APRIL, 1897.

THE ANCHOR.

PUBLISHED AT
HOPE COLLEGE,
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN.
The College Glee Club.

In our March number we made mention of the present condition and prospects of the Glee Club. In this number we are very glad to present our readers with half tone plates of Mr. J. B. Nykerk, director and baritone soloist, Miss Grace W. Yates, soprano soloist, and the Club's return for the first Strrophe and Antistrope of "Oedipus Tyrannus." The Club, together with the Col.lege dies Tri- o, fills the first engagement of the proposed tour, on April 6th, at Grand Rapis- -ids, Mich.

We are very glad that the Glee Club has attained to its present condition; it is a decided advance in just that phase of college life where we have for some time needed it very much. We are told that there was once a glee club which did good work, but to the un-
Arabian Song and Story.

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The Dark Ages were indeed dark; scarcely a ray of light issued forth from all Europe to dispel the gathering gloom; monk and philosopher seemed to have disappeared long ago, and all that was left was a dead language, a dead race, and a dead mind. The old Celtic and Teutonic poetry had become like an instinct; as the sleeper in his troubled dream now and then mutters incoherently and shows signs of awaking, the continent appeared to grow restless under its prolonged bondage. Sometimes a person arose with literary aspirations, who roused a moment across the horizon; but he was as soon lost sight of, and all things settled back into the dull gloom of ignorance. Whatever talent still remained was swallowed up by religious fanaticism, and the gray walls of the cloister alone kept within their pale the secrets of Greek and Latin culture. Far down in the damp cellars, under dust and mould, lay the treasures of Aristotle and his contemporaries; but the darkness of the age was the denser because none of the people gropped for the light; they willfully turned away from it.

But all the gems of art and literature were not destined thus to be lost: learning had taken refuge far away in the desert, and among a people who seemed quite unfit to keep alive the sacred fire for generations. The Arabs had for centuries been unconsciously preparing themselves for the work; and when Providence consigned to them the treasure, the soil was ready to receive it. How the desert became the cradle of new art and learning, and how the Greek philosophy and language were kept from becoming a hopeless jargon, is an interesting subject; yet when European knowledge came in contact with that of the desert, the Arab no longer sang of the deeds of his ancestors or revelled in flights of fancy. That was not his golden period. Long before Muhammad had not yet cursed the land with his sterile creed, these swarthy sons of the desert produced gems of beauty of which some are left us, and some are buried with the lips that once uttered them. Some were loose pearls scattered about in lavish profusion; others were a string of pearls making a beautiful and united whole. In each we see a pathetic beauty and tinge of sadness that shows the hopeless despair under which the author moved. Not one of the Arab's productions bursts forth with mirth and lightness; nor does any betray a state of mind other than one of quiet submission and persistent stability.

It is evident that the Arabian ambition had been killed; in fact, that there had scarcely ever been such an ambition. When Ishmael was sent forth under the sign of human society with every man's had against him and his hand against every man, the desert, uninhabited and drear, remained for him a field in which to lose himself to view, and to nourish the wrath raking in his bosom. With all his hopes for the future destroyed and with nothing to do in the present, the swarthy son of the desert became a living fossil, good enough to people the waste Arabian sands, but never thought worthy of a place in the civilized world.

Yet we must not judge the Arab too harshly; his condition was not self-imposed. He had been driven into the desert with perhaps an important mission to perform; but whether that mission was to preserve a people unscathed and unmolested by the times, to keep alive the torch of civilization when Europe threw it aside, or to show to the world the deadening effects of a dead religion, is hard to tell; whichever it was, it was done at any rate and with honor by the Arab. We find him from earliest times confined to a narrow strip of land, shut up on the one side by a sterile region supporting neither man nor beast, and kept back on the other side by the waters of the Persian Gulf and by hostile peoples. The land was a desert of burning sand entirely devoid of vegetation, except where a few oases dotted the plain; the glowing sun by day and the twinkling stars by night, were all that looked upon the desert. No matter what the Arab thought, it was a literal that he should embellish them with more than what he saw and heard.

