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THE ANCHOR

Out of Darkness into Light.
How is nature so calm? Why is that line of willows, overhanging the dusty road, so silent that not even the gust of one airy wave disturbs it in its stillness? Why do yonder cattle, raising their heads and anxiously sniffing the air, now lowering, leave the hilltop? Why does the wandering butterfly, strolling in her aimless course from cup to cup, and drinking sweet nectar out of the golden goblets, let her rapturous flight and be taken herself beneath the leaves of some prairie weed? Why does even the grasshopper cease his merry, but pathetic and croaking chirp? Why do all living, breathing beings, even reptiles and insects, instinctively cease their daily roamin's? How still, how solemn is the hour, and yet have the fiery steeds of the sky not sped half their course through the blue heavens.

How foreboding of unusual things to come is nature! The weary traveler, fain to rest his morbid limbs, stretches himself life-length on the heath in the shade of the willows. Even the horse, which the venerable peasant, seated on his light cart, drives down the hill, droops his head. Now unlike other times, he has none of that head-toning, ground-grapping, nostril-in-play vehemence so peculiar to the equine species. The maple groves, that otherwise are vocal with the celestial intonations of the feathered musicians, are now hushed in an awful silence. The birds have slowly sought their nests, save that the domestic sparrow, restlessly hovering about the farmhouse, instinctively seems to fear the foreboding threat of nature's blast. The sky is clear with a tranquil blue; the earth calm with an oppressive silence, etc.

The sun has long since passed its meridian. Like the expecting throng sally slowly forth to meet its king with abundant applause, the north wind rustling the leaves of the poplars on both sides of the lane leading to yonder farmhouse and waving the branches of the beech-trees, haild the coming of the summer that has gradually been augmenting in the south-west. Just as the briny waves at neap-tide recede from the shore, the southern and western horizons sink before the two mountains of threatening clouds, monstros in form, exquisitely in beauty, infinite in the inspiration of awe. Ah! man, accustomed to base uses, stares at them and stands appalled. He is rightly thus, for within him, at the sight of such endless beauty, he smells the notes of praise, laid dormant in the human breast awaiting a period and circumstances to show themselves and stand out beneath the purity and rapture of nature. Now, the traveler awakes from his slumber. The lines of delight so visibly printed on his countenance are the sure marks that he hails the gathering shower.

It is now far past mid-day. Lower and lower sinks the sun; higher and higher rise the clouds. What sight of beauty and sublimity! At every glance we cast upon it, new emotions arise within our breasts. What monstrous, formless shapes; the tops tinged by the silvery light of the sun; the huge snow-like crested crag resting on black pedestals and overhanging the earth. Higher and higher they rise; nearer and nearer they approach. The sun, too, hides her unstained beauty before that of the clouds, and, stepping behind them, he wraps the sky in sable gloom. But see! how vivid, fierce, fiery lightning flashes shoot through the sky! Hark! how the awful roar of thunder rolls rattling through the caverns of heaven, and re-echoes, again and again, and faintly again, through the valley, from hill to hill!

The two clouds have joined. As when Aeolus opens the barred gates, wherein he did hide his children for a long seclusion, Notus and Zephyrus in one mad chase speed forth. Oh, see! is that the wind, or a gigantic channel through which the rain shall soon descend. It comes down making frantic curves as it descends. Now the pivot of the storm strikes down at the hillside, the impetuous whirl-wind grapnels in the sand and weaves gigantic masses heavenward through the Maelstrom of winds. Hear the terrific blast, a noise equal to the discharge of a thousand cannon. Is this then doomsday? Has the earth left her foundations in the firmament, in one moment, with all the latent energy of the elements destroying man and his childlike works?

