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cal or a stag party. Here endeth our discourse.

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Robert E. Lee.

History has many heroes whose martial renown has excited the administration of the world. As the centuries march along every great nation leaves us the memory of some unique character whose achievements have earned for him a lasting name. America, though the youngest among the nations, boasts an assemblage of leaders whose soldierly qualities are unsurpassed by the fighting men of any other age or country. Though the annals of ancient and medieval warfare furnish many striking examples of devotedness and chivalry it belonged to the American Republic to give to the world the noblest type of warrior,—men in whom the loftiest patriotism goes hand in hand with the highest military genius, and the gentlest courtesy with the most daring courage. It would seem that our universal love of liberty, our free institutions, and eminently Christian civilization have implanted in the martial enthusiasm of the past a gentility which renders personal ambitions and interests secondary to character and to country. Washington, Greene, and Marion: Grant, Sherman, and Thomas stand as the embodiment of unselfish and chivalric devotion. But there is another who occupies a prominent place among these, our great leaders, and whose life typifies the ideal soldier and citizen—Robert Edward Lee.

The Anchor

This is an era of profound peace. The clouds of civil strife have forever passed away. North and South are united in loyalty to a common country. The Mason and Dixon's line once defined in sectional difference and traced in blood is but a vanishing shadow, and it is fitting now that a magnanimous and united people should pay their just tribute to our heroes in gray as well as those in blue. The Civil War was a vital necessity. There were issues distracting and dividing this country which no legislation, no government, and no decrees of courts could settle. At one time or another they had to be fought to their final conclusion upon the battlefield. In that struggle be it said that the sturdy sons of the South lacked no loyalty to the flag for which they fought nor doubted for a moment the justice of the cause for which they gave their lives. To faith and courage wherever shown we bow with uncovered heads. Though the Confederate soldiers stood in defense of principles which history's verdict has proven were false, they and their great leader exhibited a degree of bravery, of devotion, of self sacrifice which fills us with pride that they also were Americans.

Robert E. Lee came of a family illustrious in England and America alike—one, as history attests, as worthy of him as he was worthy of it. No family was more prominent all through the colonial days nor contained more stalwart advocates of the cause of liberty than the Lees of Virginia. Our nation owes a lasting debt of gratitude to Richard Henry Lee, who stood in the Continental Congress and in defiance of England's power declared that "the United Colonies ought to be free." to Francis Lightfoot Lee, who dared to pen his name to the immortal document of American freedom; to Arthur Lee, our trusted Commissioner to France; to "Light Horse Harry" Lee, whose brilliant successes upon the field and statesmanship in Congress have insured his dome a lasting remembrance. Always upon the patriotic side and doing noble duty alike in legislative hall and on the battlefield, they stand high among the leaders in that series of great events through which the fetters of tyranny were broken and a new star added to the galaxy of civilized nations.

But the renown of Robert E. Lee is due to the part he himself has played in both peace and war. His boyhood days were spent among the old Virginia hills, rich in colonial and Revolu.
tionary associations. A youth of varied talents, he early imbibed the intense, assertive, and liberty-loving spirit of his soldier father and upon his death, the continued illness of his mother revealed a wealth of tender affection never surpassed. Coming to manhood he longed to follow in the footsteps of his worthy sires, and at the youthful age of eighteen he donned the uniform of the soldier and entered the service as a West Point Cadet. Here his obstinate perseverance and complete mastery of military details gave promise to eminence in his life work. The Mexican War called him to the field of battle, where he fought shoulder to shoulder with the rising leaders from both North and South. Scott's wonderful march to Mexico revealed his genius and won the carefully-measured remark of that general that this young man "was the greatest soldier in the army." By force of character and the energy of his own unaided efforts he pushed to the front and the experiences through which he passed fitted him for responsibilities of whose weight and meaning he had never dreamed.

The beginning of the Civil War was the turning-point of his life. Until the actual breaking out of hostilities no one can question his absolute loyalty to the Union. He had acquired a military prestige that attracted the attention of the most prominent men in the country. Had he consented, one word from General Scott would have made him commander of the Northern army. Long and carefully he weighed the issues to determine clearly his duty, and though it involved sacrifice of feeling, of position, of interest, with a fidelity which only true citizens know, he threw in his fortunes with the state of his birth and affections. The necessities of the South called him to the leadership of her armies. Once in the conflict, the energy and rapidity with which he gathered together the undisciplined, ill equipped, and ill-provided Confederate troops and forged them into a mighty thunderbolt of war astonished the civilized world and filled the Union generals with dismay. The South had found a leader.

The magnitude of a struggle that calls for one million lives, two billion eight hundred million dollars, and four years of continuous warfare can he but ill conceived at best by the human mind. The toil, the hardships, the suffering freely given for the maintenance of opposing principles is without a parallel in history. Such a sacrifice never could have been possible but for the grim determination, the skilful dogged resistance, and the perfect organization of that peerless master of strategy in the South. Consider, if you will, the Seven Days Battle around Richmond, the never-to-be-forgotten battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg, the wonderful contest at Chancellorsville, the remarkable battle of the Wilderness, the defense of Cold Harbor, the prolonged defense of Richmond and Petersburg. There is no greater record in the annals of warfare. Consider further the fact that when the war began, Southern manufactories were undeveloped and her resources limited. As it progressed her agriculture was stampled out by the feet of traversing armies, her coasts blockaded by a vigilant navy, her soldiers poorly clad and poorly fed. If the world extols the qualities exhibited by the men who fought under Grant, what shall we say of the superb heroism of the Southern soldiers and their intrepid commander, General Lee? The South was defeated, not for lack of courage or generalship, but because her resources were exhausted and because an Omniscient Providence had decreed that the institution of slavery should perish.

But in the hour of defeat, Lee gained a victory greater than any triumph of the struggle that preceded, for then he showed a spirit greater than the heroism of battles or the achievements of war. Though his shoulders were bent and his locks silvered by care, and his great soul crushed by disappointment and humiliation, yet he rode through the lines to deliver his sword to the victorious Grant with a soldier's dignity and bearing. Ever and anon he returned the friendly salutes from the men in the ranks, and then, gathering his grim, ragged, battle-stained veterans about him—they who had been faithful to duty upon the picket line, upon the skirmish line, at the front, through four long years, and now, with blasted hopes must return home to bravely face and conquer the sterner conditions which the future imposed,—with bowed head and trembling voice, the general addressed his troops: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you. My heart is too full to say more." And as they looked, many of them for the
last time, upon him for whom they knew no better name than "Uncle Robert," down Those hard, sunburned faces tear drops trickled upon their coats of faded gray; and the Union soldiers, catching in that tragic moment the impulse of his mighty personality, broke out in lusty cheers for this brave though vanquished hero. Now let fall the curtain if you will. Even in defeat he is one of the world's heroes. When the memory of Alexander and his victorious host at Arbela, of Caesar and his conquering legions at Pharsalus, of Napoleon with one hundred thousand of Europe's best blood crushed and helpless beneath him at Austerlitz, when the memory of these spectacular heroes has faded in the oblivion of time, this pathetic, beautiful picture of nobility and veneration will live to bless mankind.

But great as he was in war, like Washington he was greater in peace. When the conflict closed, the Confederate soldiers turned their faces toward desolate homes in a land laid waste. They found trade destroyed, traditions swept away, society disrupted, and four million ignorant liberated slaves awaiting their guidance, while hatred and suspicion separated them from the North. The gloom of defeat seemed darkening into despair. Again the situation demanded a leader and again a helpless people turned to Lee. Honored and respected by the North and worshiped by the South, his was the opportunity to do what none other could. With a prophet's vision and a statesman's wisdom he threw himself, with all the passionate zeal of youth, into the work of reconciliation and reconstruction. He became spokesman and intercessor for his people and at the same time bent every effort toward rebuilding the shattered social structure. Reconstruction demanded education, and Lee was called to the presidency of Washington University. As in the days when the red banner streamered over the land and the South sent her sons to fight under his flag, so now they came again and sat at his feet, while he taught them the lesson of loyalty and good will toward the government against which they had fought.

Ever counselling moderation, ever appealing to the noblest in human nature, his grand life as it swept onward through those five remaining years presented to the world a spectacle of patriotism and generosity that will remain a rich legacy to American youth through all coming time. The inspiration born of his work touched the responsive chord of the Southern heart, rekindled in the fiery zeal of Longstreet and Gordon, found a voice in the eloquent appeals of Hill and Grady, and echoes today from every sunny plain and vine-clad hill of the South, in a sentiment that shall have accomplished its appointed task only when the last lingering shadows of sectional difference have forever melted away.

The fitting eulogy of Benjamin H. Hill may well be pronounced again: "He was a foe without hate; a friend without treachery; a victor without oppression; and a victim without murmuring. He was Caesar without his ambition; Frederick without his tyranny; Napoleon without his selfishness; and Washington without his reward."