When the caravan stopped at noon under the shade of a few palms, and when the wants of the thirsty camel had been attended to, the master stretched himself within the tent, apart from the company, and there in silence reared his castles. Perhaps through some slight opening he looked out over the desert and saw the waves of heat as they rose from the glowing sand and were lost in the distant blue; he could see the earth throw off its poisonous breath, and could almost feel the angry sun beating upon the tent roof. How gladly then he forgot the heat of the noon-day and settled back upon his divan to dream of the land whither his fathers had gone; with half-closed eyes he soared away and unconsciously flung out a pearl in praise of the land with flowing streams, shady valleys, and endless delight. Higher and higher he flew into the blue haze till his head dropped and he was fast asleep. No pearl, you may be sure, escaped his lips when he was wakened by the angry shouts of the keepers arousing their camels, and when he was again compelled to follow the caravan ever moving toward the horizon. But when once seated upon the lofty back of the camel, the impatient spirit was soon soothed by the rocking, swaying mass beneath him. On, on, on moved the line with a slight cadence of motion; and the rider, left to his own thoughts, felt that he was helpless in the midst of such an ocean of sand. Sickened by the heat, and the sway of the camel, he called up from his subconsciousness some deity or genius who immediately took shape to cater to his wants. All through the day he peeped every ridge in the sand with a fairy, and heard in every jingle of the camel's trappings the voice of some attending spirit.

Gradually the tyrant sun, that had held sway since the morning, crept on to the horizon: and longer and longer grew the shadows, seeming like huge monsters staggering across the plain. Soon the caravan stopped and the dusty riders, alighting, pitched their tents and prepared for the night. The sun now grown to twice his usual size appeared ready to fall to the earth, and seemed to the eyes of the watch- ers to throw off discs of light, that multiplied and pursued each other in rapid succession. Gradually he sank
from sight and left the Beduin sitting in the tent door thinking of the huge dragon that vomited forth balls of fire and then fell into the sea. The chameleon hues of the tropic sunset now melted away into the gray of night and one by one the stars came out like sentinels to guard the desert waste. To the lonely Arab they seemed like so many pitying eyes looking down upon him, and, as he scanned the starry vault, he longed to know the secrets they could tell and to see the things that they had seen. But the stars seemed to sink deeper into the sky as it in mockery, and to blend into one great galaxy that made the head swim and the senses reel. The morning night wind recalled the dreamer to the present; he roused himself and disappeared within the dark tent to wait for the morning.

Such is the dull routine of desert life; day by day the native is mocked by a cruel sun, and each returning night adds but to the superstitions horrors of its darkness. Like a true child of nature, the Arab of one thousand years ago saw in it all a fantastic beauty, and the sympathetic spirit tinged it all with the sadness that filled his soul. Nor were the attempts of the Arabs at poetry altogether discouraged. Before the time of Mohammed they had celebrated poets who sang the laments of tribes, and the praises of heroes and fair women. During the great fairs at Mecca and Okadi poetic contests were held before the people as at the Grecian games, and the poems to which the prize was awarded were rewritten in golden characters and suspended in the Kaaba at Mecca. Sympathy was all the son of the desert needed to stimulate him to action, and under the patronage of Haroun al Raschid, their most celebrated shahik, art and letters flourished. Beautiful gems still remain of that period as examples of refinement that can put to shame the productions of some of our own masters. Their verse is not the simple rude minstrelsy of a purely patriarchal people; it allied itself to the prevailing culture of the towns and took on, in the golden period, a highly artistic form. Delicate idylls and reverent elegies abounded, as also novels in verse, a style of literature which the Arabsians can claim to have perfected. Besides this, a singularly wild and fantastic prose literature made its appearance, in which the craving for the wonderful and gorgeous was perhaps gratified.

European letters have not at all suffered from the effusion wrought by the Oriental attempts at "art for art's sake." The "Arabian Nights" teems with scenes from nature, and shows the wild flights of fanciful minds soaring from a desert into a heaven. Arabian song and story is but one long attempt to bridge the chasm that separates the present from the future, and to penetrate the heavy curtain that hides from view the secrets of the unseen world and the great hereafter. Mohammedanism half satisfies the insane craving, but the essential secret of love and forgiveness is never taught: Arabian gold is blushed with the blood-splotted of the Prophet's frantic zeal. The land has drunk deep of human blood. All the ancient glory has flown and to-day the Arab still mutters his Mohammedan prayer, looks dumbly up to the heavens, and waits for the restitution of all things.

**The Anchor.**

**The Marble Faun.**

If the people of America were asked which of Hawthorne's works they considered his best, a majority would probably answer in favor of the Twice Told Tales. Old and young alike have admired their wonderful style, their penetration into human nature, the moral which each one contains, and which, though perhaps slightly differing in each, is of the same general meaning throughout. But if these short tales are so interesting, written, as they were, in the youth or at most the young manhood of the author, how much more interesting and how much nobler must be the productions written in later life, when his powerful faculties were more matured, and he had a still deeper insight into human nature. In the case of many of the popular writers of our day, this certainly is not true. They write something which may be very good, but, paralyzed by their success, they produce nothing more that is worthy the name of literature. With Hawthorne this certainly was not the case. We find in his later and longer romances the very same traits and qualities which have justly made his stories famous. Perhaps this is the reason why his stories have been so much more popular than a work like the Marble Faun. In this there is perhaps too much mysticism to suit the popular mind. As a goldsmith, Hawthorne stands first among American prose writers, and as he himself regarded the Marble Faun as the best of all his writings, it may well be worth consideration.

