to have his Christmas dinner in Pretoria for strategic reasons, unless, perchance, the Boers are kind enough to escort him thither for strategic reasons.

Hon. Mr. Choate will doubtless during the Holidays attend many diplomatic dinners when he can tickle the ears of a certain devil. Mr. Cham-
will regret the time spent in this way.

It is true that the Gymnasium is not up to the mark in every way as far as apparatus are concerned, but this can readily be amended, if the students will only give their attention to the matter. If, say, only half the students would join the association, means enough might be obtained to get a great many things now lacking. It is only by taking hold of this, not on the part of a few, or of one class; but of all, that it can be made a success. Let every student, therefore, consider this matter at once.

Next to knowing a subject is to know where to find it. Our library has many magazines and Poole’s Index. In its stock-room, but thus far they have not been used to any extent. The reason is quite evident. We all dreaded the task of looking through all the magazines for the subject sought. Al-

though the authorities were cognizant of the inconvenience, the only effectual remedy was “Poole’s Index.” This work has a recognized place in all large and well-equipped libraries, and is the only work which puts within easy reach the mass of magazine literature. But the great expense has thus far effectively debarr’d it from our reading room.

Prof. Doesburg, however, personally solicited funds from some merchants of our city, with the result that the latest and best edition will next term be placed in our Reading Room. It contains an alphabetical list of all magazine articles from 1802 to 1897, the last volume not yet being complete.

The students owe a debt of gratitude to Prof. Doesburg for personally having taken hold of the matter, and to our liberal merchants who thereby give another proof of their interest in the prosperity of our college.

Alumni Notes.

Rev. Wm. Stegeman, ’89, of Firth, Neb., has received a call from the Emanuel Reformed church at Perkins S. Dak.

Rev. J. Luxon, ’92, has been called to the First Reformed church at Muskegon, Mich.

Rev. W. H. Bruins, ’90, of Coopersville, has been called to the pastorate of the Reformed church at Mar-

Rev. Charles E. Jones. Dr. Jones graduated from Hope College in 1870.

Seminary Notes.

The Western Theological Seminary
has reasons to be thankful for the prosperity which it enjoys. The schedule work has thus far faithfully been executed, and love for the cause of Christ has manifestly been shown.

Especially is the Missionary spirit
burning brightly. As a seminary, in-
cluding both faculty and students, we have agreed to support a native mission-
ary in one of our own fields. This is decidedly a step in the right direction.

The two lectures which have been delivered before the Seminary were interesting, and we feel grateful toward these brethren who have addressed us.

The Adelphi Society, which is com-
posed of the Faculty and students,
and which meets every Friday night at the home of one of the Professors, has been much hampered in its work, largely owing to the College lecture course. This we regret; but we firmly believe that henceforth nothing shall keep us away from our Friday night meeting.

F. M.

Ulfilas Dead?

ONE of the Columbians’ in far-

away Iowa learns with regret that good old Ulfilas, having spent many years as Prof. of Dutch at his Alma Mater is dead, dead.

If the tale told in a recent number of The Anchor be true, and I have hopes that it is not, for one of Eve’s tale-telling daughters tells it, then I kindly ask for a little space in the still much-prized College paper, The

Anchor.

The writer, in all seriousness, wants to put on record his appreciation of the good services rendered by that grand old man Ulfilas. Father Ufi-

las threw open his hospitable doors every Monday evening and bade us enter. By reading and declamation, by oration and debate, by “vrij toe-

spraken” and “improvisaties,” he at-

tempts to teach us the correct use of that mellifluous tongue—the Dutch.

Oh, how patient he was with some fifteen to twenty of us boys. He well

knew how difficult it was for the ma-

jority of us to rid ourselves of our bar-

barous dialects, and put into practice the rules taught “below”, as e.g., “De letters a en o mogen” etc. And yet, having a quasi-premonition that some of us would be Holland preachers he taxed his patience and skill to the utmost to keep up our unflagging interest in his society. And thanks to him, the writer did, and as a con-

sequence reaps to-day the benefits of such interest.

