March, 1898.

THE

ANCHOR.

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The heavens overhead are dark with clouds,
The rude Winds hark the sea,
And Nature wears its darkest gown
To show its sympathy.

The waves come rolling all along
The soft and sandy shore,
While from the dark clouds, lightnings flash,
And loud the thunders roar.

They're dying for the want of food,
A d of nations, spare!
And looking at the angry waves
Fills them with dread despair.

Their trouble is but a picture book
Of the anguish, suffering, pain
That's felt by Cubans, striving now
Their liberty to gain.

Poor Cuba's feeble ship of state
Is host on war's rough sea,—
If none will help them, who can doubt
That ruin their fate will be.

But look! a signal of distress—
A rope's end at sea—
In such a cruel storm as this
It surely soon will be

It is a small, yet precious bark,
For lives may there be lost;
Grim Hunger stares them in the face
As they're by tempest tossed.

While beaten by the angry waves
Of Spanish cruelty,
Their plaintive cry comes to our ears:
"Oh! help us", is their plea.

Columbia, oh! art thou deaf—
Will thou not heed their cry?
Oh, save them from their cruel foe,
From Spanish tyrant.

Hast thou forgotten how, when young
Thou didst sail the stormy sea,
Endure the storms of war so well,
Just for thy liberty.

If thou dost know what 'tis to wear
Oppression's cruel chain,
Make haste and help this people now
Their liberty to gain.

But not alone by Spanish rule
Is Cuba dire oppressed;
But famine, grim and ghastly gaunt,
Chases many to his breast.

Humanity, 0 lend these aid,
Stretch forth thy saving hand,
And listen to the King of Kings,
Obey his last command—

"For, man, as much as it was done
To one of these the least,
I was done to Me", so says our Lord,
"Come in to heaven's feast,"

VOLUME XI.  MARCH, 1898.  NUMBER 6
The Story of Nicodemus, or The Development of Belief in Jesus.

By John Mathew Fulton, Pastor Westminster Presbyterian Church, Grand Rapids, Mich.

My name is Nicodemus. I was born some years before the Christian era. I am a descendant of Abraham, of the body of the Pharisees. I was nurtured in the hope and faith of Israel. We were proud of our race and history. We believed in the living God, and many were the evidences of his presence with our people and his signal favors towards us. When we forgot him he chastised us. When we remembered his commandments he blessed us. No other nation ever had such a history; no other history reads like ours,—full of remarkable defeats and deliverances, an interweaving of divine and human deeds, the history of our race is the history of our religion. We could not help being religious; it was instilled into us and enforced upon us irresistibly. From among all nations God had chosen Abraham and his seed, had linked himself with us irrevocably in covenant relations, and had taught us to look forward with supreme longing for the coming of the Messiah.

I was educated for office-bearing in the Jewish church and became a member of the Sanhedrim, a "Rabbi," a "Master in Israel." It was our duty to look after the religious welfare of the people, to enforce the laws and traditions. We were charged with keeping the peace, the purity of morals, the preservation of orthodoxy, and the enforcement of ecclesiastical regulations. Our laws were very punctilious, and we were very conscientious. If any disregarded ceremonial cleansings, it was our duty to discipline him. If any travelled more than two thousand paces on the Sabbath day, it was our duty to punish him. If any blasphemed it was our duty to condemn him to death. I was very jealous and zealous in the performance of my duties as a member of this supreme court of our land. With all modesty I can say that I was thoroughly versed in our laws and traditions, that I was a prudent ecclesiastical lawyer, and that I was a man of considerable force in the council.

In the days of my youth a commotion was aroused in Jerusalem by the arrival of Wise men from the East asking for the child born King of the Jews, and declaring they had been guided by a star. Herod was greatly troubled. Cunningly he devised his plan so as to encompass the death of any one who might arise to dispute the throne with him. Prophecy pointed to Bethlehem as the birthplace of the Messiah. Thither he directed the Wise Men. From thence came very strange stories of what the shepherds had seen and heard while watching their flocks. Herod gathered all the babes in Bethlehem. A great lamentation arose. Bethlehem wept. All the mothers in Israel wept. We never forgave him. After a while it became whispered about that the strange babe had been divinely protected, and was yet alive somewhere in Israel. We did not know what to think; we could only wait.

Thirty years pass, and a prophet suddenly cries out in the wilderness. A real, rugged, righteous man is calling Israel to repentance, and declaring the kingdom of heaven at hand. From hamlet and village the people flocked into the wilderness. Jerusalem was stirred to her depths, and emptied her populations on the banks of Jordan. He wielded the axe. They fell before him. The prophet became baptizer.

