THE ANCHOR.

"Spera in Tro." Ps. xlii. 5.

VOLUME XLII.
MARCH, 1900.
NUMBER 5.

The Lake School: Introductory.

John E. Todd, '99.

The word school is applied to men who hold some common doctrine or teaching which differentiates them from others. If we bear this in mind, it is at once evident that the term Lake School is a misnomer: for Southey had less in common with Wordsworth and Coleridge than Burns did. He must have been included because he too dwelt in the Lake region. Furthermore, the tenets and principles embodied in the poetry of Coleridge, and in that part of Wordsworth's poetry which has any value, are not such as to distinguish them from all other bards. Indeed the same canons were held, consciously or unconsciously, not only by all the poets of the new movement that began with Thomson, but, I am inclined to believe, lie at the foundation of all true poetry, ancient and modern. For this reason the name Lake School is already obsolescent. As a distinguishing appellation it was doubtless employed because the critics of that day mistook the assertion of the true, the old spirit of poetry for the expression of a new spirit. The name certainly cannot be used to denote Wordsworth's peculiar ideas of poetic language and of the superior worth of country folk, for these ideas do not taint his enduring verse, while Coleridge denied them both in theory and in practice. So the name, if it stands for anything, must stand for the renewed assertion of the principles of true poetry.

To understand the Lake School, it may be found helpful to glance into the age before them, to look at the causes leading to the return to nature, and to compare the Augustan poetry with what I deem the principles of true poetry. This will leave to the other writers the discussion of the individual poets.

Three factors combined to produce the literature of the Augustan age: to wit, the relapse from the Elizabethan period, the revolt against Puritanism, and the influence of French authors. Of Elizabethan literature one may say, it was the result of "some deep and serious emotion, some fixed point of religious or national pride. To give adequate form to this taxed the energies of the artists, and raised their poetic faculty, by the admixture of prophetic inspiration, to the highest pitch." Of a truth the Elizabethans struck the full diapason of language to utter passion that swept the poles of existence. But such inspiration could not continue. For succeeding poets there was but one al-
ternative: either "to go afield for striking situations, to force sentiment and pathos," to seek far-fetched analogies and simious subtleties of thought, or to revise and reproduce what had already been said, "to subordinate the harmony of the whole to the melody of the parts, to sink the hierophant in the charmer." The first tendency is found in the metaphysical poets, Donne, Cowley, Waller; but such poetry, even at its best as in Donne's 'Farewell' and Waller's 'Old Age and Death,' soon satiates. Waller himself begins to travel in the other path, the path of revision: Dryden takes as his motto:

"Gently make haste, of labor not afraid
A hundred times consider what you've said.
Polish, repolish, every word lay,
And sometimes add, but often take away."

Pope pricks himself to renewed labors with the goad, "though we have had several great poets, we have never had any one great poet that was correct." The light struck by Waller flares up in Dryden, shinés with a lurid splendor in Pope, and dies out with a sputter in Johnson.

In studying the Augustan age one has to reckon with the revolt against Puritanism. Love of antithesis may have led Macaulay into exaggeration, but certainly he had caught the spirit of the religion of the Commonwealth when he said, "Bear-baiting was forbidden not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." Full of the spirit of retrenchment, the Puritan's view of nature, man, and God was an extreme that necessarily plunged England into another extreme. The revolt gave us the unashamed licentiousness and reeking filth of the Restoration: and up from the mire climbers an age too wise to be Puritan or libertine,—the age of the Drysures, content to be a sepulchre on condition of a liberal coat of white wash. It is an age of conventional religion, that is, without faith in God; an age of intrigue and cabal, that is, without faith in human-kind, when a prime minister boasts that "Every man has his price": an age of the drawing room, that is, petty ambition and jealousy; an age self-satisfied, that is, it will produce only within a limited sphere: an age without vision, that is, it loses itself in the little affairs of today and is deaf to the great questions of time and eternity.

These two influences were intensified by the influence of France. The returning king was dazzled by the splendors of the French court, besotted with its vice. To him this England, swept and garnished, was a fit abode for his seven and more kindred spirits. As prince, so people. Besides, he and his companions brought with them a taste for French literature, proverbially artificial, and thus the spark of classicism is kindled in a flame.

Literature must of necessity either reflect the spirit of its age or rise to express what is true for all time. The productions of the classical school are entirely of the first class. Dryden was the slave, Pope the creature of his day. Poor Dryden! Endowed with a nature better than prevalent taste, he had to pander to that age to "propitiate the two giants, Bread and Cheese." In his poetry we have Peg as in the traces; poetry becomes the "coadjutor of politics" and—the theologian's dream realized—the handmaid of theology. With borrowed passion poorly done, with here and there a lily of nature in a tissue paper bouquet, the chief trait of his work is "intellectual force and ability to argue in verse." Classicism and Pope are synonyms. If there be light in his age, he is the lens that brings it to a focus; if there is darkness, in him that darkness can be felt. In the Essay on Criticism we have light for heat, and delight in artful statement of trite truth; in the Rape of the Lock, the mock heroic when the heroic was impossible, now delicate and delicious as whipped cream, now soured with cynical sarcasm; in the Essay on Man, the proposed no plus ultra of philosophy: in the Dunciad, the delineation of personal spite and venom.

When the night is palpable turn to the east. Even when the classic school was at its height, a new spirit was born, destined to usher in modern literature. The causes? Really there was but one, man's true nature asserted itself. Sympathy, friendship, hope, love, the dream of eternity—you may damn these for a time, but when the pent-up waters have gathered in power, they burst asunder every barrier. The opportunity that gave utterance to the new mood is to be found in the splendid material progress of modern life. What with the application of mechanical inventions to labor, what with greater facility of travel and communication, what with the increasing wealth of the peasantry, the new era was an era of the people, and politics and literature were alike responsive. In both, the convulsion of revolution begot new hopes of fraternity, equality and liberty. The ignorant multitude knew not the law of classicism, but for all that they eagerly bought poetry of Nature and true passion as it is found in simple hearts. Man's spirit, long scorned, claimed its right in the rise of Methodism. Furthermore, the genius of German thought, invading England noiseless and certain as the return of Spring, gave back to her poetry that intense longing for the transcendental and the infinite,—in one word, vision.

