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APRIL, 1868.

THE ANCHOR.

PUBLISHED AT HOPE COLLEGE, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN.
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Staple and
Fancy GROCERIES.
Will Botsford & Co.
**THE WATCHWORD.**

All great movements have had their watchword. Cato, the great Roman orator, would never end his speeches without his "Carthago delenda est."

When the whole of Europe was swayed during the time of the Crusades by the eloquent speeches of Peter the Hermit, her watchword was, "IT IS THE WILL OF GOD." In the strength of that watchword they went to rescue the Holy Land from the power of the Saracens.

The Student Volunteer Movement is a great Movement. It has also its watchword, "THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD IN THIS GENERATION."

As we entered the Convention Hall we found within our sight the watchword, in large capitals, extending nearly the entire length of the building: on our left we found what we may call its complement, "THE PEOPLE SHALL BE WILLING IN THE DAY OF THE POWER."

As a rallying cry the Movement has adopted a watchword which was criticized, assailed and even denounced, but this was done by the biased and prejudiced rather than by the serious and considerate. Its opponents are yielding, and not a few of those who were unfriendly toward the Movement are now becoming its strong advocates.

Four great and necessary characteristics of any watchword are also applicable to the watchword of our Movement: (1) It is short. (2) It is striking. (3) It is scriptural. (4) It is heroic. The form, therefore, is fit as a watchword. Now as to its scope and meaning.

It must not be considered that the Movement is introducing a new theory in regard to mission work.

Those making these charges read into the watchword the "idea of a superficial, hasty preaching of the gospel, which, to the non-Christian mind, cannot be either comprehensible or effective." One of the settled principles of the Movement is "loyalty to all the regularly established foreign missionary agencies of the Church."

It does not commit itself to any special program of mission. It believes in thorough equipment. . . .

Volunteers go out not merely as evangelists, but as physicians, as teachers, as pastors.

Nor again is this watchword a prophecy: "it is intended to call attention to what may and ought to be done, not what is actually going to occur. Positively, it means the giving of the gospel message to every creature—just what every one interested in mission, regardless of theological views or of methods of work, believes ought to be done."

If Christ's words, "Go ye," do not mean this, what do they mean?

The realization of the watchword rests as a heavy responsibility upon the Church as a whole and upon every individual.

There could be no movement without some recognized bond of unity which holds its members together.

The Volunteer Movement has no constitution but rests on principles and a so-called Declaration made by every member—"IT IS MY PURPOSE, IF GOD PERMIT, TO BECOME A FOREIGN MISSIONARY." Simple as these words are, they have been very much misunderstood. Some say we prescribe a way for God. Others ignore it because there have been some who repented after having signed the card. Others look upon it as a promise, as a pledge.

As Volunteers we look upon the parenthetical expression, "if God permit," as all-important. It is not a marking out a way at all. It is the combined result of reason, enlightened by God's Holy Word. A purpose thus formed is thoroughly biblical. We follow closely.

The next objection is exactly the same as that which unconverted people fling into our faces: "Is Mr. A responsible for Mr. B? Is it for me to judge whether my brother keeps himself at home, or whether God keep him there?"

As to the last objection, let me say that those who tell you that our "Declaration Card" is a pledge or a promise are right, but only partly. A purpose is much more than a mere pledge or promise. My purpose is myself. It requires all the forces of which a man is capable to make a purpose. If therefore I say, "IT IS MY PURPOSE," it is not a meaningless expression, but a result of all my God given energies, a conclusion rather than a beginning, myself rather than any thing apart from myself.

The binding force of the "Declaration" is therefore evident. A sacred and most holy purpose is from God himself.

The Convention recognized it as such. No one meeting was held—not one speech was made, to persuade men and women to become Volunteers. No! let that be God's work. Face the question, fellow students, and settle it with God. Be sincere, and if you feel called of God to go to those far distant fields, I am sure you will be glad to join the ranks and become a Volunteer.

Having reached the decision, the Volunteer is ever to hold before him and remind himself of his great opportunity.

In the field campaign the Volunteer finds a direct opportunity for arousing lukewarm Christians. The appeal he makes is stronger than that of any other not a Volunteer. He is able to say, "I stake my life on your answer. Will you respond?"

The Gospel is not dead. I am sure she would respond, in fact she does respond, wherever such direct appeals are made.

The Volunteer who understands his business is not apt to be negligent in anything. He knows that time is short and precious, and thus he improves every minute. As for equipment for foreign mission work the Volunteer has a great advantage. My personal experience and that of nearly all Volunteers is this: Our interest in foreign missions has greatly increased.