About his style I shall say but little, because there is little to be said. It is so perfect that it almost defies description. It is clear and simple. Never does a sentence need to be re-read because of difficult or improper constructions. He expresses his deepest truths in these simple sentences, and it is the depth of his thought, not the intricacy of his sentences, that compels a close attention. His English is exceedingly pure, so pure, that, if for nothing else, his works would deserve study for that alone.

To this excellence the Marble Faun is no exception. It is written in perhaps the purest style of any of his works. The scene is laid in Italy, and this gives a charm and fascination which is about the whole book. Its events take place in a land about which we know but little, and this, plus as it were, a halo of mystery around the heads of the authors. Hawthorne was noted for his faculty of inventing incident, and this is especially to be observed in the Marble Fawn. Everything that the beautiful land of Italy could furnish he has brought to bear on the characters and plot of his romance.

His chief characters are four. Kenyon is a young American sculptor of great promise, who lives in Rome on account of its extensive and excellent art galleries. Miriam and Hilda, two young artists, the latter of New England birth and the former of an Italian ancestry, are also in Rome on account of the genial and helpful influence exerted by the companies of artists and the extensive collections of paintings which are everywhere in Italy.

The fourth of these characters is the most difficult to describe and at
the same time the most interesting. It is perhaps the most lifelike and yet the most mysterious of all Hawthorne's creations. Donatello is not a human being; he carries only in his imagination; he is a representative in this prosaic age of the ancient Greek mythology. But he is by no means a Greek: He is a thoroughly modern being. He loves to wander in the woods and meadows, to climb to the tops of the highest trees, to dive to the bot- tom of the deepest pools, to revel in all there is in nature. He is simple and unaffected, and, it is supposed, perfectly innocent. He not only loved nature, he seemed to be in perfect harmony with it. He would call and the birds and little inhabitants of the woods would come running towards him. His sunny presence would il- luminate all around him in much the same way that nature itself does.

He was a creature of nature, having little to do with the world but to make it wonder at him and to make it gayer and happier and summer because he was there. This innocent, simple, charming creature goes to Rome, and there meets the other persons whom we have mentioned. He is con- sidered by them as childlike, at times almost as a simpleton. One day as the the four friends were strolling in the Vatican, a resemblance was no- ticed between Donatello and an an- cient statue of a Faun. The resem- blance was immediately recognized and Donatello is thenceforth regarded as a true Faun,—a Faun as truly as if the old statue in the Vatican had come down from its pedestal and again lived and moved on the earth.

This youthful, innocent creature conceives a passion for Miriam and strives always to be near her. But Miriam is haunted by another form wholly unlike the happy creature of whom we have spoken. During a visit to the catacombs she had encountered an exceedingly disagreeable and disgusting character, with a face much wrinkled and showing the evi- dent effects of crime. From this time forth this man follows her like a shadow, seldom leaving her alone. He seems to have the power of terrify- ing her into obedience and appears to know something of her past his- tory which was hidden from the rest of the world and which she wished to have kept a secret. One night this evil companion followed Miriam and Donatello to the edge of the Tarpian rock, where the traitors of ancient Rome used to be thrown. He came to the edge of the rock, he looked over. In an instant Donatello, the youthful Faun, had grasped him by the neck. In another moment he was held over the edge of the rock. A look from Miriam, a look of freedom from anguish, a look of revenge, and Donatello dropped him.

This is the central point of the story and we need go little further in de- scribing the plot. The story brings out the terrible remorse that follows crime, and this is perhaps its strong- est moral though many more could be drawn from it. Miriam, who is re- sponsible for the deed, and Donatello who carries it out are plunged into the deepest abysses of remorse. Mir- iam seems never to recover. She re- tains a cold, pitiless hardenedess until she disappears from the scene. The rest of the results appear. He, too, is deeply sunk in remorse but another change comes over him.

He who had before been so happy, living in the present, has a new im- pulse given him. He not only feels, he thinks as well. A soul seems to have been breathed into a soulless being and he becomes a man. He is endowed with a conscience, and finally under its influence, gives himself up to justice and, it is surprised, passes the remainder of his life in a gloomy dungeon, far away from the sunshine which he once loved so well.

