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FEBRUARY, 1899.

The Anchor

HOPE COLLEGE.

HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
The Anchor

"Spera in Inf." P. 441. 5.
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NUMBER 5

My First Patient.

I had now been in my new home eight days, a short time, to be sure, and yet each day with its air-castles and hopes seemed an entire lifetime. For one whole week the neat door-plate had announced this house as the residence of a practising physician; for a whole week my consultation-room with its dark draperies and reclining chairs had been offering to future patients the advice and assistance of Dr. Max Erhardt.

Of course I was not surprised that I received no visits the first few days, for, said I to myself, "The community must first become accustomed to the idea that there is a good doctor in their midst. Just wait until you have skilfully restored your first patients to their former good health, then matters will take another aspect. Just wait until your reputation has spread throughout the neighborhood, then the whole city will crowd to your consultation-rooms, then you will drive your neat little carriage through the city streets, and then, well, then —"

Then again I arrived at those thoughts which always predominated in my mind. I was again by the side of my dear little cousin Marie, who I thought would make the prettiest little doctor's wife that one could imagine. I loved my little blonde cousin.

The experiences of a doctor. Translated from the German of Marc. Boyen.
Courage to say anything, for I had seen an expression in the eyes of my betrothed which kept back the words when I was about to utter them. I did not doubt but that love for the fully possessed her heart, but it was evident that there was a lack of confidence in my ability as a physician, and that induced me out of pride to remain silent until that time should come when I could announce to her my first independent success as a doctor and thus acquire Marius' fullest approval and unlimited confidence.

One gloomy November afternoon as I sat absorbed in all these thoughts, I heard the door bell ring. I arose to open the door myself instead of allowing my office boy to do so.

I admit that as I strode toward the door, a flood of strange thoughts overwhelmed me; the caller needed my help, at least a well to do patient had arrived, with a bountiful reward, tame—ah, again my thoughts brought to me the image of 'my Fran Doctor.'

I opened the door. In the twilight of the autumnal afternoon there stood before me a poorly clad woman. From her haggard face, begrimed with coal-dust, a pair of large, dark, weeping eyes glanced at me. "Oh Doctor," said she with trembling voice, "Doctor, have pity on me, I pray you, my little Marie is so ill."

The name somewhat compensated for the unpleasant impression which the poor appearance of the woman had caused, an impression that did not at all agree with my late reveries.

"Who are you?" I asked. "Who sent you here?" "No one has sent me," replied the woman quickly and softly. "Oh, Doctor. I pray you, come."

I have carried coal from a wagon into the next house all day; I live in the court opposite. My child has been sick since yesterday, but as I hastened home a few moments ago I found it much worse.

I shuddered; the surprise was so great. The woman drew her black hand over her face, which betrayed the marks of tears that had trickled over it.

"I would have called in the poor doctor," whispered the woman, "but your servant is a child of the cobbler in our court and she has told everybody that you were so good; oh, Doctor, come and help my little girl."

Surely this poor woman had need of my assistance and so I accompanied her. We crossed the street and entered the courtyard back of a long row of houses, then up five flights of stairs, each succeeding flight darker and steeper than the last, through a poorly fitting door, into a small room with slanting ceiling and one small window. There, on a large bed, poorly but neatly covered, lay a little child, about fourteen months old, her little cheeks burning with fever and her little eyes wandering about the room listlessly.

The woman knelted at the edge of the bed and sighed, "The child does not recognize her mother any more."

The child coughed hoarsely, one of the surest symptoms of the croup. I tore a page out of my note-book and wrote my first prescription as a practicing physician. "To the nearest drug store," said I.

The mother looked at me with an embarrassed glance. "Can I not take this to the one on King's Street?" said she.

"By no means," I replied, "you must get it as quickly as possible, but why do you not go to the one on this street?"

A thought could be seen passing over her face, even through the coal dust. "Because I'm known in King's Street, I have carried coal there, and perhaps they will—I have no money." A bitter tear fell on the paper in her hand.

"These people who cannot pay a doctor and cannot buy the necessary medicine—", said I to myself severely: I took some money from my pocket and said aloud, "Here, take this, hasty."

The mother kissed the hand of the little child and then mine, before I could prevent, and then hastened away.

I looked round the room for a chair. All the room contained was one poor chair, a rude cupboard, an old table, and some necessary utensils upon the cold stove; in one corner hung a threadbare black shawl and the little cloak and hat of the child; and on a bracket near the window stood a myrtle flower and a rose flowering geranium and a hymn-book with an offensive yellow edge.