There is a willingness to become more obedient. There is a more genuine longing for souls to be saved.

There are broader ideas as to the work of redemption wrought by Jesus Christ.

Fellow students, let me say one word in closing. I would not for anything have the impression that I think that a Volunteer is a better person than any other just because he is a Volunteer. No, indeed! "The field is the world." Our interests are all one, whether one is in the foreign or home work. God calls one here, and another somewhere else. We need each other. But am I right if I say...
THE ANCHOR.

that the ministers, generally, of the present day are not interested in foreign mission as they should be?

I hope God will move the hearts of all, especially of those who look forward towards the ministry. May

there never be any more cause to say, "Our pastor does not take any interest in Foreign Mission." Remember, as is the pastor, so are the people.


Joan of Arc.

THERE is no character in history about whom myth and truth intertwine more strangely than about Joan of Arc. Her story is so unreal, so like a legend—the story of the maid who commended with St. Catherine and St. Margaret and even, the blessed archangel Gabriel himself; and yet, how real a fate to France—the story of the individual who terminated the long and disastrous struggle known as the Hundred Years' War. Of all the great characters France has produced, there is none more worthy of her reverence and esteem. Mira- beau, with his giant intellect, only checked the overwhelming flood of the French revolution. He devoted to France the wreck of a life ruined by vice. Napoleon led his splendid army of veterans from victory to victory; in left the nation a Waterloo no farther than it was before. He defeated France to his own advancement. Jeanne d'Arc, with an army discouraged by a long series of defeats, restored France to its people and its king. She devoted to her land a life as pure as any found in the world's history.

The condition of France at the beginning of the 14th century was alarming. The kings of England laid claim to the French throne, basing their claim on their descent from Isabel of France. The Salic law forbade any woman's holding or transmitting the power, but, in that age, might was of more account than any law, and England was very ready to establish her claims by war. Now for almost a century this unjust struggle had been raging with scarcely an intermission, except when the black death, a scourge more terrible than war itself, had forced the contending armies to cease their struggle, to bury their dead and care for the dying. The fertile fields of France were devastated. Slowly, at first, then more rapidly, always surely, the English had gained ground. Crecy, Poitier, Agincourt—every battle of importance had been won by them. The greater part of France was in their possession, and French soldiers, usually so courageous, trembled at the very name of the English.

Still worse, France was divided against itself. There was no national feeling. The Burgundians sided with the English. The Armagnacs butchered French and English with equal zeal. The kings of France for several generations had been occupied as much in quelling party disturbances as in fighting their foreign foes. Charles VI. had been mad. Upon his death his unprincipled queen, Isabel of Bavaria, intrigued to betray the country. The young Dauphin, Charles VII., surrounded by pleasure-loving courtiers and wily, scheming advisers, held court at Chinon, more engrossed in his love affairs than in the affairs of his kingdom. The generals Dunois, D'Alençon, La Hire, brave though they were, were disheartened as well as were the common soldiers. For a nation, so divided, fighting against each other, so ruled, there seemed no hope. And no deliverance was at hand. As of old the shepherd lad came forth from his flocks to slay Goliath and drive the enemy out of Israel, so now a shepherd maiden came to lead the armies of France. She was of humble parentage. She could boast no great learning; she could neither read nor write. She was, not versed in the art of war; she had been taught only the art of housewifery. As a child she had played in the forests of Domremy, dancing with the village children about the fairy tree, distinguished from her play mates only in that she was more gentle and kindhearted, more dutiful to her parents. As she grew older this became more marked. She wept with those in sorrow, she nursed the sick and suffering. Her heart was the heart of a woman, but it throbbed at the wrongs of France; it went out in sympathy to her king and people. For even here, away on the German border, there were signs of the war. Frequently messengers came telling ever of some new disaster, or of some infamous plot of queen or wily counsellors; sometimes the glow in the western sky would show, too surely, the fate of some neighboring hamlet; once the villagers themselves were compelled to flee into Loraine, while their beautiful little village was ransacked by the hated Burgundians. A heart as loyal to France as that of Joan of Arc, a spirit as patriotic as hers, could not fail to be aroused by such circumstances. She seems to hear the voice of Gabriel, the commander of the armies of heaven; and, at other times, the gentler tones of St. Margaret and St. Catherine urging her ever onward to the relief of France.

