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THE ANCHOR.

"Spura in Deo." Ps. XLI. 5.

VOLUME XII.
FEBRUARY, 1889.
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 pa-
ients 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
skillfully restored your first patients
to their former good health, then mat-
ters will take another aspect. Just
wait until your reputation has spread
throughout the neighborhood, then
the whole city will crowd to your con-
sultation-rooms, then you will drive
your neat little carriage through the
city streets, and then, well, well —'

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 lit-
tle doctor's wife that one could im-
age. I loved my little blonde cousin.

As a boy I had bestowed upon her all
the gallant attentions that could have
been required; as a Junior I had dedi-
cated to her my first poem; and while

*The experiences of a doctor. Translated from the German of Marc. Boyen.
THE ANCHOR.

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 court-yard 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 cough. I tore a page out of my note-book and wrote my first prescription as a practising 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 lock to go over the one on this street?"

A child's face 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, basten."

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 wait 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 child 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 respectful 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 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 its 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—oh, 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 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 bid 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 was 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 by 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 most dear,
Who will then weep for me.
Let this be your cheer,
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 conceived reliance on my skillfulness might be changed into child-like trust upon God's protection, and that I might hope 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 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. STORMZAND.

Mother.

Nightly stillness reigns about me, while the check is ticking low.

Ever ticking, never silent, as I speeding moments go,

On the hearth a fire is glowing, and the embers brightly gleam.

Thus dispersing nightly shadows, like some straying moonbeam light.

Midnight quiet gives to fancy delightful, the wildest Thoughts and visions would upon me, in a long connected train.

Turning back the pages, in my story book of Time,

I behold a picture painted in another distant clime.

I can see a little chamber, looking out upon the sea,

Where the waves, in bosom sweeping, often dash upon the bow.

Cradled in that distant chamber by a mother's tender love,

As I laid myself an infant, harmless as a cooing dove,

Oh, the hand that rocked that cradle, what a debt to her is due!

Soon would she lose her cunning than to duty prove surfe.

Duty said I, oh what folly, for it all in love was done;

Tend like these are not accomplished for mere duty's sake alone.

As I linger by that cradle and perceive a mother's love,

Thanks unnumbered bear me upward to a gracious God above.

And from Himm I turn to mother, while forsooth I am would tell,

How a love, an only one, does a mummy bosom swell.

Garland of a son's own wreathing, in a garb of living green,

Ever on the wall rem'ry may my love for her be seen.

—I.T.
A MEDICAL OPINION SIDEWALK.

According to Dr. Ashley's definition, man is an animal with a thumb. Dickens No. 2 says, "Man is a living anthropoid 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-motivated 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 geysersine position of the An- chiasaurus during the Ilihan 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 Puelology. 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, enwrapped 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 rostrum 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 Halloween 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, Chiasmus, Loveian and some other isms. Again another anthropological clown of this nineteenth century exhibits his special qualities in wearing the livery 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 profanity" 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 sponges 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 brother 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 Collontes, Yntemites, Beringites 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 well versed 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 helpermet." 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.

THE DAY HAD BEEN A BAD ONE, FULL OF DISAPPOINTMENTS. THE MORNINGS 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 AROUND 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...
To enhance my work, I seemed that all the ill of a clap of thunder, a hiss in my ear, form, but he again. He led me on and on until we I now shrank back from the hideous with their hideous faces and thieves, murderers, liars, Hags, dead-beats, drunkards, brawl, until we were in Hell. Here I stood dumb-founded. 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 what were: "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 deserted 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, 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.

JAKE PEDRO.
Thirdly, we are Americans. And that means much, but most with us who are Christian and educated. We are citizens of a land where intolerance 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 curiously treats the current happenings in and about the college, 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.

The day of prayer for colleges was observed at Hope, Jan. 26. Services appropriate to the occasion were held at the First church in the morning, Rev. Van Houte preaching an able and eloquent sermon. In the afternoon a large concourse of students gathered in the chapel where the following program was rendered:

**Day of Prayer**

**Singing**

Prayer—Rev. Dr. Winter of the W. T. S.