It is the style now-days, begun I think by Arnold and continued by Gosse, to find much good in the eighteenth century literature. Though it cannot be denied that it is the crucible from which English prose emerged refined, yet he who looks for poetry sees but an arid waste. To classify according to De Quincey's great division, there was only literature of knowledge, no literature of power. Taine speaks to the point when he says, "a great author has passion, and knows his dictionary and grammar"; but this age knew only its dictionary and grammar. Given any idea which he chanced to observe, Pope could lavish on it all the epithets and imagery that letters had ever known, without once feeling that idea. Of this very affluence of borrowed finery Mr. Burchell, in the View of Wakefield, makes the acute remark that "it is nothing but a com-
Day Dreams.

By the babbling brooklet,
By the silvery stream,
Neath a weeping willow,
I mused as in a dream.

Oft I here had wandered
In my childhood hours,
Finding peace and pleasure
In its shady bowers.

And beneath the willow
In the twilight haze,
With the song-bird's warble
I joined in hymns of praise.

BERNARD R. VENETIANI.

A Vision of Spring.

While searching o'er the thoughts of old,
My room was growing very cold;
The bright and cheery fire had died,
And, filled with gloom, I almost sighed.

O'er hill and glen the snow drifts fast:
The wintry wind goes whistling past;
From heaven's orb and Milky Way
The stars emit a shivering ray.

The earth is wrapped in purest white,
While nature's life is lost to sight:
Alone I sit and close my eyes,
And wish and long for summer skies.

I have a vision strangely clear—
A summer's morn extremely fair;
The blushing sky that smiles so sweet
On fields of golden summer wheat.

A thrush, that sings with sweet refrain,
His gentle, sweet, ecstatic strain
Now tunes my heart in perfect time
With nature and her works sublime.

The lark, with notes so clear and strong,
Fills all the air with sweetest song;
The birds all sing—and well they may—
Who would not sing on such a day?

It was a dream, I wake alone;
I hear the cold wind's angry moan,
And sob and sigh; he swift to bring,
Most gracious Lord, our life's sweet spring.

J. VAN ZOEREN.

MISINTERPRETATION, non-comprehension, and an incapacity for true appreciation, are elements with which most men of genius have been compelled to combat. Men have not only failed to understand and appreciate what genius has meant, but they have also given erroneous interpretations to what genius has said. So it has been in philosophy, in theology, in poetry, and in almost every sphere of thought.

Near the beginning of this century the Edinburgh Review served as the judiciary for the literary world. It was before this tribunal that all the writers of the past as well as of the present were made to appear. Some were lauded with highest praises, others were dragged through the mire of criticism for the purpose of destroying their popularity and reputation. Of the latter kind was Wordsworth upon whom the critics of the Edinburgh Review poured out their abuse, invective, and malign personality. The fact is, that they did not know his value, they failed to appreciate his poetry, and they were utterly incapable of feeling its beauty and grandeur. But thanks be to the great poet whose equanimity mockery could not disturb, whose confidence unpopularity could not shake, the fire of whose soul nothing could quench, and who, urged on by his own majestic chivalry, has given to the world such a splendid contribution of real, genuine poetry. In spite of criticism Wordsworth's star ascended and he even lived to see his works, if not popular, at least appreciated.

As deserving as Shakespeare is of the result of study, education, or culture, nor even of much observation of Nature, however much these may have contributed to his power, but that his genius is the result of his soul's being divinely endowed with this organic relation for understanding and interpreting Nature in all her moods.

But arise from this original endowment, and the fact that his ancestors were deeply rooted in the country soil, the influences that contributed most to Wordsworth's becoming Poet of Nature, were the beautiful scenes of the streams, lakes, and mountains of the Lake Country. These early found a place in his soul and set up currents of poetic thought and feeling of which his poetry is but the outward expression.

Though a portion of his boyhood was spent in animal activity and trivial pleasures in wandering among the lakes in "thoughtless gaiety" and "hope" not content but in "wild impatience", still he sometimes retired from the merrymaking crowd to contemplate in loneliness and then he said he felt within "gleams like the flashing of a shield", and "the earth and common face of Nature spake to him memorable things." Again, he said he often walked beneath the vaulted sky and felt

"Whether there is of power in sound
To breathe an elevated mood, or form
Of mind unconfined, and I would stand
In the night thickened with a coming storm
Beneath some rock, listening to notes that art
The ghostly languages of the ancient earth,
Or make their dim abode in distant winds.
Thence did I drink the visionary power"

These two quotations from the Prelude which gives the story of his early life and which all who desire a true knowledge and appreciation of Wordsworth as Poet of Nature should study with thoroughness, are prophetic signs of his poetic calling. The heaven-sent light that filled the soul of his youth was in later years "the master light of all his seeing",—the fountain of youth whence he might go to refresh and renew his high poetic inspiration. Though Wordsworth saw the light in his youth, it was only in his later years that he realized what it was. At sixteen, Nature had won his heart, she had ingrained herself into his soul, and she had given him impulses which determined his whole philosophy and poetry and which exercised a peculiar, charming influence over his soul in all his future.

