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In reading the Marble Faun, we hardly know what most elicits our admiration, the author's power of portrayal and imagination, his fine taste for art, his deep insight into men's psychical make-up, or his profound moral and religious teachings. To give an adequate idea of all of these phases is clearly impossible in so brief an article as this of necessity must be. So we shall limit ourselves to the last mentioned phase, the moral and religious. From the Marble Faun, we can to a great extent infer Hawthorne's theological belief; we can, as it were, formulate his creed. The purpose Hawthorne had in view, when writing this his great work, was simply to write a fanciful story and at the same time to bring out a thoughtful moral.

There are five characters represented in this story. The main character is Donatello, who is represented as being in a state of innocence, without a moral character, without a conscience. The development of a conscience in this being is the main thought that runs through the book. As the main views which we wish to bring out are chiefly connected with this character, we shall try to follow him out through the stages of his development.

We first find him in a sculpture gallery at Rome, where, in
company with three of his friends, he is looking at a marble statue, the Faun of Praxiteles. A wonderful likeness is detected between Donatello and the Faun; and since Donatello has the physical characteristics that such a being might be supposed to have, the idea is expressed by one of the company, whether Donatello might not be a veritable faun. Indeed, he was a being who lived in closest harmony with nature. He was full of life, full of joy. He spoke a language intelligible to animals, and in the wild woods he felt himself at home. He had no conscience, and hence no grief, no remorse. It was a happy state.

But what idea does Hawthorne wish to convey to us in representing this character as a faun? Fauns in Roman mythology are the gods of fields and shepherds. They are usually represented as half goat and half man. This fact, that the fauns are beings partaking on the one hand of the animal nature, and on the other of the nature of man, brings to our mind the idea that Donatello might represent a being about half way between man and animal, as it were, the connecting link between the two; and thus it suggests to us the theory of evolution. But, on the other hand, that he was a being partaking of the nature of gods, suggests to us the biblical idea, that of the divine image in which man was created. What, then, does Hawthorne teach, evolution or scriptural truth?

One of my worthy classmates, not very long ago, advanced the theory that Hawthorne in all probability teaches evolution. Much can be said in favor of this view; especially, if we take into consideration that Hawthorne wrote at a time, when Darwinism was gaining ground in Europe. And in the book itself, ideas are advanced that would seem to force us to the same conclusion. For example, let us take the intimate relation that exists between Donatello and the animal world. We read: "He gave Miriam the idea of a being not precisely man, nor yet a child, but in a high and beautiful sense, an animal— a creature in a state of development less than what mankind has attained, yet more perfect within itself for that very deficiency." And again, speaking of the Faun whom Donatello so closely resembles, the author says: "The animal nature, indeed, is a most essential part of the Faun's composition; for the characteristics of the brute creation meet and combine with those of humanity in this strange yet true and natural conception of antique poetry and art." Other similar passages might be quoted, but lack of space forbids.

But in spite of all this, we do not think that Hawthorne believed in evolution in the Darwinian sense of the term. The close relationship that existed between Donatello and the animal world, is no weighty argument for; may we not reasonably suppose that a similar close relationship existed in Paradise between our first parents and the lower creatures? That Donatello had no conscience does ot have any important bearing on the point; for, were not Adam and Eve also practically without a conscience in their state of bliss? or rather, was not that conscience which they possessed dormant? And as to the passages in the book that seem to support the evolution theory there are many other passages that, at least to our mind, more than counterbalance these. For example, the author speaks of 'what man has lost of the divine.' And further, he says: 'He perpendit a sin and Adam falls anew, and Paradise, here-tofore in unfaded bloom, is lost again, and closed forever, with the fiery swords gleaming at its gates.' And again he speaks of 'an adventurer who should find his way to the seat of ancient Eden, and behold its loveliness through the transparency of that gsm which has been brooding over those haunts of innocence ever since the fall.' There are numerous other passages to the same effect; but let these suffice. Thus we hold that the state in which we find Donatello at the beginning of the story represents the state of man before the fall. We may not be able to harmonize all the details, that are given, with this view; but we must remember it is a fanciful story removed, at least in part, from reality that the author might better bring out his peculiarly weird and fantastical ideas.