"Ah, Muse! You dare not claim
A nobler man than he—
Nor nobler man hath less of blame,
Nor blameless man hath purer name,
Nor purer name hath grander fame,
Nor fame—another Lee."

We always laugh at a teacher's jokes
No matter how bad they may be,
Not because they are really funny folks
But because its policy.—Ex.

Some people cannot make themselves comfortable without sitting down on somebody else.—Ex.

The conscientious Freshmen work
To get their lessons tough,
The Juniors flunk, the Sophomores shirk,
The Seniors?—Oh, they bluff.—Ex.

When a man falls down his temper generally rises before he does.—Ex.

Every exchange is an imitator of the devil. When he sees a good thing he very carefully cuts it out.—Ex.
THE ANCHOR

The Contest.

A delegation of twelve accompanied Hope's orator to Adrian this year. Contrary to the custom of the other colleges, Adrian College did not entertain the various delegations sent to it, and although the college was about four miles from the depot never troubled themselves about sending a single person to receive their visitors. For what they did however we are deeply grateful.

The contest itself was perhaps not on as high a plane as some former ones have been. True, nearly all the orations were very evenly matched in the matter of Thought and Style, but none of them came up to the standard set by Olivet in previous contests. The following is the decision of the judges:

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Judges on Thought and Style: Prof. J. S. Clark of North-Western University.
Prof. F. N. Scott, University of Michigan.
President Chas. Thwing, Western Reserve University.
Judges on Delivery:
Rev. Pence of Detroit.
A. F. Freeman, State Tax Commissioner.
Mr. Bliss, Detroit University School.

The first speaker was Miss Mary McCollum, of Adrian, her subject: "The Search for the North Pole." Her oration was very pleasing and well-written, but appealed to one as being rather far fetched. Her delivery was easy and graceful, but it lacked the fire and intensity necessary to capture an audience.

A. A. Lancaster, Albion College. Subject: "Tyranny or Tolerance." Mr. Lancaster's oration was on the labor question. Its thought was fresh and original, but its style extremely loose and unpolished. His voice and entire delivery were those of the debater, but his voice was so high and his delivery so monotonous that he failed to produce a very deep impression.

F. Soule, Alma College. "Philippus Brooks." This oration showed no originality and was guilty of common-place ness. His delivery was effective, because of his grace and the note of appeal in his voice.

Miss Bessie Allen, Hillsdale College. "Excellent Deeds, the Supreme Life." Miss Allen's production was a philosophical essay, not an oration. Her delivery, tho pleasing, could of course win little favor with such a production.

J. Pelgrim, Hope. "The Liberator of Protestantism." Mr. Pelgrim's oration lacked in originality of thought, but its style was eminently oratorical and effective. His voice and bearing at once stamped him as destined to make his mark in delivery. And he did. At the crisis of his speech, he completely captured his audience, and succeeded, perhaps, in making the best impression of all the orators on his audience.

E. Lockhart, Kalamazoo. "Robert Bruce." Mr. Lockhart's oration was of most pleasing style and was on the whole a thrilling appeal for Scotland's hero. Mr. Lockhart failed on his delivery because owing to a two week's illness, he was physically unable to go through his speech. His voice was magnetic and his presence graceful.
Miss Davis, M. A. C. "Alexander Hamilton." Miss Davis received high rank in both thought and delivery, and should have received higher. Her delivery captured her audience and would have been nothing short of superb had her voice been the least bit more sympathetic.

F. B. McKay, Ypsilanti. "Robert E. Lee." Mr. McKay's well-written, thoughtful speech and his intense, pathos-full delivery won for him the medal.

J. L. Felton, Olivet. "Ulrich Zwingli." Mr. Felton had a rhetorically written and original oration. It was rather slow in its movement and tiresome. His delivery was impassioned and forceful, though very awkward.
These lines, which the heart of the poet sang to his wife, come back to us involuntarily as we think of the life of Mrs. Bergen; for all society, church and home, did indeed "in her sunshine share." Her earnestness and faithfulness as the helper of her husband in church work, her unselfish devotion to her home, her wise and loving care of her family, her unfailing kindness and cheerfulness with her friends, all render her one whose loss will be widely felt, and whose place must ever remain empty.

Unnumbered are the friends of her who never spoke an unkind word of any one; throughout these past weeks, sadness and gloom have spread over the whole city; and all of every class and condition, waited in deepest anxiety while death, the shadow of every substance, was hovering almost daily, above her. Now, that the long struggle, so patiently and hope-fully borne, is ended; now that "the strange and solemn Alchymist has elaborated life's elixer from the clayey crucibles," sorrow and mourning are universal:

Therefore, Be it resolved that, we the President and Faculty of Hope College, do hereby,
During his short stay of three months with us, Leonard Van der Schoor impressed upon his fellow-students and teachers his ability as a scholar, his manly character, and his admirable social qualities.

His frail health aroused in us, at the start, apprehensions that his college career would be short, which fears were only too soon realized; for he went home at the Christmas holidays never to return. Death claimed him January 29th.

Therefore, be it resolved that we, the President and Faculty of Hope College, tender our most sincere sympathy to his family and friends in their loss of one so gifted and so well fitted to brighten their lives.

'Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
He lives, whom we call dead.'

GERRIT J. KOLLEN, Pres.
EDW. D. DIMNENT \ Com. of Faculty.

WHEREAS, during this term, our Heavenly Father has seen fit to take unto Himself our beloved friend and class-mate, Leonard Van der Schoor, we, the class of '07, desire to enter on the minutes of the class and in "The Anchor" the following resolutions:

Resolved, that we cheerfully bear witness to our class-mate's consistent Christian character and faithfulness to duty.

Resolved, that we tender to his bereaved relatives our heart-felt sympathy.

Resolved, that we express our hope that our class-mate's departure may instil in us greater zeal in performing our daily tasks and in serving the Master.

M. A. STEEGEMAN
A. MULDER \ Com.
P. E. HINKAMP \ Com.
The Anchor.

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Editorial.

The debate between the Cosmopolitan and Fraternal Societies took place in the chapel on the evening of Feb. 26. In order to take the initiative in this kind of work the Fraternal Society extended the challenge, offering to take the negative of the question: Resolved that capital punishment should be abolished in the United States. The debating team for the Cosmopolitans consisted of three men chosen from their society, -G. J. Penning, R. de Zeeuw, D. H. Muyskens; for the Fraternals, -W. G. Hoekje, A. J. Muste, J. De Pree.

Both societies showed careful work on the question and each was more eloquent than the other. The decision of the judges was a victory for the Cosmopolitans and an honorable defeat for the Fraternals.

This debate means more than victory and defeat, more than showing the strength of the Cosmopolitan Society and disclosing the weakness of the Fraternal Society in the way of debate. This is the first inter society debate we have ever had at Hope. And we make much of it for two reasons, - that it fosters a common interest in mutual endeavor to attain the highest and best there is to be had in society work by friendly competition, and that it is the beginning, we hope, of a college Debating Association which will have inter-collegiate aspirations no less marked than that of our Oratorical Association. Whereas the Fraternal society has ever shown its strength in our oratorical contests, and now the Cosmopolitan Society shows its strength in debate, what hinders us from predicting truthfully a debating team inferior to none in the state?

The initiative has been taken, let us not shrink from anything that will strengthen and broaden our college life.

With this number of The Anchor the present staff bids adieu to the patrons of our college paper. We feel assured that our successors are as well worthy of the offices to which they have been elected, and competent to keep our alumni in touch with the inner life of their alma mater.

The following will conduct the various departments of this paper during the ensuing year:

Abraham J. Muste, Editor in Chief.
Dirk H. Muyskens and Christian A. Brook, Associate Editors.
Benj. J. Bush and Miss Lottie M. Hoyt, Local Editors.
Hanah Hoekje, Alumni Editor.
Mannas A. Stegeman, Society Editor.
Dirk Dykstra, Subscription Manager.
Elmer J. McCarthy, Business Manager.

The lecture on "The Value of an Ideal" by William Jennings Bryan was very favorably received by a large audience in Winants Chapel on Mar. 7. Mr. Bryan is undoubtedly one of the greatest orators of the present day. His style and delivery were both fine and simple. His thought was what no true American can take exception to. The value of an ideal to a nation such as ours was aptly put without cajoling his audience with an old-time subject of his. From his transcendent ideals some of the students have a different opinion of Mr. Bryan.
Since our last issue basketball has still been the prevailing form of sport among the students. The game has certainly obtained a foot hold here and its popularity is evidenced by the strength of this year's team.

The latest game played by the College team was with Benton Harbor College. For the second time the Harborites were defeated to the tune of 30-16. The work of the college basketmen was remarkable.