We of the Sanhedrin were at a loss what to do. There had been false prophets before whose works had come to naught; but this John, son of Zacharias, seemed filled with a divine fire and power. We sent an embassage to inquire of him if he were the Christ, but he said "No, I am not: I am his forerunner. He will come shortly." Scribes and Pharisees went out to hear him, and he called them vipers and hypocrites. He said many things hard to bear about us rulers. We feared to lay hands upon him for all the people regarded him as a prophet. He finally went too far, and condemned even the King as an adulterer, and was summarily shut up in prison.

John was now off our hands. We breathed more freely in the Sanhedrin. But another cloud was arising on our horizon that forbed great difficulties. While John was yet baptizing, a Galillean had come to Jordan for baptism. He was a holy and devout appearing man. For the first time John hesitated and confessed his unworthiness. After a whispered consultation, he proceeded with the baptism. There was the whirring of wings, and a holy dove alighted upon the head of the Nazarene, while a voice fell down through the still air from the clouds above. "My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." John said, "Behold the Lamb of God." He bore record that He was the "Son of God."

He was Jesus, the Galillean. The same whom Herod had sought to destroy as a babe. He gathered a few disciples about him, fishermen, publicans, common people. He was wonderful in appearance. He was wonderful in his works. He was wonderful in his wisdom and teaching.

I learned all I could concerning him. I eagerly inquired of all who had heard or seen him. I heard of his miracle at the Cana wedding. I learned of his works at Capernaum. At last he came to Jerusalem. We of the Sanhedrin had given license for vendors to sell pigeons and doves and lambs in the temple for sacrifice. He drove them all out with a scourge, upset the money changer's tables, and declared we had turned the house of prayer into a den of thieves. It aroused discussion and wrath in the Sanhedrin. We demanded a sign of any one of his authority. Many were ready to vote condemnation. We were all watching him closely. During the feast week he wrought many gracious miracles and the people were carried away with him, many believed on him. We could not but acknowledge the facts—"God is with him."

I did not know what to think. I was honest and conscientious. I did not want to be found fighting against God. I resolved to visit him and learn the truth. I would question him concerning his mission. I would sound him on the great questions of God, and the kingdom, and immortal life.

I sought the earliest opportunity to visit him. He was busy by day with the multitudes: I wanted him alone in quiet and seclusion; therefore I must go by night. I marked well his
dwellings. When the shades of night had fallen and busy feet were off the street, I made my solitary journey and entered the place of his abode. For a moment I stood silently gazing upon him. It was a portrait I shall never forget: dignity in his bearing, gentleness in his manner, intelligence in the eye, thoughtfulness on the brow, firmness in the mouth, beauty in the face, a manly man. He knew by my garb that I was a "Master in Israel"; but my purpose was honest, and I put my question: "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God do with him." But I was a dumfounded man when he made reply, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God!" I had never had a thought but that I belonged to the kingdom, for I was a "son of Abraham!" His words startled me; but he was serious. I began muttering something about the impossibility of being born a second time, when he quickly said, "I don't mean that at all, Nicodemus; I mean the being born from above, the quickening by the Holy Spirit." And then he carried me away back to the wilderness, to the hosts of Israel bitten by serpents, suffering, dying by thousands, till they lifted up the brazen serpent coiled about the top of the pole, and every bitten Israelite that obeyed God and looked was healed instantly. I saw it as never before,—God's gracious remedy for suffering which the people had brought upon themselves by their own sin. What a preacher he was! How vivid and clear and winning! My heart was melting, when he said suddenly, "Nicodemus, as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness even so must the Son of man be lifted up that whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have eternal life." O what a light flashed over my darkened soul. Jew, son of Abraham, Master in Israel though I was, I was nothing but a sin­ bitten dying man, needing God's gra­ cious remedy, and in that moment I was led to look upon him, the Son of man, as God's remedy for my sin. He was to be "lifted up" for me. I sat in wonder and delight at his feet. Again he looked upon me, and said, O so kindly, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." It was enough. I went out into the night, but I was a changed man. As I walked homeward those wonderful words kept ringing in my ears: "As Moses lifted up the serpent: "God so loved the world." I believed. The world seemed a different world. I was not the same Nicodemus. I was converted. I was born again.

From that time forth I was greatly interested in the work of the Nazarene. I eagerly watched every move of his travels and works. I sought to hear him whenever he came near Jerusalem.

His growing popularity was a source of envy to the Sanhedrin. His direct, simple, spiritual teachings were superseding the old traditions. He frequently gave our Sanhedrin some very severe thrusts, and with lynx eyes they were watching to ensnare him. A collision was unavoidable.

Once when he was preaching I heard him say, "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." I went home with a heavy heart. I could not deny him, I felt sure of that; but could I confess him? I belonged to the Sanhedrin! The blind man had been excommunicated for confessing him. What would they do with me? Could I be a secret disciple?