But Donatello does not remain in this state of innocence. He has fallen in love with Miriam, one of the characters, and plays such a tragic part in the story. But she is constantly followed by her "model," with whom she is implicated in a certain mysterious crime. Now that "green-eyed monster, Jealousy," lifts its head in Donatello's breast. A feeling of the spirit of anger and fury and finally ends in murder. Donatello on one occasion hurls the "model" down a precipice to his doom. "The die is cast," the deed is done. Donatello's eyes are opened. He knows good and evil. He has ceased his conscience, but his peace of mind is gone. He feels remorse. Paradise is lost.

What must be done to pacify his guilty conscience? What can restore happiness? Donatello—being a Roman Catholic—subjects himself to severe penance. He lives in solitude, denies himself the comforts of life, and mortifies his body. Afterwards he is advised by his friend Kenyon to crowd out with good the evil that is in him. Thus there is a constant strife between good and evil. But through this strife Donatello's intellectual and moral faculties are developed; he becomes more spiritualized: he "has found a soul:" and with it he is "struggling toward the light of heaven." But that silent monitor, who has now become so strong within his breast, allows him no rest so that
finally he delivers himself up to justice.

Hawthorne's teaching as to what will bring peace and rest to a man convicted of sin, is not very clear. He admits that human power is insufficient, that divine aid is needed. Yet in what this divine aid consists, he does not clearly bring out. He places much emphasis on good works, and at the same time admits divine atonement. But how this atonement is applied to the human soul, he leaves in darkness. Of that divine spark, which proceeds from God, lights in the hearts of men and creates all things new—also enlightens the conscience—he does not speak. In his views respecting this point, Hawthorne seems rather subjective than objective. He seems to attribute more to human agency than to the divine.

We might here yet speak of the author's views respecting prayer, providence, everlasting bliss, and eternal punishment, but our article would exceed its limits. We would just call attention to one more thought that runs, as it were, through the whole book; namely, the educative power attributed to sin. Hawthorne lets Miriam ask the question, whether the crime of Donatello was not a blessing in disguise to him, in that it brought him to a point of development that he, perhaps, in no other way could have reached. And near the close of the book, Kenyon asks, "Did Adam fall that we might ultimately rise to a far loftier paradise than his?" Shall we set any store by these questions? Supposing this theory to be true, would that not in a way explain the great and awful problem of sin, why the Almighty allows it to exist in this world? We can best enjoy sunshine after a dark and cloudy day; we best appreciate good health, after a period of sickness; we delight most in joy, after we have tasted sorrow. Can it be that we shall be more capable of enjoying and delighting in the sweetness of eternal bliss, after we have had to taste the bitterness of sin, than we otherwise should be? Hawthorne does not teach this definitely; but we are almost led to think that he believed it. Of course, it is not good to be dogmatic on things not clearly revealed.

John Bunyan—A Literary Prodigy.

John Bunyan, the greatest religious writer of England, was born in Elstow, a small village near Bedford, in the year 1628. He was bred a tinker, a class of people not much esteemed. Like other poor folks' children, his education was limited; he "knew no Aristotle, he knew no Plato." But a strong mind is always active. If it is not properly trained to delight in good, it feeds upon evil; and, as we have by nature an aversion to good, we are led to wickedness and sin. Such was the condition of young Bunyan. His activity and ability made him not only foremost among his contemporaries in his trade, but also a leader of his companions in wickedness and sin. He wished emplacement in a Salubath desecration, and swearing was his delight. He took part in the rude sports of his day; and often spent his time in the ale-house. By the strict Puritans, he was undoubtedly considered a wicked young man, living a happy uncontrived life. But man seeks the outward appearance but the Lord looketh on the heart." Bunyan seemed to enjoy a life of peace and freedom; he seemed content with his own sinful state. Outwardly there were no signs of commotion. But it is not at all surprising to hear that a lad possessing such a powerful sensibility and imagination, and living in such a puritanical age, should be haunted by religious terrors. Indeed, the spirit of the age had its influence upon Bunyan. It convicted him of sin. Deep within his breast waged a battle between right and wrong. There a small voice known only to himself, warned him of his danger. It interrupted him in his sports; and disturbed his sleep with fearful dreams and dreadful visions.