Wordsworth saw things in Nature which very few possessed the power to regain. A nearness of insight to discern. Not that they will be the same product of his own dreams or brooding fancy, but because men's eyes do not penetrate the "open secrets" of Nature. Wordsworth saw realities, which when once disclosed, every attentive eye is capable of discerning,—new phases, new aspects, new truths, new lessons for all mankind. This notion that poetry consists merely of fantastic conceptions, of imaginative distortions, of exaggerations, of irregularities, of formal, which every devotee of poetry should deny, and seek positively to set forth poetry's reality and truthfulness. To call all gross imaginative exaggerations and thoughts expressed in verse poetical, is an outrage against poetry. Though all poetry is in verse, all verse is by no means poetry. Matthew Arnold says that poetry is the "profound application of ideas to life." Words-
worth says that it is the result of a
spontaneous overflow of powerful
feelings." New aspects of Nature
streamed into Wordsworth's soul be-
cause of its remarkable susceptibility,
the intense and sympathetic contempla-
tion in which he engaged, and the
heart of love with which he ap-
proached Nature.

Wordsworth's love for Nature was
not a blind fear for her power as was
the love of primitive peoples. It was
rather a pure form of reverence to
which his whole being was suscepti-
ble from its earliest youth. In youth
it was the love of capture; in later
years it was a higher love of reason
—a love which led him to understand
and admire, almost worship, Nature.
But his love was no more that of a
pantheistic than of a paganistic stamp.
As he did not represent the natural
forces as gods, anthropomorphize,
and reverence them as supernatural
men, so neither did he consider Nature
as all of God. It is true that he
speaks of Nature as "the breath of
God," but it is also true that he
regards God as outside of
Nature and Nature herself as but an
organ of communication between God
and man. Consequently everything
in Nature had a message for him, the
daisies of the field, the violet by
the mossy stone, the murmur of the
mountain streams, and the silence of
the hills. These messages he seeks to
convey to men in his poetry. With
fulness and truthfulness he reveals to
men Nature's beauty, grandeur, and
serenity, and teaches them how
through contemplation to rise to
higher truths, to nobler conceptions,
to spiritual insight, and through Na-
ture to God.

Like every preacher of spiritual
truth, Wordsworth condemns the
baseness and materialism of modern
life. For him the careless toil of
money making was a task too small
for life.

"The voice of Nature that speaks to
Wordsworth is not the voice of God,
but a voice which Nature herself pos-
sesses. Hence, Wordsworth main-
tains that his poetry is universal and
the subjective feeling of all men. Fur-
ther, he regards Nature not only as
having a life of her own but also a
unity of life which pervades and binds
all its parts into one living whole.
Nature's life enters and stimulates
man's life, and though invisible, it
speaks to man through visible things.
For him Nature's life has three great
qualities: calmness, sublimity, and
tenderness. Calmness quiets and re-
freshes man's soul; sublimity raises
man to high and noble truths; tend-
erness leads man to sympathize and
love. In Nature Wordsworth saw al-
so order, stability, and conformity to
eternal laws—three factors which sat-
ished his intellect and offered balm
and comfort to his heart.

Wordsworth's poetry has been
charged with overlooking the sterner
elements of Nature. This can doubt-
less be said of his early but not of his
later poetry. From the time that
Wordsworth's brother perished at sea,
his poetry took a decidedly soberer
and solemn tenor. But from the sor-
row which he experienced, the poet
drew his sadness for his soul.

His descriptions of Nature are al-
ways true and fresh. They never are
lacking in interest. His images are
large and grand and from the hum-
blest of objects he often draws the
noblest of lessons. His description of
that "huge, black crag" is one of his
characteristic descriptions. The
incident connected with it is one of
the simplest possible; yet it is told
with such imaginative power and
splendor of language that it is invest-
ed with a noble interest and made to
produce a profound impression upon
the heart and mind. Sometimes the
poet uses simple narrative but still
the reader feels that it reflects Words-
worth's whole soul, that it comes from
and is going to the heart.

In his poetry Wordsworth has shown
the glory, beauty, and holiness of
Nature; he has spiritualized the out-
ward world not with a weak, senti-
mental, but with a true, manly feel-
ing. Capable of seeing objects clearly,
he was also capable of seeing their
spiritual significance for man.

Wordsworth's poetry as a whole is
noble, delightful, refreshing as well
as wise and good. In its reading the
soul finds true enjoyment such as
comes from the contemplation of the
purest, truest, and best in literature
and art. While an essay on Word-
sworth's poetry may serve as a means
of bringing his name to unfamiliar
minds, its value can only be appreci-
ated by faithful study. His poetry
must be tasted in order to know the
taste and comfort which it can
give. Add to this an intellectual
pleasure which ennobles the soul
and creates a feeling of deepest sympathy
with loveliness of character and purity
of soul, and one begins to see the real
value of his poetry. Only those will
deny Wordsworth's poetry value
whose minds are weak and narrow
and in whose heart there is no place for poetry. Such minds are to be pitied as narrow and but half-educated because they cannot appreciate or understand poetry's value for the soul. Those who deny the value and power of poetry must bear to be told that they are as incapable of judging poetry as an uneducated person is incapable of judging a system of philosophy. It is only as a man possesses love for understanding a person, subject, or object that true knowledge can be acquired. Love is the key to all knowledge.

It is said that Mill, the philosopher, acknowledged that Wordsworth's poetry made him a better and a happier man. De Quincey, too, acknowledged that Wordsworth's poetry had exercised a strong influence over him. Doubtless many others are ready to acknowledge a similar debt. In all the literary world Wordsworth's influence is still being felt and his message is ringing its notes around the world. Wordsworth's life was a life of inspiration in its patience, in its faithfulness, and conscientiousness; his poetry is its product; and the result, the enrichment of literature and the ennobling and elevation of men's hearts and minds.

C. ANTONIO

"The Solitary Reaper"

Wordsworth may rightfully be classed among the greatest poets of England. By his great works his name has lived, and will live, through all the trials of Time. Unlike Scott, he had a simplicity of style. In this simple language he put the most beautiful rhymes of Nature, so that all might see its beauties, and might understand its voice. This made him the favorite poet of both wise and simple.