The open rupture came at last. Jesus had come to the feast at Jerusalem. The rulers sent officers to apprehend him. They found him at the temple. It was the great day of the feast, and Jesus lifted up his voice and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." It was a wonderful discourse. The people were moved; likewise the officers. We of the Sanhedrin were anxiously awaiting their return. I was resolved to stand by him. The door opened, and the officers stepped in without him. I breathed easier. "Why have you not brought him?" demanded the Chief Priests and Pharisees. A breath­ less silence, and then they made an­ swer: "Jesus, the Nazarene, is a man." My heart leaped for joy at the noble confession, but the only reply they received was the sarcastic sneer, "Are ye also deceived?" I sprang to my feet and cried out: "Brethren, doth our law judge any man before it hear him and know what he doeth?" "Art thou also of Galilee?" they retorted. The die was cast. Thenceforth it was whispered about scornfully that I also was a believer.

After that I did not attend much the meetings of the Sanhedrin. One day they had a stormy meeting, at which it was decided to put Jesus to death. Joseph of Arimathaea told me of it, but he had not consented to the deed, for he too was a believer.

Once more Jesus came to the Pass­ over at Jerusalem. I stood one morn­ ning on the temple porch, looking across the valley of Jehoshaphat toward Bethphage on the Mount of Olives, for I knew he had gone to lodge there for the night. Soon my eyes rested on a little group with someone riding in their midst. Some are shouting; some are singing. From all along the hillsides the people coming up to the Passover hasten to the scene. From the valleys they surge upward to meet the oncoming procession. Then they pour down into the valley, multitudes before, multitudes behind. Branches are broken from olive trees and strewn in the way, a carpet of green. Coats are stripped from backs and spread before. Palms are waving, and the people are singing, shouting and praising God. Up through the city gates they come, surging through the already crowded streets. On toward the temple the vast crowd sways for­ ward—calmly he in the center, while from thousands and tens of thousands of lips of increasing, swelling multitudes they lifted the old prophetic Psalm, "Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest."

Never had any man received such an ovation in the holy city! I passed from the temple porch through the council chamber. The members of the Sanhedrin were white with rage, they acted like madmen because "the world was gone after him." Sudden-
ly one slipped in and said, "How much will you give me if I deliver him into your hands?" They bargained with him for thirty pieces of silver. My heart bled. I foresaw the result. His own words recurring to me,—"Even so must the Son of man be lifted up," I left the temple and the streets. I had no heart for the feast. I knew he was to die.

Friday morning I was aroused from my slumber by the hoarse shouting of multitudes. Hastening to the window a horrible sight met my eyes. Jesus, with blood-stained garments and haggard face, was carrying a cross, while the rabble taunted and jabbed him and cried out, "Crucify him!" As I beheld he faint ed dead away. Then they compelled a Cyrenian to bear his cross, who seemed willing enough to carry it—I wished I could have done it.

I could not go to Calvary. I could not remain at home. I wandered aimlessly through the streets in the glaring sun. Suddenly twilight gathered, then darkness—darkness that could be felt. Noon became black as midnight. People gathered in the streets. I stepped into the temple and stood in the light of the blazing candelabra. All faces were blanched with fear, and hearts were quaking with dread. For three hours it continued so. The earth was shaking violently. Then the veil hanging before the "Holy Place" was suddenly rent, as by invisible hands from top to bottom! Lest we should see the face of God and die, all covered their faces and ran to the streets. It was now light as day. People returning from Golgotha said it was all over: Jesus was dead! And that even the Roman Centurion in charge of the crucifixion had bowed down and said, "Truly this was the Son of God!"

I hastened to the house of Joseph of Arimathea and said, "This is a day of days! Our Master is dead, but God has borne witness to him. Come, let us go and bury him." Yes, said Joseph, "in my own tomb where nobody has yet lain."

We were bold and courageous now. From Pilate we obtained permission to bury him. We went to Calvary. As I looked upon him I seemed again to hear him say, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." As we took him down with tender care, I seemed to hear the voice of Isaiah coming down the centuries: "Who hath believed our report? He is despised and rejected of men. He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him." As we swathed the body in clean linen and laid it in Joseph's tomb in the garden, I seemed to hear the words, "He made his grave with the wicked and with the rich in his death." We rolled the stone door to its place, and walked homeward. Somewhom it made our hearts glad to be known as the friends of Jesus. We should never go to the Sanhedrim Council again.

The third day Joseph's tomb was found empty, and Jesus was meeting disciples here and there. Other saints also came forth from their graves. The proof was complete. All Scripture was fulfilled in him. He was the Messiah. Once I saw him after his resurrection. He met us in Jerusalem, and we went with him up the slopes of Olivet. He had been instructing the disciples as to future work, bidding them tarry at Jerusalem till the Spirit should come. Then suddenly, as we walked, he began to ascend, up from the ground he arose, up so gently—no chariot of fire whirled him away, he seemed to want us to know he was going to his Father. We watched him till he passed out of sight behind the clouds, and still we stood with upturned faces, when two angels appeared and said, "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." We looked into each other's faces and said, "He is coming again, just like we saw him go away, he shall come back from heaven, the same Jesus." So we are waiting, confident of his return.