Nor did this struggle grow less with increasing age. Although he deserted many of his evil ways and habits, and made many outward reforms so that he was considered one of the strictest young men in Elstow, yet he did not find peace within his heart. Outward reform never quiets the guilty conscience. His heart was still the harbor of many doubts. Many storms must still be encountered, before he has the full assurance of faith. And it is not at all strange that Bunyan, who had experienced no real conviction, and who, like the Enam of old, had no one to explain his Bible to him, should fall into many errors and misconceptions. At one time, he believed that only those of Israelitie blood would be saved; and that he, since he was not of that blood, would be lost. At another time, he doubted whether he really had faith; for if a man had faith, then he could perform miracles. This thought worked so heavily upon his mind that he was at one time, while travelling from Elstow to Bedford, tempted to command the mud puddles to be dry. Again, he believed that he had committed the unpardonable sin. Then again, the day of grace for Bedford had passed; it was too late to be saved. At another time, he was inclined to think that the Turks had the true religion, and that Christianity was false. Then for a while, the words "sell him", "sell him", rang in his ears; and he imagined that evil spirits were continually haunting him, because he had, like Judas, sold his Master. Gradually, however, his doubts and struggles became less. The clouds of morbidity and despair disappeared, and the sunshine of full assurance and peace filled his soul.
During all this struggle, which lasted for many years, Bunyan remained an honest and industrious kite-mender, caring faithfully for his family. But all his suffering and struggling was not to be in vain. Providence had another work in store for him. Freed from danger, he must warn others. He becomes a preacher of righteousness. And from the first, his work is crowned with success: for he can speak from experience to men who are in the same wretched condition in which he had been. But opposition is at hand. With the restoration of Charles the Second, the law is passed that all religious meetings must be held according to the formula of the state Church. Bunyan is a Baptist and cannot comply with this law. He has a Dictator, who is higher than the church of England, and him he must obey. Disobedience means imprisonment, and consequently Bunyan is imprisoned in Bedford jail, where he spends the long period of twelve years.

Humane speaking, we should say that Bunyan's power and influence was now lost forever. But Providence never leaves his work unfinished. A door is opened through which the influence of Bunyan can still reach the outside world. If he is not allowed to speak, he can write, and

"Soon he set pen to paper with delight.
And quickly had his thoughts in black and white."

The uneducated prisoner becomes the author of the most popular English book, namely Pilgrim's Progress.

Now the question undoubtedly arises, wherein lies the popularity of Pilgrim's Progress? How could an uneducated man become the writer of such a great work? This question has already been partly answered. For its solution, look at the author's life. In the beginning of the book he says: "I lay me down and I dream a dream." That dream was nothing else than his whole life. While in his solitary prison cell, his whole life with its struggles and victories, with its trials and triumphs, passes like a panorama before him. Christian's journey is but the writer's own journey. It is not the product of phantasy. He wrote what he had himself experienced. The Slough of Despond and Apollyon were real to him. He himself had encountered these. Hence the journey of Christian is a real journey. It is true to life, such as all good literature must be. Pilgrim's Progress is the history of the author's own life.

Truth is eternal. The feelings of mankind never change. The social customs and religious forms may change, but the true essence of Christianity remains the same. What Bunyan experienced three and a half centuries ago, we experience today. The struggle between right and wrong never ceases; and men still enter Heaven by the same way. In this respect, all men have the same need. "Rich and poor, learned and unlearned, old and young; all, if they would live a God-like life, must follow in Christian's footsteps. As long as there are men "seeking the everlasting prize," so long will Pilgrim's Progress interest men, and continue to be read.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

This well-known poem, written by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, is one of the most beautiful representations of the power of love over the human heart, in all English literature. It teaches us that love is the source, or rather the essence of all true joy and happiness. It teaches us that, as the law of gravity in the physical world holds together the entire universe in opposition to the ever present centrifugal force, so also love holds together all the elements in a spiritual life, in opposition to the destructive power of hate. It teaches us that love is the life-blood of a prayerful heart which, at every throbb, is filled with a purer joy till it becomes like the image of God who is himself all love.

The style of the poem, tho very strange and characteristic of Coleridge alone, is, in a certain way, admirably adapted to its import. Through its peculiarity, the author approaches very near to the feelings of the heart—to our own selves. We know that we have no language of the affections, or, if any, it received but very little development. Our words can express merely ideas of feelings. But the words of Coleridge are so affectionate that they do more than express his ideas. Their choice and arrangement produce an effect which in itself conveys his feelings. This is clearly shown in the following stanza:

Above, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wild sea—
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

Like Coroën's lament in Sophocles Antigone, we cannot help but be touched by feelings kindred to those of the poet.

