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THE ANCHOR.

"Spera in Rea."

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John Milton's L'Allegro.

It was during a revolutionary period of England's history that John Milton was ushered into the world. The people were struggling with the king, and many were contending for a better and purer religion. Milton sided with those who strove for a more liberal government, and his deep religious convictions are revealed in the chastity and purity of his poems. After he had obtained a thorough education, he accompanied his father into the country. And here, as a silver-tongued singer in a meadow, the youthful poet, endowed with great natural ability, and inspired by a beautiful landscape, poured forth a series of lovely songs, one of which is L'Allegro.

In this poem he attempts to picture to us a joyous man and his delights. This man must first be rid of all dark and gloomy thoughts, so that he may entertain thoughts that are bright and lovely, that tend to cheer him and make him happy. Above all he must move in an atmosphere of freedom.

With such a state of mind this man is to go and enjoy the happiest of happy days. Awaking with the lark's enchanting song and the cock's cheery crow, he betakes himself out of doors to drink in the beauty of nature. The eastern sky is radiant with the amber light of the rising sun; while near him the dainty valley and the towering mountains equally draw his
The Anchor

attention. After the day is spent in pleasant occupations, he gathers with the rural folk to join in their happy games and listen to their stories. Then to the city's least and reverly, to the fascinations of the stage, closing the day with poetry and music, that soothe the soul and cause it to forget all care and trouble.

All this he forces upon the mind of the reader by lively imagery. First he trenches the caverns of the lower world to find a suitable parentage and dwelling place for the gloomy mood of man, personified as Melancholy. Then he goes to the other extreme, and traces the ancestry of man's happy mood, styled Mirth, to the fairest and happiest gods and goddesses that the fancy of men ever invented. To keep in tune with the spirit of the poem, he chooses, not the quiet and pensive night, but the cheery and mirth inspiring daytime. Further, after exhausting his vocabulary in praise of song, he adds to the thought by placing it far above the sweetest music of Orpheus' fabled lyre.

And as the thought is at first dark and rugged, so also the words. Such mouthfuls of harsh and jarring sounds are hurled at Melancholy, that we can almost see the poor creature shrink away. But as soon as the thought changes, the words change also. In the remaining part of the poem, the words are so chosen and placed that there is hardly an unpleasant sound or combination.

The expression is aided also by the arrangement in the verse. In the introduction, the thought being heavy, the running words are far apart, and the lines are not closely connected, thus making it still more cumbersome. But after that the lines are adjacent, alliterations are numerous, the lines run into each other and flow on like a gently rippling stream.

But why this beauty? To every man the world is new, is a field for exploration. He must, as it were, put out his antennas, and feel his way into the dark. Nor would he get very far, if he were not aided by the work of those before him. To some it has been given to penetrate far into the mysteries of this world, and to leave behind them bright and lasting signs as beacon lights for following generations.

Milton saw something of the beauty of nature and the joys of life, and has transmitted these views to us in his L'Allegro. Reading its inspired measures, the scales drop from our eyes, and we see the heretofore bleak and barren mountains of nature fairly alive with flaming chariots; the veil parts, and we are allowed to cast a glance within upon the holy and hidden secrets of life. And because the poem is true to life and nature, it is ever new and fresh; and when once thoroughly understood, its bright scenes will remain in our memory, and its musical cadences keep ringing in our ears.

D. Dakstra, '06.

The Development of the Character of Silas Marner.

Man is a child of circumstance. His life is one great problem, whose final solution depends upon the conditions attending it. Only by following these conditions can we determine what will be the outcome of a man's life, be it good or bad. As his character is, so is his life. As his character develops, so does his life; he leaves his old clothes, and presses to something higher, broader, and deeper. Every circumstance surrounding his life from his very infancy to his death goes to tell the final story in the development of his character.

It is a pleasant task to watch the development of a man's character: it is a delight to see every little circumstance looming up and telling its history in this development. Yes more, it is a gratification to learn that in this development even a little child may be instrumental. George Eliot's "Silas Marner" gives us the story of the development of the character of Silas Marner. Let us consider some of the circumstances attending the life of Silas Marner, so as to be able to portray the development of his character.

Behold Silas Marner in the prime of his life. See him as he associates with his fellow man, and communies with his God. His is a joyous life; for he loves his fellow man, cherishes him, is intimate with him, and above all, feels that there is a kind Sovereign, who rules and guides his life. This is Act I of Silas Marner's life. But, sad to say, Silas Marner's life could not always remain in this happy state. He was charged with theft, excommunicated from the church, deprived of the respect of his associates. Though he pleaded earnestly, saying that he was in no wise guilty, nevertheless he was not believed. So Silas Marner wisely sought another place.