I am an old man now. My course is nearly run. I look back over the past. My life has not been what I planned in youth. Jesus came across my pathway and changed it all. A few mountain peaks of blessed experience stand out clearly to my view, viz., the night when I visited Jesus and believed on him; the day I stood for him in the Sanhedrim; my open confession when we buried him; and the day my eyes and heart followed him as he ascended into heaven. The world may take from me all things else, but it shall never take away my blessed hope in Jesus.

I am a saved man now. Saved not because a Son of Abraham, but by believing in God's only Son. Time was when I prided myself on my intellectual perceptions of truth, and on my good works and upright life. I think not less of these, but I think more of Jesus. He that was born of the seed of David, while the angels sang; he that was divinely shielded from Herod's wrath; He that was owned as God's Son at baptism; He that lived a sinless life, healed the sick, raised the dead, preached the gospel to the poor, speaking as never man spake; He that died, and arose, and ascended to glory, the same said unto me, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have eternal life." I believed, therefore have I spoken. I bear witness to Jesus my Savior. I tried secret hidden things, but happiness comes only from open confession.

One word more. Would that my Savior were your savior too. I commend him to you. I know of no other way of salvation. I thought I was a good man, but in that night when I visited him he made me to understand and clearly that salvation was not through our own goodness, but through faith in him. So it was for me. So it will be for you. Believe on him. Confess him, though it cost you as much as it did me. He will make up for all the loss, and more than all,—even an hundred fold here, and in the world to come life everlasting.
Culture the End.

It is frequently used as synonymous with erudition, or a vast store of learning gathered from various sources; sometimes it stands for a process of intellectual or moral training; and again it denotes the result of such training. Culture is also used in the sense of refinement or taste. By some it is employed, in a disparaging way, to represent a highly specialized intellectual discipline, a sort of esoteric cult which only the initiated few are privileged to cultivate.

Now the result at which we are simulating in all reading and study is the complete development of individual life by a discipline of thought, feeling, and action. And both the process and the result are denoted by culture. It is wisdom rather than knowledge; quality of learning rather than quantity; the awareness and richness of nature and spirit rather than a polish in manner and taste. It implies a natural, vital growth, a harmonious development of all the faculties of the soul. Culture is not something which can be added to one's acquisitions; it is the added to oneself. A person may be able to analyze the structure of Macbeth; he may be able to explain the technique of the poetry and recount the history of various editions and the successive verbal changes in them: and yet miss the vital force which is poured out so abundantly in the form of tragedy. He must know the details, but he should dwell long upon the scenes and characters, until the imagination lays hold on them, and he is enabled to sound the depth of passion and experience which are laid bare. The student is thus brought into the most intimate contact with the life which throbs through these tragic lines. There is power transmitted from book to reader. He feeds upon the choice material which a great genius in the highest moment of its creative activity has provided for his inheritance: and if his mind is in a receptive state properly to assimilate it, it can not but enrich and expand his life and enhance the gradual unfolding of his individual self. Every such fresh contact with the vital forces and fundamental truths of life marks a stage in the process of culture.

The individual's experience is necessarily limited to his contact with the world. The stock of knowledge gathered from personal experience is small. Culture demands that this shall be supplemented by the rich material which nations have accumulated during their growth and development. The ultimate truths of life, which are the product of race experience, are embodied in the so-called books of life—books of which the "Iliad", the "Divine Comedy", the works of Shakespeare, and "Faust" are the representatives. These books were written by men of genius, who possessed the capacity not only to absorb the life and thought of their generation, but also to reproduce these in living artistic forms, so that later generations may bring into their own experience the thrilling life and passions of the past. These books furnish the material for culture. It is by constant perusal of these that men come into possession of a larger experience. By intimate contact with their ideas, their life, their power, the soul of the reader is enriched and expanded, the horizon of his individual experience is pushed back so as to include a large section of race experience, and his personality and judgment are developed and matured. He is liberated
Notes and Comments.

With this number the work of the present Staff is finished, and another milestone in the history of the association is reached. In looking over the past year's work one can see where the results could have been much improved. We have fallen far short of producing the ideal paper for our team of all who are interested in the results could be such that it justly merits the proved. We

an educational and of the physical body, the importance of which every son of Hope will recognize. But there is another matter which, so far from receiving the attention it deserves, is quite generally overlooked upon by the student body. I mean the training of a sense of beauty. In all the branches of art and nature the beautiful is that to be appreciated and not merely to

"Blows the unseen
And wastes its sweetness on the desert air."