To complete everything, he taught us noble life-lessons—lessons, that teach us, like Gray's texts on the tomb-stones taught "The legacy mortal to life."

To illustrate Wordsworth's poetry, we will discuss one of his poems, entitled: "The Solitary Reaper." Wordsworth wrote quite a few poems about the poor and simple. His five "Lucy's" can be classed among his greatest works; yet, their chief character is a poorly clad maiden.

"half hidden from the eye."

"The Solitary Reaper" is another of those kinds of poems. It is a picture of simple life; it is true to Nature: and, therefore, like his other poems, immortal.

While reading the first stanza, we see, in our imagination, the poet with a charmed look on his face, pointing to a field, where a poorly clad maiden is reaping the waving grain. She is singing a song with a very musical voice. So sweet and charming is it, that it goes above the poet's power of description. So, all he attempts to do is to exclaim:

"Oh I bend for the vale profound
Over flowing with the sound."

He cannot describe it; so he begins to compare other sweet songs with it. But it surpasses the song of the nightingale in some shady place in the desert; and even the cuckoo-bird's song of the welcome spring.

But what is she singing about? He cannot understand the words of this charming song. So there arise up in his mind some thoughts of what the words may probably be. And, naturally, he thinks that it must be some sad lay; for Shelley says in his "Sky-Lark"

""Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of solemn thought."

Arnold Mulder.

Coleridge.
M. J. CORBETT, VI.

To comprehend fully and to appreciate thoroughly the fertile and versatile mind of Samuel Taylor Coleridge you must delve deeply into one of the most subtle and profound systems of German philosophy; you must take complete courses in Unitarian and Established Church theology; you must comprehend the almost adynastic lethargy into which English poetry had been bound by the cast-iron couplets of the classicists: you must grasp the essence of the great European social and intellectual revolution that gave France her Reign of Terror and England her "Natural School" of poets; and, besides all this, you must have the most fervid imagination, and give it such daring sway, in the contemplation of the supernatural, that would unbalance any mind not "led upon ethereal beams."

But the theme is not the principal part of the song. It is the music that charms the poet, and fills his heart with joy; and it is the music that he bears in his heart long after it has died away.

So this poor and lonely reaper has performed a mission: she has banished sorrow from the poet's heart while she was singing, and even after her song has ceased. Therefore, we may ask everyone who has a sweet voice, to go forth and sing; for,

"Though they might forget the singer,
They will not forget the song."

Coleridge.

To the student of literature neither the German theology nor the lay-sermons and widely differing theological systems are of any interest, yet the revolutionary and elevating criticism and the poetry illustrating its healthy reactionary principles afford abundant material for study and discussion. By logical and systematic statement and defense of the principles of his own poetry and the poetry of his friend, Wordsworth, Coleridge became the critic of the Classicists, and the exponent of the Lake School, while the poems based upon these principles proved to be some of the choicest gems of the English language.

1. His Criticism of the Classicists.

In the study of Coleridge and Wordsworth we find we have merely reached the climax of a revolution, the full dawn for an awakening soul,—
the soul of the Muse, rocked to sleep by the classicists with their mellifluous jingles and sonorous syllabisms. Ramsay, Thomson, Collins, Gray,Crabbe, Goldsmith, and Burns were present when the day was dawning; and on them had fallen the first inspiring beams of the Muse’s eyes. They saw the last reflections of the Elizabethan fantasy fade in her eyes, and they saw in the first reflections of the natural panorama in which their successors were to wing their flight.

When Coleridge and Wordsworth came to soar, the English people had been taught what to expect from them and they revolted at the revolution, for it savored too much of things across the Channel. They fought with scorn and neglect, they compared with the old standards and condemned. Some one must now come and tell them that the old standards were imperfect and that conformity would be imperfection. None more able than the profound and subtle philosopher, Coleridge, who could find out, who had found out what was the imperfection of the standards.

One who had been drilled in early youth to esteem Demosthenes and Homer greater than Cicero and Virgil, who had learned to “see and assert the superiority of the former in the truth and nativeness both of their thought and their diction”, one who was forced to spend most of his school time upon the lessons in Shakespeare and Milton, must force have standards that differed radically from the followers of the polished French of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries.

Radical differences in these days meant revolution. Men acted first and then gave their “Declaration of Rights.” After Wordsworth and Coleridge had published the Lyric Ballads they were challenged by critics. Silence meant a desertion of principle, the best defence would be a reply to the critics. The work of these was done by wooden methods as well as that of their poetic confreres, in fact, they often combined the two jobs and criticised in verse. Not difficult, for they had become so skillful in the manipulation of their couplets and end rhymes that it served as a vehicle for all manner of ideas.

Coleridge, then, combined with his defense a counter-attack; in answering the arrangement he accused, in his reply to the judge he became a judge and added a verdict of his own. To give the verdict of Coleridge, then, is to pronounce the severest judgment upon the Classicists that was ever passed.

“They gave him little pleasure”, the chief requisite of all poetry, without which it is not even good literature, and therefore be withheld from them the legitimate name of poets.

“The excellence of their poetry consisted in just and acute observations on men and manners in an artificial state of society, as its matter and substance; and in the logic of wit, conveyed in smooth and strong epigrammatic couplets, as to its form.” A striking analysis and a clear statement. The matter and diction seemed to him “characterized not so much by poetic thoughts as by thoughts translated into the language of poetry”; to him such a poetry was like a “Russian palace of ice, glittering, cold, and transitory.” “He found that they had been guilty of clothing the most obvious thoughts, in language the most fantastic and arbitrary. They sacrificed the passion and passionate flow of poetry to the subtleties of the intellect and the starts of wit, to the glare and glitter of a perpetual, yet broken and heterogeneous imagery, or rather to an amphibious something, made up half of image and half of abstract meaning. The heart was sacrificed to the head, or rather, both heart and head were sacrificed to point and drapery.”