The first act of the Ancient Mariner, which shows either a reckless indifference, or else a feeling of dislike, or, perhaps, even that of hatred on his part, is the shooting of harmless albatross. The crew, by their approval of the crime, make themselves accomplices and, soon after, as a natural consequence of all hatred, the bird's death is avenged. Their ship stands still upon a sea full of shiny creatures and there is no water to drink. Their lips are parched with thirst, still they continue to curse everything they see. Thus hatred, like the serpent in the fable, is always sure to turn upon the one who nourishes it.
But now two strange personages appear, sailing towards them, Death and Life in Death. The crew meet Death, but the Ancient Mariner, having already done some penance for his crime, is won by Life in Death. How wonderfully this illustrates the condition of every human being! There is a spark of life even in the basest criminal who is continually surrounding himself with death. On the other hand, the most virtuous men, while striving for life, like a flame amid decaying embers, are but warning against death which is in and around them.

The Ancient Mariner now finds himself in a most disastrous condition. His thirst increases and he experiences the horror of dead men's curses. Nevertheless he is yet filled with hatred for the living creatures in the sea. In this condition he tries to pray, but cannot. Indeed, how unreasonable it is for anyone with hatred in his bosom, to approach the Supreme Being who is all love.

Soon after this, the Ancient Mariner beholds the shiny things in the sea, by the silvery light of the moon. Now he begins to admire their beauty. How brilliant are their many colors! No tongue can declare it. He begins to love them and, consequently, his heart throbs with an exuberance of joy. Prayer is now the most natural thing in the world. His whole life becomes one incessant prayer.

His ship, amid strains of heavenly music, which fill the air, carries him back to his native shore. Even the dead bodies of the crew which, heretofore, had lain stiff and pale, cursing him by their silence, became inspired by angelic troops and man his vessel. This clearly illustrates the maxim that by our failure we make our success.

The Ancient Mariner, through a thoughtless act of his, had been the cause of their death, and, while hatred still filled his heart, they became their curse—the curse of a dead man. But when love moves his heart, even they aid him on his journey. So also, the heart that turns to its own faults and mistakes, is always torn with keen remorse and bitterness, but the heart that turns to higher things, finds its failures and weaknesses to be beacons warning it of dangerous places. How strangely the truth impresses us here, that “all things work together for good to them that love God!”

But tho the Ancient Mariner’s heart is filled with joy, his joy is mingled with feelings of penitence for his crime the rest of his homeward voyage. The memory of his own dark history keeps him very humble and simple as well as faithful. It puts him in that blessed attitude where only pure joy can be felt. Thus he journeys onward, as a man walking in the dark, fancying some frightful fiend behind him, but beholding untold beauties before him, until he reaches the harbor of his own eternal home. Here the ship, with its cargo of dead bodies, suddenly sinks below the surface of the water, while the Ancient Mariner is carried ashore in the boat of the pilot. In this land of perfect happiness, his life is no longer overshadowed by the gloom of penitence for the ghastly forms about him. No longer are the glories before him mingled with the fancies of frightened demons behind. No longer do the dark clouds of his own failures serve as guides, tho they bear a lining of richest gold.

The Ancient Mariner’s voyage is now ended. His wonderful experiences lie before us, and, while he himself is ruminating upon them, he draws this fitting and beautiful conclusion, which alone would serve to immortalize the name of Coleridge:

* Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding Guest*,
He prophesies well, who loves well,
Both man and bird and heart,
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loves us,
He made and love the all.*

Enkele Opmerkingen over de poëzie van Da Costa.

Door REV A. W. DE JONGE.

Als dichter, neemt Da Costa eene geheel eenige plaats in in de Nederlandsche letterkunde.

Wat hem van alle andere zangers onderscheidt, is de Oosterse gloed, die zijne verzen doortintelt.

“Ik ben geen zoon der lauwe Westerstranden”—zoo zong hij.

Neen, Westerling was hij niet, maar, Joold van geboorte, gleed zijn hart van Oostersche geestdrift, die als een majesteuze stroom het bed zijner doch Kunst diep heeft ingegraaft.


De gedichten van Da Costa laten zich zeer geleidelijk in twee groepen verdeelen: Wat hij vóór 1815 schreef, bestaat meest uit kleinere gedichten, maar waarin tech het genie heerlijk schittert.