This being, who before his sin seemed to be made up of happiness and sunshine, is by the influence of crime first disheartened and defeated and then awakens into the conscious- ness of life. Perhaps the author meant to represent the fall of man. As Adam in Paradise was without crime, because without a conscience, so was Donatello, until by crime he was awakened into a new and fuller life, endowed with a conscience. This may be the deeper meaning of the story. Whatever we may think of this con- ception, the author has told a story of great suggestiveness. He took a sub- ject well worthy the toil of America's greatest novelist, and has treated it with wonderful success; and if in some respects the treatment seems altogether improbable and too mystical, we must remember that it deals not with men but with ideal beings.

The book is full of descriptions of Italian art. These not only add to the interest, but relieve, at least par- tially, its dark and gloomy features. The tale thus relieved furnishes that diversity and variety which modern readers seem to demand, and furthermore, proves Hawthorne's wide range of thought and action. He was nat-urally a retired, mysterious, almost gloomily dispositioned, but in this his greatest work, he rises above his own nature and produces a romance which contains not only an abundance of delicate mystery, but mystery illumi- nated by continued reflections of the highest art.

The Laborer.

CHARLES E. FISHER, P.E.

Frictional, at setting of the golden east);
The weary laborer's study form appears;
Returning homeward from his daily task:
His face, though enmarred with grime of honest toil,
Revealed a kindly dignity within;
For nobler than a royal robe of crown,
The un moments years of toil and poverty
Are crowned not by some donated gold,
A humble sympathy for all mankind;
He shows, and sweet contentment with his lot
Set's—green like on his face enshrined in light.

Thoughts from Twice Told Tales.

The written thoughts of the past
are the valued heritage of the present.
They reveal the author's
life and motive. The study of these
motives is of value to every reader, but
it is of special interest to the student.

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The book under consideration is composed of sketches of a very diverse character. There appears to be no unifying thought that connects them, but each story has its moral, either stated or implied. These we shall endeavor to arrange in such order as will readily show the nature and spirit of their teachings.

The author's disposition seems to be that of a rather reserved person with shrewd common-sense and apt judgment. He dwells not among the airy and the unreal, but among the practical and the real. A devoutly religious spirit pervades the work throughout. Nothing is broached that jars on our sense of propriety. He is deeply conscious of the truth that man reaches out toward some distant happiness.

Several of the morals point to rules for guidance in practical life. He is happiest who looks upon the pleasant side of fortune; who lives in the present and reaches out into the future. "While unexpected events thrust themselves upon us, there is still regularity enough in them to render foresight partially available." Yet, if the result of a deed could be pictured before us, many would, notwithstanding, persist in their pet desires.

Aristocratic isolation from others who are placed in another walk of life, reacts with fatal effect on one's character and influence. This vain ostentation is portrayed by the author in considering the court ceremonials among the early colonists.

A person, although duly warned of the evil results of his contemplated action, will often still remain fixed in his purpose.

A change of environment may so completely change one's character that he never seeks to return to former surroundings and methods.

Each year brings few realized hopes, and is fraught with numerous disappointments. A single one of these may so effectually mar our subsequent career that a shadow seems ever resting upon us. Yet these failures, if rightly interpreted, are but guiding hands which seek to lead us to the peaceful beyond.

Each day's activity, though apparently a recurring scene, is steadily bringing us to life's close. Our anticipations may not be realized, but intense and sincere living has its sure rewards. "In chaste and warm affections, humble wishes and honest for some useful end, there is health for the mind and quiet for the heart, the prospect of a happy life, and the fairest hope of heaven."

The propensities of man for wrongdoing are also touched upon. In his heart each man is guilty of deeds which it committed, he would consider the vilest of sins. He is eager to censure the guilt of another. How easily a reported crime finds credence among the people.

There is in us the desire for pleasure, even in the pursuit of the sternest realities of life. Hawthorne discovers many sources of enjoyment which are often ignored. The trivial and the common-place can be appreciated if our hearts are only responsive. Both the canvas of nature and the scenes of active life yield their peculiar charms. Even the winter season, in spite of all its seeming gloom, is an interval of cheer and comfort.

In this life there are no unsullied joys. The vanity and forced merit which ignores the realities of life, will in the end come to naught. The constant pursuit of worldliness results in gloomy and disappointed old age. All pleasures are but momentary; this is caused by the spirit of sociability that is found in all the varying scenes which greet our vision.