Later the Preps again met the Holland High School and defeated them by a score of 29-8. The Preps have a fast team and several members of it are strong candidates for a successful college team next year. The same night the girls of the High School defeated the College girls, 5-12.

The basketball team has been tolerably well supported this winter. The team has earned this support, for at the opening of school in January it was anything but strong and its unbroken series of victories is due only to its conscientious practice and its enthusiasm. Now with the advent of spring comes the advent of baseball. The team that comes out the first week isn't likely to be a strong one. However, give it your support and see what they can do with the help of that. If you give them no encouragement, you must expect nothing on their part to respond to encouragement.

De Alumnis.

'00. At high noon on Feb. 6, Rev. S. F. Riepma was married to Miss Maria Elizabeth Van Zwaluwenburg. The wedded pair enjoyed a trip through the eastern states before settling at their home in Detroit, Mich., where Rev. Riepma is pastor of the First Reformed church.

'00 and '03. In a recent letter from the Rev. Herman V. S. Pedke, '87, missionary in Japan, the following interesting paragraph is found: "Mr. Garret Hondelink arrived in November, and Miss Grace W. Hoekje was due in December. I was told once that I was only half a man because I was single. I agree with the general sentiment. We were all relieved when Mr. Hondelink told us on arrival that one of the last things he did before leaving home was to become engaged to Miss Hoekje.

Miss Hoekje has since arrived. We all approve, for we are very much pleased with Miss Hoekje and feel quite sure that the only way to keep a young lady of her attractions in the mission is to have her married in. We look forward to a mission wedding next summer. Nothing more satisfactory in the line of mission recruits need be asked for than these two."

'94. Rev. Peter Zwart is comfortably settled in his new home at Hingham, Wis. The people are very congenial and helpful, and Mr. Zwart is very much pleased with the surroundings.

'97. Henry L. Yonker, M. D. has settled as physician at Jenison, Mich., and is building up a splendid practice.

'00. William Rinck writes that he greatly enjoys teaching in Emporia College, Emporia, Kansas. His branches are mathematics and pedagogy.

'00. J. Straks has accepted a call to the Reformed church at Chymher Hill, New York. Mr. Straks also had a call from the church at Roseland, Minn.

'83. On Monday, March 14, Dr. A. Oltmans left for Japan with Mrs. Oltmans and the three younger children, the three older children remaining in America to receive an education. Dr. Oltmans expects to reach Yokohama on April 11. Mrs. Oltmans will probably return to America after an absence of four years.

The work of the college basketball is building up a splendid practice.

Teacher—in America we say a man runs for office, what is the significant term in England?

Pupil—Don't know, sir

Teacher—they say the candidate stands for office.

Pupil—they are not so active as we Americans.—Ex.

Why was Adam's first day the longest?

Because there was no Eve.—Ex.

When money talks,

What does it tell?

It only says

Hello!—Farewell!—Ex.
Prep—"Please, Sir, what is a soak?"

Soph—"A soak, sonny, is a fellow that doesn’t subscribe for his college paper but sponges on his neighbor."—Ex.

An art student recently painted the picture of a dog under a tree so lifelike that it was impossible to distinguish the bark of the tree from the bark of the dog.—Ex.

What becomes of the righteous?
Everlasting bliss.
What becomes of the wicked?
Everlasting blister.—Ex.

He—"Will you have a little lobster?"
She—"Oh! John, this is so sudden."—Ex.

The tall pines pine,
The paypaws pause,
The bumble bee bumbles all the day;
The eves dropper drops,
The grasshopper hops,
While gently the cowslips away.—Ex.

"Tomorrow" is a reef which has wrecked many a student’s ship.—Ex.

Prof.—"What do you call a man that pretends to know everything?" (meaning connoisseur).

Freshman—"A professor."—Ex.

Lots of men would leave their foot prints,
Times eternal sand to grace,
Had they got their mother’s slipper
At the proper time and place.—Ex.

"Fourth place."
"It’s better’n fifth, anyway."
"Paw your beard!"
"It tells a description of some women."

Van Zomeren. "In a snowstorm like this the robins die all over."
Doc.—"No they don’t. Only the squeal dies.
Preacher.—"Of spreken wij ook als een Demosthenes..... etc."

After the sermon an old man says to the dominie, "Zoo kunt u Muste ook?"

Of course the value of Mr. Bryan as an ideal must not be overlooked for one moment.

Ham and Van Zomeren have established a record in running around the campus. Time 9 minutes 20 seconds.

Mark Andreae beats this all hollow, (by running across). Time 4 minutes 30 seconds.

Japan war news of the Hoekje-Hondelink engagement off Nagasaki. Neither side can claim the victory. An alliance is expected next summer.

The Japs are saving up all their old sandals. Why? Why to fling at the bride and groom.

The Naga shiki String Band is practicing up on, "In the Good Old Summer Time!"

Cheer up girls! There are lots of Japs left.

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CON DE PREE’S DRUG STORE
"Say y-y! I'll trow you wi' de salt cee! Do you want dis ag'inst your hed?" Puzzle: Guess who it is.
"I've lost my o'coat, Who seen my o'coat? Poor little o'coat, Oh! oh! oh! oh!"

A dead cat was found recently, hanging from the top of the campus flag pole. It is said that "poor pussy" got mad and "went up in the air."

Ike at the Club.—"Say gimme some spectacles so as to make this pie look bigger."

Bush, ruefully feeling of a cut on his lip—"Drat those hat pins anyway!"

Andy B. says he has been having some pretty good times after church Sunday evenings.

Wubbena has again gone to B k m n. Visscher.—"Cant say anything but what it appears in that nasty old Anchor!"

Dolly, swiping his neighbor's dinner at the Club.—"How's this for practicing Dimmert's, 'they have ryes, but see not.'"

Are these boys playing Si-mon says thumbs up? No. They are mere-ly jig-ging their thumbs up and down and laugh-ing at the boy who has lost his tem-per.

Why do they jig their thumbs? To sig-ni-fy that the boy has gone up in the air. See?

Prof. Dorr says that the best way to rub your ear is to use your elbow.

By the way, what's the matter with Prof. Dorr, fellows? He's all right.

A commencement program of the year '96 found in the archives recently, bears the following curious inscription: "Two girls. Alone. Get next!!!"

The inscription will be submitted to the Greek Dep't. for possible translation.

The Prohibition League is doing good work. Boter and Kregel have quit drinking.

Did you attend the teacher's "whatyoumacallit?"

While seated in a local coffee house recently the following bit of repartee was overheard and that worthy of reproduction:

"Say—they say cabbage has gone up to $0.00 a ton."

"Is that so? Guess I'll have to eat this sauer kraut."

"Yes! That's where cabbage comes out ahead." Haw, haw!

"Say—suppose that you had a buggy top and ten cents. What would you do?"

Second party, scratching his head—"I really don't know."

"Don't hey? Well, you could buy a fine comb and quit scratching your head. Haw, haw, ho, ho!"

Est-la has received a letter from Cell No. 0041144, Jackson, Mich.

Also some dear college ribbons costing Juddy a hundred and twenty seven centivos.

Fourth place for Hope in the Oratorical Contest isn't so bad, but Doc has to forfeit several meals at the Club as the result of a bet.

Houty on the other hand will treat Doc to a wheelbarrow ride thro town, escorted by a procession of students.

Farewell, dear Anchor, Jottings, Staff. He serves thee well who serves thee half as well as we would have done.

We hand over to our successors some pencils worn to stubs, a pair of dull shears, some potted out paste and our cap and bells.
The love of power is universal; the desire for freedom is as old as humanity. Look back to the dim dawn of history, and see mankind divided into two classes, the rulers and the common people. Down through the ages, there has been no period in which this division has not been found. The principles which have actuated these two opposite classes often gave rise to the most bitter discord, dissension, and strife. Among primitive and barbaric peoples, society bore the yoke of despotism without a murmur. But as civilization advanced and the human mind expanded, the common people, realizing more and more the injustice of their condition, strove to throw off the shackles of bondage. These two opposite classes met, for the first time with almost equal force, on the sequestered plain of Marston Moor. No costly marble adorns this sacred spot; history gives it merely a passing glance; and yet, here was fought, two centuries and three score years ago, the battle of Marston Moor—a battle which determined the future of the Anglo-Saxon race; a decisive conflict in the mortal struggle between crowned oppression and uncrowned manhood—between despotism and liberty.

The English Revolution was the result of mighty ideas, both religious and civil. The Reformation had so interwoven its delicate fibers and golden threads into the coarse fabric of society that it was impossible to unravel them. Martin Luther had proclaimed the great “emancipating idea of the ages”—the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. John Calvin had extolled the doctrine of divine sovereignty and human responsibility. Gustavus Adolphus had fought and died for religious liberty. The Huguenots were struggling against religious persecution and the abomination of the papacy. Such are some of the remote causes of the English Revolution. Everywhere these mighty ideas were upturning hard soil, shaking ancient faiths, removing old prejudices, stimulating thought, enlightening the mind, and thus leading the people on to greater conceptions of liberty.