She set out, and now came the tidings of the siege of Orleans. Her voice will permit her to hesitate no longer. They command her more definitely, her mission shall be to raise the siege of Orleans and to crown the king at Rheims. Tho' her father opposes and even threatens to drown her if she persists in this mad undertaking, she does persist, and goes first to the governor of Vancoeurs to demand an escort to Chinon. Put off and refused again and again, her zeal never flags, but she obtains her desire and shortly we see her before the king. Here again she meets with delay and discouragement; but all the wiles and snare's of her learned examiners and opponents are no match for her sincerity and earnestness of purpose. She is granted a small force and she marches to Orleans, passes through the enemies' lines, enters the city with supplies, and immediately sets about raising the siege. She leads her forces against the very center of the English fortifications, inspiring those men who before had cowered at the name of the English to fight with the courage of heroes. In the thick of the battle, a picturesque figure clad in white armor, bearing aloft her silken
standard, she may ever be found regardless of the storm of arrows flying about her. She is wounded, but drawing forth the dart with her own hand, of her own resoluteness to the front, never withdrawing till the victor English are driven from their ramparts. Then, the battle won, this warrior, this fearless leader—was not, because she was sorely wounded and faint from loss of blood, not only because French blood had been shed; but, too, because the English had died—had died cursing her, and had died unshirred. Malice had no place in that breast. If ever a mete mortal practised God's law, "Love your neighbour", it was the maid of Orleans. In eight days the siege was raised. In that time the maid had accomplished what the best generals of France had vainly striven months to effect.

One of her tasks is now finished. The king must still be crowned. "Ow to Rheims" is now her cry. But Tremouille and the other politicians, so cautious, so dear, there are still some few English strongholds in the path. Joan immediately sets about clearing the way. With incredible speed this is done. She has captured every stronghold, and has defeated the English in open battle. Not a pretext for delay remains. The royal party proceeds to Rheims, and there in the old cathedral, the scene of so many coronations, filled with sacred memories, the solemn service was performed. Joan stood by, and, when the ceremony was ended, she fell at the feet of the king, and burst forth from her lips: "Gentle king, now is the pleasure of God fulfilled—whose will it was that I should raise the siege of Orleans and lead you to this city of Rheims to receive your consecration." The work of the maid was finished; her mission was fulfilled. Her career had been one continuous success. All she had promised to do, she had done in spite of opposition. Never had those in authority fully harmonized with her. To her alone was the honor due, but there was no pride or further ambition in her heart. She had been the direct messenger from God and had done only what her voices had bidden her. Now that her work was done she wished to return to her home.

But this was not permitted her. King and generals desired that she should remain in command of the armies of France until the English were wholly driven out of the land. The history of Joan is sad from this point. Her voices no more tell of victory, but they fill her mind with gloomy forebodings. The king, again under the influence of those who were so jealous of the maid, deserted her when she most needed his support. At the siege of Paris, while she was fighting valiantly, half her troops were withdrawn and she received her first defeat. At Compiègne, because of treachery, she failed again and was captured. She was sold from hand to hand, and taken from one prison to another—but it is not necessary to dwell upon the details of this cruelty. She was treated contrary to all customs of war: given to the university of Paris to be tried as a witch. Her judges were hostile to her, and only adverse witness was accepted. She was tried upon, and every means was resorted to make her bear witness against herself. But, tho' weak from long imprisonment and wearied by the weight of her chains, her sincerity and simplicity, as at Chinon, foiled all the stratagems of her opponents. They were dignitaries of the church; she was but a peasant maid. But what a difference! They so full of guile; she so true and upright. With all their cunning it was hard for them to find a pretext for her death. But finally, her appeal to the pope, neglected, all justice discarded, the heroine of France was condemned to be burned.

Ah! martyr maid, could we behold thee at Rouen, the cruel flames surrounding thee, the savor of France; and could we see exulting around that stoke thy persecutors, the faithless servants of a church rotten to the core, what curses would we heap upon their heads. And yet not one harsh word fell from the lips. There is no fonder stant upon the little of France than the memory of that day. True, she was burned by the English, but she was condemned by her countrymen. And what did Dunois or La Hire, the generals with whom she had fought and who were stationed within a day's march of Rouen, do to save her? What did the king whom she had placed on the throne do to save her? All France was silent, or raised its voice but to decry her, except where in the heart of the peasants her gentleness and truth had made her beloved.

There can be no question whether the life of Jeanne d'Arc was a success or a failure. The fact that in a few years France was entirely delivered from its foes is sufficient proof. The French nation can only bring a tribute of love and gratitude to her shrine.

