The Anchor

"Spera in Bru." Ps. xlv. 5.

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The Lake School: Introductory.


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 afoul for striking situations, to force sentiment and pathos," to seek far-fetched analogies and simuous subtleties of thought, or to revise and reproduce what had already been said, "to sub-ordinate 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, or labor not in vain."

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, shines 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 reckless fifth of the Restoration, and up from the mire climbers an age too wise to be Puritan or libertine,—the age of the Pharisae, 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 to 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 Pegasus 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 *ne plus ultra* of philosophy: in the *Dunciad*, the dedication 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 dam 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 epistles and imagery that letters had ever known, without once feeling that idea. Of this very splendor of borrowed finery Mr. Burchell, in the *Visions of Wakefield*, makes the acute remark that "it is nothing but a com-
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bination of luxuriant images—without plot or connection, a string of epithets that improve the sound without carrying on the sense. As for imagina- tion, by Coleridge truly said to be the very soul of poetry, there was none—only fancy. For wit, it may be, Pope is without peer, but wit is something very different from poetry, and Alas! too often the arrows of that wit were poisoned with hate. Macaulay traces all great poetry to democratic liberty, chivalrous love and honor, or religious fervor. But this period lacks the first two, and scarce the last. The conclusion of Arnold that poetry, if it is truly great, is a criticism on life, and that this criticism must have largeness, freedom, benignity, truthfulness, and seriousness, is perhaps the best summary of the elements of poetry. By such a standard the classic poetry must be utterly condemned.

If constantly in reading poetry a sense for the best, for the really excellent, of the strength and joy to be derived therefrom, should be present in our minds and govern our estimate of what we read, we shall turn away from the classic period with weariness. It was an age of art for art’s sake, what I presume Ruskin would call Conventional Art. If art falls from consuming ardor for truth, to delight in its own skill, trust in precepts and laws, hope for academical or popular approbation;—how great is the fall thereof. There are but two ways in art: “Truth first, plan and design founded thereon”, or, “Plan and design, with truth as need-ed.” The classic age chose the first; the second was the spirit of the new poetry. Coleridge gives us three rules of criticism: What did the author try to do? Was it worth doing? Was it well done? If we apply these to the classic age, I think the answer must be, “It tried to exalt itself, it was not worth doing, it was poorly done.” The world bitterly needed true poetry—it came.

The Tempest

The cold north wind sweeps round the rocks,
In rage it whirs the spray;
It flings the sands in wild embrace,
Then hurries on its way.
A sea-gull rises o’er the bluff,
It drops full in the gale,
Then disappears on weary wings,
As fades a distant sail.
A huge dark cloud of angry blue
Conceals the western skies,
While on the swelling seas below
A shredded vapor lies.
The wild waves leap and roar with rage,
And boom along the beach:
Now forward, backward, always striving
For what they can not reach.

Day Dreams

By the babbling brooklet,
By the silver stream,
Neath a weeping willow,
I mus ted as in a dream.

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

By the babbling brooklet,

Breezes gently blowing
Shake the limbs above;
Sweetly sings a songster
Thrilling notes of love.

In my heart, the music
From the robin’s nest
Wakes the sigh of sadness
I long had repressed.

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

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 horn 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 tames 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: Be swift to bring
Most gracious Lord, our life's sweet spring.

J. V. AN ZOREN.

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, not 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 we come 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 merrily-making 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

“Whatever there is of power in sound
To breathe an elevated mood, by form
Or mind unprejudiced, and I would stand
In the night thickened with a coming storm
Beneath some rock, listening to notes that are
The ghostly languages of the ancient earth,
Or make their dim abode in distant winds,
Thenere 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 discern. Reality, of insight to discern. Not that that which he saw was not the 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 fantastical conceptions, of imaginative distortions, of exaggerations, unrealities, and falsehoods, is one 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 not 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 because of its remarkable susceptibility, the intense and sympathetic contemplation in which he engaged, and the heart of love with which he approached 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 towards which his whole being was susceptible 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 pantheist than of a paganist 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 "spearth 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 field 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 Nature to God.

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

"The voice is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our power—
Lett's see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a world too soon.
This sea that bars her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sowing flowers.
For this, for everything, we are out of tune."

It is a "Back to Nature," a plea for the study and true appreciation of her beauty, sublimity, and harmony, and for the supplanting of materialism by truth that shall make the soul's life better and sweeter, that constitutes the essence of Wordsworth's message. It was in a true and pure reverence for Nature that Wordsworth saw the suppression of all that destroyed the deeper, subtler, and higher emotions of the soul.