It comes nearer. Divine admiration changes into unutterable adoration: adoration into involuntary awe; awe into uncontrollable fear. Man applauds, attends, and trembles. See that farm-house approached! The storm has come. As the thawing snow glides slowly off a craggy precipice of the Alps, and, rolling along the downward slope, gradually growing as it rolls, and when it reaches a steeper declivity, devolving with greater rapidity, adding new layers of snow to its compact form, until, reaching the mountain-base, it sweeps along in its course with a tremendous velocity, hurling along the crackling woods and giant rocks, whirling madly on, thundering down the plain, the mighty rogue descends, crushing villas, and covering cities, creating endless catastrophe everywhere—so the hurricane comes on, and, reaching the farm-house, bent on its destruction, throws its force against it, shakes it, lifts it from its foundation, whirls it around, lifts it in the air, tears it in fragments, sucks them up to heaven, and, speeding on with the noise of a hundred river-waters descending on the deep, it indifferently spreads its booty through the dark heavens. Hear the roar of the winds, the tempest whistling still with unabated fury! He! oh, man, he! whither shall thou escape from thy destruction? Down, in the ditch along the grading, down, down, hold to the weeds! Weak voices slackening, silenced cries, bodies kneeling prostrate before the elements, souls praying to heaven for safety, darkness brooding on the land. every obstacle taken along or covered with stiffening mud, man, stifled, feeling his helplessness and insignificance when the Lord of the mighty ones rides on the gales: it is passed—silence—relief—alive and unhurt. Slowly the storm passes out of sight.

Now the sun once more treads in view, he gazes down and beholds the community, but it is desolate. All tranquil movements, life itself, and even the vestiges of it, have ceased;
the buildings are scattered far and wide, the brush bends down with the heavy weight of muck; the poplars along the lane, uprooted, are carried along and dropped on some distant field. Is then all destroyed? Ah, no.

Those majestic, stately, strong, massive beech trees near the brook, still stand; quaint remnants of a once happy psalm. As a hundred waves crash upon the rocky shore, the storm came on; as the rocky shore drives a hundred waves, the beech trees defied the storm. The sun, ashamed of the tearing and destruction carried on in the space that measures his reign, hides his blushing face.

What a ghastly scene does the catastrophe now present to the solitary beholder! Grim forms move among the fragments of the shattered home!

From under the mound of boards and rafters that once formed the roof of the gentle dwelling arched two innocent little hands, the blood trickling out of their veins. Those little hands which yesterday played so peaceably, indifferently, stroked them along the rugged path, downward to the creek, hands that yesterday crushcd the butterfly; little hands, that with soft caress stroked the purring cat; mischief and tenderness alike are now breathed beneath a young maiden's mound. There, under the flat, sere, plaster robbed front of the house, is a boy, yet in the flush of youth. From between his parted locks, out of an open gash, streams blood. The grim horns, one of them carrying a dimly glowing lantern, lifting up boards here and timbers there, seeking and searching, come nearer the bleeding children. The faint light falls on the face of the little girl. With one accord they grasp the boards and lift the pile away. The boy, too, is found. What a scene! Their faces scarred and stained with gore, their limbs broken, their bodies torn, the glare of the lantern on his sallow features, three men standing with bounden visage around them in the darkness of night, presents a ghastly sight to the sympathetic beholder. One of the men, a venerable sire, turns his face in his terness, tears start in his eye, checks his body shales, his emotional nature struggles. He endeavors to speak; but he can not: his breast heaves, but his tongue refuses to speak the word: his heart beats forth, and he faints in a waiting mean. He transpires and utter's the tones of grief.—Oh! Elmer! Oh! Anna! will you no more cast your loving eyes upon your despoiting father? Ah! speak—speak one more word! Oh! God! how can I endure! Is this then Thy sovereign will to take from me my children, my joy, my hope, to bind, then, have I committed against Thee that Thou dost thus visit me with Thy Almighty Hand? O, my children, fair and bright were ye, bright and fair as the dew glistening in the morning sun! Lovely as the birds of Heaven, never can I more see the tears of your despondent father! Ah, is Anna dead! Has Elmer left my side—head? and, swarming, he falls on the ground. The two men take him up, aside of the dead clay that was once his son and daughter, and lay him on a wagon that stands near; then they slowly ride away into the dusky twilight.

The moon now rises to behold the sight. Her sympathetic face that was wont to smile, is now hid in the shadow of grief; and in tenderness and compassion she looks, mourning in silence. She spreads her radiant light over the damaged fields, where dark woods are sighing over the dead, and kissing the remnants of the foliage that once their hands might have touched....

Morning has come again, and, with it, the brightness of a new day. The birds that fled before the storm, in vain seek their nests. Unlike other times, the farmers do not drive their teams astir, but rummaging among the ruins, beholding the desolation, seek for their lost relatives and destroyed possessions. Joy dwells with grief when compassion beholds the afflicted. From the surrounding towns and immediate community, come hundreds of sympathizers to see the destruction. Many a relieved one do they for the sufferers; to the bereaved they speak many a kind word. At yonder farm, the farmer was not at home, but his wife, the wife of his neighbor, and his two children, there found death. Carcasses of hogs, cattle, and horses, are scattered around in wild profusion. Further along the road-side lies the dying wretch. He is approached. He hicks the hands stretched out to him, and, glaring with his rolling eyes, he moves the bystanders to pity.