II. His Work for Wordsworth.

These principles which were so destructive to classicism were, however, constructive as well. The revolt of the Lake School, with Wordsworth and Coleridge the chief agitators, embodied a reform. The such principles are attributed to, the Lake School and tho they were framed by the leaders of the reform together, yet each performed a distinct part of the work. So intimate was the friendship between these two men, so systematically fused was the work of these two philosophers and poets, that it is difficult to say to whom the credit is really due for originating them. The question will ever be a doubtful one and a compromise may be effected by attributing a part of the work to each, which will not lessen the glory of either.

But after the principles were evolved and quite well agreed upon by the two friends, the world still had to be made attentively aware of the new departure. We have seen how Pope’s “rocking horse” verse had resulted in terrible mechanicalities; yet these were acceptable to the people. This acceptance had to be supplanted. The Lyric Ballads were published to sound the public mind. It did not create a great stir, tho it contained Coleridge’s Ancient Mariner, and many of Wordsworth’s choicest lyrics. The problem now became quite different than had been anticipated, and so the method was dropped. It was no longer Wordsworth the natural, and Coleridge the supernatural. Coleridge was too erratic to continue on that plan. He abandoned himself to his personality and his opinion. Wordsworth was weak, his sister strength him. Calvert’s competency settled his raving disposition. He retired to Nature’s bosom, abandoned himself to ‘high thinking’, continued to fan the Muse’s flame with Nature’s breezes and left Coleridge, who assisted him as circumstances and Nature prompted.

As Wordsworth’s poetry continued to appear, criticism was launched so fiercely that it demanded an answer. Wordsworth attempted it by an introduction to a new edition of the Lyric Ballads. But this was not as forcible and convincing as it should or could have been.

Again Coleridge came to the rescue with material which was later included in the Biographia Literaria. He was out with this as the final blow against Classicism, with a determined effort to plant a new standard. He wished to effect a settlement of the long-continued controversy concerning the true nature of poetic diction; and at the same time to define with
the utmost impartiality the real poetic character of the poet (Wordsworth)
by whose writings this controversy was first kindled and had since been
fuelled and flaunted."

It sent a last gust to pursue the re-
ceding waves that had dashed against
them with all the rage of impotency.
It left them standing on the rock of
recognition and soon the royal agent
came to place upon the head of
Wordsworth the laureate's wreath,—
the most worthy to wear it of all since
the days of the "good queen."

III. His Principles in Poetry.

From the man who had the insight
to issue such poetical principles and
who had the most fervent and pas-
sonate flame of poetry in his soul,
what would we expect but an Ancient
Mariner, a Crisostom a a Kubla Khan.
In these and in all his other poems
he exhibits a native poetical instinct
and taste that avoids the glittering
ornament and cold sense of "nice
palace" poetry. Not in the field of
sense, the material. Not in rhyming
couplet and ornate phrase, the form.
Fancy, purest fancy, in aptest form,
with choicest words. His soul was
most lofty, its action harmonious,
thought and word blended, form and
taste balanced, the one rebuking the
other in the fullest and richest beau-
ties, with all discordant qualities
masterfully avoided, ornamental but
not ornate, decorative but not deco-
rated, flashing but not flashy.
Each of these gems has a history.
The soul-life was intense. Each effu-
sion is rich with associations, some
happy, many sad. The Ancient
Mariner is distinctively his characteristic.

It stands for him as the metephysi-
cian, the seer of the supernatural, the
friend of Wordsworth.

Crisostom and Kubla Khan bring
with them in the train of associations
the sad reminder that Coleridge was
the slave of opium. How many a
lover of the beautiful has not cursed
the drug for what it has robbed him of,
and has then blessed it for the raptur-
ous pleasures he enjoys when reading
the lines that almost make him a po-
etical volupturnati. And Crisostom,
with its
"Mais, they had been friends in youth."

In Kubla Khan how sad the plaint,
the lamenting desire to "revive the
symphony and song", forever vanished
with the fumes of the drug.

And in all this what a power of de-
scription. Fancy's eye made the
seen, the unreal, real the super
natural more natural than was Nature
to Wordsworth. His dreams were
dramas. He saw and heard the ava-
lanche the he were a thousand miles
from the Alps and he had the power
to make others see and hear it.

Such characteristics might be add-
ed in great number. Truly wonder-
ful was this great soul. His was a
life of singular sadness; the world was
too stern a reality for his loving na-
ture,—"little for this sphere that
frame was fitted of empyreal fire"—

With this number, the editors of
the Anchors lay their pens aside.
During the past year, they attempted to reflect
the student life at Hope
in the Anchor, and to some extent
guide and direct it. On account
of some resignations, the time was too
short to pursue any policy radically
different from the one adopted at the
beginning of the year. We tried to
make the editorials have a direct bear-
ing upon local questions. Among
contributed articles, those on poetry,
history, fiction and contemporaneous
events had the preference over those
on philosophy. We would not have
all college journals follow this rule.
We consider its adoption here almost
a panacea; since a Dutchman treats
even a love affair as an algebraic
problem of two unknown quantities.
We thank the students for their
solicited and unsolicited articles. But
we hope that more of the lower class-
men will subscribe for our magazine.
If they once leave our college without
being a subscriber, it is well nigh im-
possible to get them interested in our
work. The most active graduates
of our College are those who are sub-
scribers of our Anchor. Besides, we
have no sympathy with a student who
is too avowed to subscribe for the
Anchor but who on tip-toe leans over
another's shoulder to see whether it
contains a spicy joke on him.
We feel grateful to the Alumni for
watching us with such interest, for
their continued support, and for their
contributions.

We hope that our successors may
receive the loyal support of all, and
then the labor will be a source of
pleasure and profit to them.

Is This Right?