But what were some of the more immediate causes of this dramatic civil contest? The seventeenth century was an age of intense earnestness and spiritual power, but also an age of violent discussion and bold contention. In England,
each county, each town, each community was divided within itself. Persecution, storm and stress, contention and opposition, religious zeal changing into wild fanaticism, hold discussion into bitter animosity, unconquerable prejudice into open hostility—such is the story of the age. Monarchy was characterized by arbitrary proceedings; high churchism by tyrannical intolerance. Liberty was trodden under foot. Her devoted champions were the laughing-stock of royalty. Charles I. was blinded by the false ideas of the "divine right of kings." His person was sacred. Disloyalty to the king was disobedience of Almighty God. In society, in church, in state, everywhere the will of the king was absolute. But insolence so excessive was destined to receive its due reward. Shall not exaction, perfidy, profligacy encounter deserved rebuke? Marston Moor gives the answer. Throughout the entire kingdom, the love of personal freedom was awakening in the hearts of the common people. The same spirit that later inspired our fathers at Lexington, and won the victory at Saratoga, now led men to throw off the trammels of an imperfect past, to rid themselves of the errors and abuses inherited from the ages of darkness, and to seek for freedom in its widest sense, both religious and civil.

The Puritan faction in Parliament revolted against the maxims of legitimacy, hereditary faith, and servile reverence for established power. No longer could they endure the bondage under which men had bowed for ages. In hatred of the past, they longed to experiment in both religious and civil life; they did not desire revolution, but did demand reform. They contended for a limited monarchy, for the purity of Protestantism, for liberty—liberty intellectual, social, religious, and political. The chasm between the king and parliament grew wider and wider. Both parties became more and more resolute, reason was dethroned, passion ruled in the council of the nation. With all prospect of peaceful settlement blasted, faction triumphant, and the people enraged, both sides eagerly prepared for the inevitable struggle. Soon the smoldering embers of discontent burst forth in flames of open hostility. The great war for toleration and freedom was in progress. Behold here the first decisive combat between the two great principles toward which all the civilization of Europe tended.

Free inquiry and the sovereignty of the people are marshalled against oppression and monarchy.

Never did a contest seem more unequal than this. Every advantage was with the Parliamentarians, and yet, the first two years of war proved to be little else than a succession of royalist victories. York, the stronghold of the king, then became the center of conflict. Within the walls were the royal armies; without, the Puritan forces. Famine, despair, defeat stared the royalists in the face, when Rupert, a dashling and victorious general, came plunging over the Lancashire Hills to their rescue. Alarmed at his approach, the Puritans fell back to Marston Moor. Had Rupert been content with relieving York, history would tell a different story. But ambitious and confident of victory he forced a battle, which took from him an army, and deprived his monarch of a throne.

Great principles are hanging in the balance. The war has now reached its crisis. The nation stands aghast and trembling. The Parliamentarians feel the importance of the impending struggle. Their all is at stake. Defeat at Marston Moor means the loss of the northern counties. It means that Puritan principles shall be set at naught, that the blood of heroes has been spilt in vain. It means the return to bondage, the triumph of despotism over democracy, the failure of the Revolution. With such a burden of responsibility upon them, the Puritans meet the Royalists at Marston Moor.

The opposing armies meet. Sixty thousand men march out to mutual slaughter. On the one side are the forces of Parliament, an army of merchants, mechanics and farmers, the protectors of Protestantism, the defenders of civil liberty, the champions of the Puritanic faith. On the other side is the royal army, the lords, nobles, and gentry, the upholders of Catholicism, the oppressors of the people, the lovers of despotism. Here the protectors of a waning monarchy, there the defenders of a waxing democracy. The Rayalists fight for pay, for honor, for glory. They strive to subjugate a people; to trample under foot the inherent rights of men; to rob a nation of its liberty. The Puritans struggle for principles of conscience, for home and friends, for truth and freedom. They strive to throw off the unjust, the unendurable yoke which Charles had placed upon them.
The day was uneventful. Towards evening thick and threatening clouds are gathering in the western sky. Prayers and songs of praise ascend from the Puritan ranks. The Royalists listen to a warlike sermon which inspires in them a thirst for blood. Darker still fall the evening shades. Low mutterings of a coming storm are heard. Tongues of flashing fire dart across the heavens. Both armies are now ready. Forward movements begin. The Royalists charge. Rupert shouts, "God and Queen Mary! Forward!" In an instant, that great mass of ironclad men becomes a raging torrent. Like waves of death and destruction, they sweep across the plain and up the gorge. The cavalry charge, clash, retreat, advance, then charge again. For death or liberty! Clashing swords, roaring cannon, songs and shouts, prayers and curses are mingled in the awful carnage. The troops of Leven and Fairfax waver, then break and turn in flight. The Royalists are fast gaining ground. Two-thirds of the field has already been won. Can nothing check this terrible onslaught? Must the faith and prayers of Puritans again be put to shame? Has freedom no hero to champion her cause? Shall fortune fail her in the hour of greatest need? Shall tyranny again triumph? No! Yonder stands the stern and steady Cromwell, a man of intense earnestness and faith, a general whose superb military genius never knew defeat, a hero, the dauntless defender of liberty. In silence he beholds the terrible slaughter. An opening presents itself. Clarion clear sounds forth the command, "Charge in the name of the Most High." Through the Royalist ranks and over the bloody moor they plunge. They kill the gunners, take the guns, and turn the fire upon the routed cavaliers. Useless now the cry, "God and the King." "Truth and freedom" rings out from the Puritan columns. Cromwell and his loyal psalm-singing Ironsides hurl themselves with resistless force upon the hitherto victorious Royalists. The royal cavalry break and scatter. The field is won. The Republican army has gained a crowning and decisive victory. The crisis of the war is past.

Marston Moor was the bloodiest battle of the whole war. Behold the field strewn with six thousand mangled men. An awful sight! See them there. The proud royalist beside the enthusiastic republican, the careless cavalier beside the stern Puritan, all Englishmen—brothers, relatives and friends, dead or dying because a king would rule in accordance with his lust for power, and not in obedience to the wishes and welfare of his people. England had offered a costly sacrifice to liberty. But was the price too great? York surrenders. Puritanism is now the master of northern England. Marston Moor sent dismay into the ranks of the royalists, it deprived them of courage and bravery, it insured the victory of Naseby—the last act in this terrible civil conflict.

But Cromwell and his Ironsides did more than defeat an army. Marston Moor was not a conflict between flesh and blood, but between opposing principles—principles which, throughout the ages, have been struggling for supremacy. Absolutism in government was the goal of the one, religious and political freedom was the haven of the other. At Marston Moor free inquiry met and, for the first time, defeated pure monarchy. The sovereignty of the people triumphed over the sovereignty of the king. Marston Moor took the crown from the head of royalty and placed it upon the brow of the common people. Here we see, through the rift in the dark clouds of priestly intolerance and kingly tyranny, the glorious light of freedom. Behold here the dawn of English liberty.

The results of Marston Moor are far-reaching and permanent. The seed, there sown in faith, and nourished by the blood of heroes, will bear fruit a hundred fold as the years and centuries roll on. In the chain of glorious achievements, together with Marathon and Tourns, Runnymede and Saratoga, liberty has linked the name of Marston Moor. It prepared the way for Waterloo, Yorktown and Gettysburg. The memory of Marston Moor will never die. It is a beacon light for all ages. The heroes of that battlefield have bequeathed to posterity an inheritance of freedom that will never fade away. Their songs of victory have been like heavenly music to the ears of the downtrodden and oppressed. Can those voices be forgotten? Our fathers heard their summons and, raising aloft the banner of liberty, proudly planted it upon the stronghold of tyranny. All the independent countries of the western hemisphere have thrown off the robes of royalty and are now clad in the garb of democracy. In all the great countries of
Europe and Asia, democratic tendencies are disturbing the crumbling fabrics of former ages. Who now can estimate the importance of this battle of Marston Moor? Hail Luther as the founder of Protestantism! Hail Gustavus Adolphus as its savior! But hail Cromwell and his heroes as its protectors! Yea more! Hail them as the champions of Puritanism, the defenders of civil liberty.

The Trail of the Serpent.

"Poor race of man," said the pitying Spirit,
"Dearly ye mourn for your primal fall,
Some flowers of Eden ye still inherit;
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all."