I drew the chair near the bed and sat down beside my little patient. The child was apparently well attended to, its face was full and pretty, its golden hair soft and curly. The little one was suffering severely, she was unconscious but her blue eyes were staring before her into the dim distance. It was cold in the room and so I went to the stove but the few bits of wood that I found there even made me refrain from building a fire. So I sat down again to await the return of the woman with the medicine. My thoughts wandered anew about the cheerless room. A poor, hard working woman, carrying coal on the streets, while her little girl lay suffering with sickness and want, and yet this woman loved her child so tenderly.

Then suddenly the thought shot through me, that I might have been called too late. I might not be able to save the child. I was perhaps not experienced enough to undertake the responsibility of attempting to snatch the child from death. My heart began to burn within me; I sprang to the door and listened for the footsteps of the woman.

At last she came; she met my reproachful look submissively. "There were so many people in the drugstore. Persons, such as I am, dare not crowd forward—"

One hour of the sickness passed. The prescribed medicine had had no effect, little Marie could not swallow it. All my efforts were futile, the little one died before my very eyes, on the lap of her mother who was motionless with grief.

At last the poor woman looked up, so startled, a tear had fallen on her hand, surely she had not wept. "Are you weeping, Doctor?" said she. "Do not weep, you will stand at many such a death-bed as this, where our Lord does not help." She stared vacantly at the little corpse. "I have loved the child dearly, I have done for it all that I could do in my poverty. When I returned home from my sooty jabor I found it so tender, so loving. For hours together it would sit on bed or on the floor, playing with almost nothing, and it laughed for joy when I came home. God has taken it from
me, he loved it more than I did, but—and I shall feel so lonesome now.

I pressed the poor woman's hand. I could not speak. I threw some money on the table and left. At home I laid aside my case and sat down, so discouraged that I could not take no supper. So I went to bed, hoping that I might be able to get some sleep. But the image of that dark attic-chamber, the dead child, the mourning mother, and the torturing self reproach I experienced as I thought of the part that I had played in the tragedy that had just been enacted, banished sleep from me. My first patient! I could only groan, and then the painful words of the poor woman again recurred to my mind—"Don't you think, Doctor, that you will stand beside many a sick bed like this, where the Lord does not give His help?"

I had been called too late to help the child, I could not have saved it. "To stand beside many a sick bed like this" I hid my face in the pillow. It was a terrible night. The torturing thoughts, which made me restless, were so unlike the pleasant visions which had formerly come to me asleep and awake and had made me so happy.

The next day as I passed by a greenhouse, the fragrance from within wafted toward me; I stepped in and bought a beautiful white camelia and a sweet-smelling violet. I ascended the five flights of stairs to the dwelling of the bereaved woman; I found the attic-chamber unlocked, dimly lit. In the middle of the cheerless room stood a little casket, where the little child lay, clad in a neat white dress, a myrtle wreath on its golden locks and geranium buds scattered here and there. On the table near stood the lamp and next to it the open hymn-book of the poor woman.

I placed the beautiful white blossom in the cold hand of the little sleeper and the violet on its bosom. Then I glanced at the open book, my eyes fell upon the lines of "I long to leave," that same old hymn which I had learnt at school but had forgotten so soon.

"But you to me must tell, Who will then weep for me. Let this be your prayer, God will your best friend be.

With a sigh I laid the book aside. These words, the quiet solitude, the peaceful repose of the child, were all impressed upon my heart. I now returned home, after having inquired as to the time of interment.

I went to bed early for I was tired and all uneasiness had finally left me. A fervent prayer now came to my lips, as if induced by some unknown power, a prayer that God might bestow a blessing upon my arduous task in the future and that my consoled reliance on my skillfulness might be changed into child-like trust upon God's protection, and that I might have peace in God if I should ever again stand helpless at a sick bed.

Early next morning I awaited the casket in the court yard; a man bore it before him; the mother followed clad in her thin black shawl. She pressed my hand with an expression of deep gratitude on her face, when she saw me join the little procession. It was but a short distance and the streets were well nigh vacant. The air was milder than is usual in November.

As the iron gate of the church yard opened, the head of the poor woman sank deeper on her breast. By the side of the open grave stood a young divine, ready to pronounce his last blessing upon the dead. What comforting words for the poor woman and for me he uttered. "Given back into God's hand unto everlasting rest." "I know it. I know it," sighed the poor woman, as she turned her pale face toward the speaker.