Reading of Scripture and of religious statistics of the college—Dr. Kollen

Singing

Address—Rev. Dr. Bradley of Grand Rapids.

Prayers by several students.

Singing.

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>Ch. Mem.</th>
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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.

In our last issue we mentioned that of the boys of Hope, Messrs. Gerlinger Kuiper, '89, Gerrit H. Albers, '91, 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.

De Alumnis.

*The Anchor.*

Editor-in-Chief, H. C. Hout, '89.

Assistant Editor, G. H. Baert, '91.

**THE ANCHOR.**

Published monthly during the school year by the Anchor Association, at Hope College, Holland, Michigan.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,

JOHN VAN ENS, '93.

ASSISTANT EDITOR.

G. H. BAERT, '91.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS:

J. D. VAN DEVENTER, '93.

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J. WOOLLKEN, '91.

BUSINESS STAFF:

G. J. VAN ENS, '91, Advertising Manager.

J. VAN DEVENTER, '93, Subscription Manager.

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Ellen.

John J. Hawe, '70.

I am slicking fast life'sJordan,
Upon whose journey I will be over.
For I see the light's dim gleaming
Shines upon my journey's secret.
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 hoisted friends of life,
Side by side we fought our battle,
In a long, heroic strife.
But one battle, the supreme,
I was left to fight alone;
My own life must needs alone.

Silent, comrades, and I'll tell you,
That while others long were sleeping,
I was working as a slave.

I was once a thrifty student
At the school on yonder hill;
Preaching me to me was lacking
For I studied within will.

No one ever guessed the secret
Which my life such power gave
That, while others long were sleeping,
I was working as a slave.

Since I was, I will admit it,
Not to master rule and wrong,
But a minister than whom easier.
Eyes have never gazed upon.

Thoughts of her who urged me onward
To do such noble good to life,
And, with efforts never ceasing,
To prove myself faithful in the strife.
Often we would steal together
Of the moon's side you broke;
Have me not all men's pleasure.
Was the heaven of her look,
Whispering then of life's great secrets,
And in the future's unaided tale,
Searching eyes would meet each other,
And their secrets time unswelt.

But these dreams of youth were shattered
By a friend's unlamenting art;
Jealousy, that "green-eyed monster,"
Swung the hinges of my heart.

Mind set, comrades, if I'm weeping,
Tell me not the tears begin to flow,
For my heart swears to breaking
At the men's of its woe.

Ah, 'twas foolish, I now grant it,
That I thought her so untrue,
When she praised a rival's beauty
Whom I once as rival knew;

But the foolish whispering woe
Of the demon in my heart,
Broke the bond that once had bound us,
For the picture in my brain,
Cold the parting when I left her,
And without the parting kiss.

For a demon sat enthroned
"Neath love's canopy of bliss.
Thoughts of vengeance stirred within me,
For my pride was deeply stung.

Many were the bitter arrows
That the tempter from me wrong,
What to me were now life's homes?
Broken was, O Fane, thy spell!
And the lonely hours that followed,
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 again these scenes I sought,
I first saw my foolish folly,
Vengeance had been dearly bought.

For the tender stem had broken,
And the flower faded soon.

"Neath the gloating bent of midday,
The breath the scorching sun of noon.

As a bird's eggs gently upward,
Home she soared to realms above,
There to change her song of sullen
For the psalm of lasting love.

Dissect now to me life's journey
As each step brought forth regret,
And I am dying now unhappy
With a thought I can't forget.

Comrades, fain I would forsake
For I know they'll be the last,
As I feel my life's finishing,
And hear death's dismal blast.

When I'm carried to the valley
And I'm laid beneath the sod,
May it be beside my Ellen,
Where my tears yellowed the sod.

Though in life by faith parted
And a friend's unlamenting 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 bless the union
Of two hearts of my own.

Farewell, comrades, with my blessing,
I must leave earth's troubled shore.
Cross you river heavenly home,
Reckon me to hasten over.

*Cosmopolitan.

Peter Daley, '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 intellectual, a liberal view, and a philanthropic heart. Selfishness or narrow-mindedness could never conceive of such a magnanimous perception as cosmopolitan.