Van 1815 tot 1840 zweet zijne lier. Toen bleef de harp aan de wilgen hangen, dewijl al zijn tijd werd ingenomen door anderen arbeid, waarvan zijn “Bezwaren tegen den geest der eeuw” hem een onvergankelijk monument heeft gesticht.
De sfeer, waarin hij zich beweegt, ligt buiten den horizon van den gewone man.
Da Costa's gedichten dienen niet enkel gelezen, maar moeten terdege bestudeerd.

**Musta—The Warrior of Uganda.**

The great Mukasa is sent for, a great feast proclaimed, sacrifices offered, and besewitchings increased. But all this, and even the various incantations of the Mukasa are of no avail,—the boy dies, and the father is grief stricken, doubly grieved, over the loss of a son and the loss of a god. In his better mood he reasons thus: "Mukasa, a great prophet! What about the danger to the King? Where is the war that was predicted? Mukasa, a physician? Then why is my boy dead? What warrior has sacrificed more than I to Mukasa? What does he do for me? Deceive me twice, and rob me of my best. Mukasa, thou art base, and not a god. Be gone from me! That silent King in his alliance with the white man may be in the right after all. I shall enquire of him."

Coming to the King's abode, what is his surprise to find all confusion and wailing. From fragmentary reports, he soon learns that the King has died only a few hours before; that, of late, he had been much in company with white men, called Mackay and Hannington; that the King had persistently refused to see the Mukasa during his illness of two days.

Suppressing his rage against the whites, and forgetting his own sorrow, Musta enters upon the work preparatory to funeral rites befitting his King. In addition to the large number of human burnt-offering sacrifices, seven worthy slaves and ten of the King's most noble wives are burned alive with the King.

His hopes thus precipitately dashed to the ground, Musta now allies himself to the successor of Mtesa, the brutal Mukwen- da. Dreadful persecution sets in. Musta vies with other chieftains in the slaughter. Thousands of men, women and children are cruelly butchered, that the white men may neither steal their bodies nor corrupt their religious tendencies.

On his return from these raids, Musta comes upon a party of men under the leadership of a white man—Bishop Hannington. One of Musta's followers designates him as the man who last visited Mtesa. That is enough. Musta is once more the avowed disciple of Mukasa, and, to appease that deity, he will kill the stranger. His evil spirit gains the upperhand, and he subjects the Bishop to untold agony of mind and body; he has the fifty four followers speared to a man before the eyes of the missionary, and then, tiring of his cruelty, he himself spears the
Bishop who has been reciting from that memorable thirtieth Psalm: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning: Thou hast turned my mourning into dancing: These will I praise forever," after which he sinks with the words: "Isa Masiya come!"

Ten swift years have run their course. In a neat little hut, roofed with straw, and with walls made of mud, dwells a happy family of father, mother and two children. Though furniture is scant, cleanliness is everywhere present, and good cheer beams from the enlightened countenances of these children of Ham, who had also learned to turn their faces from a consciousness, which sin produced, and were now "clothed in their right mind, serving the Lord God."

Evening is drawing on; already the sun has set. The festive board is being spread by the cheerful housewife who sings as she works.

Suddenly the father asks the little boy, "What day is this?"

"Isa Masiya come," Hannington replies.

The father pales, hears once more the dying words of Bishop Hannington. Like a flash the past history passes through his mind. This dread feeling soon gives place to sound reason based on strong faith, and with a beaming countenance, Musta lifts on high hands and eyes and says solemnly: "Truly, Isa Masiya, Isa and Come, even to Musta, thanks to Hannington, to faithful Mackay, and to the loving Savior: and Musta and his household have also learned to come to him."

"Yes, do come to the feast," says the wife. Joy fills also her heart, and with quick elastic step, she approaches the father and young Hannington and invites them to partake of the bounties prepared. Between the motherly attentions given to her infant daughter, the mother listens with bated breath to the instructions of the father to young Hannington about that wonderful coming of Isa Masiya.

Suddenly the evil spirit once more instils doubt into the heart and mind of Musta, and he cries out: "Dear wife, that word of our Hannington has recalled the past so vividly to me. Poor Bishop Hannington! but oh miserable Musta, a murderer—how can I expect Isa Masiya? Can he save a murderer?"

"Dear Musta, think how Mackay taught us that Isa loves and wills to save all, even murderers."

"Yes, but it cannot mean for such as I was."

"Isa himself welcomed a murderer."

"True, wife: I believe Him."