The darkest drama ever enacted in the theatre of human tragedy is the French Revolution. And do you ask its author? There is the horrible answer coiled upon the ground, with his wily head slightly raised; his cloven tongue darting from his hideous mouth; his treacherous eyes flashing like the zigzag in a threatening sky. Woe to the mortal that advances near! for those eyes attract like a magnet, and those fangs pierce like a dagger. As we view the wrecks of time we shudder at the havoc which this cobra: selfishness, has wrought. One sting from his fatal fangs has infected the least unwary individuals, until the foul contagion has cursed a nation with the loathsome disease. One sting has robbed men of that equilibrium of character, so that deliberately they have hurled themselves beneath the Juggernaut of vice. As we trace the successive careers in this bloody chapter of history, we are only following the gory trail of the serpent.

One hundred and thirty thousand people in France rejoiced that they were divinely appointed to save the nation from its sins,—but, they did not begin with themselves. In conjunction with the king, the clergy were living in riotous luxury. These vicars of God proved raving wolves in sheep's clothing. The poor man was instructed to believe that he must take with unquestioning simplicity, whatever is doled out to him by these noble priests; that he must give with unhesitating readiness, whatever is demanded of him by the trustees and managers of his earthly destiny. The subtle serpent beguiles men to employ the holiest vessels as receptacles of vice. Monastic walls long frescoed the blasphemous iniquity. The beginning of the end had come; for when the thermometer of the heart-life of a people registers zero, death and decay are imminent.

But, they were not alone the authors of crime in this period unique in infamy. Royalty was nursing vice in its legal and social chambers. Louis XIV. is one of the towering lights of history, for warning if not for guidance. His court is the most brilliant of modern times, but for the vipers that lurked within. Debauchoy was the fashion of the court. Louis was a Pharisee among the Pharisees; he did not forget his phylacteries, but he forgot his soul. He was immoral in his private relations. He strove to play the part of an Alexander and entered wars for conquest. Law cannot be violated with impunity. He was criminal; one of his diabolical crimes was the persecution of the Protestants. Never did a crime have so little justification; never was a crime followed with severer retribution. Shall not God avenge his own elect? Louis XIV. was destined to hear the rumbling of the gathering storm, and feel it shake his throne; his palaces became the monuments of folly; his persecutions sowed the seeds of discontent. While his dissipated frame was racked by fears of death, he bequeathed to his successor this legacy: A national debt; an unstable government; a discontented people.

Louis the XV. was a high-handed tyrant. And what was his character and that of his court? History blushes to tear away the veil. His reign was one of untold oppression. The poor man groaned beneath the crushing burdens of feudalism. He excited no compassion; he secured no redress. Louis XV. saw the threatening dangers and predicted "after us the deluge;" yet in blind fury he hardened to fulfil his prophecy. Sensuality ever robs a man of reason. His government was a tottering fabric, rotten in every part. Religion was long buried and decayed; morality lay mutilated and bleeding on the battlefield; patriotism had only a squadron to fight its cause; civil dissensions threatened to tear the state asunder,—and then Louis XV. died, leaving as heir to his estate.
the verge of collapse, his grandson, Louis XVI.

Well might Louis XVI, and his youthful bride, Marie Antoinette, kneel down in supplication to God for protection, before receiving the impotent sceptre of this kingdom; and their prayer was answered for the breath of scandal never tarnished their souls. Louis XVI, a modest, timid, moral young man. His ancestors had dissipated the powers of his kingdom; for two hundred years they had sown to the wind, and now their good-natured, princely offspring must reap the whirlwind. He was surrounded by traitors; he was the dupe of vicious men. Incarnate treason, a viper in the jungle, had long been lurking for this ill-starred moment, that it might leap upon its victim. Parties arise like mushrooms: Girondists, Jacobins, Royalists are pitted against each other. The flood-gates of Revolution are now opened upon a society already reeling in the intoxication of the senses.

The blaze of Revolution has burst forth. Men hesitate at few things and scruple at nothing. The maddened mob is king. See in that crowd the leader of the band. His anxious look betrays the venom in his soul. His face is grim with crime. He crawls upon the rostrum. It is Maximilian Robespierre. He poses as the liberator of France. He decrees that the churches be reopened. Arch-serpent masked with righteousness. The people worship him. Insanity has run its course. The sentimental murderer is turning France into one vast slaughterhouse. The bulletins of Paris are heavy with proscriptions. The innocent king falls first. He next turns upon the queen.

Behold, the guiltless figure of Marie Antoinette upon the scaffold! She has just been taken from a squalid dungeon, where wantonness had confined her in abject solitude, without a trial. Her husband's blood is still dripping from the guillotine, as she ascends the steps. Her babe was torn from her bosom, before she could smooth its tear-stained cheek with a parting kiss. Without an advocate, she stands alone to face the biting insult of a frenzied mob. A score of dreary hours has marred her beauty. Grinding grief has platted that crown of silver locks. Pain has ploughed deep furrows in her brow. Behold! a queen deprived of her crown; a wife robbed of her husband; a mother defrauded of her child. With a martyr's bravery she stands, displaying to the world that virtuous heroism which the scourge of injustice lashes from the innocent soul. The obedient blade does its cruel work. While the thistles in this field of vice are trampled upon, may the world never bruise this pure, unsullied daisy.

But let us take a look at that author of crime—Robespierre; he who has turned France into an inland lake of blood. He has not always been besmeared with gore; once, when a boy, he wept over his bleeding dog; today, he chuckles and goads over the innocent blood of his victims, as it trickles from that ruthless guillotine. He was hardened by the deceitfulness of sin. But, crime has ever found its man. Upon the very gibbet which he has reared to sacrifice his enemies, his friends will butcher him. The uninterrupted slaughter has edged the blade that will do its righteous work on the morrow. Tonight he is confined in a dreary dungeon, awaiting the fatal morn. A weird torch-light is shimmering into his dingy cell. The hoarse shrieks of the angry mob penetrate his ears. Dark night creeps over him, with that awful silence, more dreadful than the hercuest pain. With bony fingers, time points over that wasted desert of his life. In sepulchral tones, he hears the death warrant echoing from the wall. In the sobs of remorse, hear him muttering these tragic words:

"I remember, I remember the day when I was born,

The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn,

It never came a wink too soon, nor brought too long a day;

But now—I wish the night had borne my breath away."

The python's venom corrodes the purest soul.

The "Reign of Terror" has caused the government of France to totter. Destruction is the motto of the hour. The Girondists sacrificed the royal family; the Jacobins murder the Girondists; the Convention kills the Jacobins. Crime forged them a weapon to destroy their enemies,—but with that iron they transfixed their own breasts instead. The traitors of France were caught in the meshes of their own deceit.

And, now, when the work of destruction is consummated,
and there is nothing more to destroy, and starvation is imminent, the crux of events becomes apparent that Europe is preparing to quell the Revolution. In there yet a patriot in the ranks? True, there is a death of patriotism—but that is not the only spirit that animates men to battle. That young Corsican, the hero of Trafalgar, is a prodigy in military tactics; before his time the boldest monarch of Christendom quails. Napoleon is made emperor. Success is his; wherever he stamps his foot: Jena, Eylau, Austerlitz, herald his fame. Bonaparte is the arbiter of nations. His people idolize him. But—he pants for glory. Pride is firmly winding his strangling coils around him. Without a quiver of hesitancy he dares the basest deeds. For his invasion into Egypt, he stands before the tribunal of enlightened posterity as a criminal of the vilest order. The atrocious deed cried aloud to heaven for vengeance; and heaven heard the agonizing shrieks of misery, ascending from the ruins of Moscow; from the bloody battlefield of Peredino; from the gray Berching river; from the homes of widows and orphans. But, suffering has not ceased. He leads and that decile host follows. Now, he has dragged them to the "jaws of Death."

The great battle of Waterloo has begun. Every reader of history knows that memorable, closing scene of the French Revolution. We would not revive the horrible picture in your minds; nor would we deepen its dark and bloody hue. Yet, a touching little scene in the waning moments of that tragical hour, so vividly reveal that conceited, heartless, ungodly tyrant, Napoleon, that we may well pause and give it a passing attention.