For if not appreciated at best in some degree, beauty of any kind might as well be unseen, and what air is more truly desert than that which is breathed by the unenvious spectator of the beautiful. We presume it would be hard to find a student of Hope, though we fear that searching would reveal him, who does not enjoy a walk or drive over a beautiful country road; but even here, it is probable that many really enjoy the physical exercise, the mere being out of doors, more than the beauty of the scenery. The appreciation of literature, too, is oftener that which is falsely called practical, than a true admiration of beauty. This is shown in one way by the lack of story-writing among the students, which these columns noticed a few months ago. The compositions of the students are more often discussions of some question of morals, or

read thoroughly the books of life. Knowledge is useful and indispensable, but growth and expansion are produced by close familiarity with the literature of power.

We have listened with intense pleasure to the sparkling humor and genial good sense of Russell Conwell, to Riddle's masterly interpretations, and to a beautiful eulogy of John Temple Graves. We are especially pleased to learn that the venture was a success financially. The first purpose of any College Lecture Course is not to reap profits, but, when in addition to the intellectual benefit of coming in contact with great men, we know that our benefit is not at the cost of others, how much is our pleasure enhanced!

Besides this, now that it has once been proved that the students and the people of Holland are willing to support the effort to bring us into contact with those who are influencing the world outside, there will be more encouragement to arrange for future lecture courses. It is the opinion of THE ANCHOR that every winter ought to bring to Hope just such a Course as the one now finished. With its hopes and wishes for similar courses in the future, THE ANCHOR extends its congratulations to the kind Professor and his student assistants who have made the course a double success.

The graduates of colleges who are now grappling with the actualities of life, say that their college

Liveliness. days were pre-emminently happy. Should not this fact be more manifest among our students? There are different attitudes of going through a course of study. The living student is brimfull of life and enthusiasm, whereas the opposite drags out his fossilized existence in abnormal, though perhaps innocent.
dueness. Of course, all agree that lessons must be faithfully studied, but recreation and social culture form just as truly a part of an education. Whenever it does not infringe upon the routine work or the rules of good behavior, the student cannot be blamed for enjoying himself. The lively spirit to which the Freshmen recently gave vent is indeed commendable. Not only did it indicate their feelings towards the Cuban cause, but above all their college spirit was aroused. Would it not be well if more college and patriotic songs were sent floating upon the breezes? And why is the college yell upon the breezes? And their spirit? Let us make the few weeks we spend here count not only for work but for enjoyment as well.

The members of the Mission Class have greatly enjoyed meeting together every Sunday morning to study the histories and present conditions of foreign missionary countries. We have all been greatly benefited by the regular class work, but on the 6th of February we enjoyed a rare treat in having with us Miss Lizzie Cappon, one of the missionaries of our church. For a whole hour she entertained us by answering our questions, and by telling us about the customs and manners of the Chinese.

One may read never so many books or pamphlets on missionary topics, but a talk with a missionary is of far greater benefit. The missionaries and their work become more real, and the interest in the natives is greatly deepened. Miss Cappon not only told us about the Chinese but she also showed us some of their idols, and many models illustrating native customs. Her visit will long be remembered, and we shall all be more anxious to do something for the Chinyam.

On the following Sunday Dr. Poppen, formerly a missionary to Japan, visited us and gave us a short talk on the work in that country. He also described to us one of the temples near Tokyo. Never before were we so deeply impressed by the awfulness of heathenism.

May God grant that many of us may yet be allowed to tell the story of Jesus to these benighted souls.

The Oratorical Contest.

The evening of Washington’s birthday fittingly witnessed the inauguration of oratorical contest work among the students of Hope. It was an event that had long been looked forward to with interest. A large and appreciative audience gathered in Winants Chapel to hear the four competitors deliver their productions, of whom the successful orator was to represent Hope College in the Inter-State Contest. President Kollen presided over the meeting, and with appropriate remarks opened the exercises of the evening. Dr. Beardslee of the Seminary offered prayer. The ladies’ quartette of the college favored the audience with a song. John W. Beardslee Jr. rendered his oration on the subject, “China and the Powers.” His enunciation was very distinct, and his voice well sustained throughout.

Peter Marsilje had for the subject of his oration “The Christian College.” Although the address gave a clear insight into the requisites for such an institution, the treatment of the subject somewhat prevented him from giving the best oratorical effect. Henry Schipper followed and orated on the subject, “The Monitor and the Merrimac.” The speaker presented a good appearance on the stage. Skill was shown in changing the voice from the deep orator to the conversational tone; but, in describing the battle scene, the action as suited to the words was a little too pronounced. The subject of the next oration was “Joan of Arc,” by Cornelius Van der Meulen. He arose with a smile, and held the attention of all during his entire speech. The various scenes presented were carefully pictured, and his poses gave added effect. Robert Kevens then gave a violin solo, after which he responded to an encore. The judges, on account of the closeness of the grades, could not at once decide who had won the laurels. The result of the decision was announced to the students on the Thursday following. The news that Mr. Beardslee Jr. was awarded first place was received with applause. The Anchor offers congratulations, and believes that Mr. Beardslee will ably represent our college at Albion on May 6th.

Gray’s Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.