From the time, when, as a child, she played in the forest of Domremy, throughout her whole career, when in the battle she led where brave men might fear to follow, till on the fatal day she perished with the name of the Master whom she tried to serve, on her lips, there is no spot, no cause for blame, in her life. Against that dark background of an age of brutality and falsehood, the nobility of her soul, the purity of her life, the sacredness of her purpose stand forth in dazzling whiteness. And when, in our thoughts, we assemble the patriot heroes of all nations and nations, and wreath their brows with garlands of honor, we shall pay but due tribute if we crown as their queen—The Maid of Orleans.

Evils of Translations.

Not long ago there appeared, in the columns of one of our college publications, an advertisement offering literal translations of the various classical authors, for sale. Is it possible that the students of the many distinguished American colleges are addicted to the use of literal translations? Can it be that so many volumes of these translations are disposed of to students that it proves to be a profitable investment to advertise them still more in college journals? Judging from appearances, this apparently is the case.
adage. Should not the student look with great care before taking such a leap as venturing to make use of translations in the preparation of his lessons? Most certainly! It is true, some few remiss students may think but lightly of using literal translations, but the thoughtful one will count the cost very carefully before he will hazard using such things as translations, for they do much harm. Look then, for a moment, at the evils resulting to the student from the use of literal translations.

In the first place, does not the student, who uses these translations, intentionally deceive his instructors? Is such a student honest in the strictest sense of the term? Doubtless, we agree when we answer the first question in the affirmative and the second negatively. This student may render his Latin or Greek,—whichever the case may be,—into a perfect and perhaps even an excellent English form, but, nevertheless, he does not give what it is expected he is giving. And he does not deserve the credit he is constantly receiving, because, by using these literal translations, that student is simply pawnning some other person's knowledge off as his own. To say the least, such a student is not truthful!

Even the students themselves, who use these translations, practically admit by their actions that it is not an honorable thing to do so. They do not wish to have their fellow-students know that they have a "pony." They do their utmost to keep that fact secret. Look into their rooms at any time and you will never catch even a glimpse of such books. These are carefully kept out of sight in some unthought of nook or cranny. These students feel it is wrong to use translations and they show it guilty conscience by attempting to conceal the volume or volumes of translations which are in their possession.

Perhaps, after having been found out, some may endeavor to smooth over matters somewhat by saying it is only telling, what is commonly called, a "white" lie. But is it a "white" lie any more excusable than one of a darker hue? Suppose it were. And call it a "white" lie, if you please. But, at the same time, bear in mind that, as has been aptly said, "even a white lie leaves a dark spot upon one's character."

None but diligent students get the full benefit out of Latin and Greek. They alone distinguish the delicate shades of meaning which words have. They alone see and understand how English words spring from the Latin and Greek, and they alone catch the spirit of the classical languages.

The student who uses translations is not the studious one, but one who desires to avoid the drudgery of the difficult classical languages. Naturally, such an one does not pause to make comparisons between different words. He does not stop to consider how new words are formed. He never connects an English word with its Greek or Latin equivalent. Very likely, he does not even know that the dead languages can be of great value to him, not only in acquiring a more exact knowledge of the English tongue, but also in gaining a more extensive English vocabulary. He does not take such things into consideration. He simply memorizes his lessons, thus making a memory drill of them and thus losing, altogether, that which would aid him most.

The studious student applies himself diligently to his duties. He studies the classics faithfully. By doing so he obtains the full benefit of the discipline there is in the study of these languages. His mind becomes strong, sturdy, and vigorous. And his mental stamina is much greater than that of one who has not undergone this severe discipline.

Students using translations depend almost entirely upon them. Their mental energies are not concentrated upon their tasks. Hence, they lose all the good resulting from this discipline which they would otherwise obtain.

If the student once forms the habit of using translations, he will, in all probability, continue that evil practice during the remainder of his college course unless he is possessed of a very strong will, indeed. But can he afford to lose all the benefits which his more faithful fellow-students get?

Can he afford to lose the discipline which strengthens the mind and makes it capable of battling successfully with the world's hardships—which enables him to withstand the buffets on life's storm-tossed sea? Since the student is preparing himself for a life which he can live but once, he should equip himself as fully as possible in order to cope successfully with life's many disappointments, sorrows, and adversities. Certainly no student can spare this discipline.

Last, but far from least, can any student afford to corrupt his character? Can he spare his good name? No! He can no more afford to mar his character than he can afford to lose the discipline derived from the study of the classics.