The day is far spent and nothing but a blinding smoke and a deafening thunder fills the valley. Presently a stillness ensues. What means this hush? The French less has been so overwhelming that Napoleon has only the choice between two alternatives: A miraculous victory, or utter ruin. His Old Guard, the product of his genius, is his only stronghold. Those noble veterans, who had endangered their lives for his sake, he will now sacrifice upon the altar of ignoble pride. Ah, heroic friendship that exists between men; and disgustingly the deed that betrays that holy confidence. Those excellent heroes had sworn eternal allegiance to their leader; for they believed that he was honest. He risked them upon the overhanging cliff of a hideous precipice. He knew that he had lost that battle; but, he sent them upon the most improbable possibility, while he, like every coward, stood fifty furloughs from the pale of danger. The setting sun, hid from view nearly all day, pierces the clouds to take a paring glance at this momentous spectacle. Full of vigor, full of noble patriotism, this cohort of valor descend into the vale. On they move, up the slope, over the crest, and the Duke of Wellington cries, "Fire!" The batteries belch forth their flames. The hill trembles. The fiery brigade charges. Life cannot endure such madness. Deadly slaughter is on. Three hundred of these veterans are felled as by a thunderbolt. Decimated, but not discouraged, they try once more to form into squares,—but the thoughts of God are not the thoughts of men. It was enough. The vale was filled with bodies and the ground was drenched with blood. Nothing but the groans and the gasps of the dying fall upon our ears. But, yonder, amid the mangled mass of flesh and blood,—gaggling with the death-gurgle in his throat, streams of his victim's blood spurtting from his ghastly mouth; his glassy eyes yet staring into space; his coils shivering with a deadly tremor—we see that same serpent who has crawled his deceitful course through all this period, the author of cruelty and despotism; poisoning the immaculate purity of men's souls by vice, until he has dragged them to this doleful death.

The Power that makes for righteousness has now vanquished him in France, and may that people ever be grateful to the Conqueror.

Aside from the accomplished facts which every reader may glean from the political issue of this warfare, history makes a pleading appeal to this rushing age, which has no time for stragglers lingering by the wayside, to stroll through this graveyard of antiquity, and heed the inscriptions its muse has carved upon the tombstones. What has been the end of that long line of kings and statesmen? They have wished to stretch themselves beneath the shady boughs of that inviting tree of self, whose blossoms are as great a delusion as the luscious food of Tantalus, and whose fruit is as bitter as the apples of Sodom. And what of that man of destiny, Napoleon?
He coveted a boundless empire; he became a Prometheus, bound to the lonely rocks of St. Helena, with the vulture of remorse gnawing at his heart. They forgot their highest obligation: To serve God and humanity; and in their service of self, they ruined themselves, and cursed their nation. "O, that men might trace in history the equities of divine reward and through the darkness catch a glimpse of the fateful threads of woven fire, that connect error and retribution."

The Liberator of Protestantism.

The story of Mediaeval darkness teems with records of despair. An imbecile Charles IX. was the tool of a Catherine de Medici. A Philip II. of Spain ruled with cruel sway. An Alva delighted in his "court of blood." And these were the servants of the church. The worship of holiness had become an empty form. Crime and corruption deluded a blind and superstitious race. But reason dethroned must rule again. The discoveries of Columbus revolutionized ideas. The printing press forced man to think. A Luther battled against wrong, and the dawn of the new era appeared on the horizon. But conflicting creeds and hostile doctrines threaten Europe's destruction. Bitter is the existing anguish. Cruel are the ensuing battles. Savage is the shedding of human blood. Whence shall come freedom's savior? Whence shall come the Reformation's champion? Destiny points to the ice-bound regions of northern Europe, to the fairs of Sweden.

The combat over religious opinions had culminated in the Thirty Years' War. From the land of Huss to Protestant England had been heard the clamors for reformation. Bohemia had fought, but failed; England had hoped, yet feared. Upon the Imperial throne of Germany sat that proud and arrogant king, that bigoted prince, Ferdinand II., the incarnation of despotism. Ambitious sovereign, he would dictate to the world; unscrupulous monarch, no means so foul as to meet his disapproval. He saw in Protestantism its mortal enemy, and Protestantism must be crushed. He tears down its temples and erects scaffolds in their stead; he forbade its wor-
ment. At Leipsic he encounters the main force of the Imperial army. Tilly is in command of this mighty host. Tilly—hitherto invincible. The man whose name was synonymous with victory, the inspiration of the Imperialists, the hope of Ferdinand, was this day to meet Gustavus. Behold! Tilly trembles. Tilly has met his equal. The well-disciplined army of Gustavus, the military genius of its leader, the bravery of his soldiers, in the day. The battle was bloody and decisive. The spread of the empire was checked and Catholicism had lost her power.

The disdainful smile of Emperor Ferdinand has changed to an expression of terror. His restless eyes behold his devastated fields and his weakened soldiery. What once was strength and hope now is failure and despair. Catholic Europe can render him no aid. But in the mountain fastness of Bohemia lives in royal splendor his deposed general, the only man whose military prowess can cope with Gustavus. This is Wallenstein—he despised, treacherous, hated, W ILENSTEIN. His power is a menace to the Emperor, his wealth allures the world. The name of Wallenstein attracts countless armies. Plunder and pillage have ever enriched his soldiers. Defeat has never yet broken his ranks, for he was a soldier of ability, as well as of means, of intellect, as well as of ambition. Once more the Emperor sighed relief. Once more the hope of Catholicism inspired the masses. Once more the Catholic world arose in one grand body, in one tremendous effort. Shall Gustavus have come in vain? Shall the boundaries of the empire be without limit? Must German liberty suffer? Must Protestantism be crushed? Gustavus Adolphus answers.—No! The sturdy and resolute spirit of the soldier of the north, answers.—No! The God of battles, in whose hand lies the destiny of nations, answers.—No!

Near Lutzen these two armies meet. Upon this field does the enlightenment of the North grapple with the darkness of the Middle Ages. The minds of men, convulsed by the monastries, the corrupt brain of priest and despot, contend with the mighty German intellect. If Wallenstein gains the victory, then must German progress lie dormant yet for many years, then the liberties of all Europe are threatened, then England, too, may succumb, then might the future of America have been despotic rule. Before his army Gustavus kneels. To his God he offers prayer. The entire army kneels and heavenward floats the song "A mighty fortress is our God." Into battle move the hostile hosts. A flash of arms, and with thundering roar sweeps on the fierce struggle. Gustavus leads and backward reeds the foe. But yonder his left retreats. Gustavus turns and with speed terrifies gallops alone to aid the yielding forces. Gustavus falls, slain by a felon's hand. The wounded charger, covered with his rider's blood, soon revealed he army's cruel loss. Their only response, the cry—"Revenge." In the evening of the day the clash of arms has ceased. The call comes "Watchman, what of the night?" The answer, "All is well." Gustavus has accomplished his work: his mission has been fulfilled; his life has been well spent in the service of his fellow men and his God.

Greater praise has no man than this tribute to Gustavus, "He has performed the task his God had designed for him." Greater glory has no race than to succor a distressed people. If it be a mark of true greatness to fight in behalf of humanity, then let no one say that the history of Sweden records no great men. Her soldiers have made her a nation of heroes. Her noblest king is hailed with a radiance of glory, reflecting his honor throughout the ages. His life, towering high among the peaks of human greatness, has embodied something of the mountain's grandeur, something of its lofty men, something of its massive form. From the dizzy height of his nobility, like a torrent's stream, had flowed into the hearts of his men undaunted courage. In the gloom of battles, his presence, brilliant with the beauty of his soul, had dispelled the darkness with his Christ-like tolerance and mercy. Well may Sweden mourn at his death! But sorrow is not hers alone. The bells that toll her grief, resound beyond the Baltic's stormy seas, sweep on their doleful knell across the continent, through Germany, France, up the lofty Alps, reverberate through all Europe, and find their echo in every Protestant heart.

What has wreathed for him the garland of immortality? Was his motive to heed unselfishly the call of duty? Some
have blamed him for leaving his native land to settle disputes abroad. Some accuse him of undue ambition, of dissatisfaction with a little country's honors, of longings for the imperial throne. Shame on such sentiment! Mark well the situation. The object of Ferdinand was to annihilate Protestantism. With the accomplishment of his purpose the balance of power would be destroyed; Europe would lay prostrate this foot. A Cromwell would be impossible; Protestant England to fall; the hopes of the western world but a dream. Rebel states would meet the fate of a Magdeburg. Sweden would lose her nationality. The keen foresight of Gustavus foretold the threatening evils, and he laid his life upon the altar of freedom. His patriotism for his native land, saved Sweden. His obedience to duty, liberated Protestantism. For purity of motive rank him greatest of those who carried the sword.

Great as a soldier, great as a statesman, great as a king, yet greater than these, Gustavus Adolphus was a man. Strong in body, he was a type of physical manhood. Strong in character, he was morally beautiful. Strong in faith, he was a model in Christian virtues. King of Sweden, he was lovely as a peasant. General of large armies, no common soldier shared greater hardship. Truth guided his advance; mercy followed in his train; revengeful retaliation, he disdained. With his sword in his hand, with sincerity in his heart, with his eye on God, he was loved even by his enemies. War lost its cruelty; brute force no longer could dominate; mind and intellect now were paramount. War was humanized. He carried prayer into battle. The Bible was his constant companion. Tilly indulged in bloody massacres; Wallenstein robbed untold multitudes; Napoleon spared not even his own men. Tilly was a blood-thirsty fiend; Wallenstein, an usurper; Napoleon, a despot. Gustavus Adolphus was a man.