And now, fellows, future Holland preachers especially, is Ulfilas dead? Then, I beg of you, resurrect him! Do not usher him into the coming century a dead man. But whisper his resurrection in his presence, and he will leap forth from the spirit-

world into a life of joy and Dutch use-

fulness.

Now, or never, is your time to acquire a fair use of your mother-
tongue. My friend, Rev. P. Siegers, your new and competent Prof. may
Through the West on Wheels

[CONCLUSION]

It was not my intention to take up any more space in The Anchor in regard to our trip out West, but as were desirous that I should do, I consented. The intention, however, was that Nywening should take up most of the space in relating his experiences in Dakota, but as he departed, it is left to me alone. While he went to Dakota to visit some of his relatives I stayed in Sioux county and made almost daily excursions to the cities and villages in the vicinity to visit acquaintances or make new friends. The cheery vivacity and unfailing courtesy of the people had won my affectionation and admiration from the first and the more I came to know them the more I found reason to honor my earliest impressions of them. And thus the days passed by and the time soon came that I had to think of departing.

It was Tuesday morning when I started. It was somewhat cooler than the previous day. The sun was hidden behind heavy clouds which foreshadowed nothing very favorable to me. But a few miles from Sioux Center the rain began to fall. And it took a good amount of energy on my part in order to reach Orange City before the shower. Some delay was necessarily occasioned, during which I had occasion to visit some friends and bid them goodbye. At 10 o'clock the roads were sufficiently dry to furnish good wheeling. My course was directly East and this I intended to keep to Waterloo. But I soon found that it was better to change it. A strong wind, such as are customary in the West, did its best to discourage my progress. Thus I turned South to Marcus and on to Cherokee. The afternoon was hot, under the trees Elysium itself I rested for a few moments after reaching the top of a steep hill and took leisure to view the landscape before me. The change from rainy weather to that of warm sunshine, the grandeur of the afternoon, the wonderful beauty of the scenery, the delicate perfume of unknown flowers, all these left an impression of majestic beauty but rarely felt in a life time. What a difference with what I saw farther out. A vast plain, stretching out as far as the eye could embrace gave me a hint of what I might expect in the line of monotonous scenery, and it was a great relief when the sun went down and I stopped for the night.

The following day I rode on straight East for twenty five miles more without seeing a town. A strong wind blew the dust in my face so that people along the road stared at me with a look that betrayed both fear and pity. Stopping at a certain place to get a drink the dog came after me, probably not used to such a strange sight. Rather than come in contact with his sharp teeth, I quickly turned and ran away, reaching the fence in time to jump over it. Thus, after some more serious difficulties, I reached Ackley. Thinking that with such a wind I would not be able to reach Fulton before Tuesday, I went to visit Rev. Theiiken at Wellsburg, but was disappointed when the newspaper informed me that "Rev. Theiiken went to German Valley to meet his bride." The afternoon was rainy and kept me in the village where I entered into temporarily intimate relations with the villagers who welcomed me with unobtrusive but hearty familiarity which filled the afternoon with pleasant little little dialogues and delightful experiences.

My next move was to go and visit Schaefer. After a short ride I saw some one sitting on the fence engaged in whistling a merry tune and evidently taking life very easy. Coming nearer I recognized our fellow-student. At my calling to him he was so surprised that he all at once lost his balance and tumbled head over heels from the fence. Saturday we took the buggy and went driving to visit another student in the neighborhood. The continuous rain of the previous day had given the country a delightful aspect and started vegetation into sudden life again. The green of the trees, freshened after a long drought, gave an impression of color so thick and heavy that it seemed to stand out and separate from the trees of which it was a part.