Since the student not only loses all the benefits derived from the study of the classics by using literal translations, but also even injures himself morally by so doing, he should certainly carefully shun those literal translations.

Notes and Comments.

There are many who advocate leaving out entirely the classical studies from a college course, and the number of those who hold this opinion seems to be increasing. The grounds on which they rest their belief are, that the classics are of no use in after life, and that the time spent on these studies might be used more profitably in the study of branches bearing more directly on the life-work of the student. They assert also that studies may be found in any line of work which are as valuable for mental discipline as the classics. They complain that our colleges are turning out men who are unfit to cope with the questions which confront them on entering into practical life. Therefore they conclude that the time spent in a college course is wasted, and as a result we see that many are entering business colleges, schools of engineering, and like institutions with the idea that a course in one of these will supply the place of a college education.

Nearly all, we believe, who hold
such views are men who have not enjoyed the advantages of a college education themselves, and so are not in a position to appreciate its value. It is not likely that we could find a college graduate who regrets the time he spent upon Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, even though he may have had very little occasion to apply what he has learned. He has again and again opportunity to feel the benefit of his college training.

There can be no doubt that these subjects stand unchallenged for developing the mental grasp, the muscle, as it were, of the mind. And the significance of this fact is too often underestimated. The fact is that the man who has had the training afforded by a classical course is very much better off than the man whose memory is stored with useful facts but whose mind has not been accustomed to mental discipline. It is the difference between a locomotive and a stagecoach; even though the stagecoach may be many miles ahead, the locomotive will soon overtake it and at last leave it far in the rear. The one man has spent more time in sharpening his tools than the other, and will be able to do finer work with them.

But although a well-trained mind is alone well worth the cost, this is not all, by any means, that is gained by taking a classical course. Familiarity with the best models of ancient literature renews and elevates the literary taste, and enables the student to appreciate the beauties in all literature, for the accent is the foundation of the modern. No one can properly understand Milton, for instance, without studying Virgil and Homer, because Milton's work is so largely influenced by the work of these authors, and his poems are full of allusions to the stories of ancient mythology.

The study of the classics is the best possible training in the accurate use of words, and at the same time reveals to us the history of the majority of the words in our own language. There is a wealth of meaning in our common words which we can only discover by tracing their history from its very beginning in the time of ancient Rome and Greece; and what a hopeless task this is to the non-classical student!

Aside from regular class work every student should find some time for reading. Many students have an idea that when recitations are properly attended to and a certain amount of mechanical work is dwarled through all will be well. This may be true as far as class work is concerned, but certainly he who has no higher ambition than to pass examination deserves to be pitied. Let it not be supposed that we wish to affirm that such class work should be neglected; quite the contrary. But while it is foolish for a student to slight his studies and devote his time to reading, it is equally as absurd for an instructor, whenever a holiday comes in honor of our nation's heroes, to assign a double lesson, and tell the class they have ample time in which to study the same.

"Reading," says Bacon, "maketh a full man." It may well be asked what a student shall read during his spare time. This must generally be decided by the individual himself, yet frequently such things as are not pleasing to him, and which he does not like to read are just what he needs most. He who does not take delight in listening to the melodious songs of Tennyson's lyrics, he who does not find it charming to wander with Baras or Wordsworth into the open fields and learn from nature's open book, certainly lacks a taste for that which is beautiful, and should therefore develop that faculty.

The development of this faculty is very essential, especially for those who wish to become public speakers. He who has no emotion, no taste for that which is poetic, will never move an audience, for the essential quality is wanting; the magnetic power which is transmitted from speaker to listener, to read scientific works is also very profitable, but this is rather a field upon which we enter after college. While at college, a student should acquaint himself with a few of the best authors; read such writers as will give him a ready fluent style, and, above all, develop a taste for the artistic; for if these requirements are not obtained during his college course, they will be wanting all his lifetime.

With this number of The Anchor the newly elected staff takes up the reins where the old staff has dropped them.

Inexperience and timidity, perhaps, may cause the first few issues to fall a little below the standard of excellence so well maintained by the paper in the past. But we ask your kind indulgence, and that you look with an eye of favor alone on our work, and, whenever our judgment does not seem to meet general approval, and the quality of the paper seems to be taking on a wrong tendency, kindly apprise us of the fact and, if possible, do not withhold the remedy.

Let us remember, fellows, that we cannot injure each other by injuring the paper, but rather by so doing cast a blot upon our institution which we love so well.