A mile north of this place stood a schoolhouse. Day after day, the children of the neighborhood were accustomed to gather there to learn from their youthful teacher their lives' lessons. Glorious were their hearts when yesterday he approached. Now no children assemble there. Even aught of the structure stands. A mournful stroll around the ruins. The sun-cap she wears, covers her visage, shielding it from the insipid eyes of the bystanders. Her father, an old man with auricular face, walks beside her. The sun plays with his hoary locks. He is tall and robust; she bends down and is dejected. Fruitlessly she seeks remembrance of him who was clearer than life. Attend, O ruthless man, intrude not upon the repose of holy and devoted love. Darken not the strown upon her happiness by rude, unavailing, and feelingly injurious.

Hark! hear those somber and melancholy bells: Toll—toll—toll! It is the last tribute of down-stricken community to the memory of the dead. Toll—toll—toll—all nature mourns. Yes, toll on, ye tongue of human sympathy, toll on, toll on to day.

Commencement-week Music.

WM. MOLDRICK. '66.

T t is not my purpose to write an essay. My desire is to put in a simple place, on some other more timely occasion, if its desired, I may send you some thoughts, the fruit of experience, on "The Importance of Knowledge and Gifts for Ministers of the Gospel." Now, however, as Commencement Week again approaches, I feel constrained to plead

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for Instrumental and Vocal Music, by home talent, exclusively. Unless I am greatly mistaken, many other alumni and visitors, as well as myself, have felt disappointed and mortified, for several years past, when the music during Commencement Week was rendered, chiefly, by outside talent. This seems to me to be a reflection on our institutions and students.

A stranger must necessarily conclude that there is no musical talent among our students, or that our Institution does not provide for musical instruction, neither of which is true, as we believe.

In the pioneer days of Holland Academy and Hope College, and for several years thereafter, the music on Commencement occasions was rendered by the students themselves. And, although no one claims that the music then was classical or artistic, or of a high order as concerned its execution, it was the students’ own work, rendered without any outside aid; it was usually appropriate and highly appreciated by the public in attendance.

All visitors were pleased with and proud of the musical as well as of the literary and oratorical attainments of the students.

Now, with better qualified musical instructors in Hope, for several years past, one is inclined to ask, why the students of to-day should not render their own music on these annual occasions? If they are not capable of so doing, it would seem that the blame must be laid at the door of the musical teachers, for it is impossible to believe that among more than two hundred students, male and female, there is not sufficient and suitable talent, to give us good vocal and instrumental music.

Have the friends and patrons of our institutions a right to expect, that our Commencement music should be furnished by the students and that it should compare favorably with the music of other institutions?

Suppose, that the societies and classes should introduce outside talent to deliver essays and declamations and orations, would it not be impertinent and a disgrace? But should not the music be rendered by home talent as well?

Visitors do not come to Hope’s Commencement to hear musicians from Grand Rapids and other neighboring towns. They can hear better music at home almost any day. We come to listen to our sons and daughters, and brothers and sisters, and to see what proficiency they have acquired in literature, and oratory, and music.

These annual public exercises are, or should be, an exposition of the material which our institutions are capable of turning out.

Hence we plead for music by home talent exclusively, at our coming Commencement. We do not desire some Latin or Italian songs, but plain, popular, sensible, English music, rendered not in operatic style, but in a natural and intelligible manner. And we are not afraid to guarantee, that the public will be pleased and will applaud our students for their honest efforts.

THE ANCHOR.

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Notes and Comments.

This month, the ANCHOR comes to our readers all new. It is the hands of a newly elected Board of Editors, who, after consulting the Board of Directors, decided to present the paper as it now appears. Its structure is complete, with the exception of the cover pages. We desire a new design for the first page, and do now kindly ask any of our readers, who have suggestions or original designs, to forward such to our address.

The new management has no outward announcement. The ANCHOR’s constitution states that the paper shall be published in the interest of and by the students of the college, and we shall endeavor to do so to the best of our ability. It shall be our endeavor to make the paper the best possible, and interesting to all our readers, and we ask for the support of all the students and alumni. We invite all the students to criticise and suggest, and, especially, wish them to understand that it is their paper.