Monday morning found me again on the way toward Fulton. The miles passed like magic so that at twelve o'clock I had fifty miles behind me, when the unesthetic motives of Leopardias compelled me to stop. Arriving at Cedar Kapes I spent the little time to see the city until the fast waning afternoon light warned me to be off. The following morning was being ushered in by the first rays of the sun just peeping over the hills on my right. On the southern side the long range of hills extended until they fad away into the distance while a river stretched in a wavy line for miles, now at the foot of hills and again winding off into the valley while away on the extreme edge of the vision could be seen the pointed steeples of Mt. Vernon. It was not until seven o'clock that I reached Fulton. During the short stay here my classmate Boot and I took a ride into the country and other parts of the town, and on Thursday I left for Stillman Valley. The late start compelled me to ride in the dark at night. Near Oregon I was almost the cause of another accident. A little ways beyond Oregon I rode through the field where there was a path. While riding nicely along I struck a barbed wire fence and was thrown from the saddle. It had now become pitch dark and yet there were eight miles before me. How I reached them I cannot exactly
tell; of one thing I am sure, however, that I came more than once in undesired conduct with the dust and noise. At 5 o'clock when I arrived safely at Mr. Reeverts' Hotel I hurried for some time during which the visit was made to the great Pine Rock in the neighborhood, one of Nature's wonders. What a sharp contrast it makes with the valley which was densely covered with evergreens.

On my way to Chicago one of the paddles ran hot, necessitating my taking out the bearings and going without them. At DeKalb I took time to see the street fair. The bustling of the town was welcome to me. It was the opening day of the fair, and with great difficulty I made my way through the streets teeming with people.

Without any further delays I finally reached Chicago at 5 p.m. During all this time I had not at all heard of my companion, neither had he yet appeared in Chicago. But the next morning, while we were at breakfast, the doorbell rang and in opening the door, we saw, to our great surprise, Mr. Nyewening. He had travelled through South Dakota and came back through Minnesota to Dubuque, where he took the train for Chicago. Thus, after an absence of several weeks, we both reached the place whence we started out in safety.

S. F. R.

College Jottings

Van der Mel—side-tracked on West 59th street.

Cooper—still in doubt.

Van Dam—striving earnestly for better results.

Verburg—"Taint heart never won fair lady."

Riepma—Time for a new and original joke.

Netting—Authority on sociology.

Dinkeloo—De Vries rising lawyer.

Miss Zwemer—Future Editor-in-chief of "De Hope."

Korteling has received recognition from the president of the college since the Chapin lecture, says one of his friends. George says the lecture was fine but that his mind was somewhat frustrated.

"Brother Henry" is mourning the recent departure of his sister mulberry, who has returned to her home in Hamilton for the winter months.

Hondelink had a very pleasant time Thanksgiving in Oversel. "Some men are born lucky, others have a shot upon them."

Lot for sale cheap at So. River St. All applicants are requested to call between the hours of 7 and 10 p.m. Please call at the side door. Don't be afraid: the dog won't hurt you.

Miss Hattie Free reports having had a very enjoyable time at her home in Hudsonville during the Thanksgiving recess.

What strange sights at the lectures! Schouten, Van Houte and Wilms have been taking a special course of lectures after chapel.
It requires a 2-cent stamp for city delivery. The current report is that Giebel has been safely rescued from the whirl-pool, and has been invited to spend his Xmas vacation with a fair one in Fremont.

Brink recently attended a social at Hope Church, and so graciously displayed his knowledge that he received two consolation prizes, one of them being a rubber doll. The next thing in order will undoubtedly be a treatise on the poor thing.

The college girls certainly deserve the highest praise and congratulations for the last Anchors Every department of the paper shows taste and talent The story written by Avis Yates is very pleasing Bessie Buttime also deserves great credit for her nicely written essay The essay written by Miss Floyd surely shows that she has marked literary talent. The local editors also produced some very spicy jokes.

Nov. 30—Sluyter in Zeeland. Dec. 1—Van Dam in Saugatuck. Dinkeloo—Authority on Calvinism. A. Wagemaker is spending a few days of his vacation here.

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