SUCH a poem as lies before us may conveniently be considered first as to its form, then in regard to its sentiment, and next concerning the relation of sense to sound. Even a casual perusal will show the reader that there are two places from where the trend of reflection is diverted into another channel, and which divide the poem into three natural divisions. In the first the poet is found in the place most abounding in tokens of the unscrutable mystery of existence. In the gravestay must each in his turn be laid silently to await the dissolution of the elements. What avails it that one is laid under “storied urn” and “animated bust” and another under a rough-hewn rock or merely a mound of earth? Both are alike beyond the reach of human influence and indifferent to the distinctions of man.

THE ANCHOR.

Twilight is at hand, and with its coming a solemn stillness falls upon the scene and serves to stimulate the imagination of the poet. He calls to mind the joys and toils of those who now slumber so silently. He pictures to himself their labors in the fields and woods, the plowing and the reaping and the happy homecoming of the father to his busy wife and lisp-ing children. The contemplation of these obscure lives leads in the second division to a comparison with those of a more exalted destiny.

The reflection is made that these unknown lives in different circumstances might also have been illustrous, and that in death all are alike. The third division consists of a penitent reflection upon the poet’s share in the common lot. The form of the stanza is the quatrain. The rhyme-order a-b-a-b.
a narrative poem this form would give a disjointed, halting effect but it is admirably adapted to convey a series of solemn reflections such as the Elegy consists of. Gray was a poetically inclined scholar of a retiring disposition, and yet, by virtue of his broad humanity, he could sympathize with lives whose joys and sorrows he had never shared. His sympathy glows kindly, it does not burn passionately like that of the Scottish peasant-poet. He rebukes the "Proud" not because they despise and oppress the poor, but because they forget their own greater opportunities and common end. He reminds them that destiny is determined by environments just as, from the same kind of larvae queen, bees and workers are developed by different foods. That to the gems that are found and the flowers that are admired belongs no extraordinary merit, but that those that sparkle and blush unseen and unplucked are as worthy of consideration as their better-known fellows.

The Elegy does not base its claim to distinction upon lofty sentiment or profound thought but rather upon exquisite expression. Without any effort, but most naturally, each phrase aptly suggests the idea it embodies.

The very first line sets the keynote of the piece and establishes an atmosphere of meditation and pensive reflection most appropriate to the circumstances in which the poem is written. Notice the liquids and drawn out syllables.

"The shallow wind smells slowly over the bough."

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way."

One can almost see the deliberate advance of "the milky mothers of the herd" and feel the exhaustion of the worn out laborer. How beautifully the falling twilight is painted in the second stanza:

"Now fades the dimming sunset on the sight, And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

A notable characteristic of the poem is the use of ordinary words. We do not find here the sonorous Latinity of Milton, nor does the effect depend largely upon classical allusions and antique phraseology. But the thought is expressed in an unaffected, simple manner that immediately rivets the attention and wins the sympathy of the reader. The distinguishing excellency of the Elegy is its exquisite finish and perfect refinement. The one was the result of severe self-criticism and patient revision, the other a reflection of the author's character.

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The Anchor.

De Alumnii.

EDITED BY J. S. STERRETT, '88.

Dr. D. Gleysteen Jr., '91, is at present located at South Holland, Ill.

Among the many speakers at the triennial conference of the International Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions we notice the name of Rev. S. M. Zwemer, '87, F. R. G. S., one of our missionaries to Arabia.

The Second Reformed Church of Muskegon, Mich., was dedicated on Jan. 16th. Rev. R. Bloemendal, '86, is pastor. It is with sorrow that we record the death of Rev. J. L. De Jong, on Feb. 6th, at San Diego, California. Rev. Mr. De Jong will be remembered by many of our older students, as a member of the class of '93. He pursued his college studies here and then took a course in theology at Princeton, N. J. He was graduated from that seminary in 1896, being awarded also the Hebrew Fellowship for the best thesis on an assigned subject in O. T. Literature. With the intention of using the proceeds of this fellowship in post-graduate study at a later date, he accepted the call extended him by the American Reformed Church of Orange City, Iowa. This charge he held until ill health compelled him to resign in the summer of 1897. Upon the advice of his physician he went to California, hoping to recuperate his rapidly failing health. He lingered until the Sabbath of Feb. 6th, when he passed from the world of suffering to that of glory.

The funeral services were held in his native town, Roseland, Chicago, Feb. 15th, and was attended by a large number of sorrowing friends, relatives, and schoolmates. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. B. Van Ess, the former pastor of the deceased.

Short addresses were made by the Revs. G. J. Hekhuis, Jas. Sterenberg and Wm. J. Van Kersen. The services at the cemetery were conducted by Rev. J. M. VanderMeulen of Kal-

Among the Societies.

EDITED BY C. SPARQ, '88.

The regular monthly mission meeting was held Feb. 3d. Prof. Dimment amazoo, Mich. The pall-bearers were chosen from among the college-associates of the deceased.