In the evening I went to the home of my relatives, but the old people were not at home. Only cousin Marie was at home and she welcomed me. We sat before the window in the moonlight and then I told her about my first patient and the lesson I had learnt for my calling. Marie said nothing about my confession, but all of a sudden I felt her arms embracing me. She looked at me with sparkling eyes and said, "Now you understand, Max, what you lacked in your calling. Thank God that this idea has come to you with your first patient. And now I believe that you will become a successful doctor, who will always try to do good, even where your skill can have no power."

I kissed my beloved. "And now," said I, "surely you will have the courage to become the wife of such a doctor." She smiled through the tears; and so at last we were engaged.

By chance I was again called the next day to attend a child that had the croup, and I was fortunate enough to cure it. And since that time God's grace has given me the opportunity to relieve much sickness and sorrow. The mother of my first patient soon became my housekeeper, when I brought Marie to her new home. Later on she took charge of our little daughter Marie and often she would weep over her for joy and in thankful remembrance of her little golden-haired girl. That little girl had made a doctor such as I should be and had caused a happy life to be established for the bereaved mother.

M. J. STORMZIND.
**Meditations of Dr. Mephistopheles.**

Chanted at the opening of the "Luna Lunacy League" of Hope College, Dec. 30, '89.

By a subject of intriguing tea-nails.

According to Dr. Ashley's definition, man is an animal with a thumb. Dickens No. 2 says, "Man is a living anthropo biped with bristles on one end and shoes on the other." We desire to go a little further and say that man is a living germ with growing toe-nails, and ancestor to the monkey race. This race generally takes place the 13th of October on the Holland Fair grounds. Man is a specimen of which the zoological kingdom may well be proud, for he is the highest exponent of the animal variety. He is very zealous and quick-motived when in trouble with his half brother, the gorilla, or his cousin, the orang-outang. He generally has an erect position unless overcome by grief or Greek, love or Latin; for then he has the geosyncline position of the Anchiasaurus during the Iliohan age of the earth's revelation. He is entirely void of offence and of a board when he beholds for the first time the glories of creation in the shape of a snow storm.

There is also another creature called woman. A man and a woman are at times great friends, but more often enemies. Gerrit Shakespeare says of the latter beings "Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;" but Brother Huxley, who has made a close study of the intellectual cavity in the upper story of man's temple, says, "Man is destined to become woman's prey." But we sincerely hope with an exceeding large and wide hope that brother Huxley has made an error in his mathematical calculations.

No doubt, by this time you have become somewhat interested in these shoe wearing, all devouring, bipedal beings. Let us limit ourselves to one of the attributes with which these anthropological species are so copiously blessed. It would be impracticable as well as impossible to cover the whole field of observation, for these five-fingered Sons of Adam extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific waters.

Let our study for the next four hours be on the character of man. We have divided our subject into two heads, namely the first and second.

Head No. 1—A man's character may at times be measured by the length of his beard or the thickness of his mustache. It may also be measured by the inverse ratio of common sense, displayed on the arena of Pueriology. More often a man reveals his character when he has arrived at the depot of reputation, and still more often when he comes to the "Last Resort" of Blom & Davis. Sometimes it also peeps from under the cloak of human self conceit, when he counts the uncountable stars of heaven at twelve o'clock at night in the presence of some still more mysterious companion of human attraction, enveloped by the all-absorbing rays of delight, when some one's father appears on the scene with an instrument, like the weaver's beam of Brother Samson. Character may also be read on the faces of people who have been disappointed in the art of shoveling smoke on a two hundred feet smokestack. It is the most natural element to make an ostentatious display upon a roostum the morning after a class has met in battle array and torn asunder the bands of obsequious mental benignity. Thus character may be viewed in general when the clouds are hanging low and Holloween is past; but there are particular features of character (not generalities) which are innate to every wingless angel treading on this "buckwheat" field of ours. These rare shapes of our good subject can only be brought to the moonlight after centuries of hay making.