The conversation continued in the same earnest strain; and though the tears alternated with the smile, yet Musta is happy on this festival evening, even while he narrates many of his past pue-
ed during the past year, the wishes and ideals of the students at Hope, we feel sufficiently compensated for our feeble efforts. In the future, we shall be only interested for spectators. Interest will not diminish, but instead of sounding the bugle, we shall only listen to its familiar strain, within the walls of our study, by the cosy fire place. During our term, we have, however, learned a valuable lesson, which, sooner or later, is learned by every writer. The thoughts, which burned within us at a feverish heat, do not often create more than a ripple upon the ocean of public opinion. We cannot always make others see things the way we see them. Therefore, let us have a spirit of forbearance and tolerance.

We thank the students and alumni for the loyal support given us. We cannot complain of lack of material or enthusiasm. We always found a hearty response to our solicitations. We sincerely trust that the new board of editors may receive the co-operation of every one connected in any way with Hope College. Let us all stand united in the great work before us. Let each one, in his own humble way, do something to attain the lofty ideals embodied in our college paper, The Anchor.

AAA

The Oratorical Contest.

On the evening of Washington's Birthday, Winants' Chapel was filled with students and friends of the city, to listen to the orations of the local contestants. The weather was unfavorable, and there were other attractions in the city, but in spite of these disadvantages, a large, enthusiastic audience greeted the orators, as they ascended the rostrum. Never before was there so much noise and enthusiasm manifested by the students, in the Chapel. Every class had its yells. Some students even had drums, horns, and the suggestive alarm clocks. There was a spirit of goodwill in the audience during the entire evening.

The orators seemed to have imbibed the enthusiasm of the audience, as each one spoke with a vim and glow of persuasiveness. The orations were remarkable in many respects. There was not one biographical oration among them. All were the result of deliberate and mature thought. Every competitor had some advantage which another did not possess. The subjects were especially well chosen. But would it not be good, in the future, to take as much pains with the delivery as the composition itself? Those that win, are generally the best in delivery. On the other hand, would it not be advantageous to have the manuscripts examined or, at least, read by the judges, before the contest takes place? Delivery may be of prime importance in the local contest, but thought is considered equal to delivery in the State contest. The former question is for the students to consider, the latter comes under the jurisdiction of the Faculty.

Class spirit should now be crystallized into college spirit.

The latter cannot exist very well without the former: but if the enthusiasm of the various classes cannot fuse into a unity, it is worse than nothing. Then there is mutual destruction. Let Hope loyally support Mr. C. G. Underhill in the state contest. Let us make a determined effort to win, and victory will be ours.

AAA

MR. WIGGAM delivered a lecture on “Dollars and Sense” in Winants' Chapel on the 14th of February. He was not on the lecture course, but filled the place of Lorne Campbell, who, on account of sickness, was unable to be present. Mr. Wiggam has a graceful appearance on the platform. A copious rhetoric, a style humorous and picturesque, made his delivery very entertaining. But the main thought of the audience was, whether or not Mr. Wiggam had a message. For a long time, an impartial listener did not know whether his ludicrous statements were intended to enforce a moral truth, or simply to entertain the audience.

But at last, it must have dawned upon the intelligence of every one that Mr. Wiggam had no message. True, he said some things which were good in themselves. But, also, he buried these gems under a heap of assuagipedian verbiage. Popular lecturers often use honeyed words to render a deep, moral truth more acceptable. But we ask, Can a man enforce a purely moral truth by ridiculing spiritual things, especially in a religious community?

AAA

The Old Method Not Sufficient.

Education is today considered an important and necessary factor in our civilization. Schools and colleges do much towards developing a strong type of manhood. But while our educational system is excellent in many respects, perfection has not yet been attained. It has its weaknesses, and the true citizen will seek to know these also. That so many, or we might even say, most men, after leaving college never again recur to the subjects pursued in their student days, but consider them only a necessary mechanism to turn them into business or professional life, shows that something has been lacking in their training. That the progress made by the research of others along lines of study which once occupied their time and attention, now passes unnoticed, shows a weakness in their education. The fact that so few will undertake, even while in college, anything that is not laid upon them as a task, reveals that the great principle of original self-activity has not been duly recognized in their earlier training.

It is true some would attribute defects of this nature to the character of the individual, and say that education does not propose to make diligent workers out of those naturally indolent.
Moh the Societies.

A year ago the Ullilas Club was unconscious: apparently the last breath had crossed the sacred threshold; the mourners went about the streets; and its last few friends were ready to

"Peach him hence, and solemnly attend, With silent obsequies and funeral train."