The marking system is and, perhaps, will continue to remain one of the most perplexing problems, for college authorities to settle, at least to settle it in such a way that the system will receive endorsement of all who must yield to its methods. We do not wish to be captious in any way, but universal sentiment induces us to comment briefly upon our present system of marking. The resolution passed by the faculty last year that all examination papers must carry a mark of seventy per cent, and consequently, class standing taken into little consideration, is not being received by the students as favorably as was expected, and justly so. The objection lies on the surface. We ask the question. Should a person be judged by an examination standing to such a degree that class work becomes an insignificant part of a term’s work? The object of a college course is to teach students the best possible way to obtain mental discipline, to become systematic in methods of study, to retain, as far as possible, the knowledge received, and to recall it when necessity urges. In the first place, to base the system of marking upon examination standings will never be an incentive for good, solid, enjoyable, profitable class work, and is it not natural for the best student in some degree to neglect daily plodding when class work counts for nothing? Besides, is there anything that will encourage "creaming" for examinations more than by placing undue stress upon examination marks? This is what it ultimately leads to, and the consequence is, there will be a discouraged, if not a disgusted, band of students, and also professors. There
is another argument of not less consequence, that is, justice can never be done to the best students. The examination might be of such a nature that questions are given which have been somewhat overlooked by some and fortunately studied by others; or a slight physical illness to some extent might disable the student for the time being, that the greatest injustice is inflicted upon the one who diligently and conscientiously, and with assiduous application masters the subject in hand. We believe in thorough work: we believe in conscientious work; and, consequently, we believe in class standings, and not in the invidious injustice inflicted by examination ciphers. Why not follow the wisely adopted plans of many of our higher institutions of learning? A class standing of ninety, or even eighty-five, should be sufficient to pass a student on any branch of study without examination, provided the right marking system is employed; and there is nothing that will so stimulate honest toil, even entirely abolishing examination “cheating” if there is any real mutual interest, and so create general satisfaction as a system of marking that gives a just renumeration for work performed.

The movement looking to reduce the college course from four to three years, as inaugurated by President Eliot of Harvard, has elicited much diversified comment from prominent educators. Several leading institutions also anticipate the adoption of the system, if the experiment proves successful. This plan of completing a college course in three years, is in thorough harmony with the practical tendencies in this country. (See Echo, is the question Americans first ask. Everything is done with a view to practical utility without regard for thoroughness, and we believe this is a serious defect in President Eliot’s one-sided system. Four years’ work can never be accomplished in three, by an ordinary student, without seriously impairing the quality of the work as well as diminishing the quantity. Although the number of courses would be reduced from sixteen to fifteen, nevertheless the plans saves too much of cramming the mind. The element of time should never be disregarded in education, for it acts as an important factor in the development and, especially, in the strengthening of one’s intellectual powers.

The adoption of the three years system would also lessen the importance attached to all around college course, and lay more stress upon specialization after graduation. The tendency, now-a-days, is to hurry students into professionalism, and in all this there is danger of neglecting the laying of solid foundations, and of training narrow, one-sided men. It would reverse the old system of having four years for collegiate training, and two or three for specialization. We are of opinion that the tendency toward early specialization results in a reaction instead of re-enforcement, and, therefore, would prefer to cling to a good broad collegiate training of four years.

“Uses of the Study of History” is a very suggestive article in the March number of the Butler Collegian. To the questions, “Who are we? Whence do we come? Whither do we go?” it

touches the main spring of historical knowledge and research, and indicates the thorough mastery of the subject. Articles of this nature should more and more grace the columns of our college journals. There is a tendency in nearly all our college papers to incline too much to superficial work, not at all intimating that college journalism is on the decline, on the contrary, our colleges are becoming centers of literary merit, but there is too much of the “easygoing” college spirit in it, and, articles in which suggestive and thoughtful sentiments are penned, are few in the majority of our papers. The athletic news, college news, alumni news, society items, etc., all must be there, and even the ridiculous makes a college paper spicy and nippy, but the too ridiculous lowers the dignity of college journalism, as well as of any other publication, although students are generally classed among the excusable. The Butler Collegian, in every respect, is a model paper, and worthy of imitation, and the nature of the article already alluded to, raise the standard of many a college publication, if followed.

We learn from Prof. Nykerk, that he has lately received several valuable additions to his collection of specimens for the class in geology. The donors are students of the Preparatory Department. These nobles who are able and willing to help in this way.