To Wordsworth, the world was not a dead machine, but a something pervaded by life. He also believed that in itself it possessed the power of awaking emotions of tenderness, calmness and awe. He believed that there was a power in Nature which could affect men's souls, if only they were passive to receive Nature's impulses. In "Expostulation and Reply" he says,

"The eye cannot cease but see, we cannot fail but feel the bliss he still in Nature's bosom lies, where 'tis they be, against or with our will."

"Nor less I deem that there are powers
Wells of themselves our minds express
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise pacification."

"Thank you, and all this mighty soul"

The voice of Nature that speaks to Wordsworth is not the voice of God, but a voice which Nature herself possesses. Hence, Wordsworth maintains that his poetry is universal and the subjective feeling of all men. Further, 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 quiet and refreshes man's soul; sublimity raises man to high and noble truths; tenderness leads man to sympathize and love. In Nature Wordsworth saw also order, stability, and conformity to eternal law—three factors which satisfied 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 doubtless 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 decided soberer and solemnier hue. But from the sorrow which he experienced, the poet drew the readiness for his soul. His descriptions of Nature are always true and fresh. They never are lacking in interest. His images are large and grand and from the humbllest 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 invested 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 Wordsworth'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 outward world not with a weak, sentimental, but with a true, manfully clear. Capable of seeing objects clearly, he was also capable of seeing their spiritual significance for the soul. He lays his poetic ear on Nature's bosom and hearing and feeling her heart throbbs, interprets her 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 Wordsworth's poetry may serve as a means of bringing his name to unfamiliar minds, its value can only be appreciated by faithful study. His poetry must be tasted in order to know the freshness and comfort which it can give. Add to this an intellectual pleasure which embalms the soul and creates a feeling of deepest sympathy with loftiness 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.
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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 hear 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. Antony.

The Solitary Reaper.

W O R D S W O R T H 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 holy monarch to live."

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! lovely for the soul profound, So following 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."

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COlERIDGE.

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."

ARNOLD MULDER.

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,-
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 practical conquerors, 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 judges 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 Classicks 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 thought-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. 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 that 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 strengthening him. Calvert's competency settled his roving disposition. He returned 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
It stands for him as the metaphysician, the seer of the supernatural, the friend of Wordsworth.

Crístíbal and Káblà Khán bring with them in the train of association 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 rapturous pleasures he enjoys when reading the lines that almost make him a poetical voluntary. And Crístíbal, with its "Mas, they had been friends in youth!"

In Káblà Khán 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 description. Fancy's eye made the unreal real, the supernatural more natural than was Nature to Wordsworth. His dreams were dramas. He saw and heard the avalanche the he was a thousand miles from the Alps and he had the power to make others see and hear it.

Such characteristics might be added in great number. Truly wonderful was this great soul. His was a life of singular sadness: the world was too stern a reality for his loving nature. — "Little for this sphere that frame was fitted of empyreal fire!"

It is lately asserted in one of our Journals that 50,000 school children in this country were physi-}

Notes and Comments.

With this number, the editors of the Anchor lay their pens aside.

The Past and Future.

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 editorialists 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 classes will subscribe for our magazine. If they once leave our college without being a subscriber, it is well nigh impossible 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 avaricious 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?

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 query, 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 recitation daily, the acquaintance 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 student is capable of that much. But if we consider the end of education the development of faculties; the acquirements, not of a few facts for their own value, but through them get at the underlying principles; and to discipline the mind—if this be the end of a thorough and valuable education, then, we unhesitatingly affirm, the above mentioned 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 mortal; 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 rem-
SIONARY 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 J. Hoffman, ’91

On Jan. 28 Mr. McCreary, 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. 7, Prof. Kleinheksel 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 centrifugal force, as compared with the centripetal force of the old man of the nation.

On Feb. 6 we had Dr. Beardslee 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 Wesselink; Treasurer, J. Wyer.

The delegates to the state convention at Kalamazoo, Feb. 22-25, were: George Korteling, Edward Strick, and Jas. Hoffman.

MELPHONE.

Alpha Section.

The society is in a prosperous condition. Unhindered by trivolaous 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. 

**Philomathean 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 lighten. 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. Now-days 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.

**College Jottings.**

**Biffity, ha!**

Brink still lives on—

Did you see Tek— and “Sly” at the contest?

Miss Floyd—Bokius—Prof. Sutphen—Vo.

Kleinheaeslink—“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 Fl. were both absent from chapel Feb. 3. A rather strange coincidence.

“Nealie” is the fellow for Kalama zo. 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 coeducation.

“Pomme” has been added to the list of noble martyrs.

Bloemens has taken pity on Ruisard and expects to supply him soon with a wig.

The Senior class celebrated in right royal style, Feb. 24, and greatly appreciated were the many jokes cracked by John Tanis.

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

Naberhuis 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 Diakelow 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 disappear so quickly.

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

Miss Reimers 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 thermonometer.

A Reply to “Henry.”

Mr. Edmonson—

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

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