The name of Gustavus Adolphus will ever be the pride of history. A Robespierre is remembered for his shame; a Louis XIV., for his extravagance; an Alexander, for his conquest. But acquisition of territory belonged not to Gustavus; the poverty of his soldiers he fully shared; justice endeared him to his fellow-men. For renown of martyrdom, we read of a John Huss; for generalship, of a Caesar; for statecraft, of a Richelieu. Yet Gustavus made his country great; the weak forces of Protestantism he led to victory; he died in behalf of Europe. Not Sweden, but Europe, not Protestantism, but all the world will honor him as their hero—the archetype of world martyrs—the liberator of Protestantism.

China the burial-ground of the ages; Cathay, the Gibraltar of the centuries—behold here the battle-ground of civilization's mightiest conflict. A nation for centuries asleep has suddenly awakened to find itself in the midst of a struggle whose result will be either annihilation or a new and progressive existence. Stagnation against progress, the dead against the living, past against present—this is the conflict in China. A civilization wistfully looking backward has met a civilization hopefully pressing forward. A clash must come. Can the Empire of the Yellow Dragon survive such a conflict? An unlimited wealth of resources, a past whose glories are unparalleled in history, a people whose national characteristics can nowhere be equalled, all unite in one mighty "Yes."

China has a past. No country on earth can boast in such glory of past achievement as can this Nestor among nations. When our ancestors were savages wandering half-clad through the forests of Western Europe, China had attained to a civilization which has survived Time's ravaging hand and has not yet ceased to be a marvel to the unprejudiced Western mind. Long before a Socrates taught, a Confucius had given the Chinese people a code of morals never since equalled by a mere man. When an Alexander conquered, the conquests of the Five Great Kings had become history so old as to be almost forgotten. There is no master-stroke of genius, no attainment of valor, no intellectual triumph that does not find its equal in the story of Chinese achievement. Indeed, the record of Chinese social progress in the ages ere Western history began cannot but teach a lesson of humility to any but the most arrogant. Is it, then, any wonder that the China-
man glories in his past and seeks to pattern the present after it? China's past greatness, her national characteristics, and her present possibilities the Western censor will wisely refrain from criticizing.

The character of a nation is determined by the character of the individual and the character of his religion. Buddhism, is reasonable, but its supporters are weak and stupid; hence, India's development long since ceased and her nationality is no more. Mohammedanism is unreasonable, the followers of the False Prophet are fierce and warlike, and the power of the Sultan is felt on three continents. The American is virile and progressive, and his religion is one of love and light; hence, there has arisen a nation whose progress and development have challenged the admiration of the world. The Chinaman is respectful and reverential, the chief tenets of Confucianism are morality and love for the government; as a result, the Chinese are a people whose unity in government and pride in their nation can nowhere be surpassed. National pride has ever been the incentive to deeds of sublimest patriotism. It caused Poland to fight to the death rather than compromise her past greatness. It fired Greece to rise and throw off the yoke of the Sultan. It sustained Holland in her long struggle against Spanish cruelty, and still keeps her what she is. It has strengthened the Chinaman to see for six centuries an alien upon the throne, and never complain so long as his country was safe. If anything is done to crush this noble pride, it will cause him to resist until the last drop of Chinese blood has been shed to preserve his country's integrity.

Notwithstanding all this, China is an empire of the dead. Chinese life is a paradox. The living are dead, and the dead live. The bony fingers of Confucius today still hold the sceptre more firmly than they did centuries ago. As counsellors, the nation has the wan and pallid shades of all the sages and wise men from Mencius to the "literatus" who but yesterday ended his musty existence. Truly, Pluto's shadowy realm is above compare to this uncanny mixture of the living and the dead. The shrine of the ancestor rules in every home. The smoke of ancestral incense never ceases to rise and hide from Chinese eyes the sun of progress as it shines above. Where death is life, where is the advantage of being truly alive? When dead learning plays the tyrant over living minds, where is there place for the exercise of that sublimest of God's gifts to man—intelligence? When the present is lost in the past, can a future be at all? When the precepts and precedents of the dead rule the living, where is room for progress? A living nation is dead, dead to the world, dead to itself.

A change must take place. Latent possibilities, slumbering ideas have never been of advantage to humanity. When brought out by some crisis, some crucial moment, then do they become mighty factors in the "parliament of man." Then Cincinnatus the plowman becomes Cincinnatus the savior of Rome. Then Paul the persecutor becomes Paul the champion of righteousness. Then Lincoln the rail-splitter becomes Lincoln the preserver of a mighty nation's unity. To such a crisis China now has come. A glorious past demands its counterpart in the present. Four hundred million souls, crushed beneath the weight of ideas for centuries dead, ask that they be allowed to exercise their individuality. The world demands that exclusion be forever banished from the Chinese mind. Civilization asks that she be allowed to show her uplifting influence to China also. The dead must be made truly dead and the living truly alive, alive to their opportunities, alive to their responsibilities.

Who will show us this great good? From the days when the pyramids were young, civilization has never wanted a champion when foes waxed bold and dangers threatened. Who now will bring to China the light of a new existence? Can British commercialism uplift secluded Cathay? Can the old enmity for the Flowery Kingdom ever be forgotten? Can Russian greed teach to unselfish Chinese the beauties of Western civilization? Can German militarism ever show forth the blessings of peace? Can America, already overburdened with the guardianship of peoples in two hemispheres, become sponsor for China also? Let the powers beware. No one yet has with impunity tried to bridle the Yellow Dragon. China has conquered all her conquerors. She has vanquished all her victors. She has absorbed all who with hostile foot trampled upon the graves of her ancestors, or with ruthless tread entered her sacred pagodas. Chinese nature changes not. Mere
self-interest, aside from the eternal rights of justice, demands that the powers abandon all thought of self-aggrandizement and territorial expansion.

Is there, then, none to show to poor China the beauties of a regenerated civilization? None beyond the fertile plains of thy neighbors, O China, beyond the mountain fastnesses of the Ural, in the lands where might makes right, where petty quarrels sap the intellects of statesmen. None beyond the mighty Ocean of Peace, in the land already overburdened with the care of her own foster-children. To see the power that will bring to thee a counterpart of thy past greatness, hold before thee the mirror of reason. What dost thou see? China. China must be the savior of the Chinese. China, blinded by prejudice, soured by seclusion, stagnated through following the past—China must raise the banner of progress over Central Asia.

Hot-house civilization is a failure. Lasting civilization must be the outcome of a gradual, consistent growth toward better things. No race has ever flourished under a forced development. The American Indian was not deficient in character, the benefits with which we tried to enrich him were above reproach, but the red man was unprepared to enjoy them. And a few more years will see the last brave depart on his long journey to the Great Spirit. Modern civilization, if thrust upon China under her present conditions, would intoxicate her. She is not yet fully prepared. Too much does love for the past still rule in every heart. Too much does disdain for progress still prejudice the Chinese mind. Too much does fear of the foreigner begat hatred of the foreigner's ideas. Education must gradually banish all these from the Chinese mind—education, not according to Western ideals, but according to Chinese ideals. The ideals of Confucius, if followed not as they now are but as they were given forth by the seer himself, would today place China among the foremost of the consistently civilized nations of the world. But great men are often misunderstood. Their lofty thoughts and sentiments can be but poorly reflected in the imperfect minds of their followers. The Epicureans fall far below the teachings of their Epicurus. The Chinese have fallen far short of rightly understanding the principles of their great prophet.

China feels its need; the world knows it.

China is ready for the change. Long enough has seclusion wrought its deadly work. Long enough have dead ideas lulled into slumber a mighty nation. With the awakening, dreams of past greatness will vanish and realities of future existence will demand attention. Already the leaven of progress is at work. The mighty begin to feel their weakness; the learned are becoming aware of their ignorance; the pious begin to recognize their misdirected piety. The common people are clamoring for education, and education must be given them. Education in Western methods is their great need. Not Chinese ideals but Chinese methods of applying ideals have been shown upon the people their lethargic state. China can furnish the intellect, the West must bring it out and apply it. "Chinese ideals and Western methods," this is the cry now heard from every corner of the Yellow Kingdom. The Emperor heard the slogan, and answered by instituting reforms more sweeping than are asked by Western nations today. The Dowager heard it, and answered by depositing the progressive Emperor, and sending beneath the axe six of the foremost champions of progress. The cause of progress has been hallowed by the blood of martyrs and sealed by the death of its most ardent disciples. In the angels' scroll whereon are written the names of humanity's benefactors, will appear in bright letters the names of these unknown martyrs, yellow in color, but white in their love for their fellow-man. Shall their sacrifice go unrewarded? Shall the struggle for civilization, so nobly begun, be laid down because, forsooth, a Jezebel upon the throne favors it not? Such a sacrifice cannot be in vain. The tide of progress, for a time stemmed by the dead bodies of these unselfish heroes, will ere long break forth from every Chinese home, sweep from China's throne civilization's bitterest enemy, break down the barriers of seclusion, and flowing on, will bring to lands unknown a new existence whose beauties eye has never seen.