Head No. 2—One man I know whose character is brought to light in the solemnity of his poetical inspirations and the strange "Swedish eyebrow" on his upper lip, destined to become the protection of his lower jaw. Another man in our presence shows his particular trait in exploring the Darwinian regions for western cyclomological observations beyond the degree of common melodies. He is also very fond of Socialism, Nihilism, Chemism, Loveism and some other isms. Again another anthropological clown of this nineteenth century exhibits his special qualities in wearing the lining of his overcoat on the outside of his reputation, and in centralizing "the eternal justice" and all prevailing beauty on the end of his shirt sleeves. Still another brother is particularly fond of uncooking some "brocaded profundity" which serves as a search light when his temper is darkened by the eclipse of anger. He also makes a specialty of preserving antique jokes, which may be taken in by sopsfulens when a severe headache has control over the better feelings of women. Long before the pale faced brother came to the Macatawan shores, there was a bichear whose characteristic consisted in the gifts of prophecy unrolled on the sands of time. He prophesied that at some day these muddy shores would be settled by Collonites, Yntemites, Bergenites and electric lights. Lastly, let us conclude with a conclusive conclusion. Some species, known as "comb-bearers," come finally to our notice. These are generally wellversed in the "spirit of languages" and the gift of tongues. For this reason they exhibit this priceless trait of character in the everlasting talkative style; some have also the clamorous style. Father Solomon speaks of the latter kind when he says, "There is a thousand times more comfort in sitting on the corner of a house-top during a snow storm, than to undergo the irksome scolding process of a helmeep." Solomon in all his glory was right. Thus each being has his special trait of character, broadened and enlarged by the influence of his special companion in his daily walks and nightly dreams.

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**A Dream.**

The day had been a sad one, full of disappointments. The morning hours had been spent at school, the afternoon in study. All day the rain had been falling; as night came on the wind began to howl round the corners of the houses, and make its mournful noises in the tree-tops. Outside all was dark and dreary. At long intervals a solitary pedestrian could
be heard as he wended his way home-ward, the hollow sound of his feet-steps sounding down the empty street.

To add to the already dismal night, and heighten my melancholy, a dog placed himself beneath my window, sending forth his mournful howls.

I retired early. My head was aching. Disappointment after disappointment had come upon me. It seemed that all the ills of a lifetime were crowded into this one day. The wish came to me, Oh that I were dead! I lay upon my bed, tossing from one side to the other. At last I fell into a fitful slumber and dreamed a dream.

I dreamed that I heard a dreadful clap of thunder, and that the smell of brimstone filled my room. A monstrous form stood beside me, which grasped me by the hand and bade me follow. I could not resist. Like a drowning man I grasped his hand. In an instant I was borne through space. I was in the region of the dead. Here I walked aimlessly about until I heard a hiss in my ear, bidding me follow. I now shrank back from the hideous form, but he again grasped my hand. He led me on and on until we were in Hell. Here I stood dumbfounded.

All the beings about me had bodies like my own, yet not; let me say a shadow. Here was a dreadful sight. Hags, dead-beats, drunkards, blasphemers, thieves, murderers, liars, with their hideous faces and distorted bodies.

Here each was imitating the work he had practised on earth. Here I saw a drunkard drinking what seemed to him his grog. There a murderer springing upon his victim, dealing him a death blow, while, with blood-shot eyes, he looked to see whether any one had perceived his heinous crime.

In another part of Hell, I saw troops of people coming from the spirit land—old men and women, young men and girls, students, professors, shop keepers with a look of the most intense agony on their faces. All that could be heard was the sound of screaming and moaning. I turned to my guide and asked him of these.

"These", said he, "are the gossips of earth. The ones whom you all hold dear."

I approached one of these poor unfortunates and asked him what it was he suffered. Clasping his hands to his head he cried, "Oh! I can see them now! They are always with me! If they would give me but one moment's peace." "But who?" I asked.

"There they are. See them! The young people whom we have gossiped about in our rooms. Oh! The pain is more than I can bear!" And they passed on to a lower part of Hell.

Almost all of those whom I saw were suffering this agony of mind. And I thought, should punishment so great be inflicted for simply gossiping? They only talked. Then I saw the blighted lives, the broken hearts, the desolated homes, lives ruined for time and for eternity by their lying tongues. I saw the pain that they had caused; the tears they had shed, the hot, burning, galling tears, and all by a gossiping tongue. Then I asked the demon by my side, "Must this go on forever?" And he answered with a hoarse, satanic laugh, "Yes, this goes on forever. For all eternity. On earth things end; here never. I've got them; ha! ha!"

I awoke with a start. I was bathed in a cold perspiration. Outside the sun was shining. All was gay and beautiful. All Nature was praising God. And I prayed, God deliver me from a lying, gossiping tongue.