Now that Spring has again come upon us, and the campus is beginning to exchange its dismal garb of winter for verdant robes of awakening Spring, it would be well for us as students not to thwart Dame Nature in her attempts at beautifying the college campus. Disgraceful as it is to mention the fact, though we are ready enough to laud the natural beauty of our campus, with equally characteristic persistence do we disfigure it by our heedlessness.

Despite the kindest behests from the powers that be and our fondest appreciation of the beautiful, we will use the green sward as foot-paths instead of the walks. There is an old homely adage that says, “it is a foul bird that spoils its own nest.” Let each one draw the lesson it teaches for himself and act accordingly.

De Alumnis.

I EDITED BY J. VAN ES, ’89.

REVIEW.

In continuance of the review of the several classes that graduated from Hope College, we have now arrived at the class of 1886.

Besides being the largest of the classes that graduated from Hope, it was also, indeed, a model class, for, of the ten young men, eight have eventually turned out to be ministers of the gospel, while one chose another honorable occupation, that of doctor of dental surgery. The remaining member was P. M. Eisenius, who died July 20, 1881, while in pursuit of a theological course at the Western Theological Seminary. Apparently, mother
Hope had already in those days established her fame as having a high ambition that her children should follow the footsteps of the pious and devout early-settlers, to whom she is indebted for her existence.

Upon graduation from Hope, W. G. Baas, entered the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick. After finishing his course there in 1883, he labored as a missionary among the Hollanders in Wayne county, N. Y., residing at Arcadia. In 1888, one of the mission churches at Palmyra, N. Y., called him as their pastor. This field he left in a hopeful and flourishing condition in 1891, when he received and accepted a call to be pastor of the Reformed church at Beavardam, Mich., his present location.

Rev. Abraham Stegeman is at present shepherding that part of the Master's flock which constitutes the Reformed Church of New Holland, Mich. His former field of labor was in Harrison, South Dakota, where he was from the time of his graduation from the New Brunswick Seminary, in 1883, until 1892.

Another one of those, whose highest aim and greatest joy it is to proclaim the "glad tidings," is Rev. J. P. De Jong, who is, at present, pastor of the Reformed church at Zeeland, Mich. Rev. De Jong is a graduate of the McCormick Theological Seminary at Chicago. His pastorate were as follows: Greenleaton, Minn., from 1883 to 1885; New Holland, Mich., 1885 to 1887; Englewood, Ill., 1887 to 1893; when he left for Zeeland.

The career of Abel B. Huizenga is such that it not only reflects the greatest credit upon his Alma Mater, but also supports the well known fact that the Hollanders are a philosophic and deep-thinking people, besides affording a good example of what may be accomplished by assiduous application. After graduating from the New Brunswick Seminary in 1883, he entered Johns Hopkins University as a graduate student. Here he studied from 1883 until 1886. In 1884 he was elected Fellow of this university in the department of Semitic Languages. This fellowship he retained for two years, his course of study including Greek, Sanscrit, Comparative Philology, and Semitic Languages. He passed his final examinations and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1886. The subject of his graduating thesis was "Analogies in the Semitic Languages." He was pastor of the Reformed church at New Palitz, N. Y., from 1886 until 1894, when he resigned his charge, having been appointed Adjunct Professor of Old Testament Literature and Exegesis in McCormick Theological Seminary at Chicago. He has contributed articles to many of the leading periodicals of this country, his articles also having been republished abroad. He is a member of the following societies: American Oriental Society, Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, Chicago Society of Biblical Research, and is also a charter councillor of the American Institute of Sacred Literature.

Rev. A. H. Strabbing writes, "For the first six years I was a pedagogue, trying to teach half a hundred young archians how to behave, and, if possible, as supplementary work, to cause them to know the multiplication table, the rule of three, and the nine parts of speech." In this noble work he was occupied for two years in Jamestown and four in Graafschap. Evidently, he was of the honest conviction that this was not called to spend his whole life as a pedagogue. Accordingly, from 1886 till 1889 he studied Theology at the Western Theological Seminary, East Saugatuck and Hamilton were his first charge. Thence he moved to Kalamazoo, Mich., where he is now pastor of the Third Reformed church. Pedagogic blood also coursed through the veins of Rev. J. J. Van Zanten. For seven years he taught in different schools—one year in Cook county, Ill., three as the principal of the Orange City public schools, and three at the Northwestern Classical Academy. After studying for one year at the McCormick Seminary, he completed his theological course at the Western Theological Seminary, in 1890. From 1890—1893, he was the pastor of the Second Reformed church at Grand Rapids. Thence he went to occupy the pulpit of the First Reformed church at Muskegon.