Among the many floral tributes received was one sent by the class of '93 of which the Rev. Mr. De Jong was a member.

His is the Crown; Ours is the Toll.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF J. L. DE JONG.

His work is done; his soul is free;

God called him as the first of those Of another class;

He wears the crown;

We share the toll.

We share the toll, the strife, the war,

Until at last we leave these scenes

And homeward go;

He wears the crown.

Fill up the gap! Take ye his sword!

Fight on, and in the Master's name,

Speed ye the Word;

His is the crown;

Yours is the toll.

Speed ye the Word! Bring ye the call;

Take up the task, the glorious task,

He hands to fall;

His is the crown;

Yours is the toll.

Extend His name! Extend His cause!

It is not meet with sigh and moan

On grey heads to pass;

Here is the toll.

Here is the crown.

Close up the ranks! Press firmly on!

Do not sit down in vain regrets

Over loved ones gone;

Yours is the toll.

His is the crown.

Close ranks, O Chief! Do not delay!

Where one old fall, stand we more firm

For Christ, the Way;

Here is the crown;

Ours is the toll.

ALUMNI, '93.
Rev. Birchby of this city discussed the “Judgments,” proving those that have been and also those still to come. Feb. 17th Dr. Winter of the seminary treated the theme, “The Forces of Christ.” He touched upon different attributes of Christ, and proved his human and divine nature.

ULFILAS CLUB.

“Eendracht maakt macht.”

The past history of the Netherlands has clearly illustrated the truth of this maxim, and it is still proved by the loyal sons of Ulphias. We feel assured that no other college society excels us in hearty cooperation of its members. The second term demands hard and persevering work. This, together with the inopportune time of meeting on Monday night, has prevented a few of our members from giving due time and preparation to our club work. Yet the faithful band of Ulphians” press forward and gather latent powers for the active battles of life. Proper attention is given to the debating and discussing of the living questions of the day, which arouse much interest and enthusiasm. At a recent meeting Hon. President, Prof. C. Doesburg, gave an interesting address on “Cuba en de Spanjool.”

MELPHONE.

Alpha Section.—This section of the Meliphone is all aglow in striving to accomplish its work. A spirit of unrest, which was in our midst for a brief period, has vanished, and contentment is now manifest among our members. Great interest is shown in the weekly meetings, and each member feels the importance of doing his utmost. Interesting and profitable programs are rendered. We have no reason to doubt that the zeal now shown shall soon abate; but we believe that the close of the term, which finishes the work of our section for this year will culminate into great edict.

FRATERNAL.

As this is the last number of The Anchor for this term it may be well to review the term’s work. At the beginning of the term the program committee prepared a program for the entire period, and it is due to them that this part of the work has proved so successful.

The boys debated on live questions of the day. Had it been in the hands of the debaters Cuba would long ago have been freed. As it is, she is still under the heel of the hated Spanish oppressors.

The oratorical contest awakened in the boys a new spirit of oratory. Many an evening has the hall echoed with their fervent orations, which made Dutch-American blood boil, as they pictured the diabolical atrocities of Spaniards.

Another feature has been added to the program, which is truly fraternal in spirit and origin. To instill in the minds of the boys a greater taste for literary work, a novel has been started. Thus far it has proved more successful than was first thought possible.

At our last patriotic meeting the ladies of the college favored us with their presence, which was greatly enjoyed by the boys. Being true Fraters, at the close of the meeting, they did not do as some other persons have done in the past.

THE ANCHOR.

COSMOPOLITAN.

The regular routine of work was pursued during the past month. Interest and appreciation characterized the meetings. The principle number of last week’s program was an able address of De Géneuster on “The Immorality of Immigration.” Altho the subject was viewed from a rather pessimistic side, the address contained many plausible features. The debate was of an historical nature. Resolve, “That Peter the Great was Greater than Frederick the Great.” The subject was affirmed by Lowell and Hobart and denied by Holmes and Li Hung Chang. The orator for the evening, Mr. Mather, had chosen for his subject “Cuba Libre.” In a clear and vivid way the terrible atrocities of Spain were well pictured, while the peroration, an appeal to American citizens, inspired every one with patriotic emotion.

During the past month our society was honored by a visit from Dr. Kollen, who gave us some encouraging remarks, and highly appreciated the work of the society. The Philomathean section of the Melophians have also favored us with a visit. The Cosmopolitans are always glad to welcome a sister society, even if admittance has been refused by an other.

College Jottings.

Cuba Libre! Matriculation!”

Scipio Africanus was baptized not long ago.

J. G. Winter, ’01, is instructing some Zeelantites in the mysteries of Latin, at the tremendous salary of $40 a year.

By what stronger coincidence didn’t happen before the last lecture that so many seats were marked off as reserved by mistake?

Van Wessel, ’01, will not return this year on account of the recent death of his sister. The Anchor extends heartfelt sympathies.