A life of generous self sacrifice, although by the world considered dreary, will be amply rewarded. True devotion and Christian joy depend wholly upon the responsive attitude of the heart toward nature and nature's God. Through the stormy pathway of life, faith in God will lead us safely to our future home.

The craving for sociability is ingrained in our very beings. This can be observed in numerous ways. The features of another can be so vividly pictured upon our minds that we seem always to live in that one's presence. Natural affections, though curbed for a time, cannot be wholly destroyed. This affinity manifests itself in outward deeds; because the inner life even of a friend is hidden from us. The memory of dear departed ones should be cherished in sincere affectionate hearts rather than in formal expressions.

All persons, whether selfish or not, strive for their own ideals of success and happiness, which, even if attained, only few could enjoy. Our congenial sphere of activity can be found in our immediate environment: and we need not search for utopian bliss elsewhere. Lofty ambitions may suddenly fall, but the earnest performance of present duties brings contentment. The insatiable pursuit of a single object leads to eccentricity, and the impoverishment of our better natures.

Freedom is the bulwark of our institutions. Its foundations were laid with sacrifice and courage. The spirit of our pious forefathers will successfully oppose political tyranny and religious oppression. But notwithstanding this, in their zealous desire for liberty, they forgot that they were often treading heavily upon the rights of others. In the cause of freedom, it is eminently true, that others, besides ourselves, pluck the fruit that springs up from our individual actions, either for good or for evil.

Hawthorne can present the laughable side of an incident as well as meditate upon its serious aspects. He is a realist rather than an idealist. Classic allusions are used only when something strikingly typical is pictured. The characters are mostly chosen from the author's every-day associates. Many lessons are taught by borrowing images from the superstitions fancies of the colonists. The author never seems to weary of spiritualizing nature.

Judging from their subject-matter, the stories must have been written at various periods of Hawthorne's life. The fanciful desires and ardent passions of youth are delineated. The student's critical study of colonial customs is manifest in some of the sketches; the calm deliberation of matured manhood becomes prominent in others, while in still others the reflections of age and experience are set forth.
Notes and Comments.

The steady onward march of time has once more placed The Anchor under new supervision. We undertook the work not without many doubts and misgivings, from which this first month's experience has by no means freed us. Not that we have a false notion as to the nature of the work; neither are we laboring under a wrong conception as to its magnitude; but, a candid view of the past two years must convince one that there has been marked progress. And that is at once a cause of rejoicing and apprehension. We shall try to continue progressive, or at least to maintain the present standard of excellence, and shall consider well spent whatever time and effort may be necessary to accomplish the desired ends.

We have formed our ideals of the mission of The Anchor. Whether we shall realize them remains to be seen; but, at any rate, it may be well to give expression to those principles which shall govern our subsequent efforts.

We believe The Anchor is peculiarly and primarily the exponent of the opinions of the student-body. It should be their advocate. Its columns should furnish the first and best means for the discussion of those questions so constantly arising in which the studentry are directly concerned. When the ideas of the students become pronounced on any subject, whatsoever it may be or whosoever it may concern, we shall give utterance to them in our columns. Further, The Anchor should be the exponent of the views of the staff members. We do not believe that these should become too didactic. But they are expected to make a careful study of prevalent opinions and practices; by means of our exchanges, they should keep in touch with the methods of other institutions, and thus to some extent be lifted out of local influences; and therefore it is right that their contributions should be both critical and didactic. If they consider certain practices wrong it is not only their privilege but also their duty to speak with no uncertain utterance.

We believe a college journal should foster a literary atmosphere. Be it far from us to criticise our predecessors. Only this remark: we believe that the students' contributions to The Anchor have been unduly characterized by a certain striving after philosophic profundity of thought.
rendered is usually excellent, but a thorough finish is frequently neglected. The increased incentive to strive for excellence would be a valuable means of raising the standard of said organizations. Again, the members, by appearing before larger audiences, receive much more benefit than by appearing before only a select few. The general public in its acceptance of another's opinion is not so intensely critical as the student. Hence a truer effect of the ideas presented and the language used is ascertained. The basis of another essential 'element in forensic endeavor is thus laid.—that of enthusiasm. In order to speak well one must have the sympathy of his auditors; and the sympathy of a large audience can be relied upon much more than that of smaller bodies. Further this also gives to outsiders the benefit of hearing the result of what the members have thought out in their study. Let it suffice, for the present, to mention these few of the advantages that would be gained from properly conducted public programs.