The steps of Rev. E. Van den Berge were thus directed that, for three years, he and his former classmate, Rev. Stegeman, labored together as neighbors in the same field of activity. It must certainly have been a great pleasure and satisfaction for these gentlemen to aid each other as they had so often done in their college days. Rev. Van den Berge left North Holland last month to take up his new charge at Englewood, N. J., a prosperous and beautiful suburb of New York city, near the Palisades of the Hudson River. His former pastorate were Passaic, N. J., from 1888—1891; Orange City, Ia., from 1891—1893. He is a graduate of the Union Presbyterian Theological Seminary and the Christian Reformed Seminary at Grand Rapids. Hitherto, he has labored under the auspices of the Christian Reformed Church.

From Rev. F. J. Zwemer, of Graafschap, Mich., we have not yet received a response to our call for his history. For some years he was engaged as teacher in the public schools of Illinois, after which he took a theological course at the McCormick Seminary. One of his classmates writes, "We have been very much concerned about our bell-ringer, Rev. F. J. Zwemer, he being the only bachelor remaining for a long time; but, finally, he had come back from the wild west to double his joys, svide his sorrows, and settle in our neighboring village of Graafschap. He can now be seen regularly with his estimable wife at the public exercises of Hope."

In the spring of 1882, one bright morning (possibly on the same day Adonis visited mother earth again) a newly painted shingle announced to the citizens of Holland, that the first Dutch dentist had come to minister unto their wants, and, in all cases, it was understood that their "don't want"s were to be extracted without pain. The sign was that of B. J. De Vries. He is a graduate of the Dental Department of the University of Michigan, and is still practicing dentistry at the old stand.

PERSONAL.

'96. Rev. Wm. Moerdlyk has declined the call tendered him by the Second Reformed church of Grand Rapids.
79. Rev. J. A. De Spelder has taken charge of the congregations at Macon and South Macon, Mich., for one year.

80. Rev. E. Van de Berge, formerly of Crisp, Mich., has settled in his new charge at Englewood, N. J. He is very much pleased with his new field of labor.

81. Rev. J. P. De Jong, of Zee-land, Mich., has been called by the Reformed church at Middelburg, Iowa.

82. Rev. F. J. Zwemer has declined the appointment as Classical Missionary of the Classis of Illinois.

Among the Societies.

EDITED BY J. DE JONGH, 97.

The annual reports of committees, and election of officers, took place on March 12. In regard to the former, we believe it may be gratifying in every respect.

The number of committees is large, and we shall not mention all, although all have done good work.

It will probably be interesting for our readers to know that four Sunday Schools are constantly maintained under the supervision of the students.

At Fine Creek there is an average attendance of seventy-five. Of the six classes, five are taught in the English language and one in the Holland language.

At Lake Shore, also, great interest is shown in this work, and there is an average attendance of fifty-five.

At the Dyke School House the work has been greatly advanced of late. It has an average attendance of sixty, and a corps of earnest workers, and the blessing of God has not failed to accompany them. Our Eastern friends have also shown their interest in the work here done, and have not hesitated to extend us their aid. Books have been received from time to time, and this has served to increase the interest of the pupils. We desire to extend our thanks to these friends, while we hope and trust that the Kingdom of God may also be advanced by these means.

At Holland Centre a membership of fifty-two exists. They, also, have experienced the Divine approval upon their work.

The College prayer meeting has been well attended.

The report of the President was to the point. We are glad to hear that, as an Association, we are not behind any other in work, but rather leaders.

We rejoice to learn from the Membership Committee of our Association, that forty members have been added, of whom twenty are active, and twenty associate members.

The following week the Association had the pleasure of listening to an address, given by the Rev. G. H. Dub- bink, on the subject, "Studies of Nature from a Biblical Standpoint." Many a beautiful thought was presented.

On Sunday evening, March 22, Mr. Breinike, Secretary of the Students' Volunteer Movement, addressed the society on Missions. The speaker manifested great power in the choice of illustrations, and we trust that many more will go to make known the Tidings of Joy to those who are still in heathen darkness.

The last meeting of the month and term was conducted by Rev. A. Stege- man, of North Holland. His subject was, "Faith." The lecture proved interesting and instructive.