What a sad fact that some of our students cannot refrain from talking Latin and Greek even at a reception!’


The class in Political Economy demonstrated not long ago that a locomotive would last thirty years if it did not smoke so much.

What wonderful revelations were made when Prof. Voght emptied his pockets in the council room?

This issue of The Anchor is a day or two late, caused by the late arrival of the half-tone representing the outgoing staff.

J. D. Tanis went home on Saturday, February 26th, on account of ill-health. We hope he will soon be back with us again.

Robert De Pree, who recently arrived here from Pella, la., has taken up work with the C’s.

Feb. 22d passed very quietly at Hope. Most of the boys spent the time in reading about the cherry-tree, etc.
Lyon, Beecher, Kymer, & Palmer Co.

De Hollander has again returned to the Hope College Boarding Club.

Koster and Hopenhink visited with parents at Grand Rapids on February 22nd.

C. Spaan, Jno. Steunenberg, and Jno. S. Raum went as delegates to the Y. M. C. A. state convention at Jackson.

A. Wagemaker has again taken up his studies with his class.

Simon Hellenthal visited with the boys at the Club on Feb. 15th.

Rev. J. W. Warnshuis, of Grand Rapids, led the Y. M. C. A. Thursday evening, Feb. 24th. His topic was "The Offices of Christ." Thus far the series of lectures has proved a success.

Since it is determined that Mr. Beardslee will represent Hope at Albion on May 6th, it might be well to begin making arrangements to send a large delegation with our speaker. Let it be seen that we are thoroughly interested in the subject and, above all, in the success of our man.

The A's took a sleigh-ride to Forest Grove on Feb. 23-24th. They report bad roads, a good time, and brilliant recitations on the following day as a result of the venture.

The class in the rudiments of vocal music is making rapid progress under the leadership of E. Muler.

The supposition that Riepma spends the third hour in Prof. Yntema's room in order to become more intimately acquainted with the Professor, and ultimately with the latter's hired-girl, has become a well-grounded theory.

No more room rent for Van Dahn.

Miss Thurber recently invited a few of her college friends to spend an evening at her home. The event was enjoyed by all present.

The delegato to the International Student Volunteer Convention, which was held at Cleveland, Ohio, were Jacob Van Ess, Jno. Nywening, and N. B. Wesselin.

Certain members of the Sophomore class are having frequent visitors in the laboratory.

A select party of students and friends enjoyed a sleigh-ride party on Friday evening, Feb. 25th.

A query: Why are Mr. Nywening's visits on Central Avenue so frequent?

A course of five lectures has been provided for by the Seminary. The first of the series was given Thursday evening by the Rev. Dr. Jno. Van der Meulen on "The Pentateuchal Question as Propounded by the Higher Critics." The next lecture will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. I. Moor dy, of Chicago, on March 5th, at 8 p.m.

A square envelope from Forest Grove is a welcome weekly visitor for "Jiggs."

"Please tip your hats to the young ladies."

In a recent snow-ball fight with some of the town boys, young Bruns had so satisfied his propensities for defensive warfare that he sought protection behind a neighboring tree.

S. B. De Pree handed in the following and wishes it to be considered a joke. "We advise the Sophomores who so strongly advocate Cuban freedom to espouse Spain's cause in their productions and thus aid Cuba."

In the Methodist Episcopal church of this city, an instructive course of lectures is being delivered. Students will find it to their interest to attend, as something entertaining as well as instructive is promised.

The Alumni Association of the University of Michigan has sent out a call asking for the address of every Michigan graduate and matriculate. The Association is preparing to publish a directory of Michigan college men. The secretary's work has been greatly hampered by the fact that the addresses of a large number of Michigan's 14,000 graduates are unknown. All those whom the secretary has on his books are requested to assist in the good work and urge their unlocated brothers to make their whereabouts known, and all Michigan graduates and matriculates are asked to send their names and addresses, class, department and degree, to the General Secretary of the Alumni Association, at Ann Arbor, as well as the names and addresses of any others they may happen to know.

The First Assistant Postmaster has been lodging complaints against the students that they are taking away his chances for a prospective quiet life.

The watchword of the Freshmen is "Cuba Libra."

Korteling was visited not long since by his sister (?) from Chicago.

Peter: "I would like to smash the face of one of those Local Editors!"

We are glad to announce that there are fair prospects of once more having an orchestra of our own at Hope. This is a move in the right direction, and should meet with the cooperation, at east, of all those musically inclined.

The anticipations of Cornelius Van der Meulen received a heavy blow when the morning of February 14th, brought with it such beautiful pictures from Kalamazoo.

Cooper, rushing to the telephone, - "Ah! yes, I thought she would accept the invitation."

The Anchor Association held its annual business meeting on Feb. 24th in Winants Chapel. The present incumbents take pleasure in introducing the staff of '98-'99.


NOTICES

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