But this beauty? To every man the world is new, is a field for exploration. He must, as it were, put out his antenna, and feel his way into the dark. Nor would he get very far, if he were not aided by the work of those before him. To some it has been given to penetrate far into the mysteries of this world, and to leave behind them bright and lasting signs as beacon lights for following generations.

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D. Dakstra, '06.
world became blank to him; he no longer wished to associate with it; he contemned it. But what was there that kept Marner secluded from his fellow-men? Certainly, there must be something else on which his life was now centering? It was gold. Behold the change caused by one little circumstance—Marner, the kind man, the generous man, the pious man, became Silas, the wretched miser.

But there is an over-ruling Providence, who watches and cares for his people, and does everything with a purpose in view. As Marner wove minute after minute, hour after hour, and day after day, he became more and more attached to his money; this now was his only source of joy. But Silas met with a loss; his money was stolen, and he was deprived of the joy and comfort of his life. Now he could no longer center his affections on anything; he shrank the more from his fellow men, and was in a most wretched state. Providentially a little circumstance was ready to do its part. By chance a little child strayed into his hut, while he was absent. When Silas Marner returned, he saw something golden upon the hearth place.

"Here is my gold again," he thought to himself. But he soon learned his mistake; and a grand mistake it proved to be for Silas. There he found a sleeping child with golden tresses. Presently the child awoke, and, as her cry of "Mamma" fell upon Silas' ears, there awoke in his cold heart the old time sympathy for a mortal in his distress. Out into the chilly air he went, taking with him the little child as a guide to find her mother. Beneath a furze bush he found her cold, still, frozen to death. As he saw the little child kissing and caressing her dead mother, as he saw the cold hand of death on the woman's pallid features, as he thought of the great loss the little creature had sustained, a stronger feeling of sympathy for the child awoke within him. How the child belongs to nobody! His mother is dead; why should she not belong to me, for I found her? Who else has any claim to her?" So reasoned the lonely weaver of Raveloe. Could it be that he was about to take her home with him? Yes; he had found a new treasure, and in his home he desired to keep it. Gradually gladness began to drive all sorrow and melancholy from his hut. Like the child of Bethlehem, the little child seemed to bring "peace and good will" to Marner's lowly cottage. As he sat at his work, making the merry shuttle fly, he thought no longer of gold or gain; but his thoughts were directed upon the prattling child, upon the new-found treasure of his life. He called her "Eppie" for she reminded him of his little sister Eppie, who had died while young. Eppie called Silas "father," for she loved him as such. He, who formerly had been the harsh, cruel miser, now was the very opposite, a man of kindness and pity. Truly love reigned supreme in that home. If there is love in the home, there will follow love to fellow men and love to God. So it was with Silas Marner. Love was the tie stronger than death that bound him to Eppie. Gradually, as she drew to the cottage the interested neighbors, his interest in the lot of his fellow-men began to return. With his returning love for fellow men, there came to his heart once more love to God, and trust in his governing and protecting power. Thus the little child Eppie became the tie that once more bound Silas Marner to fellow men and God, and restored him to his former glory and honor.

Such was the development of the character of Silas Marner.

What a beautiful transformation it was! What a sublime thought it is that a little child may also do its work in this universe of ours; that not only men, but also little children, are called upon to play their part in bettering mankind! Witness the influence of little Eppie over the character of Silas Marner: think of the grand transformation she brought about. Verily, in the character of Silas Marner there was fulfilled this prophecy—"And a little child shall lead them." —M. A. Stegeman, "A" 03.

The American Soldier.

Among the honored heroes of a nation, the soldier plays a conspicuous roll. He is the man of action, of courage, of might. It is the soldier that must free his country from enemies without, and strike the death-blow to tyrannical oppression from within. It is the soldier, too, that must quench the smouldering fires of discontent, when the powers of statesmanship prove ineffective and paralyzed. In view of these and other facts, is it not befitting that this nation has dedicated a day to their honor, and to the commemoration of the heroic dead? But who are these great American heroes, or what are their specific deeds that have won for them such distinguished honor, and so given a crown?