THE ANCHOR.

Notes and Comments.

As education is becoming more and more universal, the principles of co-education are also advanced. Our modern colleges and universities are in this respect having a great advantage over those of a quarter of a century ago. The ancient idea concerning education no longer prevails. Women have proved themselves worthy of education, and Christianity and civilization have gradually subdued this primitive idea, so that now higher education is offered to both classes.

In our colleges the middle wall of partition, separating the sexes, is broken down and removed and advantages are offered to both men and women alike. We are glad to boast that Hope College is coeducational and that great improvements have been made during the last years in making it such more and more. Yet in some respects it seems that the Arab-like veil is not entirely removed. Does coeducation only mean the privilege of pursuing the same course of study, of sitting together in the same lecture room, or experimenting in the laboratory? We believe it means more. In addition to the intellectual advantages which a college offers, coeducation stands also for the social life of the students, which is and must be moulded at college as well as the intellectual. In regard to the former we hope some changes will yet take place in years to come, so that students may enjoy, at least once in a while, the advantages of coeducation.

During these days when hard study and dull routine work take from us all ambition for other things and we are satisfied with being able to accomplish only our regular curriculum duties, it seems that we are apt to become too engrossed in ourselves and to lose sight of those around us, a fertile field for putting into practice what we have acquired. We need a stimulus to urge us to this end and can only attain it when made fully alive to our duty in this respect. How can we acquire such a stimulus? Let us see. What have we to be thankful for? First of all that we are Christians. Chance or Providence might have brought us forth in a heathen land, to live and die in ignorance.

Now we are in the light, with a happy present and a happier prospect for the future.

Secondly, we are being educated. Truly, another cause for gratitude. Educated, to bring men from themselves to praise their Maker. Dull, groveling labor will not be our lot if we assiduously explore the fields of knowledge and acquire that habit and power of observation that will enable us to see and understand the mysterious hidden to the common crowd. Everything is before us to grasp and control if we but will.
Thirdly, we are Americans. And that means much, but most with us who are Christian and educated. We are citizens of a land where intoleration is intolerable, where the principles and ethics of our great Teacher are the principles and ethics of our authorities. Here is a wide scope for the educated Christian who knows and studies and sympathizes with humanity, and tries to beautify and exalt it.

As students we can begin to make ourselves useful. Having these three gifts, let us try, each in our own little way, to help our brother onward and upward. With our words let us encourage him, with our deeds set him a noble example, and then will our ambition return and our dull routine work become a fascinating means dedicated to a noble purpose.

For many years back, ever since the Excelsiora was discontinued, the college has had no official organ such as other students call their "annual." It is true, the Anchor cursorily treats the current happenings in and about school, observes the goings and comings of alumni, and in a general way represents the students in the outside world. But we should go beyond this. At least once a year a certain class should take in hand the publication of a periodical which should contain the pictures of the faculty and give a short sketch of their work, should have a few original stories by the students, recount fully the society and athletic work done, and last but not least should be interspersed with apt and spicy grinds. The matter of expense is not a serious one: in other colleges it is not and would not be here.

Let us consider the matter.

Day of Prayer

Prayer by several students.

Songs.

Prayer and benediction—Prof. J. T. Bergen.

The statistics of the religious status of the college show Hope to be in a sound, spiritual condition. As to church membership the following may be observed.

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<th>Grade</th>
<th>Junior</th>
<th>Sophomore</th>
<th>Freshman</th>
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<td>Senior</td>
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<td>15</td>
<td>11</td>
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Total: 100

The Y. M. C. A. has 78 active members and 19 associate. The average attendance at the regular meetings on Thursdays was 64 and at the prayer meetings was 65.

Prayer was held the first day of the third week. Rev. T. S. Heekhuis, '85, of Holland, Ill., has been called to the Reformed church at Cedar Grove, Wis. Rev. M. Van Dume, '89, of Holland, Neb., has received a second call from the Reformed church at Maurice, Iowa.

Rev. Henry Harmeling, of Alto, Wis., has declined the call to the Second Reformed church at Orange City, Iowa.

On Dec. 22nd, 1895, Gelmer Kuijer, '89, was married to Miss Angeline Cooper, of Chicago. Mr. Kuijer is claim agent for the C. & W. M., and D. & R. & W. railroads, and will reside at Grand Rapids, Mich.

De Alumnis.