Among some of the collegians there can be observed an undue spirit of independence. This occasionally manifests itself in the societies. It is shown by those who for trivial excuses absent themselves from their place of duty, or who tacitly abandon a society because certain measures are adopted which are at variance with their individual opinions—at least this reason is fairly implied. We believe that our societies do not exact too much work from their members, let alone the fact that the more time we devote to any work the greater our proficiency becomes. If a society adopt any measure which to the mind of someone seems injurious, does not the duty of striving to influence the society to trace the steps taken devolve upon us? Also if one desires to sever his relationship with any organization, it would be mainly for him to present to the society the reason for his intended action, in order that profit might be derived therefrom. Let us not forget that when a person casts his lot with a society, he owes it his efforts in order to promote its real interests. In this, as also in every other department, a high regard for duty should characterize the student. Inherent principles of right should determine his conduct.

Skating has always been a favorite sport among the Hollander, and Hope's sons have not yet deviated far enough from the characteristics of their nationality to lose an opportunity for skating. Scarcely a winter goes by but that Macatawa Bay becomes a sheet of frozen smoothness, affording ample opportunities for exercise and fun. Large numbers may be seen on the ice every day. Great pleasure is found in darting hither and thither among the many skaters, or in skating where the numbers are not so large. But the chief ambition of every skater here is to skate to Lake Michigan, there to see the icebergs, and other beautiful winter scenery. The hills, covered with snow and ice, present an inspiring picture, and even he, who has labored hard and long to get there, feels well repaid for his work. However, one does not linger long among the hills and snow-drifts, but soon finds his way to the shore of the lake. Here a still grander and nobler sight meets his view. North and south, as far as eye can see, stretch immense floes of ice. Far out into the lake they extend, and one is thrilled with a deep emotion as he gazes on the scene with enraptured eyes. Yonder rises a peak higher than any of its neighbors, standing sentinel-like at the very water's edge. Against its base the angry waves are dashing, slowly eating their way into its foundation, and soon the mighty mass will lower its lofty head and fall with a crash into the water, there to be beaten into pieces and scattered by wind and wave.

Here truly is something marvelous. Between the icebergs lies a piece of ice, about six feet by three in size. A moving up and down as regularly as though it were the bosom of some breathing monster. Around it on all sides is solid ice, but the water has found its way under the mass, and as each wave rolls in and recedes, this piece of ice rises and falls. A mighty power this water has, for not even the weight of a two-hundred pound man standing on this piece of ice, could check the regularity of its motion. Out in the lake are large masses of ice, drifting slowly before the wind. Other icebergs have become firmly fixed on sand-bars, and resist all action of wind and water. Innumerable smaller pieces rise and fall as each wave approaches, and all together present a sight well worth seeing.

The scenery certainly is beyond description, but to describe the feeling with which one is filled as he closes his eyes and listens to the roar of the waves, as they beat against the ice, is still more difficult. It is simply awe-inspiring. One's reverence for nature increases as he stands here looking at her great works and hearing her mighty voice. Spring and autumn may make Macatawa Park beautiful with their fragrance and flowers, but winter, with its snow and ice, makes it sublime.

De Alumnus.

Rev. J. W. Te Winkel, '66, of Grand Rapids declined the call to Kalamazoo.
Rev. P. Moerly, D. D., '66, has declined the call of the First Reformed church of Pekin, Ill.
Rev. R. H. Joldersma, '81, of Chicago, has declined the call of the Reformed church at Hull, Iowa. Mr. Joldersma has also received a call from the recently organized Grace church at Grand Rapids, Mich., which he has accepted.
Rev. H. Hooper, Jr., '89, of Clymer, N. Y., has declined the call from Gibserville, Wis.

Rev. W. H. Bruins, '90, Hon. G. J. Diekema, '81, and Rev. A. Stegeman, '80, were respectively elected president, first vice-president, and second vice-president of the Ottawa County Sunday School Convention, recently held at Cooperville.
Rev. H. Van der Ploeg, '92, was recently in the city.
Rev. A. J. Reverts, '82, of Monroe, South Dakota, has accepted the call to Belmond, Iowa.
Theol. student P. Swart, '94, has received a call from the Reformed church at Lansing, Ill.
The President, almost musical program, the Fraternal.

For the sake of our little Club as well as its raison d’être. There are enough societies in our college, but alas! none that create or cultivate a true aesthetic and poetic spirit. That the age has a tendency towards “commercialism” is beyond dispute. We agree with Shelley that “the cultivation of poetry is never more to be desired than at periods when, in excess of the selfish and calculating principle, the accumulation of the materials of external life exceed the quantity of the power of assimilating them to the internal laws of human nature.” This tendency it is our duty to combat.

We are about to close our doors for the period when “all nature is alive.” This period must be spent in “communion with her visible forms.” We depart to worship in the groves of the muses, and at the shrines of the sylvan deities.