The true American soldier, paradoxical though it may seem, is a man of peace. His education, training and highest aim are all for the peaceful enjoyment of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The principle, "equality of rights," forms the very web and woof of his constitution. He knows no nobility of birth; he recognizes no divine right of kings or magistrates, but he pays homage to his chosen leader, and respects the worth of the individual. His training has been in the office, in the shop, on the farm, but not in the barracks. The true American soldier is by vocation and calling an indomitable citizen, peacefully pursuing his daily task, and zealously guarding his rights and the honor of his flag. He is by nature more a diplomatic
statesman than a fighting soldier. As long as he enjoys his rights through wise legislation and fair administration, no true American patriot will take up arms to enforce his rights. But when oppression from without or civil disturbances from within threaten his freedom, his liberty, the honor and integrity of his country, the true American rises in the strength of his manhood, and becomes the most invincible soldier that ever fought under a flag of right and freedom.

These beautiful types of citizenship were crystallized in the lives of our Revolutionary forefathers. They had learned to appreciate their liberties and freedom in the wilds of America; and when the tyrannical hand of George III threatened to draw out the very life-blood of American liberty, our forefathers met the British "cavalry coats" on many a bloody field. Inspired by the patriotic appeals of Adams and Jefferson, and encouraged by the heroism of Washington and Lafayette, they gladly offered their all on the altar of their country's freedom. They fought against overwhelming odds, but never lost courage; they suffered from the savage scalping knife and the terrible horrors of winter quarters, but they never doubted that their cause was just. It was this conviction that gave strength to their weary limbs, sustained them in the time of famine, encouraged them in the hour of defeat and despair, reanimated their drooping spirits, enthused their weary souls, and won for them the final victory.

No less heroic, noble, and human, was the work of our boys of the sixties. Gladly they, too, endured the brunt of battle, the suffering from fever and malaria and imprisonment, so that the full import of the Declaration of Independence might be realized in the liberation of three millions of slaves, that the Union might be restored, and that the stars and stripes might again float triumphantly over "the land of the free and the home of the brave." The smoke of many a battle-field rises, as from so many altars, as a sweet incense to the God of their country's liberty.

Statesmen may work and toil for their country's honor; citizens may offer their wealth and riches; but the soldier offers the dearest of all. He leaves home and friends, and casts himself, as a living sacrifice upon the altar of his country. Can a greater sacrifice be made? Can truer devotion to duty be found? Glorious has been the record of our heroes. Noble was their work. Worthy is their praise and honor.

P. GEORGE, '03.

EDITORIALS

Vacation.

Undoubtedly vacation time is the happiest season of the year for students. It may seem paradoxical, but yet there is nothing to which they look forward with greater pleasure and longing. The height of time is always measured by the "number of weeks till Christmas." But yet to some few there is no share in the happy anticipations of the many, they are compelled for some reason or other to remain at College during the Holidays, and to forego the pleasure of the happy family reunion around the Christmas dinner table. To such Christmas Day and New Year's Day can be bought but dreary; they have nothing to do, and nowhere to go. Of course they enjoy their vacation to some extent, but not in the same measure with their more fortunate fellows. But yet, there are some compensations. The friends of the College sympathize with them most deeply, and therefore do all in their power to give them pleasure. The homes of many are thrown open, and the feeling of homesickness is banished, for the time being at least, by kind attention and generous hospitality. They, who thus furnish cheer to the hapless remnant, are helping them to bear a burden that would otherwise be all but intolerable, and the Anchor joins in thanking them for their kindness; the friends at home, who are deprived of the pleasure of seeing their dear ones, will feel better in knowing that they are not utterly forlorn.

A Gentle Hint.

It always gives The Anchor pleasure to point out the merits of the studentry, but it causes pain to be obliged to point out the evil tendencies that exist. Although this is an unpleasant task, still The Anchor feels it incumbent upon itself to call attention to the students' weaknesses. That there are evil tendencies can scarcely be doubted. These are found in every institution. Shall we be so conceited as to think that we are entirely free from them? It is true that there are evils in other institutions which have gained no foothold here, but it is equally true that there are evils here which are peculiar to our student body. The Anchor wishes briefly to call attention to one of these evils, not at all in the spirit of censor, but in a spirit that seeks the welfare of the boys.

Recently it was brought to our attention that there is a lack of the sense of honor among our boys. It was entirely needless to bring this matter to our notice, as it is but too evident. The
remark was made with special reference to the use of the reading room. There are some who have no regard for rules or for the convenience and comfort of their fellow students. If works of reference are placed in the reading-room, there are some who have the audacity to remove these books and monopolize their use; and thereby prevent the remainder of the class from enjoying the benefits that could be derived from the use of these books. There are others who go a step farther; they make clipings from magazines and newspapers which were intended for all the students. This is nothing short of Vandalism. It is not a matter of mere thoughtlessness. Protests have been made against such actions time and again. Things have now come to such a crisis that it is time for the student body to take a united stand against such offenders.