In our last issue we mentioned that of the boys of Hope, Messrs. Gelmer Kuiper, '89, Gerrit H. Albers, '87, and James F. Zwemer were members of the new Knickerbocker Society of Grand Rapids, Mich. We have since been informed that Henry Hulst and Frederick Van Anrooy, '95, and ex-students James J. Danhof, Reuben Maurits, George H. Baert and Cornelis Dekker are also members. The preliminary organization of this society was carried out by Hope boys and the five first mentioned are members of the board of ten trustees, while the Rev. Jas. F. Zwemer is also member of the committee on History.
Ellen.

JOHN J. WOOLSEY, '70.

I am clinging fast life's Jordan, Soon my journey will be o'er. For I see the light's dim gleaming shadows on yonder shores. Gather close around me, comrades, For my breath is failing fast, And I feel the moment drawing When each word may be the last. Comrades, you have proved the dearest, And the loiest friends of life; Side by side we fought our battles, In a long, heroic strife. But one battle, the supreme, I was left to fight alone; What my life so darkened too, For my pride was deeply strong. Many were the bitter cheers That the taunts from me wronged. What to me were now life's honors? Broken was, O Fear, thy spell! And the lonely hours that passed, Mortal tongue can never tell. Then was heard the danger signal, And the Union's urgent cry! Pride and Vengeance still controlled me For I never said goodbye. When the dreadful fray was over, And against these I fought, I first saw my Felix folly. Vengeance had been dearly bought. For the tender stem had broken, And the flower-leaf faded soon 'Neath the glowing heat of midday. 'Neath the scorching sun of noon. As a bird-scarcely gaudy, home she soared to realms above, There to change her song of sadness For the psalm of latest love. Diurnal now to me life's journey As each step brought me regret, And I'm dying now unhappy With a thought I can't forget. Comrades, harken to my wishes For I know they'll be the last: As I feel my life's ebbing, And I hear death's dismal blast. When I'm carried to you valley, And I'm laid beneath the sod, May it be beside my Ellen, Where my tears beheld the sun. Though in life by self parting And a friend's unblushing art, May we be in death united Side by side and heart to heart. When at last shall break the dawn of the resurrection morn, May the Savior blend the union of two hearts of easy shores. Farewell, comrades, with my blessing, I must leave earth's troubled shore. 'Cross you river heavenly homes. Beckon me to hasten o'er.

But the foolish whispered argugings, of the demon in my heart. Broke the bond that once had bound us, for the portion in the grave. Cold the perishing, when I left her, And without the perishing: For a demon sat enthroned 'Neath love's canopy of bliss. Thoughts of vengeance stirred within me, For my pride was deeply strong. Many were the bitter cheers That the taunts from me wronged. What to me were now life's honors? Broken was, O Fear, thy spell! And the lonely hours that passed, Mortal tongue can never tell. Then was heard the danger signal, And the Union's urgent cry! Pride and Vengeance still controlled me For I never said goodbye. When the dreadful fray was over, And against these I fought, I first saw my Felix folly. Vengeance had been dearly bought. For the tender stem had broken, And the flower-leaf faded soon 'Neath the glowing heat of midday. 'Neath the scorching sun of noon. As a bird-scarcely gaudy, home she soared to realms above, There to change her song of sadness For the psalm of latest love. Diurnal now to me life's journey As each step brought me regret, And I'm dying now unhappy With a thought I can't forget. Comrades, harken to my wishes For I know they'll be the last: As I feel my life's ebbing, And I hear death's dismal blast. When I'm carried to you valley, And I'm laid beneath the sod, May it be beside my Ellen, Where my tears beheld the sun. Though in life by self parting And a friend's unblushing art, May we be in death united Side by side and heart to heart. When at last shall break the dawn of the resurrection morn, May the Savior blend the union of two hearts of easy shores. Farewell, comrades, with my blessing, I must leave earth's troubled shore. 'Cross you river heavenly homes. Beckon me to hasten o'er.

Among the Societies.

At a regular business meeting of the L. L. L. the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Miss Hattie Zweemer; Vice-President, Miss Lena Koole; Secretary, Miss Bertha Veneklasen; Treasurer, Miss Alice Kolled; Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Wearding.

Very interesting and profitable meetings are held, and the membership is larger than it has been since the organization of the society.