It was lately asserted in one of our
Journals that 30,000 school children
in this country were phys-
ically broken down, be-
cause of over exertion in
complying with modern programmes.
Whether this is an actual fact we are
not in a position to state; but it, at
least, causes us to reflect upon our
own conditions, and it prompts the
consideration whether our own demands
are not excessive; and whether, if there
were a decrease of certain things, the
results would not be more satisfactory
in the end.

The program now in force among
us requires besides four hours of reci-
dation daily, the acquirement of four
lessons, as, for example, Greek,
Latin, Psychology, and History, or Greek,
English, Dutch, and Mathematics.
Now if the object of study is simply
to pass over certain things; and to get
a kind of vague notion of them, or the
ability to recite a few facts by what is
termed "a blit"—if this be the end of
study, then a course, as mentioned, is
perhaps reasonable. Surely, any stu-
dent is capable of that much. But if
we consider the end of education the
development of faculties; the acquire-
ment, not of a few facts for their own
value, but through them get at the un-
derlying principles; and to discipline
the mind—if this be the end of a thor-
ough and valuable education, then, we
unhesitatingly affirm, the above men-
tioned course is too heavy.

To do justice to this course not less

Notes and Comments.

The Past and
Future

With this number, the editors of
the Anchor lay their pens aside.
During the past year, they attempted to reflect
the student life at Hope
in the Anchor, and to some extent
guide and direct it. On account
of some resignations, the time was too
short to pursue any policy radically
different from the one adopted at the
beginning of the year. We tried to
make the editorials have a direct bearing
upon local questions. Among
contributed articles, those on poetry,
history, fiction and contemporaneous
events had the preference over those
on philosophy. We would not have
all college journals follow this rule.
We consider its adoption here almost
a panacea; since a Dutchman treats
even a love affair as an algebraic
problem of two unknown quantities.
We thank the students for their solicited
and unsolicited articles. But
we hope that more of the lower class-
men will subscribe for our magazine.
If they once leave our college without
being a subscriber, it is well nigh im-
possible to get them interested in our
work. The most active graduates
of our College are those who are subscribers of our Anchor. Besides, we
have no sympathy with a student who
is too avowed to subscribe for the Anchor but who on tip-toe leans over
another's shoulder to see whether it
contains a spicy joke on him.
We feel grateful to the Alumni for
watching us with such interest, for
their continued support, and for their
contributions.

We hope that our successors may
receive the loyal support of all, and
then the labor will be a source of
pleasure and profit to them.

It was lately asserted in one of our
Journals that 30,000 school children
in this country were physically broken down, be-
cause of over exertion in
complying with modern programmes.
Whether this is an actual fact we are
not in a position to state; but it, at
least, causes us to reflect upon our
own conditions, and it prompts the
consideration whether our own demands
are not excessive; and whether, if there
were a decrease of certain things, the
results would not be more satisfactory
in the end.

The program now in force among
us requires besides four hours of reci-
dation daily, the acquirement of four
lessons, as, for example, Greek,
Latin, Psychology, and History, or Greek,
English, Dutch, and Mathematics.
Now if the object of study is simply
to pass over certain things; and to get
a kind of vague notion of them, or the
ability to recite a few facts by what is
termed "a blit"—if this be the end of
study, then a course, as mentioned, is
perhaps reasonable. Surely, any stu-
dent is capable of that much. But if
we consider the end of education the
development of faculties; the acquire-
ment, not of a few facts for their own
value, but through them get at the un-
derlying principles; and to discipline
the mind—if this be the end of a thor-
ough and valuable education, then, we
unhesitatingly affirm, the above men-
tioned course is too heavy.

To do justice to this course not less
than two hours for each lesson are required; and many a student has learned by bitter experience that for some—say Greek—frequently a third hour is necessary. Accordingly, in such a case one of two things happens: either such a lesson is not mastered, or others are neglected, in which case not only the student suffers but the instructor whose branch is neglected will have to satisfy himself with a poor recitation. And who will not admit that such is frequently the case? And what instructor will not admit that in such a case he is imposed upon, nay that an injustice is done him by his colleague? Or shall both demand a perfect recitation? If so, the student, like the man between two lawyers, will have to choose perhaps between a fool and knave; and make the best of the situation. But leaving the exception, the giving of two hours for each lesson means eight hours of study. Commencing at 1 p.m. and giving two hours for exercise and dining, means 11 p.m. when done. If now the student is satisfied with doing nothing but studying his lessons, well and good. He has his reward. But as a matter of fact most students desire to do something else, and rightly so. Thus there are literary societies to be attended for which work is also required; there are as a Christian institution religious meetings; occasionally, too, there is a sociable gathering, which most students will not be deprived of; lastly, there are current events to be noted, unless for nine months of the year the shall neglect contemporary history, and simply dwell in the past.

Allowing for these now the very minimum of time, any one can judge that the student will not on an average have eight or nine hours at his disposal for simply curriculum work. We do not argue for a number of things at the expense of school work. Study of lessons should always remain the prime factor of school-life, otherwise it might as well be abandoned as a bad job. Nevertheless, the above-mentioned, we believe, are essential to real life for the majority of mortals if education is to reach its goal. Perhaps individuals can perform these without detriment to their regular work, but these are the exceptions. Perhaps, too, there are others, who, honest and ambitious, are determined to obey orders and fulfill requirements; but who also refuse to be deprived of these others; and who consequently rob themselves of the needed rest and exercise at the expense of health. Ane this is an indisputable fact.

Hence, the question, what the remedy? Two roads are open and perhaps lead to the same city. The first is that while the present curriculum is in vogue, the lessons be shortened, requiring not more than an hour and a half at the maximum for the mastery of each. This would give ample time for other things that belong to school life. The other is that the course be cut down to three branches daily at two hours each. This would lead to the same result as respects time, with the advantage of permitting more thorough work in the branches studied. And thus we believe is the best. A thorough mastery of one is of more value to any man, than two only half known. Besides, to get one subject thoroughly requires a considerable knowledge of others, for no single one is absolutely disconnected from others. Truth is one. Moreover, after acquiring one well, the second is gained much more easily.