But a change has come. The old pioneer society was not thus to be disposed of. It resuscitated and is today working with a force and vigor never before witnessed within its walls. The Ullilas now seems to be in its "Augustan age." But this did not come about without a cause. Our president, Dr. Kollen, donated a fine collection of books, representing the cream of the Dutch literature, to the college library, reserving a special privilege for the members of the Ullilas Club in the use of the same. This has inspired many of us to new activity. These books are eagerly read, and the results of the research given in the society. The club expects to be honored with the presence of the L. L. L. in the near future. This, of course, is a cause for a new inspiration. Preparation is also being made in view of the "quar- teest," annual public meeting, to be held on Monday evening of commencement week. This evening was promised the club at the time of its revivification, and we feel that our present forces will be fully equal to the occasion.

V. M. C. A.

On February 7, Prof. Ladd delivered a very instructive address on the subject, "Jesus as a teacher." It is needless to say that the professor interested the boys.

February 11 was the evening set apart for reports and elections. The following were elected as officers for the ensuing year: President, H. DePree, Vice-President, H. Yntema; Corresponding Secretary, J. DeHollander; Recording Secretary, E. J. Strick; Treasurer, B. Bruns. Messrs. E. Krizzenga and F.

Grooters were chosen as delegates to the state convention held at Ann Arbor Feb. 21-24.

Evangelist C. C. Smith spoke at a joint meeting of the young ladies and young men on Feb. 21. He brought forcibly to our minds that godliness is profitable unto all things.

An Orchestra.

It is sometimes said, "Music to please, and Mathematics to tease." It seemed as if the students of Hope had inverted the order and had abandoned all thoughts of any Instrumental Organization being able to exist in the College. At last such an organization has been completed, and altho it is as yet in its infancy, it has every indication of a bright future. What we want is the support and encouragement of the professors and students, and if we have this we are certain of success. The instrumentation at present is as follows:


John Van Zuren, Guitar.

We are pleased to state that, through the generosity of Dr. Kollen we were enabled to secure a double Bass, which is absolutely necessary in the orchestra. We have secured an efficient leader in the person of Wm. Brayman.

Day of Prayer for Colleges.

The annual day of prayer was observed at Hope, as usual. Lack of space compels us to treat it briefly. After invocation by Dr. Beardslee, our President read his annual report of the religious condition of the college:

Seniors, 15; professing Christians, 13
Juniors, 16; Sophomores, 19; Freshman, 16.

In the Preparatory Department there are 84 students, of whom 42 are professing Christians. This table shows that 85 per cent. of the college students and 50 per cent. of the grammar school boys have openly confessed Christ.

Rev. Bickink, of the class of '83, then delivered a very appropriate address on the text, "I thought on my ways and turned my feet unto thy testimonies." The speaker spoke on the four great problems of life, God, the Soul, Sin and Future Destiny. The address left a profound impression on the minds of all present.

Rev. A. Pieters, our missionary from Japan, made a few re-
marks, in the course of which he beautifully depicted the difference between the answers of the Christain and the heathen, in regard to the great problems of life. A short season of prayer was then held during which several students of the seminary and college took part. May the good seed sown bear abundant fruit.

College Jottings

"Pat."

Ben's "After Dinner Monstrosities" are a caution.

Three sleighing parties in one evening were accommodated at the Wiggers' home recently.

Dominie is quite a mind reader. He can tell whenever the boys have indulged in onions.

Preciselv at 7 a.m., Jim V. D. H. was blown out of bed by the mocking bird.

Wayer—"Today we haf Geo. Washington's birthday." (and everybody collapsed.)

J. Verwey represents Central News Agency.

Miss May Steketee entertained students and city friends at her home on Friday evening, March 1st.

Stanton "set-em-up" to the bi-valves and "Coop" presided over the "saur kraut."

"To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day that thou canst not then be false to every man."—Dooley.

Stogie has moved. His "den" was upset once too often.

Hank to himself—"Ah, the loneliness of genius."

The Sophs. will travel to Lansing via two Pullman Palace Boxcars.

"Down with the banner. "The audacious tricks of the boy are the forerunners of the deeds of the man." (Ergo.)

Hope welcomes the advent of a Y. W. C. A.

Orville E. Fisher is Athletic Editor of The Targum.

The realization of a future lawn social depends upon the financial success of the Choral Union Recital. The L. L. L. has undertaken the financial part of the entertainment.

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