L. L. L. Budget

We esteem it a great privilege to present to our readers a specimen of the items found in the Budget of the L. L. L. One of its numbers contains the following:

The editor will have to ask excuse for the shortness of the items this week as very few of the girls sent in any news. I think the members of the Society should do better in this matter and help the editor along a little more.
Miss Koosker will in a few weeks be passing cookies and coffee to some "Cossos", for a change, instead of to a Meliphanian.

Miss Boer to Miss Hoyt: "What a singular chin Miss Van den Belt has!" Miss Hoyt: "Do you call that singular? I should consider it plural for you see it is a double one."

Miss Holkeboer's latest admission in the German class is, "My name is Henry."

Little Drop of Water
Freeing as oil falls.
Lena's feet fly upward—
"Spliff!" and that is all.

A young man of the Junior Class who had prolonged his call on Mac rather later than usual was surprised when a window was raised, as he left the house, and the mistress called out: "Leave an extra quart this morning, please.

One of the girls would rather have us invite the Fraternals than the Cosmopolitans to our reception. Why not give the vice-president of that society a hint for inviting the L. L. L. to one of their meetings, Grace?

I think that, if in our next "Bust," we have a contest, it will be a good thing to see who can scream the loudest, Janet will surely win the prize.

I wonder if Miss Zwerem gets a letter every week, I don't mean from home but——

Prof. in Physical Geography to Amy: "What is an eddy?" Miss Yates: "I don't know." Prof.: "Oh, yes you do! It——" Miss Y.: "Oh no, Professor, you should say 'he' for he is men amicus.

Angry Prof. "How dare you swear before me?" Student—"How did I know you wanted to swear first?"

Cosmopolitan Banquet.

On Saturday evening, March 5th, the Cosmopolitan Society gathered in the Grammar School building to participate in their first annual banquet. Besides the members of the society, also the ex-members had been invited, and of all those in the city not one was lacking. The present members showed their superiority over their brethren, the bachelor ex-members, in at least one respect—each of the former had provided himself with the lady of his choice, while only two of the latter had the good sense to add beauty and grace to the occasion in this manner. Altogether, there were about sixty to partake of the splendid feast that had been prepared.

Before the banquet a short program was rendered in the "lower regions", consisting of words of welcome by Pres. Debs; the rendering of a humorous selection by Oly Olson; an oration by Edgar Allen Poe; and a declamation by Darwin. The program was interspersed with music by a double quartette.

After this the company adjourned to the "upper regions", where the remainder of the evening was to be passed.

Toasts were first in order, and a greater flow of wit has never been heard between the walls of that "upper story" where wit and humor were wont to flow so freely in the "Excell-

siors" days. Washington was toastmaster, and the great skill which he displayed in this role rivaled that of the great Hope College after dinner was. "How greater geest, ho greater heest" was exemplified by Joost Van Vondel. Emerson was at his best when he discussed the hopeful subject, "To the stars thro' difficulties"; Blaine spoke on "Reminiscences", and recalled the days of yore; "Sweet little nothings" exactly suited Mark Hanna's vein; Burke's oratory displayed itself in "Petpourri"; Debs spoke on the "Triumvirate"; "The harmless thunderbolt" was neatly disposed of by Li Hung Chang, who delivered it to the "children of the attic"; finally "The Future" was portrayed before the gathered throng in happy colors. A selection rendered by Miss Lena Hovinga added greatly to the pleasure of the evening.

At a late hour the Cosmos and all others present went home, well satisfied with the evening's entertainment. May many annual banquets follow this first one.

Alumnus.

Athletics.

The return of spring again brings to our notice the subject of out-of-door athletics. In the present brief article we desire to make a few general remarks about baseball and tennis.

It is hardly necessary that we should speak of the benefits derived from playing these games. But, perhaps, a mere enumeration might serve the purpose of impressing them more strongly upon our minds.

First, they furnish restful recreation for the mind as well as splendid exercise for the body. Again, they give one a quick eye and the power of muscular control. And then, too, they cultivate presence of mind, agility of movement, the spirit of courage and determination, and, may we not add, a good temper.

But we must add one other effect, namely, that they are an excellent means for promoting true college spirit. They cultivate the feeling of loyalty, sacrifice, co-operation, goodwill, friendship, and unity.

We believe that every student should support athletics, if not with his purse, surely with his enthusiasm. The best and truest kind of college spirit requires that every student should do so. As students of Hope, it is our duty to encourage the boys, to increase our good feeling toward one another, and to promote the esprit de corps of our college.