But here is where the peculiarity of the matter lies. In some way or other our boys have come to the absurd notion that it is a matter of duty to shield the miscreants. What a foolish idea! Shall the many allow themselves to be imposed upon by the few? Shall we allow the good name of the student body to be degraded by the wanton actions of a few who cannot and do not appreciate their privileges? Surely our sense of honor has not become so blunted that we dare not raise a protest. But yet, it is this unpardonable silence of the students, by which they condone the evil actions of the few, that fosters the spirit of destruction. As long as the miscreants feel safe, they will continue in their actions. But let the students assert themselves and demand that none of their privileges be violated, and soon the nuisances will cease. It has been suggested that the older students take a stand against the evils mentioned, but, alas, there are some of those who are guilty. Let rather the good element, both in the older and younger classes, rise up against the encroachments on their privileges, and thus root out the evil. Do this because it is honorable and right. Try to keep the good name of the student body unsullied.

\[\text{The Whites and the Reds.}\]

On the evening of December 15 ten young ladies of the college played an exhibition game of basket ball in the Gym. "The Reds" and "the Whites" were the names of the two contending teams. Each team had for some days previous been selling ribbons to its adherents, and the gallery was bright with the fancy boxes. Never was there a more enthusiastic crowd congregated in the old building. Cheer upon cheer echoed over the campus, when the young ladies took their positions to begin play. The Reds had the support of the larger number; most of the younger generation yelling insistly in their behalf while the staid Juniors and Seniors showed their sympathy with the "Old Maid," as the Whites were mockingly dubbed, not by loud uproarious clamor, but by dignified silence and a stern, august demeanor. The teams were well matched. In the first half but one point was scored. A basket was thrown after a foul by Miss Lilla Thurber of the Whites. Between the halves a banner belonging to the Reds was seized by a Junior, who seems to have forgotten the dignity demanded by his position; but he was unable to make his escape with his capture. In the second half-enthusiasm ran so high that the sound of the official's shrill whistle was all but lost in the din occasioned by the alternate cheers and hoots of the two factions. In quick succession two baskets were thrown by the Reds, and the score stood four to one in their favor with only a few more minutes to play. An agonized, frightened look began to overcloud the faces of the Whites and their supporters, yet a desperate effort was made to realize the forlorn hope; but success did not crown the attempt. The honor of having thrown the baskets belongs to Miss Estelle Kollen. On the following Wednesday the boys who supported the Whites attempted to vindicate their color, but again a defeat was suffered at the bloody hands of their more skilful opponents.

\[\text{AMONG THE SOCIETIES.}\]

Y. M. C. A.

The various committees of the Y. M. C. A. have done faithful work during the term just closed. At the last cabinet meeting five appeared from the reports of the chairman that all the departments of Y. M. C. A. work have been carefully looked after, and that the association has no reason to cherish anything but bright anticipations as to its future.

The missionary committee by means of its subscription cards has secured the promise of about $25 as a contribution to foreign work. A large amount of this has already been collected.

The committee on membership reported an increase of twenty members during the term, twenty-three of whom are active and two associate. Were it not for the fact that many of the students go home by trolley, the increase of members would be still larger. Upon request, two members have been permitted to withdraw their name from the membership roll.

The report of the religious work committee showed up well. The Sunday schools are well attended. A Christmas entertainment has been given by each school.
The Anchor

The prayer-meeting committee will issue a topic card the coming term. The first meeting of the month was led by Doctor Olmaz, who spoke on Missions—"Our Work in Japan"—on Dec. 2. The Y. W. C. A. was extended an invitation, to which their was good response. Mr. Poel also led the meeting on Dec. 9; and Mr. M. conducted the closing meeting Dec. 16.

Cosmopolitan.

The Cosmopolitan society held its closing meeting of the term on Dec. 12. This closed a series of meetings which have been characteristic of hard work and good fellowship. The programs have brought forth articles of high literary merit—articles that revealed thorough investigation and the most critical analysis of the subject considered.

"Cosmos Hall" is the place where twenty-four genial spirits meet in hearty, good, social feeling to spend a couple of hours that, of all hours spent on the campus, are most fraught with real happiness, and occupied in some of the most helpful work. Scarcely a letter is received from any of its former members which does not dilate upon the happy memories of this hall and all it stands for, and which does not arouse its present members to a spirit of loyalty to Cosmopolitanism.