Delivered before the Cosmopolitan Society, Dec. 1, 1848.
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 works 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 "polis," a citizen, and "cosm," 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 Latins call "indigesta moles" of chaos, or to Milton's "triple confusion of Pandemonium."

What is a politician? A politician 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 the one to eternity. Tennyson 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 creation." He is, therefore, an intelligent, moral, and social being.

Whether we consider him as such in the abstract or in the concrete, we must admit him as having rights, capable of enjoying privileges, and subject to corresponding responsibilities. We must regard every one demanding the first, watching the second, and desiring the last, a triumvir of self and a traitor to humanity. But we may consider any one using the first, glorying in the second, and performing the last, as a typical politician.

A cosmopolitan is a politician, but generally thought to be keener in intellect, broader in view, and less self in aim. A true cosmopolitan is in character unselshill, in spirit philanthropic, in aim universal, having for a doctrine "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." He demands justice, opposes every destructive wave of corruption in home, church, and state. He is obedient to superiors, one with his equals, and mindful of the oppressed. He is his brother's keeper.

The educated cosmopolitan is the polished cosmopolitan. He is sent upon the arena of time on a special occasion, with a special mission, left a definite time, and recalled. His stay is brief, his mission great, his destiny eternal. He is a step in the ladder leading from the depths of ignorance and superstition into the pure atmosphere of civilization. He is the pioneer into the unknown regions of science; he leads the way into the mines of gold still undiscovered. He is the guardian angel, ever watching the multitudes bound by the chains of ignorance and swept by the tides of time.

In Germany he fights materially: in Russia he opposes nihilism; in Spain he destroys socialism; in Italy he is the champion against anarchism; and everywhere and always he demands justice, liberty, or death.

But we are not politicians, nor cosmopolitans, nor even educated cosmopolitans, but we are Christian, educated cosmopolitans. We are the select of the select. This is the final step in life, the greatest honor of time, the typical character of what man can be and ought to be. Christian because we are anointed with the spirit of Christ. He began the work, we must carry it on. He was limited by time and duty, but in spirit was cosmopolitan. As he opposed the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees, so we must fight with all our God given powers of body, soul, and mind the destructive leaven of Voltaire's infidelity, Spinoza's Pantheism, Chubb's Deism, and Straus's Transcendental Rationalism. As he gave himself, we offer self. We are saved to save.

### THE ANCHOR

Oratorical contest, Wednesday evening, Feb. 22.

Beware of the hypnotists!!!

Dr. Kollen has promised to pay half the expenses necessary to procure electric lights in the gymnasium.

Special! Special! Special!

"Dr. and Mrs. Woodbridge of Kalamazoo have announced their engagement of their daughter Mae, to Mr. Floris Perweverda, a Middler in the Seminary at this place."


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

Legaters—"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. Nykerk 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, 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. Reppma 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 oratorial contest will take place among the following competitors: Kuizenga, A. T. Brock, Raum 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, Raum?

Dramatis Personae—A theological professor and a lady matron.

Scene I—At the Century Club under the mistletoe.

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

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

"Pop varvop" 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 Clio Card Co. of Minneapolis.

The Juniors and several ladies from the city spent a very enjoyable time with the famous "Moses Symphony Quartette," composed of the Misses Zwenker and Grace Yates and Messrs. Brock and Dankelho. 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 class spirit and are a means of binding us closer together in bonds of friendship and love.

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

The class of '01 spent a pleasant evening Wednesday, Jan. 23, at the home of their associate, J. Arthur Birchby. After supper, numerous games were played, all demonstrating that the Sophonors, though all boys, 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, Honodelink, Yatema, Jim D. Pree, Hoppers, Dr. Kleine, Kelly, Bert Brock, Raum and a few others, and a "troll tackle" upon Brink La- man, 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. Braak assures 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 in the cold street,
And hear the soul song of the shoe.

A score of sadills
Bring a shepherd's bag fulls,
In the chill of the rain and the snow;
And half of these alls
Of the winter gusts,
May be traced to the cold, damp foot.

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

If only the eat
Of a maiden will bear
This story so short and so true,
My end I shall gain,
For there she is waiting
To sing my soul song of the shoe.

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