Every class in the institution should have a baseball team and a number of tennis players. We should pay more attention to tennis. It is a pity that so delightful and so splendid a game does not receive more of our attention. Let the college ladies, too, engage in this game. Whenever our baseball team plays against the city's team, every student and professor, too, should turn out to yell (respectably of course) and to encourage the boys. Let us by means of these games strengthen the good feeling and harmony existing between them and us. And lastly, let every student support athletics! A student.
De Alumnis.

Rev. A. Buursma, '66, of Grand Rapids, delivered a lecture to the students of the Western Theological Seminary, March 13th.

Rev. John A. De Spelder, '70, has taken charge of a Presbyterian church at Holloway, Mich.

Rev. J. F. Zwemer, '70, Principal of the N. W. C. Academy, called on the President when he passed through the city on his way East.

Hon. G. J. Diekema, '81, President of the State Sunday School Association, was one of the principal speakers at the Eaton county Sunday School convention held at Charlotte, March 9th.

Rev. S. Hogenboom, '84, of Cleveland, Ohio, has been asked to take charge of the Reformed church at Bowman, Montana.

Rev. Henry Harmeling, '88, of Alto, Wis., has received a unanimous call to the Reformed church at Wanata, Bron Homme Co., S. Dak.

Rev. W. H. Bruns, '90, of Cooperstown, was recently elected President of the Ottawa county Sunday school association.

Rev. J. M. Ven der Meulen, '91, of Kalamazoo, visited relatives and friends in the city lately.

Messrs. F. Lubbers, '96, and G. J. Huisinga, '97, were sent as delegates to the convention of the International Student Volunteer Movement, held at Cleveland, Ohio.

Among the Societies.

V. M. C. A.

On March 3rd a large audience of Seminary and College students gathered in the V. M. C. A. hall to listen to the report of the delegates to the Student Volunteer convention, held at Cleveland, Ohio. The report was presented in the treatment of the following topics: "The spiritual preparation of missionaries", "The evangelization of the world in this generation", "The needs of medical missionaries", and "The money problem in missions." It was intended that the spirit of the convention rather than the circumstances should be reported, and that this, at least in some degree, had been accomplished was shown by the enthusiasm of the audience.

March 10th, Henry Geerlings, in his usual earnest and appreciative way, addressed the meeting on "The Redemptive Work of Christ." The following week, March 17th, the Rev. J. Lamur, of Grand Rapids, spoke on "Regeneration." In a very instructive way he defined his subject and showed by what agents regeneration is accomplished.

FRATERNAL.

The term for best work in society as well as in college is at an end. During this entire term the Fraternity have attended to their society work with more than ordinary diligence. On the 11th of March a program of high literary order was carried out, it being an evening spent in the study of Shakespeare. On the 18th, being the last meeting of the term, a jubilee meeting was held.

Our collection of archives is steadily increasing. If there is any Frater who has any F. S. relics still in his possession, we would be glad to receive them at any time.

L. L. L.

This society has seen an increase this year both in membership and in attendance. The past few weeks have been devoted to the works of prominent authors, and have resulted in material benefit to all, cultivating a taste for the best literature and, at the same time, augmenting our knowledge of English.

PHILOMATHEAN MELPHONE.

The Philomathes have finished their course for this school year. The two sister sections of the old Melphone have now joined to scheme with the imp of the air for toppling the labors of a year with fitting climactic force. With a chivalric devotion we have thrown ourselves into the thick of the perennial struggle. No Waterlup have we encountered on the way—nay, even the enemies that lurked in covert nooks have been frightened from their hiding places. Philomathen—a love of true wisdom—has been our motto, and its sentiment has been deeply stamped on our hearts to be fostered and developed through all the vicissitudes of the solenn future. One more year is past, but its benign influence shall remain to burst forth in radiant bloom as flowers of coming ages. And now, Melphonians, prepare for the "bust"; and let it be a "rouser"! Don't forget the girls!

COSMOPOLITAN.

The industrious student, pent up within the four walls of his study the greater part of his college career, feels his education sorely deficient when circumstances by chance force him into the larger circle of social life. He is in need of something that books and papers can not supply. Complying with this need, on March 5th, the Cosmos held a banquet in honor of the Seniors, to which they had invited the ex-members and some of their friends of the city. A short program was rendered after which the banquet proper with toasts was enjoyed.

A right royal time was had by all, and they dispersed with renewed faithfulness and loyalty to the dear old Cosmos.