The newly elected officers are the following: President, G. Watermuel- der; Vice-President, T. Rozendal; Corresponding Secretary, J. Benninga; Recording Secretary, J. Osse- waarde; Treasurer, H. Shuyer.

COSMOPOLITAN.

It is sometimes interesting to consider whether circumstances make the man or whether man makes the circumstances. Similarly, we might ask whether, in the present time, societies in general are directing the world's course, or whether the latter is moulding the character of societies. The influence, undoubtedly, is mutual.

The Cosmopolitans, while silent as to the first part of the question, will gladly testify that the condition of the world has decidedly influenced their meetings during the past term. The stirring times of the present, furnish excellent material for discussion and oratory—for sharpening the intellect as well as for arousing the most latent feelings within. While endeavoring to remain in close touch with the world, the Cosmopolitans have largely availed themselves of this material.

The cry of helpless Armenia has entered the hall and found there a ready response in the sympathy and eloquence of the members. Even the roar of the cannon on Cuba's soil has reverberated from wall to wall, and inspired many a listener with more patriotism.

But now, as the bright days of Spring are ushering in the melodious songs of birds, the necessity is felt for remaining not only in touch with the world, but also in harmony with nature. For that purpose it was deemed advisable to introduce more music into the society and, accordingly, College song books have been procured. Quartettes, solos, etc., now also form an interesting part of the program.

FRAternal.

"Smacking time by the forelock," the Fraternal Society has already started the work for the last term of the school year. At the last meeting of the second term, the following officers were elected: President, Jas. E. Moerdyk; Vice-President, G. W. Kooyers; Secretary, J. B. Steketee; Keeper of the Archives, A. L. Warn- huis. The last named is a new office. For the past three months a committee of five has been quietly collecting archives of the society in the shape of orations, and other papers, presented.
in times past in the society. The committee has been very successful. From thirty-one alumni who have so far replied to the requests for papers, the society has received over seventy-five papers. Besides these, two badges, used by the society in 1863, have been received. The latest find, is a book used by the original society at Union College, giving the history of the origin and the founders and early members of the society in 1833-1834. In view of the success of the committee, it was deemed wise to continue this work, and for that purpose a new office was created. The Fraters in praesenti now ask all graduates of the society to ransack their libraries, and help make this collection of papers an interesting one.

**ECLIPAS CLUB.**

Things round-about us are contiously on the wing. Kinghouses have risen and have fallen, but this Club still stands. It has simply changed its place of abode. After several years of toil in one of the lower rooms of Van Vleck Hall, it will for the present, through the kindness of the Cosmopolitan Society, hold its meetings in the Ogell House, in a room whose atmosphere will be forever stained with the principles of Dogmatic Theology.

The proverbs, "All verandering is geen verbetering," cannot be applied in this case, for the same interest and enthusiasm is shown as heretofore. At a recent meeting, while the question, "Resolved, that Genius is a Natural Gift," was debated, so difficult was it to decide who had gained the victory, that upon merits of the arguments, the vote resulted in a tie.

The Club also enjoys frequent visits from those not of our number. Are there not others among Hope's boys who have a desire to meet with us and train themselves for future usefulness, in the service of their mother-tongue?

**ALPHA SECTION MELIPHONE.**

The Alpha Section has just completed another term's work. At the beginning of the year, the Section seemed rather weak, but it has pushed itself forward with such a determination that at present it is as strong as ever. The programs rendered by this section, were well carried out, and showed a great deal of preparation, and everything was carried on with a spirit most commendable. The "Bust" is already being talked of. The one of '93 will, undoubtedly, be a success, and will exceed anything that the Meliphone has heretofore attempted.

**PHI DELTA EPSILON CLUB.**

This club, although young, fulfills its mission. Our college is well supplied with societies, but until now no actual literary society existed.

The object of this club, as the preamble of its constitution indicates, is "to acquire a more extensive acquaintance with literature and authors, to obtain a greater proficiency in the art of criticism, and to secure greater facility in composition." Only such students as have a fair general knowledge of literature, and show interest in that study, are elected as members.

Great enthusiasm, ardent study, and careful preparation, have been shown by the members during the time of its existence. The present condition of the club gives great promises for the future.

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**College Jottings.**

**EDITED BY L. VAN DEN BERG AND H. SUTTER.**

Hard cases:
Indisposed!! Sugar the brown?!!
Golden Harvest is a hummer.
Petoskey "hat einen Hund." Catalogue is out, "She's a beaut." 'ACHYRED How they crotchlock.
Meengs did sec.
The "A" class is now the banner class of spectacles.