Y. M. C. A.

Another term of work is opened. Of work, for that is the purpose of our association. One great danger of our Y. M. C. A. is that it might be considered a means for being acted upon and not a stage where our lives are the actors. There can be no life without activity. This is true as well in the spiritual as in the natural world. He who would derive much benefit from the Y. M. C. A. must do more than attend, every lecture and prayer-meeting during the week. The only way to be true Christians ourselves is to induce others to become Christians. The cloister Christianity of the Middle Ages has long since failed to accomplish the Master's last behest; we are called to service. The world needs earnest, active, practical hands and hearts, and in proportion as our Y. M. C. A. is strong in this, in that proportion shall we come up to and fulfill our God-given purposes.

Our Y. M. C. A. has done much in the line of Sunday School work. At present six Sunday schools are conducted by students, in which thirty-one of our members are engaged. But the call is for more laborers. The vacancies caused by the departure of the Seniors in a few weeks must be supplied by new recruits. May there be a full supply of those who would 'show their faith by their works.'

The regular lecture course was opened Jan. 12, by Dr. H. Dosker who delivered a very interesting and instructive address on 'The Early Christian Church.' The students are always glad to have an opportunity to hear Dr. Dosker speak; he never disappoints them. Feb. 19, Prof. Bergen addressed the meeting on 'Bible Study.' The speaker recommended studying the Bible by books in the light of its theme or central thought. The method was illustrated by reading parts of the Gospel of St. John. Indeed, those who were present were much interested, and an instructive hour was enjoyed by all.

*Cosmopolitan.

PETER BOER, '70.

There is no word in the English language so pregnant with meaning as the term cosmopolitan. Whoever has baptized our society was undoubtedly blessed with a penetrating intellect, a liberal view, and a philosophical heart. Selfishness or narrow-mindedness could never conceive of such a magnificent perception as cosmopolitan.

Delivered before the Cosmopolitan Society, Dec. 4, 1898.
Every name serves a two-fold purpose: to distinguish and to describe, to individualize and to characterize. We need but mention the name of Abraham, of Caesar, of Luther, or of Paton, and every thought is concentrated upon the individual, and his life and work with all their glory and gloom, with all their sadness and joy flash before our minds. Similar is the cosmopolitan. It does not only distinguish our society from others but also indicates the character, spirit, and aim of every member.

Our word is derived from the Greek "cosmo", a citizen, and "polis", order or world; "a citizen of the world or universe considered as a system perfect in order and arrangement." This is directly contrary to what the Latinists call "indigesta moles" of chaos, or to Milton's "triple confusion of Pandemonium."

What is a politian? A politian is not as defined by Darwin, Huxley, and Haeckel: "a being descended through the various stages of evolution from the lowest forms of animal life during a period of centuries." He is not an animal fallen from unknown regions through unlimited space upon the arena of time to play a conspicuous role in human history and then remove to oblivion. Nor is he a mere agent sent by an invisible power into the teeming multitudes of beings, to perform a special mission and then depart to his eternal destiny. But he is an indispensable link in the chain reaching from time to eternity. Ten- nysen says, "I am a part of all that I have met." Bethune calls man "the union of the material and the spiritual, or the connecting link between the two grand divisions of God's crea-

Here all self is lost; life, home, and country are sacrificed. One aim, one purpose is ours. We mingle our voices with the C. E. — "For Christ and the church"; with the W. C. T. U. — "For God, home, and every land"; and with the Volunteer—"The evangelization of the human race in this generation."

"Greenland's icy mountains, India's coral strand, MS's sunny Sandwiches", and Arabia's desert land—all are in his field of labor.

We, Christian, educated cosmopolitans, are the towers ever directing the weary pilgrim heavenward. We are the moving stars预定准 by Providence to bring a dying humanity away from the highways and hedges to the feet of our Lord and Master. We are the fixed but transparent stars, the beacon lights along the shores of time to guide the storm-tossed soul across the raging sea of life into the eternal harbor of peace and joy.

**THE ANCHOR.**

Dr. and Mrs. Woodbridge of this city announce the engagement of their daughter Mae, to Mr. Floris Ferwerda, a Middle in the Seminary at this place."


**College Jottings.**

**Oratorical contest, Wednesday evening, Feb. 22.**

Bert Broek recently received a letter addressed—"Hope College Cooper Association."

"Kalamazoo Kuiper" has returned to Kalamazoo and is at present attending the High School there.
Cooper is busy writing a comedy entitled "From Law to Theology." Leland T. Powers' impersonation of David Garrick, Jan. 21, was well received. A few of the L. L. L. have not yet recovered from the inspiration.