March 18th, the Cosmopolitans were invited to listen to a program of the L. L. L., which they all gladly accepted. The ladies had prepared a really fine program, sparkling with humor and good sense. After the program refreshments were served the games were played until the small hand of the clock began to point in the neighborhood of eleven, when they all dispersed well satisfied with the evening. The Cosmos cannot but express its heartfelt thanks to the ladies of the L. L. L. for their most pleasant and delightful entertainment.

Teachers Wanted

Address with stamp—THE HOPKINS TEACHERS AGENCY, L. R. 206 Chicago, Ill. Hanover, Md.
College Jottings.

Horsehoofs! Seniors will leave us soon—boo—boo—boo!

Jas. De Free, treasurer of our baseball association, requests all members to pay their fees before the season opens.

"Never mind, darling, I won't hurt you."

J. F. De Jong, of Chicago, formerly with the Freshmen, and also a member of the Bay Window Fraternity, visited some of the students during March.

Discouragements will come. Steward, but chances are not yet lost for Van Zoeren visits only three times a week.

Many of the students attended "Faust" at the opera house on March 23rd.

Hope will no doubt make a good showing at the State Oratorical Contest. Let us club together and accompany our orator so that our college may be well represented.

Remember, none but members of the baseball association are allowed to use club apparatus.

Dr. Kollen left for the East on March 22nd to settle matters concerning our long awaited library.

The Seniors thought it wisest to have their pictures taken in Grand Rapids for fear that the local photographers might forget the finishing touches.

Prof. Vege has given the Freshmen a few lectures on music.

The gymnasium association will give an exhibition in the middle of April, but nothing very definite has as yet been decided upon.

The slot machine continues to be a source of great amusement to Mock. He has, however, given up smoking and is cultivating the habit of eating cookies. Three cigars bring two pounds of cookies. Please don't press his pockets.

The Seniors enjoyed a gravel-ride to the home of Prof. Yntema early in March. Evenings spent in this manner are highly appreciated by students, as was the case with Seniors. They pronounce Prof. Yntema an excellent host.

A little girl to her school-teacher—

"Please, teacher, Mr. Raam gave me two cents to carry back your umbrella."

The Aurora Borealis took the place of our absent electric lights, and it was a source of extreme comfort to the students who chanced to be belated.

How did Eddie obtain that mitten the other morning?

The Scott Boarding Club elected the following officers:

Steward,—F. Mansens.
Secretary,—P. Braak.
Treasurer,—F. Reeverts.

The Tenth Street Club elected the following officers:

Steward,—G. Hondelink.
Second Vice,—A.C.V. Dangremond.
First Vice,—S. F. Rippea.

Treasurer,—Henry Steketee.
Secretary,—Wm. Wagemaker.
Quarter-Master,—Henry Snyther.

When two unlike things are put in juxtaposition, both become conspicuous. The ladies say they found nothing conspicuous about the Freshmen on St. Patrick's Day.

Wanted—A new green hat for Legters.

We wonder whether the young ladies have noted any marked changes in the Sophomores since they have read Zenepho's Symposium.

In one of the exchanges we notice a story contributed by "Dickie." The Anchor wishes him success in his new field.

Wervey and Arends have each in succession occupied the high chair in the Hope College boarding club.

Bekman is a staunch supporter of co-education, especially between recitations.

The German Society of the college gave a concert in Zion Kirche on Wednesday, March goth.

Before the next number of The Anchor comes out, our country may be enveloped in a war with Spain. Let us prepare for such an event by forming companies to be ready to start for the coast at a moment's notice.

Seine DeFree's fondness for babies leads him to take his breakfast at Van Dezer's restaurant.

Schipper lately was somewhat extravagant. In one afternoon a haircut, a shampoo, and a shave! Did he do it to look fine?

Write George his name in full, George.

THE ANCHOR.

Flink—Process of changing from a four to a five year course.

Senior—One who rides a pony in the race for a sheepskin.

Junior—One who knows it all and tries to teach the Faculty.

Val-e-dic-to-ri-an—A wind instrument belonging to the graduating class.

Quiz—An instrument of torture which teachers delight in using on the pupils.

Soph-o-more—A wise person; one of nature's noblemen.

Com-merce-ment,—The end.

Rhe-tor-i-cals—A revival of the tortures of the Middle Ages.

Bar-castm—a Chasm that often separates friends.

Flat-tery—Praise we hear given to others.

Dig- ni-ty—Something to stand on when you are short.—Ex.

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Any subscriber who fails to receive the paper at the proper time will confer a favor by informing the sub- editor of the fact. The following companies to The Anchor, Hope College, Holland, Mich., The name of the officer on whose account all communications.

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