If this is in any way a statement of the case, then we would urge its serious consideration by those in authority. We realize there are some difficulties connected with it, but not such as cannot be overcome by careful planning. We may think the students are seeking for an easy "snap" but before we throw stones let us reflect, lest we find ourselves living in glass houses.

American education is a bluff on a grand scale. Colleges have a host of branches of study in their curriculum because they must keep up their reputation.

We are glad that through the untiring efforts of Prof. Nyberg and his committee, we now have a Lecture Course. We have annual lecture courses. If we consider the different elements which are needed to make them a success then we are surprised that they were so successful.

The students could not get first-class men without the assistance of the citizens and neighboring towns; nor would the latter have the benefit of such a course without the students. It is but natural that opinions and tastes should vary. But since we want a lecture course and need the hearty co-operation of every one, we must all be prepared to make some sacrifices. Not any one society or class should be forced to make all the concessions.

The choice of an evening is not by any means the only factor in this complex problem. Taste varies also. Many attend a lecture because it gives them pleasure. They expect to be entertained. They expect to find recreation for their tired minds and to enjoy a hearty laugh.

It should also be a time for the student to rest his mind and quiet his nerves. But a lecture should do more than please or entertain. It should be instructive. Sense not nonsense should predominate. Such a lecture can best be delivered by men who have a mission on earth. They are the real orators anyway.

Such men should give all thoughtful people an inspiration. That is one of the best results upon a student. If, after a lecture, he goes to his room with an increased determina-
missionary prayer meeting was. Our Neglected Negroes. The leader, Mr. A Klerk, spoke very pathetically about their forlorn condition. We all felt that even here in our own land there is a great demand for missionary enterprise.

It is with sadness that we make mention of the fact that death has again entered our ranks. The mother of Mr. J. Winter of the middle class has gone to her eternal home. Knowing this, however, the bereaved family may take comfort; for now she can rest from her labors.

F. B. M.

Among the Societies.

EDITED BY ASS. HOFFMAN, '97

V. M. C. A.

On Jan. 28 Mr. McCleary, the travelling secretary, visited us, examined our work, and advised us as to our interest in the state convention at Kalamazoo. He also gave a brief spiritual talk.

Feb. 1, Prof. Kleinbeksel gave us an interesting, patriotic address on the "Young Man and the Republic", dealing with the bright and dark side of our country, as to its immensity and glory, and its defects in religious, social, political, civil, and industrial liberty. He called the young man the maintainer of our Constitution's ideals, the centripetal force, as compared with the centrifugal force of the old man of the nation.

On Feb. 6 we had Dr. Beardsley on "Our Work in Japan", telling of our Church's position in Japanese missions, of the educational work, and of the difficulties of superstition and immorality, and of the government's hostility to Christian advantages.

Feb. 13 Rev. D. J. DeBey of Grand Rapids talked to us about the "Glory of Young Men", dealing with their physical, intellectual, and moral strength, together with their power to endure and to do."

The annual business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held on Feb. 20. The reports of the various committees were interesting, and show a year of good work for the Lord. The newly elected officers are:

President, Geo. Korteling; Vice President, John Steunenberg; Rec. Sec'y, Henry DePree; Cor. Sec'y, John Wesseling; Treasurer, J. Wyer.

The delegates to the State Convention at Kalamazoo, Feb. 22-25, were: George Korteling, Edward Strick, and Jan. Hoffman.

MELIPHONE.

Alpha Section.

The society is in a prosperous condition. Unhindered by trivule outdoor sports and annoying lectures, her members pay due attention to their respective duties. When winter winds whistle and whine with their wheezing and woeful wailing, then we work with a wonderful will without weariness. The monotony of former programs has led us to introduce several new features in the
line of original stories and poems, thereby giving a stimulus to work.

Philomathian Section.

The great scarcity of members is a serious detriment to us. Some are so pressed by work that they can scarcely find time to prepare well for the society. Had we more members, our individual tasks would be lightened. However, we members are doing our best in this line of College work. It is a surprise to us that so few Preparatory students join the literary societies. Nowadays one must have proficiency in public speaking. This we encourage. Besides, we have abolished initiation. No one need fear. As to our work, we would say the members choose their own subjects for essays or declamations. In addition, we have music and occasionally original stories, with debates on up-to-date questions.

The L. L. L. is in a flourishing condition. Arrangements have been made for the concert to be given on March 15. We expect it to be an unqualified success. Our cozy corner is to be completely upholstered and decorated, which will make our room more attractive. The programs continually are becoming more interesting and instructive. We discussed Chicago and New York, and had a good debate on the centenary question, the Nineteenth ruling among us girls. The South African question will next be discussed.

Fraternal Society.

The old Fraternal Society continues to move forward. Our programs are somewhat shorter than they have been. Music now adds spice to them. An interesting serial story about college life has been begun. We have had discussions on art, in particular on the place the doctrine of Ruskin holds in the field of esthetics.

College Jottings.

Bifity, half.

Brink still lives on ——.

Did you see Teck —— and "Sly" at the contest?

Miss Floyd—Bokius — Prof. Sutphen—Ve.

Kleinmenschlink—"Persistence, thou art a jewel."

Shaeder says he gets his jokes from the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Wessellink is undecided whether his room is properly upstairs or downstairs.

Poetry to order, for the ladies of the "V" class—Dr. Klein.

Schaap's "Lamme" has become quite famous.

Mr. Co. and Miss F. were both absent from chapel Feb. 13. A rather strange coincidence.

"Nealie" is the fellow for Kalamazoo. Let us give him a good support there and turn out a hundred strong. J. S. Kaun visited his old class mates Jan. 31.

Those who attended chapel during the last month could read the travels of Nansen with much sympathy.

Tanis is still looking for the "missing link."

Blokker believes in practical education.