Wm. Maurits, the popular Central drug clerk, is now a tooter.
A junior's German rendering, "Ich bitte euch"—"What's a biting you?" Prof. of Physics—"How do you determine the radius of that circle?"
F—"da—"By the length of the string."

Where are you going H— ga? "Oh, we are going to visit our relatives."
March 17, Theodore Van Zoeren was seen with his old classmates the Soph's.
The "grippe" gripped several of our boys, one and all are slowly convalescing.
March 27, Robert Douma visited with his former classmates—the Freshmen.
Godfrey no longer subscribes. His laborious horse-and-buggy-courtship, however, endures.

The diverging rays of Physics will never again be brought to a focus by the sporty Juniors.

Prof. Kleinboekel was unable to meet his classes March 23, due to an attack of the "grippe."

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50 MONROE STREET AND 89 OTTAWA ST., GRAND RAPIDS.
Bert Dykstra, ’96, departed for his home in Iowa on March 30. He intends to teach school during the remainder of this year.

Did you ever see the Wind-Eater, the Wind-Powered Breaker? If not, and are in a position to offer him an opportunity, please direct an inquiry to Charles R. Kocher, 302 Main St., Urbana, Ill.

Mills & Bacon, Manufacturing Chemists, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Miss C. Van Duren, ’94 prep., tendered a leap year party to her many friends on March 13. A very delightful evening was spent.

Boys will be boys and so will old men. Kosker has discarded his "stache. His nose is now as prominent as the local editor’s.

J. H. Eelting mourns the loss of his pet turtle. Professor of Natural History diagnosed the case and pronounced it a case of "Lack of fresh air."

Isaac Fles, ’95 prep., now of Muskegon Business College, puts down from 75 to 80 words per minute. Short man, short hand, short-hand reporter.

The following are newly elected officers of the Boarding Club: C. Kyper, commodore; J. M. Van der Meulen, steward; M. Hyink, secretary; H. Slatyer, treasurer.

Mr. L. A. Schilstra, of Rochester, N. Y., visited here March 17. On his return, he stopped at Ann Arbor and visited his brother who is taking a medical course at the University.

Two meals at the club are doubtless worth one in the bush. The Hot Bay Window Poosh suspend their hats on their own projecting bones while they silently devour the nourishing roast beef.

St. Patrick’s Day had its charms for Hondelink. Before breakfast, with a grinny snatch of green calico, he accosted a fair young lady, (with a fascinating smile on his face) as follows: "The me a nice Domme’s tea."

Pa Van —-y expects to visit the land of mills and dikes during the summer vacation. An old man’s love activities demand a broader field. Success will doubtless be with him. The engaged meise is there a scarce article.

Heart Disease 30 Yrs!

Short Breath, Palpitation.

Mr. G. W. McKinsey, postmaster of Kosomo, Ind., and a brave ex-soldier, says: "I had been severely troumd with heart disease ever since leaving the army at the close of the late war. I was troubled with palpitation and shortness of breath. I could not sleep on my left side, and had pain around my heart. I became so ill that I was much alarmed, and fortunately my attention was called to Dr. Miles’ Heart Cure.

I decided to try it. The first bottle made a decided improvement in my condition, and five bottles have completely cured me."

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DR. N. TERRELL, Graduate of the Physio-Mechanical School, Post Graduate of other Schools, 137 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Mich. "Physio-Mechanical" Physicists. Papers on how to check physica Nature, or Things natural. We are acquainted with it in the world Physio-Mechanical and have a disease on natural laws. The title of Physio-Mechanical is derived from the same word and means a follower of nature. Asked in, he means by all means to modulate or lead. Physio-Mechanicals are mere the act of leading by following nature, or the treatment of disease without the loss of life. All patients are treated as Nature's likes. Confounding to Nature, and every system of medicine. We are in the habit of inculcating good habits on patients and make sure the patient does. So many a sick person declares he does not take the medicine, because it does not agree with him, even though the patient knows the patient's good habits. If a Physio-Mechanical is the only one that yet he not take the medicine, it must be the patient's bad habits. The patient's good habits are the result of education that he wishes to change. The patient's bad habits are the result of education that he wishes to change. The patient's good habits are the result of education that he wishes to change. The patient's good habits are the result of education that he wishes to change.

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I will wait for you at the Holland Hotel at 7

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