L. L. M. — Meliphanous contest.

The ladies’ literary society met the Philomathiean section of the Meliphan in a contest in the college chapel, March 19 at 2 p. m. It was agreed that each society should be allotted an hour to produce their program—the nature of which was left to the respective societies—and that the decision should be on the program as a whole. After prayer by Prof. Bergen, the first hour was given to the L. L. L. Their program consisted of responsive roll-call, declamations, essays, and a journal, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. The program was carried out successfully without a pause or break.

The declamations and essays were well rendered, perfect ease and grace was shown on the stage, and those who in any way took part in the program, did credit to themselves and their society.

The “tables were now turned” and the Meliphanians were given their hour. Unfortunately their program had not enough variety, consisting chiefly of declamations, together with one essay and one oration. The declamations, which were of a dramatic, pathetic, and humorous nature, were, with a few exceptions, well chosen and delivered. The essay, which pictured the dark side of poverty, though rich in thought and excellent in style, lacked force and distinctness in reading; while the oration was an able and fitting attempt to extol the power and virtue of our American women.

In comparing the merits of the speaking of the two societies, we judge that it was very nearly equal; but the ladies showed more taste in choice of program, which, undoubtedly, gave them the victory. The judges, who were Professors Bergen and Nykerk, and Mrs. Gilmore, the lady matron, decided 2 to 1 in favor of the L. L. L. The Anchors congratulates not only the winners, but also the other society upon the success of the contest. We trust that this new movement will not end here but that it may have tended to arouse the societies to greater activity, and that this program was but the first fruits of what we may expect in the future. But would it not be well that hereafter, on such occasions, the doors be thrown open to the public.
**The Dark Side of Poverty.**

*Sixteenth street, pocket of life.*

**POVERTY.** a want of convenient subsistence, is a condition with which humanity has struggled since the day God said, "In the sweat of thine face shalt thou eat bread." Moralists have favored it; theorists have eulogized it; yet men have ever tried to free themselves from it. Some have tried and succeeded by a constant application of all the mental and physical powers concentrated upon the object in view: others by the short road of fraud and dishonesty, which, to their sorrow, has led them behind prison bars: and still others, who form the majority, have, like the ox, become hardened to the yoke and bear it meekly, content to nip a bud here and there on life's dusty wayside.

Who has not seen on a wintry morning in some of our large cities, the women of men, women, and children going hastily, yet wearily, to their different places of employment? A vast army of unfortunates who must toil every day for the bare necessities of life. Before the hour of seven you see them treading wearily to the shops and stores, with their dinner baskets on their shoulders, in whose faces you read disappointment and despondency; women whose faces speak volumes of woe: children in threadbare and faded garments, bearing the stamp of suffering, poverty, and want—unfortunates who have ceased to complain against the inevitable. What heart has not been moved to pity at the saddening sight? After such a sight, who has not, when feeling dissatisfied with his own narrow sphere of usefulness and opportunity, raised his eyes in grateful attitude to that

*Read at the Mephibosheth and L. L. clubbed, March 12.*

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by persevering efforts and persistent determination wiggle from under the cloud that has enveloped them; but they are comparatively few. The narrow groove in which the parents non-nomously moved, is worn and deepened by their offspring to whom they could not, at least, have done justice.

For anyone who has given the subject any thought, the following lines of Mrs. Browning breathe the tender pathos:

*Do you hear the children weeping O my brothers!*
*Are the sorrow comes with years?*
*They are leaving their young heads against their mother's breasts,*
*And they must not stop their tears.*

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,

The young turds are chirping in the nest,

The young flowers are blossoming from the wet;

But the young, young chilhoods, O my brothers!

They are weeping bitterly

In the country of the free.

**The Inter-national Arbitration Treaty.**

*ARTHUR RICHER, F.R.S.*

Now hath the greatest deed of all this age
Been sealed. Now the gawking world doth see
Two mighty nations, joined, as one, in peace,
Columbus and far-off Africa,
Whose giant hand is laid old Earth to shake.
When was our earth beheld so brave a sight,
Or one so full of meaning to her soul?
Three sister nations rob war of her spoil,
And Dessay of her weary wrangling war.

**College Jottings.**

EDITED BY Z. VAN ES '09, AND G. RONDELING, '09.

Fish! Faculty - Meet at three.

Latest.—Cooper's days of grace have expired.

Engelsman of the Seminary recently had his hair cut.

J. J. De Frey and P. Verburg are now mortal enemies.

"Punch" and "Hail" have passed into history as chestnuts.