At the last meeting Erasmus was chosen President; Blaine, Vice-President; Dr. Kuyper, Secretary; Plait, Scargrnt. The new cabinet set them up to their fellows in a royal way at one of the city restaurants.

Each member agrees to read a standard work during vacation, and to write a criticism on it which shall be read at the meetings of the next term.

x x x

Alumni.

J. Van der Heide, '01, received a telegram a few weeks ago, which called him to his home at Atwood, Mich., on account of the illness of his brother, who had met with a serious accident.

Rev. F. Lubbers, '92, of Lafayette, Ind., has for a second time declined the call to Waupun, Wis.; but has accepted the call to Albany, N. Y.

Rev. F. J. Zwemer, of Sheboygan Falls, Wis., who has been ill for some time, has recently undergone an operation. He is now convalescing, and we hope for his speedy recovery.

Albertus Brook, '00, of the New Brunswick Seminary, is spending his Christmas vacation at home and in Holland.

The Anchor extends its sympathy to E. R. Kruizenga, of the junior class, who was recently called home on account of the death of his father.

Rev. Peter J. Marsilje, '93, who recently left for Oklahoma, will spend the winter at Liberty, the place formerly occupied by Rev. T. Mulder, '91; while Mr. and Mrs. Mulder will for the present go to Colony.

Rev. N. Boer, '97, of Jamestown, Mich., has accepted the call to the Bethany Reformed church of Grand Rapids.

Rev. E. Bauninger, '98, of Timmangalam, Tibet, India, has already preached his first sermon in the Tamil language. We look for great blessings on his work.

Rev. Dr. H. Dosker has accepted a call to the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Louisville, Kentucky. This is the second call Dr. Dosker has received from there; he declined the first one last summer.

H. Boot, '00, of the Western Theological Seminary, has been appointed by the Board as missionary to China. The Anchor extends congratulations, and in advance wishes him success and blessing in his future work.

x x x

College Jottings.

"Ah there?"

"Come Petty."

"Better late than never."

"Red Sweater."

"Why didn't the telephone joke work?"

"This is a friend from Grand Rapids."

Prof. N.—"My experience is the experience of a dog."

Penning—"I guess I'll ask some of the store keepers."

"If they ask for bread, will they give him a stone? Yes verily."

Washdyke and Miss—were recently seen looking for quilts. What does it mean?

Miss Thurber in the class room—"I find the Ann Arbor boys much more prepossessing than those at Ypsilanti."

Dick—"There are not fifteen hundred people in the Netherlands, who do not smoke."

Prof. N.—"I challenge you, sir." "I have fifty dollars to put into this, if you have."

Stogy had a key for (Kefer) the King's banquet hall, but his Pons was stolen by a bold masquerader. Try a Rose or a Daisy next time.
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Brouwer thinks that to be with May in December is a rare treat. Miss H. says she is going to tag Melly; but someone might object. Take heed.

Hurrath for the "reds," the undisputed champions.

Prof. N. to Kelder—"Are you more easily convinced by a man or by a woman?"

Kelder (blushing)—"I don't know."

Prof. "That will do."

No use kicking. You have got to go to the restaurant anyhow.

"Come here! Come here! Come right here, both of you! There now, go right home! I'll see you tomorrow."

How could Matt go to Wisconsin?

V. D. M., upon introducing a certain young lady (not his sister)—"this is Miss Van der Mel."

How mean of Bloemendaal to take down the red flag!

Prof. Y.—"A horses head is about the size of a three bushel barrel."

Muller—"Prof., don't you mean Muller's head (mules?)"

Cooper on his way to the entertainment—"I haven't got a lesson. Oh yes, I've got my "German.""

A freshmen who flunked in Greek—"I don't give a rap for Dumont; I don't give a rap for Greek; I don't give a rap for the marks at the end of the term; for all these things are far from my eyes."

Prof. Bergen—"I saw Senators and Congressmen lined up before a bar at Washington, waiting for their turn to get a drink; and I got an ev' opener."

Their example must have been contagious. Ed. Kromer, Prep. '97, and Miss Amy Yates, Prep. '99, fell through the ice last week while skating. A timely rescue was effected by friends, who were within calling distance. Remarkable presence of mind was shown by all.

Guy Oosterling left school a few days before the close of the term to go to Ann Arbor for medical treatment. His case presented such peculiar complications that local physicians advised him to consult the specialists of the Medical Department of the University. To know what your eyes require, you should call and have us test your sight. We can provide the glasses needed to correct a defect, relieve weakness, and strengthen and improve the vision. Examination Free. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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