Legters—"Won't you come and sit with me?"
Miss Y.—"No thank you, I am nicely situated."
Uncle, brother—Frankie Schaurmans.

The "C" class rendered a short literary program Friday afternoon, Jan. 20. Members of the class recited extracts from Tennyson's "Princess," while Miss Grace Yates, Prof. Wyler and the Glee Club furnished the music. Such entertainments are well worth visiting and should stimulate other classes to do similarly.

What a strange feeling must have crept over Gans when he saw Sayad sailing along the fair banks of the Wabash."

The auction in the library is actually going to take place. So say the librarians.

Civil service examinations, open to all, will be held in most large towns in March. Try to get clerks for Uncle Sam. Persons wishing to know the dates and places and how the position can be obtained can write Columbia Correspondence College, Washington, D. C., and same will be furnished without cost.

Hope's photographers have formed a "Camera Club." H. Hyink has been elected president and S. Kempa secretary. The club holds a regular meeting every three weeks. All students possessing a camera are invited to join.

First round—Duven and Kremers. Second round—Duven and Prof. Sutphen. Result—Duven's face in a sling for a day and a three days' absence from recitations.

A white steward, a red steward, a blue steward.

If no changes are made, the oratorical contest will take place among the following competitors: Kuizenga, A. T. Brock, Rau and John G. Winter. All are welcome to attend, and we trust that the result of the contest will be announced before the audience is dismissed.

Did you find out whether she was sick, Raun?

Dramatis Personae—A theological professor and a lady matron.

Scene I—At the Century Club under the mistletoe.

Scene II—A little parleying, a hesitating glance, a sudden bound.

Scene III—Lights out to hide the blush and consternation.

"Pop Verwop" is the latest heard on the campus.

What startling disclosures at those lectures!

The programme for the remaining numbers of the Lecture Course offered to the public by the Seminary, shows the following:

Feb. 28, "Savonarola, the Italian Reformer"—Rev. John Van der Meulen, Jr.

For an entertaining and innocent game with cards, write to the Cho Card Co. of Minneapolis.

The Juniors and several ladies from the city spent a very enjoyable time with Dame Anna T. Godfrey, Wednesday evening, Jan. 23. Elaborate refreshments were served after which a programme was rendered. The principle feature of the programme was the "Moses Symphony Quartette", composed of the Misses Zwerber and Grace Yates and Messrs. Brock and Dinkeloo. Mr. Godfrey spared no trouble or expense to make the evening as pleasant as possible and the Juniors will ever remember the efforts put forth by their classmate on their behalf. Such meetings stir up class spirit and are a means of binding us closer together in bonds of friendship and love.

Prof. Yatena between himself and wife managed to get out three problems in Algebra.

The class of '01 spent a pleasant evening Wednesday, Jan. 25, at the home of their associate, J. Arthur Birchby. After supper, numerous games were played, all demonstrating that the Sophomores, though all 'keys, can have a good time together.

La grippe has been and is doing riotous work among the faculty and students. It has made a "tackle box" upon Sayad, Hendelink, Yatena, Jim D. Pree, Hespers, D. Kleine, Kelly, Bart Brock and a few others, and a "foot tackle" upon Brink Laman, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, is recovering. Telman is under an attack of bronchitis. Prof. Doesburg and Mr. VanZwaluwenberg have also been compelled to give up work for a season, on account of illness.

The author of "A Criticism on Dr. Kuiper" has now determined to add a brief discussion on the "Art of Impersonation." We trust that the Book Association will have a full stock of these books on hand. Agents wanted. For particulars see the author.

Smiley seems to know all about Wisconsin.

Prof. Boers is again engaged in his professorial work.

For the benefit of the Freshmen we might say that microbes are to be sold at reasonable rates, at the coming auction of library books. Breaakfasts that excellent specimens for Zoology are on hand.

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It is mine to look down
From the gaily-dressed crown,
As poets so seldom do;
And gaze at the feet:
That walk the cold street,
And sing the sad song of the shoe.

A score of old ties
Bring a doctor's big bills,
To the chill of the rain and the debt;
And half of these ties
Of the winter gale,
May be traced to the cold, damp feet.

And she who may shew
A thick sole to wear,
When summer days fade from our view,
And then over all,
When the snow shall fall,
Wear bravely a warm felt shoe.

If only the ear
Of a maiden will hear
This story so short and so true,
My end I shall gain,
For them not in vain
Have I sung my sad song of the shoe.

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