G. Huizinga is gaining a reputation as a mouth-organ artist.

Miss Grace Yates went to Otsego on March 2nd to visit friends.

On the evening of March 10th B—A's room was entirely deserted.

Ov—Sixteenth street, pocket mirror and toilet case. What does it mean?

Greek composition died hard at the hands of the hard-hearted Sophomores.

A. De J.—a latest admission in the French class is, "I have a lady friend."

Louis Van den Berg, '97, was quite ill for a few days, but he is once more about.

Ties M—and Ter A—are becoming more courageous of a Sunday evening.

Miss K—ee has sufficiently recovered to visit recitations at least once a month.

The 'A' class have already begun class preparations for their graduation exercises.

Jacob F. De Jong, well known to all, is visiting with his brother, the Rev. J. L. De Jong, '93, pastor of the Reformed church at Orange City, Ia.
THE ANCHOR.

Maxim, Revised Version:—Fools have their names written on fences and posts.

Geo. C.—had wet feet a week ago and to-day he has a cold in his head. Excello. One of the most amusing features of the program was a dance by "Hans."

As I have said before, in order to facilitate matters—Well, De Bey knows the rest.

Mr. Mudder, of Pella, Iowa, recently visited his brother-in-law, A. Klerk of the Junior class.

Ferrada again went to Grand Rapids. He claims on urgent business. Take care Floris.


In the Intellycer, March 19th and 17th, Prof. Gillespie writes on "The Parthenon and the Parables."

The Seniors were recently entertained at the home of Dr. Kullen. They report a very pleasant time.

On March 20th Dr. Kullen was seen riding about town on horse-back. What can the Doctor be contemplating?

Spaan, Van Hoven, Legters, Bens, Aarts, Van Zante, and Nettinga were under the weather a few days with "the grip."

And they all do this harshly done:

"When the light of the sun can penetrate
The hall where the pupils congregate
And each dark corner illuminate,
The boys and girls shall meet at three."

Misses M. K. and K. M. Zwemer of Orange City, Iowa, recently attended recitations with their sister, Miss Hattie Zwemer of the Freshman Class.

The Fraternal Society's banquet of March 6th, was in every way a notable event. One of the most amusing features of the program was a dance by "Hans."

The ANCHOR.

Ver W. was recently seen on Eighth street with an empty bird cage in his hand. Does he contemplate settling down in life?

"Tis said the hearts of the Juniors beat sixteen notes while they were awaiting returns from the examination in Physics. C. K.'s heart was seriously affected.

With a meagre and staring and bitter eye,
Like a wrinkled old bird in a cage,
This sad refrain speaks to me:
"We'll be here faster than they'd be."

He who read the title,

Dr. Green, a prominent Grand Rapids specialist, recently lectured to the students on "The Voice and Vocal Culture." The lecture showed originality and research.

The many friends of J. G. De Bey, '80, will be glad to learn that he has passed his W. at Point examinations without any trouble. The Anchor extends congratulations.

The Freshmen are so full of class spirit that two of them accompanied one of their classmates to the depot. One carried her satchel, the other—carried home pleasant reminiscences.

Reconciliation in cases of estrangement is getting to be in vogue. Can we not conclude that the ethical development of the human race is drawing nearer perfection. Surely brotherly (?) love is becoming more universal.

The college sports appeared re-splendent in green neckties on St. Patrick's day. Brink, Straks, Legters, De Bey, Godfrey, and Van den Berg were among the number. They obviously were not aware that the decorations were unnecessary.

We are grieved to hear that it is very likely J. H. Efting, formerly of the Sophomore Class, has lost his life in a railroad accident near Vincennes, Ind. It is certain that he was on the train, as one of his books was found; but beyond this no traces have been found of him. His brother Benjamin of the Sophomores is gone to the scene of the accident. Diligent search is being made among the wreckage, but the body has not yet been discovered.

We extend our sympathies to our fellow-student and the bereaved family.

Efforts to secure Will Carleton for a lecture have failed, owing to the great demand for him on the lyceum platform. Prof. Nykerk hopes to secure him early next year, together with Leland Powers, and other first-class entertainers and lecturers. For this year we still have a treat in store in Conary, the humorist, who on May 20th will give us his celebrated monologue entertainment, entitled "Around the Stove."

This gentleman, still a tyro on the platform, is creating a great favor throughout the country. Confident that the student-body will participate as generally as at the Hext-Concert, the management has placed students' tickets at the extremely low price of twenty-five cents. If the entertainment is patronized as well as our former one, we shall realize a nice sum for our piano fund. Look for further announcements.

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