"Lumine" has been added to the list of noble martyrs.

Bloomers has taken pity on Ruis- saard and expects to supply him soon with a wig.

The Senior class celebrated in right royal style, Feb. 23, and greatly appreciated were the many jokes cracked by John Tanis.

Mr. Waver said that he would have signed the temperance pledge, if Miss Floyd had pressed him a little harder.

Nabehus cut a great figure at the VanderMeulen lecture even if he did have such a serious time to get his tickets. Just muster up a little more courage the next time, Henry.

The latest report is that Diakeloo and Cooper have formed a company for the operation of a private telephone line.

The new college buttons are all the go. No student should miss getting one.

Be sure to take in the L. L. L. entertainment, March 15, and don't be afraid to ask the girls to go for they are only too anxious to dispose of the tickets.

It is very evident that a temperance society should be formed for the Van Vleck boys especially when three gallons of their favorite beverage disappears so quickly.

Stanton is becoming well known for his skill as a tailor, especially in the way of pressing.

Miss Reimens has been elected chief of the Sophomore biology laboratory fire brigade.

Bert Winter surprised many a few Sundays ago, by taking a nap in church.

Blokker studies human nature between recitations, on the seat in the east end of the hall.

A new proof of the fact that the Greek is a dead language, was furnished by Prof. D. lately when he was seen talking to a thermometer.

A Reply to "Henry."

Mr. Entom—

"Permit me a few words in reply to "Henry."

Certain views which he gives of student life at Hope are flagrant misrepresentations, to say the least, and they should not remain unanswered.

In the first place, Henry claims that it is about ten years ago he "used to roam on Hope College Campus." We

Stop That Cough!

A battle of Pine Tree Tar and Cherry Expectorant will do it. We make it ourselves and we know it's good. 25 cents a bottle at Con. De Prey's Drug Store, Corner 8th St., and Central Ave.
fear that this shows that he is laboring under very strange impressions as to duration of time, for his production, at least, shows that he must have been a student in ages so remote that
the grammar of the English language was not yet formulated and rhetoric was still a name in Greece, in ages when Pope's jingles and Mother Goose's nursery rhymes were considered quotable and when "just One Girl", that "sweet melody", (2) was "the latest song.

But now this "Friend Henry", who has really advanced so far in the stage of civilization as to go on a business trip, comes to tell us in boastful words of the good old days when the Esprit de Corps of both faculty and students was a thing to be proud of and in the next turn he has the brazen presumption to suggest and lament the fact that "now everything looks changed."

A beautiful logical sequence to say the least. As if the Esprit de Corps was a matter no longer to be proud of. Before making such a statement, he should have seen the spirit displayed here May 4th of last year, or he should go with his friend and witness the support we shall give our representative at Kalamazoo this spring.

As to the matter of initiations he seems to have some ancient ideals that we would not care to have revived. The initiations have been indeed "intermitted", but hardly because they were "amusing" or "genial." What our "social status" has lost we do not hesitate to add to our moral status.

As for the Sunday morning diversions, we fear that his vision must have been a haunting chain of memory images. Students no longer have "sheets" to blacken, with probably a few exceptions. Psalms and Yankee Doodles have been succeeded by fine grind-organs, while the boys no longer feel despondent when their "old maids wander", for there are others.

So next time you write, Henry, try to get a more "dark idea" yourself before you expose.

M. J. S.

S. A. MARTIN,
Cor. 5th and River St.

DRUGS, BOOKS, STATIONERY.
CIGARS, PERIODICALS.

Comprising of Physicians Prescriptions a specialty.

D. J. Sluyter & Co.

HATTERS AND FURNISHINGS.

Agens for Austria, Swedish and Russian Lingerie and Metropole's Cheap Fancy Works.

THE LEA BUILDING.

First State Bank.

WITH SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Capital - $50,000.00
Cor. 8th St. and Central Ave.

J. CAPRON, President.
G. W. MINKA, Cashier.

NOTICES

Subscription, postage prepaid, at a year. Subscriptions may begin at any time and are payable in advance. Single copies, 50 cents. The names will be sent to subscribers until superseded by new paid and discontinued therefrom. If the return of the paper is marked, your subscription is renewed.

Any subscriber who fails to receive the paper at the proper time will enquire a favor by informing the subscription manager immediately. Address all communications to this office, 8th Street, Holland, Mich.

The name of the author must accompany all communications.

For advertising supplies to the Advertising Manager.

UNION TEACHERS' AGENCIES of AMERICA. Rev. L. D. Bass, D. D. Manager.

There are thousands of positions to be filled. We had over 8,000 vacancies during the past season. Effluent facilities for placing teachers in every part of the U. S. and Canada. More vacancies than teachers. Address all applications to WASHINGTON, D. C.

Prices Right.

EVERYTHING FIRST CLASS.

Fine horses and carriages of all kinds. Students when in need of a good livery rig call at the brick livery in W. 9th St.

J. H. Nibbelink & Son

S. B. Chairs and tables rented and delivered.

First State Bank.

WITH SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Capital - $50,000.00
Cor. 8th St. and Central Ave.

J. Capron, President.
G. W. Mink, Cashier.

PRICE'S RIGHT.

EVERYTHING FIRST CLASS.

fine horses and carriages of all kinds. students when in need of a good livery rig call at the brick livery in w. 9th st.

j. h. nibbelink & son

s. b. chairs and tables rented and delivered.

first state bank.

with savings department.

capital - $50,000.00

cor. 8th st. and central ave.

j. capron, president.

Drs. Baker & Betts.

Homeopathic Physicians.

Holland - Michigan.

Office tenor block, corner eighth and river streets.

we keep everything in the line of

salt, fresh and smoked meats!

the best goods only at the lowest prices.

j. h. den herder

south river street market.

special attention given to boarding club orders.

M. D. Hopkins.

photographer.

46 w. eighth street.