China, the day of thy salvation is at hand. Rouse thee, prepare for thy deliverance. Cast off the filthy mantle of prejudice. Clothe thyself with the garment of reason and equity. The future of thy sons is in thy hand. Receive now the ambassadors of better things. Open thy doors to the
blessed messengers of progress. Then, on the north, thy fertile plains will feel the touch of industry’s hand, and leap to make reply. Then on the west, thy savage neighbors will see the beauties of advancement, and, seeing, will be blessed. Then, on the east, thy brine-kissed shores will know the wonders of the shores beyond, and, knowing, will declare them unto thee. While, on the south, the giant Himalayas shall stand as silent sentinels of a mighty nation’s honor. Then national pride joined with national progress, the spirit of advancement with the spirit of reverence for the past, the morality of Confucius with the gospel of Christ will establish China the world power of the Orient—new, but old as time itself.

The Battle of Tours.

I. The history of the world is a record of strife. Men have not always been willing to say with the Patriarch of old, “If thou goest to the right I will go to the left.” On the contrary, the spirit of jealousy and greed has driven men to “wade through lakes of blood” for the sake of conquest. Rome sought to embrace the world but vice and corruption drove her on to ruin. Carthage strove for supremacy but met her Seipio. So the dark cloud of Mohammedanism which rose on the eastern horizon and for a time cast its gloom over Christianity was destined to spend its fury in Southern Gaul. In the sixth century the Arabs suddenly developed a strong army and for a time it seems that they are to direct the future course of mankind. By rapid conquest they subdue Persia, Egypt, Carthage and Spain. Still they move on booty and plunder lure them forth to Tours, their doom.

II. Let us for a moment consider the political situation of Europe and Asia at the time of this decisive battle. Rome, so long the mistress of the world and the home of civilization lay utterly exhausted. She had risen, flourished and passed on to oblivion. Her provinces were being carved away by the fierce Barbarians from the north and by an equally detestable people from the south—the greedy Arabs. Although three centuries elapsed since the “Germanic conquerors had crossed the Rhine,” the people of Gaul were disunited in customs and languages. The Franks were too much absorbed in other wars to fully establish their authority over these listless tribes. Such was the deplorable state of affairs in Gaul when the Arab hordes swept down upon their coveted prey.

The Saracens on the other hand, living in the almost inaccessible deserts of Arabia, had never as a people bowed their necks to a foreign conqueror. What knew they of the outer world? Superstitious idolatry was their religion. But Fate had decreed that Arabia too, should play her part in the history of the world. In the city of Mecca in the year 632 there was born a child destined to become the founder of a great religion—a religion fated to shake the very foundations of Christianity. The growth of Mohammedanism is known to you all. The followers of the false prophet become fanatics. Their only ambition is to claim the world for the crescent. They march from the sandy deserts of Arabia to the fertile fields of sunny Gaul. Nowhere are they decisively defeated. Everywhere men fall before their cruel swords as grass falls before the sickle. Victory followed victory. Now they attack the famous camping ground of Hannibal. All Europe becomes alarmed at their advance. Romans and Goths hasten to the coast of Africa to aid the Christians in the struggle against the curse that threatens Europe and Africa alike. But all to no avail. Carthage falls. Spain is next attacked and in a short time the last of the Visigoths is dethroned. Now the conquered territory of the Moslems extends in the form of a huge crescent from Constantinople to the outskirts of western Europe. Like a mighty giant Mohammedanism seeks to fold her despotic arms and thus to crush the last spark of life out of European civilization. All the Christian world is trembling. Where, O where can the invaders be checked.

The Merovingian house of the Franks had lost the ferocious spirit which characterized a Clovis. Her kings “ascended the throne without power and sunk into the grave without a name.” Rival princes were constantly at war amongst themselves to establish their own power over disputed provinces. But at this crisis personal ambitions are forgotten and a young
prince of the Austrian Franks is chosen to check if possible the course of the invaders. It required no solicitation to induce Karl to accept the leadership. He had seen the advance of the Arabs for the last few years and knew that if they were not checked in southern France the future course of Europe would be directed by Asia. Summoning his warriors he hastens to meet the Moslems at Tours.

Meanwhile the Arabs had devastated many of the rich cities of Spain and Gaul. They now cast their greedy eyes at the riches collected at Tours. But the star of Mohammedanism has reached its zenith. The haughty Arab general, on hearing that an army is assembled there, becomes incensed. "Who are these that dare oppose the forces of Allah? Have not my armies scattered many a foe?" With scorn he regards the opposition. With mockery he hears the command to halt. Thus they meet. Upon this single battle depends the future course of history.

At the fall of Babylon the "sceptre of dominion" had passed from the hands of the Semetic family of mankind to the more skilful guardianship of the Aryan family. Shall it now be taken back or shall it still be swayed by the western nations? Shall civilization be trampled under foot or shall it still go on to bless humanity? Shall the cross be replaced by the crescent? Shall Mohammed rule or Christ? Let Tours decide.

It is on an October morning of the year 732. All Europe is in suspense. Silence broods over the field on which presently is to be enacted the greatest scene in the drama of history. In the army of Charles are men fighting for their homes and for their religion. The followers of the false prophet have lost their early zeal for Allah and are thirsting for booty and plunder. For a week preparations go on. At length the Moslems, maddened by the delay, venture an attack. Like demons of hell they dash upon the Christians. Fiercely they make an assault. But the Franks are not dismayed. The defenders of the cross hold their own. Above the din of armor and the clash of steel is heard the groan of death. Fiercer and yet fiercer goes the fight. Louder and louder the Arabs shout. Here the exulting cry of victory, there the wail of despair declare that "war is hell." The Saracens have hacked their way into the midst of the Christians. The earth is drenched with blood and covered with the bodies of the dead and the dying. Fearful the carnage. But Divine Providence interferes. The Christ for whom the Christian-fight scatters the followers of the false prophet. The Arabs retreat. Discipline is unheeded. The army is on confusion. Fear of death has scattered the hordes of Moslems. Ah, now the Franks take courage. They press hard upon the retreating foe. On them now ye noble champions of civilization! Cut them down and Europe is free! The faithless Arabs desert their leader. He is slain upon the field he coveted to win. Night puts an end to the slaughter. The Europeans, in ecstasies of joy, return to their camps. Dismay is stamped upon the swarthy faces of the Mohammedans. They have met their first defeat. Morning finds the Franks ready to resume the battle. But, save for the gasp of dying men, the field is quiet. The Franks have fled. The battle is over. The world breathes freer. Never, perhaps, in all his course did the sun behold a more pitiable sight than met his gaze the morning after that memorable battle. Side by side upon that bloody field lay Christian and Mohammedan.

III. But the price paid for the victory was not an exorbitant one. From our twentieth century viewpoint history shows us that upon that battle depended the political as well as the religious welfare of Europe and the world. Politically, a new era was about to dawn for Europe. The Arabs were soon driven from Gaul and never again attempted to gain a foothold north of the Pyrenees. In a short time Charles and his son brought order to the chaotic state of France. Indeed, the year 732 is the birthday of modern European governments. Clouds of trouble have often overshadowed Europe since that memorable year; but civilization from that time forth went forward with sure and rapid strides. Christendom, though often sorely torn by internal troubles, was safe.

But what would have been the result if the Franks had been defeated? The Arabs had marched from the "Rock of Gibraltar" to the outskirts of western Europe—a distance of over 1,000 miles. Victorious at Tours, where would they not have gone? Could the Rhine offer greater resistance to their
progress than either the Euphrates or the Nile? Were the tribes between the borders of France and the utmost confines of Poland fiercer in battle than the inhabitants of Spain and Africa? Ah, Europe, in the face of these things ever remember your protectors, the Franks.

Tours is past. But we are still plucking the fruits of that victory. Look for a moment at the countries of earth where the religion of Mohammed is firmly rooted. Under the fatalism of the Koran, how can there be enterprise? Polygamy has done away with the sanctity of family life. The hateful doctrines of Islam permit slavery and foster despotism. Such are a few of the defects of Mohammedanism. Because of these and many other scarcely less despicable doctrines, the religion of the false prophet blights races as mildew taints the beautiful rose.

And now in some lonely spot in far away France, reeds bend over the grave of the hero of Tours. His name is but little revered. Yet through vast ages to come his glory shall remain unsullied. France, honor your hero. Europe, adore your savior. Christianity, behold your mightiest champion, Charles Martel.